

# LORE OF THE KINSFOLK

## BOOK I



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## BOOK I

*A nine-volume anthology edited and compiled by*  
D.S. BLAIS

First Edition  
MMXVII

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For my sons.

*Ac se maga geonga under his maéges scyld elne  
geéode þá his ágen wæs glédum forgrunden.*



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# Introduction

*Lore of the Kinsfolk* is a large anthology of literature that reflects the cultural soul and values of our “Germanic,” “Nordic,” and “Celtic” European ancestors. While these ethnic terms are broad and imprecise, they provide sufficient distinction for there exists within their spiritual nexus a markedly different *Weltanschauung* from those of other cultures.

But what is this world-view? What is the true nature of our forefathers, our folk? I take the position that the best way we can discover the answer is through direct experience of their works. Thanks to the availability of their primary sources, we may “hear” the voices of our ancestors once more in their songs, sagas, epics, and chronicles. In this way their histories return to life as their sentiments and wisdom are renewed and reawakened within our own lives.

Until the availability of this compilation, an anthology such as this was lacking. To understand why, let us look at the “Great Books” and “Western Canon.” Though sometimes pilloried as out-moded and archaic, these canonical selections are still taught in many universities and should be considered carefully with a mind to not only what is included, but also what is excluded. Specifically, what is the perspective of the scholar who chooses Adam Smith over Thomas Malory, *Paradise Lost* over the *Song of Roland*, and so on?

The perspective of such a scholar is not at all original, but instead extends tastes which have their origin in the 14th century with the Renaissance and its disparagement of what Petrarch called the “Dark Ages.” There are three chief roots to this mentality, which so displaced our indigenous one and now completely possesses the modern world: (1) the Black Plague which spread with trade and altered the appearance of the world from one of divine order to that of a grim lottery, (2) the “Little Ice Age” that collapsed the agriculture of the Medieval Warm Period, and (3) Levantine trading and lending practices spreading through Europe, especially as the *Reconquista* ended *al-Andalus*. Together these instilled abstracted, rationalistic materialism and erected an irreconcilable barrier between Nature and Self.

As I have argued in *Mysteries of the Obvious*, the penchant and skill of the Jewish people for cosmopolitan trade was formed in the survival strategies of the Near Eastern sociological and climatological milieu following desertification. This climate change was central to the fall of the previous agriculturally-rooted kingdoms of the Near East, as that fertile, orderly, and harmonious natural world was turned to chaos, plunging good and bad alike into the throes of misfortune.

During this time the hostility of natural forces outside of human control led many to a sense of alienation from life; a perception of divine order as either cruel, indifferent, or nonexistent; and a resulting cynical egoistical materialism. The resource scarcity encouraged competition and selfishness as short-term personal opportunism prevailed over long-term social good, practical strategies in a starving land filled with predatory raiders. When the Black Plague and climate change occurred in Europe, a similar shift in the perception of Nature followed, most especially in the cities where the links to Her spirit were already tenuous and it is indeed in the cities of northern Italy that we first see the resolve of the old European spirit crumble into ruin.

The Jewish merchants and moneylenders who entered Florence found their Gentile champions in the Medici family, who pro-

tested and encouraged the Jewish population and trade practices. The House of Medici, bankrolled by the Jewish moneylenders whose wealth greatly expanded in the Islamic “Golden Age,” became exceedingly rich and powerful. The Medici possessed the largest bank in Europe through the 15th century, sired three popes and many royals, and lent to avaricious royalty throughout Europe.

Jewish collaboration with Gentiles towards international corporatism or imperialism may be found earlier in Rome, among the Muslim Caliphates, onwards through Europe via the Renaissance and Enlightenment, and ongoing in this corrupt age of Modernity. The style of Jewish-Gentile partnership capitalizes on the respective strengths of Jewish financial acumen and legalism in conjunction with Gentile military and industrial power. Contrary to the rhetoric of simplistic anti-Semites, this situation is not due to manipulation or exploitation on the part of the Jews, but transparently achieves precisely what both collaborating parties want, namely power and wealth — of exaggerated importance in desperate times as with decaying Rome or plague-ridden Europe.

Though the oligarchs thereby advance, the congress of commercial enterprise is not without its casualties and detractors, and perhaps no values are truly more antithetical to it than those of our European ancestors. Our concepts of Honor and Love are entirely opposed to the peddler’s *ethos*; the basis of the former is Nature and the deep sense of belonging to Her, while that of the latter is a rationalistic abstraction of life and spirituality entirely away from our Earthly origin to an abstract conception of Universe and Self. These two world views are not simply different perspectives of the same truth, but two diametrically opposed directions of the soul to or away from the real, living natural world.

Chivalry cannot abide Capitalism, nor the contrary. To defeat the obstacle posed to trade, the merchant must disarm the knight; neuter the old concepts of masculinity and femininity; replace “person” with “consumer;” mock sacrifice, loyalty, and honor; and endlessly advertise the Self over the Folk, that is, the individual over their larger sense of belonging within Nature.

Thus it is was that Petrarch, the Tuscan father of Renaissance, was to first describe the previous era as the “Dark Age” (i.e. *saeculum obscurum*), elevating the Greeks and Romans of antiquity while debasing the European successors as ignorant primitives. The Renaissance is the reaction that he and other Northern Italians, informed by cynicism derived of pestilence and famine, initially fashioned in choosing the glittering ephemerality of wealthy and decadent past empires over the ancestral European outlook. While the ancestral outlook could be characterized as ultimately based on the intimate faith in Nature’s inherent goodness and correctness (i.e. the harmonious expression of the divine in the Middle World), the future mentality was utterly aloof from such pedestrianly mundane notions of God, Soul, and Nature.

The New Man of commerce, technology, and imperialism would spread the inticements of the Jews and their imitative collaborators into Belgium, Amsterdam, England, and throughout Europe, promoting his cosmopolitan oligarchical *ethos* everywhere he went. Fresh imperialism caught on fire, profitable colonies were established overseas, ruthless slavery came back into vogue, the cruel Jehovah replaced the compassionate Christ — and subsequently was entirely displaced with Spinoza, Hobbes, Diderot, *et al* — and thereafter all “enlightened” people only

looked with embarrassment and contempt upon those ridiculous old views of the past.

And, so it is that conventional scholars ever since may find Shakespeare's street-smart wit or Cervantes' satirical mocking palatable, but reject the Matter of Britain as unworthy of canonical inclusion. Mortimer J. Alder's famed *Great Books of the Western World* well demonstrates this myopia. After eighteen massive volumes of classical works, not a single piece is included from the eight hundred years spanning Augustine to Aquinas! The modern corruption of value is so great that hundreds of pages of pointless astronomical tables from Kepler and Copernicus are included, but not a paragraph of the Nordic Sagas. And, why but because science and technology are so exceptionally valued in our present society — not due to an innate love of Natural Philosophy or Natural History, but because of their singular utility to commercial advantage!

Some have cast this conflict as a theological one, positing that the Church stifled creativity and imagination prior to the Renaissance. This belief reveals a tremendous myth in the historical understanding of the Christian religion, one that the religion's defenders and detractors both like to perpetuate: that the Christian religion of the Middle Ages is the same slavish, biblical creed as that of today, ignoring the hidden truth of the Reformation. In actuality, the historical Christianity of our ancestors was far more a reflection and furtherance of their own inherent nature than the supposed alien imposition of a Jewish sect.

To understand this, let us consider some facts. Once Imperial Rome had sufficiently weakened due to their own decadence and overreaching dilution, our kinsmen, the Visigoths, sacked Rome and German law, as with the *Visigothic Code*, replaced Roman law over the Western stretches of the former Roman Empire. Unlike the Roman subjects of Constantine *et al*, Christianity was not imposed on the ruling tribes or their kinsmen, but voluntarily adopted over time by the Northern peoples.

Why did Christianity appeal to them? Christianity was, from the beginning, a highly accessible and universal theological system formed from a mosaic of other beliefs including Roman paganism, Mithraism, Stoicism, and Buddhism. Until the dogmatism of the philo-Semitic Puritans and their restoration of Old Testament legalism, Christianity in practice was largely a matter of adopting what most resonated with the believer as variously realized from sect to sect, people to people. Our ancestors could see the strong similarities in the astro-theological underpinnings of Christianity to their heathen systems which had thousands of years travelled with them in their migration from the winnowing agricultural lands of the Near East. Free to adapt Christianity as they wished, they accepted and encouraged what they found interesting, useful, and true, while simultaneously preserving their own beliefs and practices. This was very much like the Roman's espousal of Greek mythology, and they were free to fit the religion to the mold they wished so that it was additive to, rather than subtractive from their own extant philosophies.

This adaption occurred in just the same manner as when the Franks adopted and shaped the Latin language into what we now know as French. Valuing Latin's vocabulary, grammar, literature, and wide usage, the Franks, Burgundians, *et al* repurposed the Roman's language for their own expressive goals, preserving Germanic linguistic traits but, more importantly, the overall personality of their own folk. Thus, Christianity through the Middle Ages, while not a Germanic invention, was a Germanic (and Celtic) *adaptation* of a flexible, complex religion into their own existing spiritual frameworks, from the Yggdrasil tree of salvation to the Celtic Cross.

A tremendous example of this is given us by the *Heliand*, the Saxon gospel of the 9th century. After the tyrannical behavior of Charlemagne towards the Saxons, a different approach by the Frankish Christians was used to convert the remaining pagans. Radically dissimilar from the conventional gospels of Mathew, Mark, Luke, and John, the Saxon gospel has a great many divergences from the traditional story of Jesus, portraying him and his Apostles as honorable and brave warriors. Jesus himself is shown as a heroic warrior chief imbued with pagan magical ability, his story a strong fusion of Germanic and early Christian *mythoi*.

As with Christianity, the ideas of our ancestors being generally brutish and cruel, predisposed to early deaths, and acutely scientifically ignorant are wholly in error. Fortunately, this older view of medievalism, so widely propagated by the Renaissance and its followers, has been undergoing a significant revisionism at the hands of some academics. This began with the Romantics, themselves a reaction to the inhumanity of modernity and industrialism, many of whom embraced the spirit of the past and sought to continue its traditions into their own time.

In fact, the true nature of our ancestral character is shown by its honorableness, compassion, piety, idealism, humaneness, and vigor. As such, it reflects the best aspects of the continued soul of our European folk. For the truth is that the so-called "Dark Ages" were really the *Living Ages*, as every interaction was with an intelligent, organismic entity and perceived as within a like-wise Holism. Whereas commercial and, now, mechanical interactions have robbed life of its natural depth, our past kinsfolk lived fully amidst its inherent living complexity. For our ancestors, all of the world was an orderly, living organism, interdependent and related; all the world was a manifestation of the living nature god-head.

The Greeks and Romans were both peoples originally from the North, both spoke Indo-European languages, and both had many cultural traits familiar to our own. This connection is particularly evident with the Romans, and it was a difficult decision to omit works by the Romans, including Virgil's *Aeneid*, Plutarch's *Lives*, the especially insightful works by Julius Caesar and Tacitus on Gaul and Germania, and so on. Likewise, there are strong relations to be found in Slavic literature and such Eastern European history as Nestor's *Tales of Past Years*, but a choice was made to specifically feature the continuous inner path of the Western and Northern Europeans, in no small part because the *Lore* already exceeds 5,000,000 words. Perhaps these deficiencies and others will be remedied in future editions.

The fundamental nature of reality and our own spiritual instincts remain the same as when our ancestors wrote the works that follow. All that has really changed are the form and pervasiveness of the illusions and confutations we face. We can find inspiration in the like-minded revival of the old truths by certain Romantics, several of whom are included in the latter sections of the *Lore* for the beauty and authenticity of their continuations. These recent ancestors remind us that we can today still listen to and learn from the wisdom of our ancient kinsmen, and thereby rekindle within our hearts the truth of our blood, our world, and our soul.

Not only *can* we do this, but this what we *must* do! For it is the path back to reality, back to truth, and back to Nature in all of Her beautiful splendor. The works in the *Lore* are not merely historical relics; they are a sacred heirloom which has been passed to you so that you may live as accords your natural being. Listen to the *Lore of the Kinsfolk* and hear in the spirits of your ancestors your own living nature. And for you who hearken to the call of your forefathers, may their words cause your heart and mind to follow the wisdom of heroes over the wending path of time and fate.

— D.S. Blais, Vinland, December 2017

# Jordanes: Origin of the Goths

## Preface

Though it had been my wish to glide in my little boat by the shore of a peaceful coast and, as a certain writer says, to gather little fishes from the pools of the ancients, you, brother Castalius, bid me set my sails toward the deep. You urge me to leave the little work I have in hand, that is, the abbreviation of the Chronicles, and to condense in my own style in this small book the twelve volumes of the Senator on the origin and deeds of the Getae from olden time to the present day, descending through the generations of the kings. Truly a hard command, and imposed by one who seems unwilling to realize the burden of the task. Nor do you note this, that my utterance is too slight to fill so magnificent a trumpet of speech as his. But above every burden is the fact that I have no access to his books that I may follow his thought. Still—and let me lie not—I have in times past read the books a second time by his steward’s loan for a three days’ reading. The words I recall not, but the sense and the deeds related I think I retain entire. To this I have added fitting matters from some Greek and Latin histories. I have also put in an introduction and a conclusion, and have inserted many things of my own authorship. Wherefore reproach me not, but receive and read with gladness what you have asked me to write. If aught be insufficiently spoken and you remember it, do you as a neighbor to our race add to it, praying for me, dearest brother. The Lord be with you. Amen.

## Geographical Introduction

I Our ancestors, as Orosius relates, were of the opinion that the circle of the whole world was surrounded by the girdle of Ocean on three sides. Its three parts they called Asia, Europe and Africa. Concerning this threefold division of the earth’s extent there are almost innumerable writers, who not only explain the situations of cities and places, but also measure out the number of miles and paces to give more clearness. Moreover they locate the islands interspersed amid the waves, both the greater and also the lesser islands, called Cyclades or Sporades, as situated in the vast flood of the Great Sea. But the impassable farther bounds of Ocean not only has no one attempted to describe, but no man has been allowed to reach; for by reason of obstructing seaweed and the failing of the winds it is plainly inaccessible and is unknown to any save to Him who made it. But the nearer border of this sea, which we call the circle of the world, surrounds its coasts like a wreath. This has become clearly known to men of inquiring mind, even to such as desired to write about it. For not only is the coast itself inhabited, but certain islands off in the sea are habitable. Thus there are to the East in the Indian Ocean, Hippodes, Iamnesia, Solis Perusta (which though not habitable, is yet of great length and breadth), besides Taprobane, a fair island wherein there are towns or estates and ten strongly fortified cities. But there is yet another, the lovely Silefantina, and Theros also. These, though not clearly described by any writer, are nevertheless well filled with inhabitants. This same Ocean has in its western region certain islands known to almost everyone by reason of the great number of those that journey to and fro. And there are two not far from the neighborhood of the Strait of Gades, one the Blessed Isle and another called the Fortunate. Although some reckon as islands of Ocean the twin promontories of Galicia and Lusitania, where are still to be seen the Temple of Hercules on one and Scipio’s Monument on

the other, yet since they are joined to the extremity of the Galician country, they belong rather to the great land of Europe than to the islands of Ocean. However, it has other islands deeper within its own tides, which are called the Baleares; and yet another, Mevania, besides the Orcades, thirty-three in number, though not all inhabited. And at the farthest bound of its western expanse it has another island named Thule, of which the Mantuan bard makes mention:

“And Farthest Thule shall serve thee.”

The same mighty sea has also in its arctic region, that is in the north, a great island named Scandza, from which my tale (by God’s grace) shall take its beginning. For the race whose origin you ask to know burst forth like a swarm of bees from the midst of this island and came into the land of Europe. But how or in what wise we shall explain hereafter, if it be the Lord’s will.

## Britain

II But now let me speak briefly as I can concerning the island of Britain, which is situated in the bosom of Ocean between Spain, Gaul and Germany. Although Livy tells us that no one in former days sailed around it, because of its great size, yet many writers have held various opinions of it. It was long unapproached by Roman arms, until Julius Caesar disclosed it by battles fought for mere glory. In the busy age which followed it became accessible to many through trade and by other means. Thus it revealed more clearly its position, which I shall here explain as I have found it in Greek and Latin authors. Most of them say it is like a triangle pointing between the north and west. Its widest angle faces the mouths of the Rhine. Then the island shrinks in breadth and recedes until it ends in two other angles. Its long doubled side faces Gaul and Germany. Its greatest breadth is said to be over two thousand three hundred and ten stadia, and its length not more than seven thousand one hundred and thirty-two stadia. In some parts it is moorland, in others there are wooded plains, and sometimes it rises into mountain peaks. The island is surrounded by a sluggish sea, which neither gives readily to the stroke of the oar nor runs high under the blasts of the wind. I suppose this is because other lands are so far removed from it as to cause no disturbance of the sea, which indeed is of greater width here than anywhere else. Moreover Strabo, a famous writer of the Greeks, relates that the island exhales such mists from its soil, soaked by the frequent inroads of Ocean, that the sun is covered throughout the whole of their disagreeable sort of day that passes as fair, and so is hidden from sight.

Cornelius also, the author of the Annals, says that in the farthest part of Britain the night gets brighter and is very short. He also says that the island abounds in metals, is well supplied with grass and is more productive in all those things which feed beasts rather than men. Moreover many large rivers flow through it, and the tides are borne back into them, rolling along precious stones and pearls. The Silures have swarthy features and are usually born with curly black hair, but the inhabitants of Caledonia have reddish hair and large loose-jointed bodies. They are like the Gauls or the Spaniards, according as they are opposite either nation. Hence some have supposed that from these lands the island received its inhabitants, alluring them by its nearness. All the people and their kinds are alike wild. Yet Dio, a most celebrated writer of annals,

assures us of the fact that they have all been combined under the name of Caledonians and Maeatae. They live in wattled huts, a shelter used in common with their flocks, and often the woods are their home. They paint their bodies with iron-red, whether by way of adornment or perhaps for some other reason. They often wage war with one another, either because they desire power or to increase their possessions. They fight not only on horseback or on foot, but even with scythed two-horse chariots, which they commonly call *essedae*. Let it suffice to have said thus much on the shape of the island of Britain.

## Scandza

III Let us now return to the site of the island of Scandza, which we left above. Claudius Ptolemaeus, an excellent describer of the world, has made mention of it in the second book of his work, saying: "There is a great island situated in the surge of the northern Ocean, Scandza by name, in the shape of a juniper leaf with bulging sides that taper down to a point at a long end." Pomponius Mela also makes mention of it as situated in the Codan Gulf of the sea, with Ocean lapping its shores.

This island lies in front of the river Vistula, which rises in the Sarmatian mountains and flows through its triple mouth into the northern Ocean in sight of Scandza, separating Germany and Scythia. The island has in its eastern part a vast lake in the bosom of the earth, whence the Vagus river springs from the bowels of the earth and flows surging into the Ocean. And on the west it is surrounded by an immense sea. On the north it is bounded by the same vast unnavigable Ocean, from which by means of a sort of projecting arm of land a bay is cut off and forms the German Sea. Here also there are said to be many small islands scattered round about. If wolves cross over to these islands when the sea is frozen by reason of the great cold, they are said to lose their sight. Thus the land is not only inhospitable to men but cruel even to wild beasts.

Now in the island of Scandza, whereof I speak, there dwell many and divers nations, though Ptolemaeus mentions the names of but seven of them. There the honey-making swarms of bees are nowhere to be found on account of the exceeding great cold. In the northern part of the island the race of the Adogit live, who are said to have continual light in midsummer for forty days and nights, and who likewise have no clear light in the winter season for the same number of days and nights. By reason of this alternation of sorrow and joy they are like no other race in their sufferings and blessings. And why? Because during the longer days they see the sun returning to the east along the rim of the horizon, but on the shorter days it is not thus seen. The sun shows itself differently because it is passing through the southern signs, and whereas to us the sun seem to rise from below, it seems to go around them along the edge of the earth. There also are other peoples. There are the Screruffenae, who do not seek grain for food but live on the flesh of wild beasts and birds' eggs; for there are such multitudes of young game in the swamps as to provide for the natural increase of their kind and to afford satisfaction to the needs of the people. But still another race dwells there, the Suehans, who, like the Thuringians, have splendid horses. Here also are those who send through innumerable other tribes the sappherine skins to trade for Roman use. They are a people famed for the dark beauty of their furs and, though living in poverty, are most richly clothed. Then comes a throng of various nations, Theustes, Vagoth, Bergio, Hallin, Liouthida. All their habitations are in one level and fertile region. Wherefore they are disturbed there by the attacks of other tribes. Behind these are the Ahelmlil, Finnaithae, Fervir and Gauthigoth, a race of men bold and quick to fight. Then come the Mixi, Evagre, and Otingis. All these live like wild animals in rocks hewn out like castles. And there are beyond these the Ostrogoths, Raumarici, Aeragnaricii, and the most gentle Finns, milder than all the inhabitants of Scandza. Like them are the Vinovilith also. The Suetidi are of this stock and excel the rest in stature. However, the Dani, who trace their origin to the same stock, drove from their homes the Heruli, who lay claim to preëminence among all the nations of Scandza for their tallness. Furthermore there are in the same neighborhood the Grannii, Augandzi, Eunixi, Taetel, Rugi,

Arochi and Ranii, over whom Roduulf was king not many years ago. But he despised his own kingdom and fled to the embrace of Theodoric, king of the Goths, finding there what he desired. All these nations surpassed the Germans in size and spirit, and fought with the cruelty of wild beasts.

## The United Goths

IV Now from this island of Scandza, as from a hive of races or a womb of nations, the Goths are said to have come forth long ago under their king, Berig by name. As soon as they disembarked from their ships and set foot on the land, they straightway gave their name to the place. And even to-day it is said to be called Gothiscandza. Soon they moved from here to the abodes of the Ulmerugi, who then dwelt on the shores of Ocean, where they pitched camp, joined battle with them and drove them from their homes. Then they subdued their neighbors, the Vandals, and thus added to their victories. But when the number of the people increased greatly and Filimer, son of Gadaric, reigned as king—about the fifth since Berig—he decided that the army of the Goths with their families should move from that region. In search of suitable homes and pleasant places they came to the land of Scythia, called Oium in that tongue. Here they were delighted with the great richness of the country, and it is said that when half the army had been brought over, the bridge whereby they had crossed the river fell in utter ruin, nor could anyone thereafter pass to or fro. For the place is said to be surrounded by quaking bogs and an encircling abyss, so that by this double obstacle nature has made it inaccessible. And even to-day one may hear in that neighborhood the lowing of cattle and may find traces of men, if we are to believe the stories of travellers, although we must grant that they hear these things from afar.

This part of the Goths, which is said to have crossed the river and entered with Filimer into the country of Oium, came into possession of the desired land, and there they soon came upon the race of the Spali, joined battle with them and won the victory. Thence the victors hastened to the farthest part of Scythia, which is near the sea of Pontus; for so the story is generally told in their early songs, in almost historic fashion. Ablabius also, a famous chronicler of the Gothic race, confirms this in his most trustworthy account. Some of the ancient writers also agree with the tale. Among these we may mention Josephus, a most reliable relator of annals, who everywhere follows the rule of truth and unravels from the beginning the origin of causes;—but why he has omitted the beginnings of the race of the Goths, of which I have spoken, I do not know. He barely mentions Magog of that stock, and says they were Scythians by race and were called so by name.

Before we enter on our history, we must describe the boundaries of this land, as it lies.

V Now Scythia borders on the land of Germany as far as the source of the river Ister and the expanse of the Morsian Swamp. It reaches even to the rivers Tyra, Danaster and Vagosola, and the great Danaper, extending to the Taurus range—not the mountains in Asia but our own, that is, the Scythian Taurus—all the way to Lake Maeotis. Beyond Lake Maeotis it spreads on the other side of the straits of Bosphorus to the Caucasus Mountains and the river Araxes. Then it bends back to the left behind the Caspian Sea, which comes from the north-eastern ocean in the most distant parts of Asia, and so is formed like a mushroom, at first narrow and then broad and round in shape. It extends as far as the Huns, Albani and Seres. This land, I say,—namely, Scythia, stretching far and spreading wide,—has on the east the Seres, a race that dwelt at the very beginning of their history on the shore of the Caspian Sea. On the west are the Germans and the river Vistula; on the arctic side, namely the north, it is surrounded by Ocean; on the south by Persis, Albania, Hiberia, Pontus and the farthest channel of the Ister, which is called the Danube all the way from mouth to source. But in that region where Scythia touches the Pontic coast it is dotted with towns of no mean fame:—Borysthenis, Olbia, Callipolis, Cherson, Theodosia, Carcon, Myrmicion and Trapezus. These towns the wild Scythian tribes allowed the Greeks to build to afford them means of trade. In the midst of Scythia is the place that separates Asia and Europe, I mean the Rhipaeian mountains,

from which the mighty Tanais flows. This river enters Maeotis, a marsh having a circuit of one hundred and forty-four miles and never subsiding to a depth of less than eight fathoms.

In the land of Scythia to the westward dwells, first of all, the race of the Gepidae, surrounded by great and famous rivers. For the Tisia flows through it on the north and northwest, and on the southwest is the great Danube. On the east it is cut by the Flutausis, a swiftly eddying stream that sweeps whirling into the Ister's waters. Within these rivers lies Dacia, encircled by the lofty Alps as by a crown. Near their left ridge, which inclines toward the north, and beginning at the source of the Vistula, the populous race of the Venethi dwell, occupying a great expanse of land. Though their names are now dispersed amid various clans and places, yet they are chiefly called Sclaveni and Antes. The abode of the Sclaveni extends from the city of Noviodunum and the lake called Mursianus to the Danaster, and northward as far as the Vistula. They have swamps and forests for their cities. The Antes, who are the bravest of these peoples dwelling in the curve of the sea of Pontus, spread from the Danaster to the Danaper, rivers that are many days' journey apart. But on the shore of Ocean, where the floods of the river Vistula empty from three mouths, the Vidiarii dwell, a people gathered out of various tribes. Beyond them the Aesti, a subject race, likewise hold the shore of Ocean. To the south dwell the Acatziri, a very brave tribe ignorant of agriculture, who subsist on their flocks and by hunting. Farther away and above the Sea of Pontus are the abodes of the Bulgares, well known from the wrongs done to them by reason of our oppression. From this region the Huns, like a fruitful root of bravest races, sprouted into two hordes of people. Some of these are called Altziagiri, others Sabiri; and they have different dwelling places. The Altziagiri are near Cherson, where the avaricious traders bring in the goods of Asia. In summer they range the plains, their broad domains, wherever the pasturage for their cattle invites them, and betake themselves in winter beyond the Sea of Pontus. Now the Hunuguri are known to us from the fact that they trade in marten skins. But they have been cowed by their bolder neighbors.

We read that on their first migration the Goths dwelt in the land of Scythia near Lake Maeotis. On the second migration they went to Moesia, Thrace and Dacia, and after their third they dwelt again in Scythia, above the Sea of Pontus. Nor do we find anywhere in their written records legends which tell of their subjection to slavery in Britain or in some other island, or of their redemption by a certain man at the cost of a single horse. Of course if anyone in our city says that the Goths had an origin different from that I have related, let him object. For myself, I prefer to believe what I have read, rather than put trust in old wives' tales.

To return, then, to my subject. The aforesaid race of which I speak is known to have had Filimer as king while they remained in their first home in Scythia near Maeotis. In their second home, that is in the countries of Dacia, Thrace and Moesia, Zalmoxes reigned, whom many writers of annals mention as a man of remarkable learning in philosophy. Yet even before this they had a learned man Zeuta, and after him Dicineus; and the third was Zalmoxes of whom I have made mention above. Nor did they lack teachers of wisdom. Wherefore the Goths have ever been wiser than other barbarians and were nearly like the Greeks, as Dio relates, who wrote their history and annals with a Greek pen. He says that those of noble birth among them, from whom their kings and priests were appointed, were called first Tarabostesei and then Pilleati. Moreover so highly were the Getae praised that Mars, whom the fables of poets call the god of war, was reputed to have been born among them. Hence Virgil says:

"Father Gradvivus rules the Getic fields."

Now Mars has always been worshipped by the Goths with cruel rites, and captives were slain as his victims. They thought that he who is the lord of war ought to be appeased by the shedding of human blood. To him they devoted the first share of the spoil, and in his honor arms stripped from the foe were suspended from trees. And they had more than all other races a deep spirit of religion, since the worship of this god seemed to be really bestowed upon their ancestor.

In their third dwelling place, which was above the Sea of Pontus, they had now become more civilized and, as I have said before,

were more learned. Then the people were divided under ruling families. The Visigoths served the family of the Balthi and the Ostrogoths served the renowned Amali. They were the first race of men to string the bow with cords, as Lucan, who is more of a historian than a poet, affirms:

"They string Armenian bows with Getic cords."

In earliest times they sang of the deeds of their ancestors in strains of song accompanied by the cithara; chanting of Eterpamara, Hanala, Fritigern, Vidigoia and others whose fame among them is great; such heroes as admiring antiquity scarce proclaim its own to be. Then, as the story goes, Vesosis waged a war disastrous to himself against the Scythians, whom ancient tradition asserts to have been the husbands of the Amazons. Concerning these female warriors Orosius speaks in convincing language. Thus we can clearly prove that Vesosis then fought with the Goths, since we know surely that he waged war with the husbands of the Amazons. They dwelt at that time along a bend of Lake Maeotis, from the river Borysthenes, which the natives call the Danaper, to the stream of the Tanais. By the Tanais I mean the river which flows down from the Rhipaean mountains and rushes with so swift a current that when the neighboring streams or Lake Maeotis and the Bosphorus are frozen fast, it is the only river that is kept warm by the rugged mountains and is never solidified by the Scythian cold. It is also famous as the boundary of Asia and Europe. For the other Tanais is the one which rises in the mountains of the Chrinni and flows into the Caspian Sea. The Danaper begins in a great marsh and issues from it as from its mother. It is sweet and fit to drink as far as half-way down its course. It also produces fish of a fine flavor and without bones, having only cartilage as the frame-work of their bodies. But as it approaches the Pontus it receives a little spring called Exampaeus, so very bitter that although the river is navigable for the length of a forty days' voyage, it is so altered by the water of this scanty stream as to become tainted and unlike itself, and flows thus tainted into the sea between the Greek towns of Callipidae and Hypanis. At its mouth there is an island named Achilles. Between these two rivers is a vast land filled with forests and treacherous swamps.

**VI** This was the region where the Goths dwelt when Vesosis, king of the Egyptians, made war upon them. Their king at that time was Tanausis. In a battle at the river Phasis (whence come the birds called pheasants, which are found in abundance at the banquets of the great all over the world) Tanausis, king of the Goths, met Vesosis, king of the Egyptians, and there inflicted a severe defeat upon him, pursuing him even to Egypt. Had he not been restrained by the waters of the impassable Nile and the fortifications which Vesosis had long ago ordered to be made against the raids of the Ethiopians, he would have slain him in his own land. But finding he had no power to injure him there, he returned and conquered almost all Asia and made it subject and tributary to Sornus, king of the Medes, who was then his dear friend. At that time some of his victorious army, seeing that the subdued provinces were rich and fruitful, deserted their companies and of their own accord remained in various parts of Asia.

From their name or race Pompeius Trogus says the stock of the Parthians had its origin. Hence even to-day in the Scythian tongue they are called Parthi, that is, Deserters. And in consequence of their descent they are archers—almost alone among all the nations of Asia—and are very valiant warriors. Now in regard to the name, though I have said they were called Parthi because they were deserters, some have traced the derivation of the word otherwise, saying that they were called Parthi because they fled from their kinsmen. Now when this Tanausis, king of the Goths, was dead, his people worshipped him as one of their gods.

**VII** After his death, while the army under his successors was engaged in an expedition in other parts, a neighboring tribe attempted to carry off women of the Goths as booty. But they made a brave resistance, as they had been taught to do by their husbands, and routed in disgrace the enemy who had come upon them. When they had won this victory, they were inspired with greater daring. Mutually encouraging each other, they took up arms and chose two of the bolder, Lampeto and Marpesia, to act as their leaders. While they were in command, they cast lots both

for the defense of their own country and the devastation of other lands. So Lampeto remained to guard their native land and Marpesia took a company of women and led this novel army into Asia. After conquering various tribes in war and making others their allies by treaties, she came to the Caucasus. There she remained for some time and gave the place the name Rock of Marpesia, of which also Virgil makes mention:

“Like to hard flint or the Marpesian Cliff.”

It was here Alexander the Great afterwards built gates and named them the Caspian Gates, which now the tribe of the Lazi guard as a Roman fortification. Here, then, the Amazons remained for some time and were much strengthened. Then they departed and crossed the river Halys, which flows near the city of Gangra, and with equal success subdued Armenia, Syria, Cilicia, Galatia, Pisidia and all the places of Asia. Then they turned to Ionia and Aeolia, and made provinces of them after their surrender. Here they ruled for some time and even founded cities and camps bearing their name. At Ephesus also they built a very costly and beautiful temple for Diana, because of her delight in archery and the chase—arts to which they were themselves devoted. Then these Scythian-born women, who had by such a chance gained control over the kingdoms of Asia, held them for almost a hundred years, and at last came back to their own kinsfolk in the Marpesian rocks I have mentioned above, namely the Caucasus mountains.

Inasmuch as I have twice mentioned this mountain-range, I think it not out of place to describe its extent and situation, for, as is well known, it encompasses a great part of the earth with its continuous chain. Beginning at the Indian Ocean, where it faces the south it is warm, giving off vapor in the sun; where it lies open to the north it is exposed to chill winds and frost. Then bending back into Syria with a curving turn, it not only sends forth many other streams, but pours from its plenteous breasts into the Vasanensian region the Euphrates and the Tigris, navigable rivers famed for their unfailing springs. These rivers surround the land of the Syrians and cause it to be called Mesopotamia, as it truly is. Their waters empty into the bosom of the Red Sea. Then turning back to the north, the range I have spoken of passes with great bends through the Scythian lands. There it sends forth very famous rivers into the Caspian Sea—the Araxes, the Cyrus and the Cambyses. It goes on in continuous range even to the Rhipaean mountains. Thence it descends from the north toward the Pontic Sea, furnishing a boundary to the Scythian tribes by its ridge, and even touches the waters of the Ister with its clustered hills. Being cut by this river, it divides, and in Scythia is named Taurus also. Such then is the great range, almost the mightiest of mountain chains, rearing aloft its summits and by its natural conformation supplying men with impregnable strongholds. Here and there it divides where the ridge breaks apart and leaves a deep gap, thus forming now the Caspian Gates, and again the Armenian or the Cilician, or of whatever name the place may be. Yet they are barely passable for a wagon, for both sides are sharp and steep as well as very high. The range has different names among various peoples. The Indian calls it Imaus and in another part Paropamisus. The Parthian calls it Choatras and afterward Niphates; the Syrian and Armenian call it Taurus; the Scythian names it Caucasus and Rhipaeus, and at its end calls it Taurus. Many other tribes have given names to the range. Now that we have devoted a few words to describing its extent, let us return to the subject of the Amazons.

**VIII** Fearing their race would fail, they sought marriage with neighboring tribes. They appointed a day for meeting once in every year, so that when they should return to the same place on that day in the following year each mother might give over to the father whatever male child she had borne, but should herself keep and train for warfare whatever children of the female sex were born. Or else, as some maintain, they exposed the males, destroying the life of the ill-fated child with a hate like that of a stepmother. Among them childbearing was detested, though everywhere else it is desired. The terror of their cruelty was increased by common rumor; for what hope, pray, would there be for a captive, when it was considered wrong to spare even a son? Hercules, they say, fought against them and overcame Menalippe, yet more

by guile than by valor. Theseus, moreover, took Hippolyte captive, and of her he begat Hippolytus. And in later times the Amazons had a queen named Penthesilea, famed in the tales of the Trojan war. These women are said to have kept their power even to the time of Aleander the Great.

**IX** But say not “Why does a story which deals with the men of the Goths have so much to say of their women?” Hear, then, the tale of the famous and glorious valor of the men. Now Dio, the historian and diligent investigator of ancient times, who gave to his work the title “Getica” (and the Getae we have proved in a previous passage to be Goths, on the testimony of Orosius Paulus)—this Dio, I say, makes mention of a later king of theirs named Telephus. Let no one say that this name is quite foreign to the Gothic tongue, and let no one who is ignorant cavil at the fact that the tribes of men make use of many names, even as the Romans borrow from the Macedonians, the Greeks from the Romans, the Sarmatians from the Germans, and the Goths frequently from the Huns. This Telephus, then, a son of Hercules by Auge, and the husband of a sister of Priam, was of towering stature and terrible strength. He matched his father’s valor by virtues of his own and also recalled the traits of Hercules by his likeness in appearance. Our ancestors called his kingdom Moesia. This province has on the east the mouths of the Danube, on the south Macedonia, on the west Histria and on the north the Danube. Now this king we have mentioned carried on wars with the Greeks, and in their course he slew in battle Thesander, the leader of Greece. But while he was making a hostile attack upon Ajax and was pursuing Ulysses, his horse became entangled in some vines and fell. He himself was thrown and wounded in the thigh by a javelin of Achilles, so that for a long time he could not be healed. Yet, despite his wound, he drove the Greeks from his land. Now when Telephus died, his son Eurypylos succeeded to the throne, being a son of the sister of Priam, king of the Phrygians. For love of Cassandra he sought to take part in the Trojan war, that he might come to the help of her parents and his own father-in-law; but soon after his arrival he was killed.

**X** Then Cyrus, king of the Persians, after a long interval of almost exactly six hundred and thirty years (as Pompeius Trogus relates), waged an unsuccessful war against Tomyris, Queen of the Getae. Elated by his victories in Asia, he strove to conquer the Getae, whose queen, as I have said, was Tomyris. Though she could have stopped the approach of Cyrus at the river Araxes, yet she permitted him to cross, preferring to overcome him in battle rather than to thwart him by advantage of position. And so she did. As Cyrus approached, fortune at first so favored the Parthians that they slew the son of Tomyris and most of the army. But when the battle was renewed, the Getae and their queen defeated, conquered and overwhelmed the Parthians and took rich plunder from them. There for the first time the race of the Goths saw silken tents. After achieving this victory and winning so much booty from her enemies, Queen Tomyris crossed over into that part of Moesia which is now called Lesser Scythia—a name borrowed from great Scythia,—and built on the Moesian shore of Pontus the city of Tomi, named after herself.

Afterwards Darius, king of the Persians, the son of Hystaspes, demanded in marriage the daughter of Antyrus, king of the Goths, asking for her hand and at the same time making threats in case they did not fulfil his wish. The Goths spurned this alliance and brought his embassy to naught. Inflamed with anger because his offer had been rejected, he led an army of seven hundred thousand armed men against them and sought to avenge his wounded feelings by inflicting a public injury. Crossing on boats covered with boards and joined like a bridge almost the whole way from Chalcedon to Byzantium, he started for Thrace and Moesia. Later he built a bridge over the Danube in like manner, but he was wearied by two brief months of effort and lost eight thousand armed men among the Tapae. Then, fearing the bridge over the Danube would be seized by his foes, he marched back to Thrace in swift retreat, believing the land of Moesia would not be safe for even a short sojourn there.

After his death, his son Xerxes planned to avenge his father’s wrongs and so proceeded to undertake a war against the Goths with seven hundred thousand of his own men and three hun-

dred thousand armed auxiliaries, twelve hundred ships of war and three thousand transports. But he did not venture to try them in battle, being overawed by their unyielding animosity. So he returned with his force just as he had come, and without righting a single battle.

Then Philip, the father of Alexander the Great, made alliance with the Goths and took to wife Medopa, the daughter of King Gudila, so that he might render the kingdom of Macedon more secure by the help of this marriage. It was at this time, as the historian Dio relates, that Philip, suffering from need of money, determined to lead out his forces and sack Odessus, a city of Moesia, which was then subject to the Goths by reason of the neighboring city of Tomi. Thereupon those priests of the Goths that are called the Holy Men suddenly opened the gates of Odessus and came forth to meet them. They bore harps and were clad in snowy robes, and chanted in suppliant strains to the gods of their fathers that they might be propitious and repel the Macedonians. When the Macedonians saw them coming with such confidence to meet them, they were astonished and, so to speak, the armed were terrified by the unarmed. Straight-way they broke the line they had formed for battle and not only refrained from destroying the city, but even gave back those whom they had captured outside by right of war. Then they made a truce and returned to their own country.

After a long time Sitalces, a famous leader of the Goths, remembering this treacherous attempt, gathered a hundred and fifty thousand men and made war upon the Athenians, fighting against Perdiccas, King of Macedon. This Perdiccas had been left by Alexander as his successor to rule Athens by hereditary right, when he drank his destruction at Babylon through the treachery of an attendant. The Goths engaged in a great battle with him and proved themselves to be the stronger. Thus in return for the wrong which the Macedonians had long before committed in Moesia, the Goths overran Greece and laid waste the whole of Macedonia.

**XI** Then when Buruista was king of the Goths, Dicineus came to Gothia at the time when Sulla ruled the Romans. Buruista received Dicineus and gave him almost royal power. It was by his advice the Goths ravaged the lands of the Germans, which the Franks now possess. Then came Caesar, the first of all the Romans to assume imperial power and to subdue almost the whole world, who conquered all kingdoms and even seized islands lying beyond our world, reposing in the bosom of Ocean. He made tributary to the Romans those that knew not the Roman name even by hearsay, and yet was unable to prevail against the Goths, despite his frequent attempts. Soon Gaius Tiberius reigned as third emperor of the Romans, and yet the Goths continued in their kingdom unarmed. Their safety, their advantage, their one hope lay in this, that whatever their counsellor Dicineus advised should by all means be done; and they judged it expedient that they should labor for its accomplishment. And when he saw that their minds were obedient to him in all things and that they had natural ability, he taught them almost the whole of philosophy, for he was a skilled master of this subject. Thus by teaching them ethics he restrained their barbarous customs; by imparting a knowledge of physics he made them live naturally under laws of their own, which they possess in written form to this day and call *belagines*. He taught them logic and made them skilled in reasoning beyond all other races; he showed them practical knowledge and so persuaded them to abound in good works. By demonstrating theoretical knowledge he urged them to contemplate the twelve signs and the courses of the planets passing through them, and the whole of astronomy. He told them how the disc of the moon gains increase or suffers loss, and showed them how much the fiery globe of the sun exceeds in size our earthly planet. He explained the names of the three hundred and forty-six stars and told through what signs in the arching vault of the heavens they glide swiftly from their rising to their setting. Think, I pray you, what pleasure it was for these brave men, when for a little space they had leisure from warfare, to be instructed in the teachings of philosophy! You might have seen one scanning the position of the heavens and another investigating the nature of plants and bushes. Here stood one who studied the waxing and waning of the moon, while still

another regarded the labors of the sun and observed how those bodies which were hastening to go toward the east are whirled around and borne back to the west by the rotation of the heavens. When they had learned the reason, they were at rest. These and various other matters Dicineus taught the Goths in his wisdom and gained marvellous repute among them, so that he ruled not only the common men but their kings. He chose from among them those that were at that time of noblest birth and superior wisdom and taught them theology, bidding them worship certain divinities and holy places. He gave the name of Pilleati to the priests he ordained, I suppose because they offered sacrifice having their heads covered with tiaras, which we otherwise call *pillei*. But he bade them call the rest of their race Capillati. This name the Goths accepted and prized highly and they retain it to this day in their songs.

After the death of Dicineus, they held Comosicus in almost equal honor, because he was not inferior in knowledge. By reason of his wisdom he was accounted their priest and king, and he judged the people with the greatest uprightness.

**XII** When he too had departed from human affairs, Coryllus ascended the throne as king of the Goths and for forty years ruled his people in Dacia. I mean ancient Dacia, which the race of the Gepidae now possess. This country lies across the Danube within sight of Moesia, and is surrounded by a crown of mountains. It has only two ways of access, one by way of the Boutae and the other by the Tapae. This Gothia, which our ancestors called Dacia and now, as I have said, is called Gepidia, was then bounded on the east by the Roxolani, on the west by the lazyges, on the north by the Sarmatians and Basternae and on the south by the river Danube. The lazyges are separated from the Roxolani by the Aluta river only.

And since mention has been made of the Danube, I think it not out of place to make brief notice of so excellent a stream. Rising in the fields of the Alamanni, it receives sixty streams which flow into it here and there in the twelve hundred miles from its source to its mouths in the Pontus, resembling a spine inwoven with ribs like a basket. It is indeed a most vast river. In the language of the Bessi it is called the Hister, and it has profound waters in its channel to a depth of quite two hundred feet. This stream surpasses in size all other rivers, except the Nile. Let this much suffice for the Danube. But let us now with the Lord's help return to the subject from which we have digressed.

**XIII** Now after a long time, in the reign of the Emperor Domitian, the Goths, through fear of his avarice, broke the truce they had long observed under other emperors. They laid waste the bank of the Danube, so long held by the Roman Empire, and slew the soldiers and their generals. Oppius Sabinus was then in command of that province, succeeding Agrippa, while Dorpaneus held command over the Goths. Thereupon the Goths made war and conquered the Romans, cut off the head of Oppius Sabinus, and invaded and boldly plundered many castles and cities belonging to the Emperor. In this plight of his countrymen Domitian hastened with all his might to Illyricum, bringing with him the troops of almost the entire empire. He sent Fuscus before him as his general with picked soldiers. Then joining boats together like a bridge, he made his soldiers cross the river Danube above the army of Dorpaneus. But the Goths were on the alert. They took up arms and presently overwhelmed the Romans in the first encounter. They slew Fuscus, the commander, and plundered the soldiers' camp of its treasure. And because of the great victory they had won in this region, they thereafter called their leaders, by whose good fortune they seemed to have conquered, not mere men, but demigods, that is Ansis. Their genealogy I shall run through briefly, telling the lineage of each and the beginning and the end of this line. And do thou, O reader, hear me without repining; for I speak truly.

**XIV** Now the first of these heroes, as they themselves relate in their legends, was Gapt, who begat Hulmul. And Hulmul begat Augis; and Augis begat him who was called Amal, from whom the name of the Amali comes. This Amal begat Hisarnis. Hisarnis moreover begat Ostrogotha, and Ostrogotha begat Hunuil, and Hunuil likewise begat Athal. Athal begat Achiulf and Oduulf. Now Achiulf begat Ansila and Ediulf, Vultuulf and Her-

manaric. And Vultuulf begat Valaravans and Valaravans begat Vinitharius. Vinitharius moreover begat Vandalarius; Vandalarius begat Thiudimer and Valamir and Vidimer; and Thiudimer begat Theodoric. Theodoric begat Amalasuentha; Amalasuentha bore Athalaric and Mathesuentha to her husband Eutharic, whose race was thus joined to hers in kinship. For the aforesaid Hermanaric, the son of Achiulf, begat Hunimund, and Hunimund begat Thorismud. Now Thorismud begat Beremud, Beremud begat Veteric, and Veteric likewise begat Eutharic, who married Amalasuentha and begat Athalaric and Mathesuentha. Athalaric died in the years of his childhood, and Mathesuentha married Vitiges, to whom she bore no child. Both of them were taken together by Belisarius to Constantinople. When Vitiges passed from human affairs, Germanus the patrician, a cousin of the Emperor Justinian, took Mathesuentha in marriage and made her a Patrician Ordinary. And of her he begat a son, also called Germanus. But upon the death of Germanus, she determined to remain a widow. Now how and in what wise the kingdom of the Amali was overthrown we shall keep to tell in its proper place, if the Lord help us.

But let us now return to the point whence we made our digression and tell how the stock of this people of whom I speak reached the end of its course. Now Ablabius the historian relates that in Scythia, where we have said that they were dwelling above an arm of the Pontic Sea, part of them who held the eastern region and whose king was Ostrogotha, were called Ostrogoths, that is, eastern Goths, either from his name or from the place. But the rest were called Visigoths, that is, the Goths of the western country.

**XV** As already said, they crossed the Danube and dwelt a little while in Moesia and Thrace. From the remnant of these came Maximinus, the Emperor succeeding Alexander the son of Mama. For Symmachus relates it thus in the fifth book of his history, saying that upon the death of Caesar Alexander, Maximinus was made Emperor by the army; a man born in Thrace of most humble parentage, his father being a Goth named Micca, and his mother a woman of the Alani called Ababa. He reigned three years and lost alike his empire and his life while making war on the Christians. Now after his first years spent in rustic life, he had come from his flocks to military service in the reign of the Emperor Severus and at the time when he was celebrating his son's birthday. It happened that the Emperor was giving military games. When Maximinus saw this, although he was a semi-barbarian youth, he besought the Emperor in his native tongue to give him permission to wrestle with the trained soldiers for the prizes offered. Severus marvelling much at his great size—for his stature, it is said, was more than eight feet,—bade him contend in wrestling with the camp followers, in order that no injury might befall his soldiers at the hands of this wild fellow. Thereupon Maximinus threw sixteen attendants with so great ease that he conquered them one by one without taking any rest by pausing between the bouts. So then, when he had won the prizes, it was ordered that he should be sent into the army and should take his first campaign with the cavalry. On the third day after this, when the Emperor went out to the field, he saw him coursing about in barbarian fashion and bade a tribune restrain him and teach him Roman discipline. But when he understood it was the Emperor who was speaking about him, he came forward and began to run ahead of him as he rode. Then the Emperor spurred on his horse to a slow trot and wheeled in many a circle hither and thither with various turns, until he was weary. And then he said to him "Are you willing to wrestle now after your running, my little Thracian?" "As much as you like, O Emperor," he answered. So Severus leaped from his horse and ordered the freshest soldiers to wrestle with him. But he threw to the ground seven very powerful youths, even as before, taking no breathing space between the bouts. So he alone was given prizes of silver and a golden necklace by Caesar. Then he was bidden to serve in the body guard of the Emperor. After this he was an officer under Antoninus Caracalla, often increasing his fame by his deeds, and rose to many military grades and finally to the centurionship as the reward of his active service. Yet afterwards, when Macrinus became Emperor, he refused military service for almost three years, and though he held the office of tribune, he never came into

the presence of Macrinus, thinking his rule shameful because he had won it by committing a crime. Then he returned to Eliogabalus, believing him to be the son of Antoninus, and entered upon his tribuneship. After his reign, he fought with marvellous success against the Parthians, under Alexander the son of Mama. When he was slain in an uprising of the soldiers at Mogontiacum, Maximinus himself was made Emperor by a vote of the army, without a decree of the senate. But he marred all his good deeds by persecuting the Christians in accordance with an evil vow and, being slain by Pupienus at Aquileia, left the kingdom to Philip. These matters we have borrowed from the history of Symmachus for this our little book, in order to show that the race of which we speak attained to the very highest station in the Roman Empire. But our subject requires us to return in due order to the point whence we digressed.

**XVI** Now the Gothic race gained great fame in the region where they were then dwelling, that is in the Scythian land on the shore of Pontus, holding undisputed sway over great stretches of country, many arms of the sea and many river courses. By their strong right arm the Vandals were often laid low, the Marcomanni held their footing by paying tribute and the princes of the Quadi were reduced to slavery. Now when the aforesaid Philip—who, with his son Philip, was the only Christian emperor before Constantine—ruled over the Romans, in the second year of his reign Rome completed its one thousandth year. He withheld from the Goths the tribute due them; whereupon they were naturally enraged and instead of friends became his foes. For though they dwelt apart under their own kings, yet they had been allied to the Roman state and received annual gifts. And what more? Ostrogotha and his men soon crossed the Danube and ravaged Moesia and Thrace. Philip sent the senator Decius against him. And since he could do nothing against the Getae, he released his own soldiers from military service and sent them back to private life, as though it had been by their neglect that the Goths had crossed the Danube. When, as he supposed, he had thus taken vengeance on his soldiers, he returned to Philip. But when the soldiers found themselves expelled from the army after so many hardships, in their anger they had recourse to the protection of Ostrogotha, king of the Goths. He received them, was aroused by their words and presently led out three hundred thousand armed men, having as allies for this war some of the Taifali and Astringi and also three thousand of the Carpi, a race of men very ready to make war and frequently hostile to the Romans. But in later times when Diocletian and Maximian were Emperors, the Caesar Galerius Maximianus conquered them and made them tributary to the Roman Empire. Besides these tribes, Ostrogotha had Goths and Peucini from the island of Peucë, which lies in the mouths of the Danube where they empty into the Sea of Pontus. He placed in command Argaithus and Guntheric, the noblest leaders of his race. They speedily crossed the Danube, devastated Moesia a second time and approached Marcianople, the famed metropolis of that land. Yet after a long siege they departed, upon receiving money from the inhabitants.

Now since we have mentioned Marcianople, we may briefly relate a few matters in connection with its founding. They say that the Emperor Trajan built this city for the following reason. While his sister's daughter Marcia was bathing in the stream called Potamus—a river of great clearness and purity that rises in the midst of the city—she wished to draw some water from it and by chance dropped into its depths the golden pitcher she was carrying. Yet though very heavy from its weight of metal, it emerged from the waves a long time afterwards. It surely is not a usual thing for an empty vessel to sink; much less that, when once swallowed up, it should be cast up by the waves and float again. Trajan marvelled at hearing this and believed there was some divinity in the stream. So he built a city and called it Marcianople after the name of his sister.

**XVII** From this city, then, as we were saying, the Getae returned after a long siege to their own land, enriched by the ransom they had received. Now the race of the Gepidae was moved with envy when they saw them laden with booty and so suddenly victorious everywhere, and made war on their kinsmen. Should you ask



how the Getae and Gepidae are kinsmen, I can tell you in a few words. You surely remember that in the beginning I said the Goths went forth from the bosom of the island of Scandza with Berig, their king, sailing in only three ships toward the hither shore of Ocean, namely to Gothiscandza. One of these three ships proved to be slower than the others, as is usually the case, and thus is said to have given the tribe their name, for in their language *gepanta* means slow. Hence it came to pass that gradually and by corruption the name Gepidae was coined for them by way of reproach. For undoubtedly they too trace their origin from the stock of the Goths, but because, as I have said, *gepanta* means something slow and stolid, the word Gepidae arose as a gratuitous name of reproach. I do not believe this is very far wrong, for they are slow of thought and too sluggish for quick movement of their bodies.

These Gepidae were then smitten by envy while they dwelt in the province of Spesis on an island surrounded by the shallow waters of the Vistula. This island they called, in the speech of their fathers, Gepedoiis; but it is now inhabited by the race of the Vividarii, since the Gepidae themselves have moved to better lands. The Vividarii are gathered from various races into this one asylum, if I may call it so, and thus they form a nation. So then, as we were saying, Fastida, king of the Gepidae, stirred up his quiet people to enlarge their boundaries by war. He overwhelmed the Burgundians, almost annihilating them, and conquered a number of other races also. He unjustly provoked the Goths, being the first to break the bonds of kinship by unseemly strife. He was greatly puffed up with vain glory, but in seeking to acquire new lands for his growing nation, he only reduced the numbers of his own countrymen. For he sent ambassadors to Ostrogotha, to whose rule Ostrogoths and Visigoths alike, that is, the two peoples of the same tribe, were still subject. Complaining that he was hemmed in by rugged mountains and dense forests, he demanded one of two things,—that Ostrogotha should either prepare for war or give up part of his lands to them. Then Ostrogotha, king of the Goths, who was a man of firm mind, answered the ambassadors that he did indeed dread such a war and that it would be a grievous and infamous thing to join battle with their kin,—but he would not give up his lands. And why say more? The Gepidae hastened to take arms and Ostrogotha likewise moved his forces against them, lest he should seem a coward. They met at the town of Galtis, near which the river Auha flows and there both sides fought with great valor; indeed the similarity of their arms and of their manner of fighting turned them against their own men. But the better cause and their natural alertness aided the Goths. Finally night put an end to the battle as a part of the Gepidae were giving way. Then Fastida, king of the Gepidae, left the field of slaughter and hastened to his own land, as much humiliated with shame and disgrace as formerly he had been elated with pride. The Goths returned victorious, content with the retreat of the Gepidae, and dwelt in peace and happiness in their own land so long as Ostrogotha was their leader.

**XVIII** After his death, Cniva divided the army into two parts and sent some to waste Moesia, knowing that it was undefended through the neglect of the emperors. He himself with seventy thousand men hastened to Euscia, that is, Novae. When driven from this place by the general Gallus, he approached Nicopolis, a very famous town situated near the Iatrus river. This city Trajan built when he conquered the Sarmatians and named it the City of Victory. When the Emperor Decius drew near, Cniva at last withdrew to the regions of Haemus, which were not far distant. Thence he hastened to Philippopolis, with his forces in good array. When the Emperor Decius learned of his departure, he was eager to bring relief to his own city and, crossing Mount Haemus, came to Beroa. While he was resting his horses and his weary army in that place, all at once Cniva and his Goths fell upon him like a thunderbolt. He cut the Roman army to pieces and drove the Emperor, with a few who had succeeded in escaping, across the Alps again to Euscia in Moesia, where Gallus was then stationed with a large force of soldiers as guardian of the frontier. Collecting an army from this region as well as from Oescus, he prepared for the conflict of the coming war. But Cniva took Philippopolis after a long siege and then, laden with spoil, allied himself to Priscus, the

commander in the city, to fight against Decius. In the battle that followed they quickly pierced the son of Decius with an arrow and cruelly slew him. The father saw this, and although he is said to have exclaimed, to cheer the hearts of his soldiers: "Let no one mourn; the death of one soldier is not a great loss to the republic", he was yet unable to endure it, because of his love for his son. So he rode against the foe, demanding either death or vengeance, and when he came to Abrittus, a city of Moesia, he was himself cut off by the Goths and slain, thus making an end of his dominion and of his life. This place is to-day called the Altar of Decius, because he there offered strange sacrifices to idols before the battle.

## The Goths in the Time of Gallus, Volusianus and Aemilianus

**XIX** Then upon the death of Decius, Gallus and Volusianus succeeded to the Roman Empire. At this time a destructive plague, almost like death itself, such as we suffered nine years ago, blighted the face of the whole earth and especially devastated Alexandria and all the land of Egypt. The historian Dionysius gives a mournful account of it and Cyprian, our own bishop and venerable martyr in Christ, also describes it in his book entitled "On Mortality". At this time the Goths frequently ravaged Moesia, through the neglect of the Emperors. When a certain Aemilianus saw that they were free to do this, and that they could not be dislodged by anyone without great cost to the republic, he thought that he too might be able to achieve fame and fortune. So he seized the rule in Moesia and, taking all the soldiers he could gather, began to plunder cities and people. In the next few months, while an armed host was being gathered against him, he wrought no small harm to the state. Yet he died almost at the beginning of his evil attempt, thus losing at once his life and the power he coveted. Now though Gallus and Volusianus, the Emperors we have mentioned, departed this life after remaining in power for barely two years, yet during this space of two years which they spent on earth they reigned amid universal peace and favor. Only one thing was laid to their charge, namely the great plague. But this was an accusation made by ignorant slanderers, whose custom it is to wound the lives of others with their malicious bite. Soon after they came to power they made a treaty with the race of the Goths. When both rulers were dead, it was no long time before Gallienus usurped the throne.

**XX** While he was given over to luxurious living of every sort, Respa, Veduc and Thuruar, leaders of the Goths, took ship and sailed across the strait of the Hellespont to Asia. There they laid waste many populous cities and set fire to the renowned temple of Diana at Ephesus, which, as we said before, the Amazons built. Being driven from the neighborhood of Bithynia, they destroyed Chalcedon, which Cornelius Avitus afterwards restored to some extent. Yet even to-day, though it is happily situated near the royal city, it still shows some traces of its ruin as a witness to posterity. After their success, the Goths recrossed the strait of the Hellespont, laden with booty and spoil, and returned along the same route by which they had entered the lands of Asia, sacking Troy and Ilium on the way. These cities, which had scarce recovered a little from the famous war with Agamemnon, were thus destroyed anew by the hostile sword. After the Goths had thus devastated Asia, Thrace next felt their ferocity. For they went thither and presently attacked Anchiali, a city at the foot of Haemus and not far from the sea. Sardanapalus, king of the Parthians, had built this city long ago between an inlet of the sea and the base of Haemus. There they are said to have stayed for many days, enjoying the baths of the hot springs which are situated about twelve miles from the city of Anchiali. There they gush from the depths of their fiery source, and among the innumerable hot springs of the world they are esteemed as specially famous and efficacious for their healing virtues.

## The Times of Diocletian

**XXI** After these events, the Goths had already returned home when they were summoned at the request of the Emperor Maximian to aid the Romans against the Parthians. They fought for

him faithfully, serving as auxiliaries. But after Caesar Maximian by their aid had routed Narseus, king of the Persians, the grandson of Sapor the Great, taking as spoil all his possessions, together with his wives and his sons, and when Diocletian had conquered Achilles in Alexandria and Maximianus Herculus had broken the Quinquegentiani in Africa, thus winning peace for the empire, they began rather to neglect the Goths.

Now it had long been a hard matter for the Roman army to fight against any nations whatsoever without them. This is evident from the way in which the Goths were so frequently called upon. Thus they were summoned by Constantine to bear arms against his kinsman Licinius. Later, when he was vanquished and shut up Thessalonica and deprived of his power, they slew him with the sword of Constantine the victor. In like manner it was the aid of the Goths that enabled him to build the famous city that is named after him, the rival of Rome, inasmuch as they entered into a truce with the Emperor and furnished him forty thousand men to aid him against various peoples. This body of men, namely, the Allies, and the service they rendered in war are still spoken of in the land to this day. Now at that time they prospered under the rule of their kings Ariaric and Aoric. Upon their death Geberich appeared as successor to the throne, a man renowned for his valor and noble birth.

**XXII** For he was the son of Hilderith, who was the son of Ovida, who was the son of Nidada; and by his illustrious deeds he equalled the glory of his race. Soon he sought to enlarge his country's narrow bounds at the expense of the race of the Vandals and Visimar, their king. This Visimar was of the stock of the Asdingi, which is eminent among them and indicates a most warlike descent, as Dexippus the historian relates. He states furthermore that by reason of the great extent of their country they could scarcely come from Ocean to our frontier in a year's time. At that time they dwelt in the land where the Gepidae now live, near the rivers Marisia, Miliare, Gilpil and the Grisia, which exceeds in size all previously mentioned. They then had on the east the Goths, on the west the Marcomanni, on the north the Hermunduli and on the south the Hister, which is also called the Danube. At the time when the Vandals were dwelling in this region, war was begun against them by Geberich, king of the Goths, on the shore of the river Marisia which I have mentioned. Here the battle raged for a little while on equal terms. But soon Visimar himself, the king of the Vandals, was overthrown, together with the greater part of his people. When Geberich, the famous leader of the Goths, had conquered and spoiled Vandals, he returned to his own place whence he had come. Then the remnant of the Vandals who had escaped, collecting a band of their unwarlike folk, left their ill-fated country and asked the Emperor Constantine for Pannonia. Here they made their home for about sixty years and obeyed the commands of the emperors like subjects. A long time afterward they were summoned thence by Stilicho, Master of the Soldiery, Ex-Consul and Patrician, and took possession of Gaul. Here they plundered their neighbors and had no settled place of abode.

**XXIII** Soon Geberich, king of the Goths, departed from human affairs and Hermanaric, noblest of the Amali, succeeded to the throne. He subdued many warlike peoples of the north and made them obey his laws, and some of our ancestors have justly compared him to Alexander the Great. Among the tribes he conquered were the Golthescythia, Thiudos, Inaunxis, Vasinabroncae, Merens, Mordens, Inniscaris, Rogas, Tadzans, Athaul, Navego, Bubegenae and Coldae. But though famous for his conquest of so many races, he gave himself no rest until he had slain some in battle and then reduced to his sway the remainder of the tribe of the Heruli, whose chief was Alaric. Now the aforesaid race, as the historian Ablabius tells us, dwelt near Lake Maeotis in swampy places which the Greeks call *hel*; hence they were named Heluri. They were a people swift of foot, and on that account were the more swollen with pride, for there was at that time no race that did not choose from them its light-armed troops for battle. But though their quickness often saved them from others who made war upon them, yet they were overthrown by the slowness and steadiness of the Goths; and the lot of fortune brought it to pass that they, as well as the other tribes, had to serve Hermanaric,

king of the Getae. After the slaughter of the Heruli, Hermanaric also took arms against the Venethi. This people, though despised in war, was strong in numbers and tried to resist him. But a multitude of cowards is of no avail, particularly when God permits an armed multitude to attack them. These people, as we started to say at the beginning of our account or catalogue of nations, though off-shoots from one stock, have now three names, that is, Venethi, Antes and Sclaveni. Though they now rage in war far and wide, in punishment for our sins, yet at that time they were all obedient to Hermanaric's commands. This ruler also subdued by his wisdom and might the race of the Aesti, who dwell on the farthest shore of the German Ocean, and ruled all the nations of Scythia and Germany by his own prowess alone.

**XXIV** But after a short space of time, as Orosius relates, the race of the Huns, fiercer than ferocity itself, flamed forth against the Goths. We learn from old traditions that their origin was as follows: Filimer, king of the Goths, son of Gadaric the Great, who was the fifth in succession to hold the rule of the Getae after their departure from the island of Scandza,—and who, as we have said, entered the land of Scythia with his tribe,—found among his people certain witches, whom he called in his native tongue Haliurunnæ. Suspecting these women, he expelled them from the midst of his race and compelled them to wander in solitary exile afar from his army. There the unclean spirits, who beheld them as they wandered through the wilderness, bestowed their embraces upon them and begat this savage race, which dwelt at first in the swamps,—a stunted, foul and puny tribe, scarcely human, and having no language save one which bore slight resemblance to human speech. Such was the descent of the Huns who came to the country of the Goths.

This cruel tribe, as Priscus the historian relates, settled on the farther bank of the Maeotic swamp. They were fond of hunting and had no skill in any other art. After they had grown to a nation, they disturbed the peace of neighboring races by theft and rapine. At one time, while hunters of their tribe were as usual seeking for game on the farthest edge of Maeotis, they saw a doe unexpectedly appear to their sight and enter the swamp, acting as guide of the way; now advancing and again standing still. The hunters followed and crossed on foot the Maeotic swamp, which they had supposed was impassable as the sea. Presently the unknown land of Scythia disclosed itself and the doe disappeared. Now in my opinion the evil spirits, from whom the Huns are descended, did this from envy of the Scythians. And the Huns, who had been wholly ignorant that there was another world beyond Maeotis, were now filled with admiration for the Scythian land. As they were quick of mind, they believed that this path, utterly unknown to any age of the past, had been divinely revealed to them. They returned to their tribe, told them what had happened, praised Scythia and persuaded the people to hasten thither along the way they had found by the guidance of the doe. As many as they captured, when they thus entered Scythia for the first time, they sacrificed to Victory. The remainder they conquered and made subject to themselves. Like a whirlwind of nations they swept across the great swamp and at once fell upon the Alpidzuri, Alcildzuri, Itimari, Tuncarsi and Boisci, who bordered on that part of Scythia. The Alani also, who were their equals in battle, but unlike them in civilization, manners and appearance, they exhausted by their incessant attacks and subdued. For by the terror of their features they inspired great fear in those whom perhaps they did not really surpass in war. They made their foes flee in horror because their swarthy aspect was fearful, and they had, if I may call it so, a sort of shapeless lump, not a head, with pin-holes rather than eyes. Their hardihood is evident in their wild appearance, and they are beings who are cruel to their children on the very day they are born. For they cut the cheeks of the males with a sword, so that before they receive the nourishment of milk they must learn to endure wounds. Hence they grow old beardless and their young men are without comeliness, because a face furrowed by the sword spoils by its scars the natural beauty of a beard. They are short in stature, quick in bodily movement, alert horsemen, broad shouldered, ready in the use of bow and arrow, and have firm-set necks which are ever erect in pride. Though they live in

the form of men, they have the cruelty of wild beasts.

When the Getae beheld this active race that had invaded many nations, they took fright and consulted with their king how they might escape from such a foe. Now although Hermanaric, king of the Goths, was the conqueror of many tribes, as we have said above, yet while he was deliberating on this invasion of the Huns, the treacherous tribe of the Rosomoni, who at that time were among those who owed him their homage, took this chance to catch him unawares. For when the king had given orders that a certain woman of the tribe I have mentioned, Sunilda by name, should be bound to wild horses and torn apart by driving them at full speed in opposite directions (for he was roused to fury by her husband's treachery to him), her brothers Sarus and Immius came to avenge their sister's death and plunged a sword into Hermanaric's side. Enfeebled by this blow, he dragged out a miserable existence in bodily weakness. Balamber, king of the Huns, took advantage of his ill health to move an army into the country of the Ostrogoths, from whom the Visigoths had already separated because of some dispute. Meanwhile Hermanaric, who was unable to endure either the pain of his wound or the inroads of the Huns, died full of days at the great age of one hundred and ten years. The fact of his death enabled the Huns to prevail over those Goths who, as we have said, dwelt in the East and were called Ostrogoths.

### The Divided Goths: Visigoths

**XXV** The Visigoths, who were their other allies and inhabitants of the western country, were terrified as their kinsmen had been, and knew not how to plan for safety against the race of the Huns. After long deliberation by common consent they finally sent ambassadors into Romania to the Emperor Valens, brother of Valentinian, the elder Emperor, to say that if he would give them part of Thrace or Moesia to keep, they would submit themselves to his laws and commands. That he might have greater confidence in them, they promised to become Christians, if he would give them teachers who spoke their language. When Valens learned this, he gladly and promptly granted what he had himself intended to ask. He received the Getae into the region of Moesia and placed them there as a wall of defense for his kingdom against other tribes. And since at that time the Emperor Valens, who was infected with the Arian perfidy, had closed all the churches of our party, he sent as preachers to them those who favored his sect. They came and straightway filled a rude and ignorant people with the poison of their heresy. Thus the Emperor Valens made the Visigoths Arians rather than Christians. Moreover from the love they bore them, they preached the gospel both to the Ostrogoths and to their kinsmen the Gepidae, teaching them to reverence this heresy, and they invited all people of their speech everywhere to attach themselves to this sect. They themselves as we have said, crossed the Danube and settled Dacia Ripensis, Moesia and Thrace by permission of the Emperor.

**XXVI** Soon famine and want came upon them, as often happens to a people not yet well settled in a country. Their princes and the leaders who ruled them in place of kings, that is Fritigern, Alatheus and Safrac, began to lament the plight of their army and begged Lupicinus and Maximus, the Roman commanders, to open a market. But to what will not the "cursed lust for gold" compel men to assent? The generals, swayed by avarice, sold them at a high price not only the flesh of sheep and oxen, but even the carcasses of dogs and unclean animals, so that a slave would be bartered for a loaf of bread or ten pounds of meat. When their goods and chattels failed, the greedy trader demanded their sons in return for the necessities of life. And the parents consented even to this, in order to provide for the safety of their children, arguing that it was better to lose liberty than life; and indeed it is better that one be sold, if he will be mercifully fed, than that he should be kept free only to die.

Now it came to pass in that troublous time that Lupicinus, the Roman general, invited Fritigern, a chieftain of the Goths, to a feast and, as the event revealed, devised a plot against him. But Fritigern, thinking evil came to the feast with a few followers. While he was dining in the praetorium he heard the dying cries

of his ill-fated men, for, by order of the general, the soldiers were slaying his companions who were shut up in another part of the house. The loud cries of the dying fell upon ears already suspicious, and Fritigern at once perceived the treacherous trick. He drew his sword and with great courage dashed quickly from the banqueting-hall, rescued his men from their threatening doom and incited them to slay the Romans. Thus these valiant men gained the chance they had longed for—to be free to die in battle rather than to perish of hunger—and immediately took arms to kill the generals Lupicinus and Maximus. Thus that day put an end to the famine of the Goths and the safety of the Romans, for the Goths no longer as strangers and pilgrims, but as citizens and lords, began to rule the inhabitants and to hold in their own right all the northern country as far as the Danube.

When the Emperor Valens heard of this at Antioch, he made ready an army at once and set out for the country of Thrace. Here a grievous battle took place and the Goths prevailed. The Emperor himself was wounded and fled to a farm near Hadrianople. The Goths, not knowing that an emperor lay hidden in so poor a hut, set fire to it (as is customary in dealing with a cruel foe), and thus he was cremated in royal splendor. Plainly it was a direct judgment of God that he should be burned with fire by the very men whom he had perfidiously led astray when they sought the true faith, turning them aside from the flame of love into the fire of hell. From this time the Visigoths, in consequence of their glorious victory, possessed Thrace and Dacia Ripensis as if it were their native land.

**XXVII** Now in the place of Valens, his uncle, the Emperor Gratian established Theodosius the Spaniard in the Eastern Empire. Military discipline was soon restored to a high level, and the Goth, perceiving that the cowardice and sloth of former princes was ended, became afraid. For the Emperor was famed alike for his acuteness and discretion. By stern commands and by generosity and kindness he encouraged a demoralized army to deeds of daring. But when the soldiers, who had obtained a better leader by the change, gained new confidence, they sought to attack the Goths and drive them from the borders of Thrace. But as the Emperor Theodosius fell so sick at this time that his life was almost despaired of, the Goths were again inspired with courage. Dividing the Gothic army, Fritigern set out to plunder Thessaly, Epirus and Achaia, while Alatheus and Safrac with the rest of the troops made for Pannonia. Now the Emperor Gratian had at this time retreated from Rome to Gaul because of the invasions of the Vandals. When he learned that the Goths were acting with greater boldness because Theodosius was in despair of his life, he quickly gathered an army and came against them. Yet he put no trust in arms, but sought to conquer them by kindness and gifts. So he entered on a truce with them and made peace, giving them provisions.

**XXVIII** When the Emperor Theodosius afterwards recovered and learned that the Emperor Gratian had made a compact between the Goths and the Romans, as he had himself desired, he took it very graciously and gave his assent. He gave gifts to King Athanaric, who had succeeded Fritigern, made an alliance with him and in the most gracious manner invited him to visit him in Constantinople. Athanaric very gladly consented and as he entered the royal city exclaimed in wonder "Lo, now I see what I have often heard of with unbelieving ears," meaning the great and famous city. Turning his eyes hither and thither, he marvelled as he beheld the situation of the city, the coming and going of the ships, the splendid walls, and the people of divers nations gathered like a flood of waters streaming from different regions into one basin. So too, when he saw the army in array, he said "Truly the Emperor is a god on earth, and whoso raises a hand against him is guilty of his own blood." In the midst of his admiration and the enjoyment of even greater honors at the hand of the emperor, he departed this life after the space of a few months. The emperor had such affection for him that he honored Athanaric even more when he was dead than during his life-time, for he not only gave him a worthy burial, but himself walked before the bier at the funeral. Now when Athanaric was dead, his whole army continued in the service of the Emperor Theodosius and submitted to the Roman rule, forming as it were one body with the imperial

soldiery. The former service of the Allies under the Emperor Constantine was now renewed and they were again called Allies. And since the Emperor knew that they were faithful to him and his friends, he took from their number more than twenty thousand warriors to serve against the tyrant Eugenius who had slain Gratian and seized Gaul. After winning the victory over this usurper, he wreaked his vengeance upon him.

**XXIX** But after Theodosius, the lover of peace and of the Gothic race, had passed from human cares, his sons began to ruin both empires by their luxurious living and to deprive their Allies, that is to say the Goths, of the customary gifts. The contempt of the Goths for the Romans soon increased, and for fear their valor would be destroyed by long peace, they appointed Alaric king over them. He was of a famous stock, and his nobility was second only to that of the Amali, for he came from the family of the Balthi, who because of their daring valor had long ago received among their race the name *Baltha*, that is, The Bold. Now when this Alaric was made king, he took counsel with his men and persuaded them to seek a kingdom by their own exertions rather than serve others in idleness. In the consulship of Stilicho and Aurelian he raised an army and entered Italy, which seemed to be bare of defenders, and came through Pannonia and Sirmium along the right side. Without meeting any resistance, he reached the bridge of the river Candidianus at the third milestone from the royal city of Ravenna.

This city lies amid the streams of the Po between swamps and the sea, and is accessible only on one side. Its ancient inhabitants, as our ancestors relate, were called *Ainetoi*, that is, "Laudable". Situated in a corner of the Roman Empire above the Ionian Sea, it is hemmed in like an island by a flood of rushing waters. On the east it has the sea, and one who sails straight to it from the region of Corcyra and those parts of Hellas sweeps with his oars along the right hand coast, first touching Epirus, then Dalmatia, Liburnia and Histria and at last the Venetian Isles. But on the west it has swamps through which a sort of door has been left by a very narrow entrance. To the north is an arm of the Po, called the Fossa Asconis. On the south likewise is the Po itself, which they call the King of the rivers of Italy; and it has also the name Eridanus. This river was turned aside by the Emperor Augustus into a very broad canal which flows through the midst of the city with a seventh part of its stream, affording a pleasant harbor at its mouth. Men believed in ancient times, as Dio relates, that it would hold a fleet of two hundred and fifty vessels in its safe anchorage. Fabius says that this, which was once a harbor, now displays itself like a spacious garden full of trees; but from them hang not sails but apples. The city itself boasts of three names and is happily placed in its threefold location. I mean to say the first is called Ravenna and the most distant part Classis; while midway between the city and the sea is Caesarea, full of luxury. The sand of the beach is fine and suited for riding.

**XXX** But as I was saying, when the army of the Visigoths had come into the neighborhood of this city, they sent an embassy to the Emperor Honorius, who dwelt within. They said that if he would permit the Goths to settle peaceably in Italy, they would so live with the Roman people that men might believe them both to be of one race; but if not, whoever prevailed in war should drive out the other, and the victor should henceforth rule unmolested. But the Emperor Honorius feared to make either promise. So he took counsel with his Senate and considered how he might drive them from the Italian borders. He finally decided that Alaric and his race, if they were able to do so, should be allowed to seize for their own home the provinces farthest away, namely, Gaul and Spain. For at this time he had almost lost them, and moreover they had been devastated by the invasion of Gaiseric, king of the Vandals. The grant was confirmed by an imperial rescript, and the Goths, consenting to the arrangement, set out for the country given them.

When they had gone away without doing any harm in Italy, Stilicho, the Patrician and father-in-law of the Emperor Honorius,—for the Emperor had married both his daughters, Maria and Thermantia, in succession, but God called both from this world in their virgin purity—this Stilicho, I say, treacherously

hurried to Pollentia, a city in the Cottian Alps. There he fell upon the unsuspecting Goths in battle, to the ruin of all Italy and his own disgrace. When the Goths suddenly beheld him, at first they were terrified. Soon regaining their courage and arousing each other by brave shouting, as is their custom, they turned to flight the entire army of Stilicho and almost exterminated it. Then forsaking the journey they had undertaken, the Goths with hearts full of rage returned again to Liguria whence they had set out. When they had plundered and spoiled it, they also laid waste Aemilia, and then hastened toward the city of Rome along the Flaminian Way, which runs between Picenum and Tuscia, taking as booty whatever they found on either hand. When they finally entered Rome, by Alaric's express command they merely sacked it and did not set the city on fire, as wild peoples usually do, nor did they permit serious damage to be done to the holy places. Thence they departed to bring like ruin upon Campania and Lucania, and then came to Bruttii. Here they remained a long time and planned to go to Sicily and thence to the countries of Africa.

Now the land of the Bruttii is at the extreme southern bound of Italy, and a corner of it marks the beginning of the Apennine mountains. It stretches out like a tongue into the Adriatic Sea and separates it from the Tyrrhenian waters. It chanced to receive its name in ancient times from a Queen Bruttia. To this place came Alaric, king of Visigoths, with the wealth of all Italy which he had taken as spoil, and from there, as we have said, he intended to cross over by way of Sicily to the quiet land of Africa. But since man is not free to do anything he wishes without the will of God, that dread strait sunk several of his ships and threw all into confusion. Alaric was cast down by his reverse and, while deliberating what he should do, was suddenly overtaken by an untimely death and departed from human cares. His people mourned for him with the utmost affection. Then turning from its course the river Busentus near the city of Consentia—for this stream flows with its wholesome waters from the foot of a mountain near that city—they led a band of captives into the midst of its bed to dig out a place for his grave. In the depths of this pit they buried Alaric, together with many treasures, and then turned the waters back into their channel. And that none might ever know the place, they put to death all the diggers. They bestowed the kingdom of the Visigoths on Athavulf his kinsman, a man of imposing beauty and great spirit; for though not tall of stature, he was distinguished for beauty of face and form.

**XXXI** When Athavulf became king, he returned again to Rome, and whatever had escaped the first sack his Goths stripped bare like locusts, not merely despoiling Italy of its private wealth, but even of its public resources. The Emperor Honorius was powerless to resist even when his sister Placidia, the daughter of the Emperor Theodosius by his second wife, was led away captive from the city. But Athavulf was attracted by her nobility, beauty and chaste purity, and so he took her to wife in lawful marriage at Forum Julii, a city of Aemilia. When the barbarians learned of this alliance, they were the more effectually terrified, since the Empire and the Goths now seemed to be made one. Then Athavulf set out for Gaul, leaving Honorius Augustus stripped of his wealth, to be sure, yet pleased at heart because he was now a sort of kinsman of his. Upon his arrival the neighboring tribes who had long made cruel raids into Gaul,—Franks and Burgundians alike,—were terrified and began to keep within their own borders. Now the Vandals and the Alani, as we have said before, had been dwelling in both Pannonias by permission of the Roman Emperors. Yet fearing they would not be safe even here if the Goths should return, they crossed over into Gaul. But no long time after they had taken possession of Gaul they fled thence and shut themselves up in Spain, for they still remembered from the tales of their forefathers what ruin Geberich, king of the Goths, had long ago brought on their race, and how by his valor he had driven them from their native land. And thus it happened that Gaul lay open to Athavulf when he came. Now when the Goth had established his kingdom in Gaul, he began to grieve for the plight of the Spaniards and planned to save them from the attacks of the Vandals. So Athavulf left at Barcelona his treasures and the men who were unfit for war, and entered the interior of Spain with a few faith-

ful followers. Here he fought frequently with the Vandals and, in the third year after he had subdued Gaul and Spain, fell pierced through the groin by the sword of Euervulf, a man whose short stature he had been wont to mock. After his death Segeric was appointed king, but he too was slain by the treachery of his own men and lost both his kingdom and his life even more quickly than Athavulf.

**XXXII** Then Valia, the fourth from Alaric, was made king, and he was an exceeding stern and prudent man. The Emperor Honorius sent an army against him under Constantius, who was famed for his achievements in war and distinguished in many battles, for he feared that Valia would break the treaty long ago made with Athavulf and that, after driving out the neighboring tribes, he would again plot evil against the Empire. Moreover Honorius was eager to free his sister Placidia from the disgrace of servitude, and made an agreement with Constantius that if by peace or war or any means soever he could bring her back to the kingdom, he should have her in marriage. Pleased with this promise, Constantius set out for Spain with an armed force and in almost royal splendor. Valia, king of the Goths, met him at a pass in the Pyrenees with as great a force. Here-upon embassies were sent by both sides and it was decided to make peace on the following terms, namely that Valia should give up Placidia, the Emperor's sister, and should not refuse to aid the Roman Empire when occasion demanded.

Now at that time a certain Constantine usurped imperial power in Gaul and appointed as Caesar his son Constans, who was formerly a monk. But when he had held for a short time the Empire he had seized, he was himself slain at Arelate and his son at Vienne. Jovinus and Sebastian succeeded them with equal presumption and thought they might seize the imperial power; but they perished by a like fate.

Now in the twelfth year of Valia's reign the Huns were driven out of Pannonia by the Romans and Goths, almost fifty years after they had taken possession of it. Then Valia found that the Vandals had come forth with bold audacity from the interior of Galicia, whither Athavulf had long ago driven them, and were devastating and plundering everywhere in his own territories, namely in the land of Spain. So he made no delay but moved his army against them at once, at about the time when Hierius and Ardabures had become consuls.

**XXXIII** But Gaiseric, king of the Vandals, had already been invited into Africa by Boniface, who had fallen into a dispute with the Emperor Valentinian and was able to obtain revenge only by injuring the empire. So he invited them urgently and brought them across the narrow strait known as the Strait of Gades, scarcely seven miles wide, which divides Africa from Spain and unites the mouth of the Tyrrhenian Sea with the waters of Ocean. Gaiseric, still famous in the City for the disaster of the Romans, was a man of moderate height and lame in consequence of a fall from his horse. He was a man of deep thought and few words, holding luxury in disdain, furious in his anger, greedy for gain, shrewd in winning over the barbarians and skilled in sowing the seeds of dissension to arouse enmity. Such was he who, as we have said, came at the solicitous invitation of Boniface to the country of Africa. There he reigned for a long time, receiving authority, as they say, from God Himself. Before his death he summoned the band of his sons and ordained that there should be no strife among them because of desire for the kingdom, but that each should reign in his own rank and order as he survived the others; that is, the next younger should succeed his elder brother, and he in turn should be followed by his junior. By giving heed to this command they ruled their kingdom in happiness for the space of many years and were not disgraced by civil war, as is usual among other nations; one after the other receiving the kingdom and ruling the people in peace.

Now this is their order of succession: first, Gaiseric who was father and lord, next, Huneric, the third Gunthamund, the fourth Thrasamund, and the fifth Ilderich. He was driven from the throne and slain by Gelimer, who destroyed his race by disregarding his ancestor's advice and setting up a tyranny. But what he had done did not remain unpunished, for soon the vengeance of the Em-

peror Justinian was manifested against him. With his whole family and that wealth over which he gloated like a robber, he was taken to Constantinople by that most renowned warrior Belisarius, Master of the Soldiery of the East, Ex-Consul Ordinary and Patrician. Here he afforded a great spectacle to the people in the Circus. His repentance, when he beheld himself cast down from his royal state, came too late. He died as a mere subject and in retirement, though he had formerly been unwilling to submit to private life. Thus after a century Africa, which in the division of the earth's surface is regarded as the third part of the world, was delivered from the yoke of the Vandals and brought back to the liberty of the Roman Empire. The country which the hand of the heathen had long ago cut off from the body of the Roman Empire, by reason of the cowardice of emperors and the treachery of generals, was now restored by a wise prince and a faithful leader and to-day is happily flourishing. And though, even after this, it had to deplore the misery of civil war and the treachery of the Moors, yet the triumph of the Emperor Justinian, vouchsafed him by God, brought to a peaceful conclusion what he had begun. But why need we speak of what the subject does not require? Let us return to our theme.

Now Valia, king of the Goths, and his army fought so fiercely against the Vandals that he would have pursued them even into Africa, had not such a misfortune recalled him as befell Alaric when he was setting out for Africa. So when he had won great fame in Spain, he returned after a bloodless victory to Tolosa, turning over to the Roman Empire, as he had promised, a number of provinces which he had rid of his foes. A long time after this he was seized by sickness and departed this life. Just at that time Beremud, the son of Thorismud, whom we have mentioned above in the genealogy of the family of the Amali, departed with his son Veteric from the Ostrogoths, who still submitted to the oppression of the Huns in the land of Scythia, and came to the kingdom of the Visigoths. Well aware of his valor and noble birth, he believed that the kingdom would be the more readily bestowed upon him by his kinsmen, inasmuch as he was known to be the heir of many kings. And who would hesitate to choose one of the Amali, if there were an empty throne? But he was not himself eager to make known who he was, and so upon the death of Valia the Visigoths made Theodorid his successor. Beremud came to him and, with the strength of mind for which he was noted, concealed his noble birth by prudent silence, for he knew that those of royal lineage are always distrusted by kings. So he suffered himself to remain unknown, that he might not bring the established order into confusion. King Theodorid received him and his son with special honor and made him partner in his counsels and a companion at his board; not for his noble birth, which he knew not, but for his brave spirit and strong mind, which Beremud could not conceal.

**XXXIV** And what more? Valia (to repeat what we have said) had but little success against the Gauls, but when he died the more fortunate and prosperous Theodorid succeeded to the throne. He was a man of the greatest moderation and notable for vigor of mind and body. In consulship of Theodosius and Festus the Romans broke the truce and took up arms against him in Gaul, with the Huns as their auxiliaries. For a band of the Gallic Allies, led by Count Gaina, had aroused the Romans by throwing Constantinople into a panic. Now at that time the Patrician Aëtius was in command of the army. He was of the bravest Moesian stock, born of his father Gaudentius in the city of Durostorum. He was a man fitted to endure the toils of war, born expressly to serve the Roman state; and by inflicting crushing defeats he had compelled the proud Suavi and barbarous Franks to submit to Roman sway. So then, with the Huns as allies under their leader Litorius, the Roman army moved in array against the Goths. When the battle lines of both sides had been standing for a long time opposite each other, both being brave and neither side the weaker, they struck a truce and returned to their ancient alliance. And after the treaty had been confirmed by both and an honest peace was established, they both withdrew.

During this peace Attila was lord over all the Huns and almost the sole earthly ruler of all the tribes of Scythia; a man marvellous

for his glorious fame among all nations. The historian Priscus, who was sent to him on an embassy by the younger Theodosius, says this among other things: "Crossing mighty rivers—namely, the Tisia and Tibisia and Dricca—we came to the place where long ago Vidigoia, bravest of the Goths, perished by the guile of the Sarmatians. At no great distance from that place we arrived at the village where King Attila was dwelling,—a village, I say, like a great city in which we found wooden walls made of smooth-shining boards, whose joints so counterfeited solidity that the union of the boards could scarcely be distinguished by close scrutiny. There you might see dining halls of large extent and porticoes planned with great beauty, while the courtyard was bounded by so vast a circuit that its very size showed it was the royal palace." This was the abode of Attila, the king of all the barbarian world; and he preferred this as a dwelling to the cities he captured.

**XXXV** Now this Attila was the son of Mundiuch, and his brothers were Octar and Ruas who are said to have ruled before Attila, though not over quite so many tribes as he. After their death he succeeded to the throne of the Huns, together with his brother Bleda. In order that he might first be equal to the expedition he was preparing, he sought to increase his strength by murder. Thus he proceeded from the destruction of his own kindred to the menace of all others. But though he increased his power by this shameful means, yet by the balance of justice he received the hideous consequences of his own cruelty. Now when his brother Bleda, who ruled over a great part of the Huns, had been slain by his treachery, Attila united all the people under his own rule. Gathering also a host of the other tribes which he then held under his sway, he sought to subdue the foremost nations of the world—the Romans and the Visigoths. His army is said to have numbered five hundred thousand men. He was a man born into the world to shake the nations, the scourge of all lands, who in some way terrified all mankind by the dreadful rumors noised abroad concerning him. He was haughty in his walk, rolling his eyes hither and thither, so that the power of his proud spirit appeared in the movement of his body. He was indeed a lover of war, yet restrained in action, mighty in counsel, gracious to suppliants and lenient to those who were once received into his protection. He was short of stature with a broad chest and a large head; his eyes were small, his beard thin and sprinkled with gray; and he had a flat nose and a swarthy complexion, showing the evidences of his origin. And though his temper was such that he always had great self-confidence, yet his assurance was increased by finding the sword of Mars, always esteemed sacred among the kings of the Scythians. The historian Priscus says it was discovered under the following circumstances: "When a certain shepherd beheld one heifer of his flock limping and could find no cause for this wound, he anxiously followed the trail of blood and at length came to a sword it had unwittingly trampled while nibbling the grass. He dug it up and took it straight to Attila. He rejoiced at this gift and, being ambitious, thought he had been appointed ruler of the whole world, and that through the sword of Mars supremacy in all wars was assured to him."

**XXXVI** Now when Gaiseric, king of the Vandals, whom we mentioned shortly before, learned that his mind was bent on the devastation of the world, he incited Attila by many gifts to make war on the Visigoths, for he was afraid that Theodorid, king of the Visigoths, would avenge the injury done to his daughter. She had been joined in wedlock with Huneric, the son of Gaiseric, and at first was happy in this union. But afterwards he was cruel even to his own children, and because of the mere suspicion that she was attempting to poison him, he cut off her nose and mutilated her ears. He sent her back to her father in Gaul thus despoiled of her natural charms. So the wretched girl presented a pitiable aspect ever after, and the cruelty which would stir even strangers still more surely incited her father to vengeance. Attila, therefore, in his efforts to bring about the wars long ago instigated by the bribe of Gaiseric, sent ambassadors into Italy to the Emperor Valentinian to sow strife between the Goths and the Romans, thinking to shatter by civil discord those whom he could not crush in battle. He declared that he was in no way violating his friendly relations with the Empire, but that he had a quarrel with Theodorid, king of the

Visigoths. As he wished to be kindly received, he had filled the rest of the letter with the visual flattering salutations, striving to win credence for his falsehood. In like manner he despatched a message to Theodorid, king of the Visigoths, urging him to break his alliance with the Romans and reminding him of the battles to which they had recently provoked him. Beneath his great ferocity he was a subtle man, and fought with craft before he made war.

Then the Emperor Valentinian sent an embassy to the Visigoths and their king Theodorid, with this message: "Bravest of nations, it is the part of prudence for us to unite against the lord of the earth who wishes to enslave the whole world; who requires no just cause for battle, but supposes whatever he does is right. He measures his ambition by his might. License satisfies his pride. Despising law and right, he shows himself an enemy to Nature herself. And thus he, who clearly is the common foe of each, deserves the hatred of all. Pray remember—what you surely cannot forget—that the Huns do not overthrow nations by means of war, where there is an equal chance, but assail them by treachery, which is a greater cause for anxiety. To say nothing about ourselves, can you suffer such insolence to go unpunished? Since you are mighty in arms, give heed to your own danger and join hands with us in common. Bear aid also to the Empire, of which you hold a part. If you would learn how needful such an alliance is for us, look into the plans of the foe."

By these and like arguments the ambassadors of Valentinian prevailed upon King Theodorid. He answered them, saying "Romans, you have attained your desire; you have made Attila our foe also. We will pursue him wherever he summons us, and though he is puffed up by his victories over divers races, yet the Goths know how to fight this haughty foe. I call no war dangerous save one whose cause is weak; for he fears no ill on whom Majesty has smiled." The nobles shouted assent to the reply and the multitude gladly followed. All were fierce for battle and longed to meet the Huns, their foe. And so a countless host was led forth by Theodorid, king of the Visigoths, who sent home four of his sons, namely Friderich and Eurich, Retemer and Himmerith, taking with him only the two elder sons, Thorismud and Theodorid, as partners of his toil. O brave array, sure defense and sweet comradeship! having as its solace the peril of those whose one joy is the endurance of the same dangers.

On the side of the Romans stood the Patrician Aëtius, on whom at that time the whole Empire of the West depended; a man of such wisdom that he had assembled warriors from everywhere to meet them on equal terms. Now these were his auxiliaries: Franks, Sarmatians, Armoricians, Liticians, Burgundians, Saxons, Riparians, Olibriones (once Roman soldiers and now the flower of the allied forces), and some other Celtic or German tribes. And so they met in the Catalaunian Plains, which are also called Mauriacian, extending in length one hundred *leuva*, as the Gauls express it, and seventy in width. Now a Gallic *leuva* measures a distance of fifteen hundred paces. That portion of the earth accordingly became the threshing-floor of countless races. The two hosts bravely joined battle. Nothing was done under cover, but they contended in open fight. What just cause can be found for the encounter of so many nations, or what hatred inspired them all to take arms against each other? It is proof that the human race lives for its kings, for it is at the mad impulse of one mind a slaughter of nations takes place, and at the whim of a haughty ruler that which nature has taken ages to produce perishes in a moment.

**XXXVII** But before we set forth the order of the battle itself, it seems needful to relate what had already happened in the course of the campaign, for it was not only a famous struggle but one that was complicated and confused. Well then, Sangiban, king of the Alani, smitten with fear of what might come to pass, had promised to surrender to Attila, and to give into his keeping Aureliani, a city of Gaul wherein he then dwelt. When Theodorid and Aëtius learned of this, they cast up great earthworks around that city before Attila's arrival and kept watch over the suspected Sangiban, placing him with his tribe in the midst of their auxiliaries. Then Attila, king of the Huns, was taken aback by this event and lost confidence in his own troops, so that he feared to begin the conflict. While he was meditating on flight—a greater calamity than

death itself—he decided to inquire into the future through soothsayers. So, as was their custom, they examined the entrails of cattle and certain streaks in bones that had been scraped, and foretold disaster to the Huns. Yet as a slight consolation they prophesied that the chief commander of the foe they were to meet should fall and mar by his death the rest of the victory and the triumph. Now Attila deemed the death of Aëtius a thing to be desired even at the cost of his own life, for Aëtius stood in the way of his plans. So although he was disturbed by this prophecy, yet inasmuch as he was a man who sought counsel of omens in all warfare, he began the battle with anxious heart at about the ninth hour of the day, in order that the impending darkness might come to his aid if the outcome should be disastrous.

**XXXVIII** The armies met, as we have said, in the Catalaunian Plains. The battle field was a plain rising by a sharp slope to a ridge, which both armies sought to gain; for advantage of position is a great help. The Huns with their forces seized the right side, the Romans, the Visigoths and their allies the left, and then began a struggle for the yet untaken crest. Now Theodorid with the Visigoths held the right wing and Aëtius with the Romans the left. They placed in the centre Sangiban (who, as said before, was in command of the Alani), thus contriving with military caution to surround by a host of faithful troops the man in whose loyalty they had little confidence. For one who has difficulties placed in the way of his flight readily submits to the necessity of fighting. On the other side, however, the battle line of the Huns was so arranged that Attila and his bravest followers were stationed in the centre. In arranging them thus the king had chiefly his own safety in view, since by his position in the very midst of his race he would be kept out of the way of threatening danger. The innumerable peoples of divers tribes, which he had subjected to his sway, formed the wings. Amid them was conspicuous the army of the Ostrogoths under the leadership of the brothers Valamir, Thiudimer and Vidimer, nobler even than the king they served, for the might of the family of the Amali rendered them glorious. The renowned king of the Gepidae, Ardaric, was there also with a countless host, and because of his great loyalty to Attila, he shared his plans. For Attila, comparing them in his wisdom, prized him and Valamir, king of the Ostrogoths, above all the other chieftains. Valamir was a good keeper of secrets, bland of speech and skilled in wiles, and Ardaric, as we have said, was famed for his loyalty and wisdom. Attila might well feel sure that they would fight against the Visigoths, their kinsmen. Now the rest of the crowd of kings (if we may call them so) and the leaders of various nations hung upon Attila's nod like slaves, and when he gave a sign even by a glance, without a murmur each stood forth in fear and trembling, or at all events did as he was bid. Attila alone was king of all kings over all and concerned for all.

So then the struggle began for the advantage of position we have mentioned. Attila sent his men to take the summit of the mountain, but was outstripped by Thorismud and Aëtius, who in their effort to gain the top of the hill reached higher ground and through this advantage of position easily routed the Huns as they came up.

**XXXIX** Now when Attila saw his army was thrown into confusion by this event, he thought it best to encourage them by an extemporaneous address on this wise: "Here you stand, after conquering mighty nations and subduing the world. I therefore think it foolish for me to goad you with words, as though you were men who had not been proved in action. Let a new leader or an untried army resort to that. It is not right for me to say anything common, nor ought you to listen. For what is war but your usual custom? Or what is sweeter for a brave man than to seek revenge with his own hand? It is a right of nature to glut the soul with vengeance. Let us then attack the foe eagerly; for they are ever the bolder who make the attack. Despise this union of discordant races! To defend oneself by alliance is proof of cowardice. See, even before our attack they are smitten with terror. They seek the heights, they seize the hills and, repenting too late, clamor for protection against battle in the open fields. You know how slight a matter the Roman attack is. While they are still gathering in order and forming in one line with locked shields, they are checked, I will

not say by the first wound, but even by the dust of battle. Then on to the fray with stout hearts, as is your wont. Despise their battle line. Attack the Alani, smite the Visigoths! Seek swift victory in that spot where the battle rages. For when the sinews are cut the limbs soon relax, nor can a body stand when you have taken away the bones. Let your courage rise and your own fury burst forth! Now show your cunning, Huns, now your deeds of arms! Let the wounded exact in return the death of his foe; let the unwounded revel in slaughter of the enemy. No spear shall harm those who are sure to live; and those who are sure to die Fate overtakes even in peace. And finally, why should fortune have made the Huns victorious over so many nations, unless it were to prepare them for the joy of this conflict. Who was it revealed to our sires the path through the Maeotian swamp, for so many ages closed secret? Who, moreover, made armed men yield to you, when you were as yet unarmed? Even a mass of federated nations could not endure the sight of the Huns. I am not deceived in the issue;—here is the field so many victories have promised us. I shall hurl the first spear at the foe. If any can stand at rest while Attila fights, he is a dead man." Inflamed by these words, they all dashed into battle.

**XL** And although the situation was itself fearful, yet the presence of their king dispelled anxiety and hesitation. Hand to hand they clashed in battle, and the fight grew fierce, confused, monstrous, unrelenting—a fight whose like no ancient time has ever recorded. There such deeds were done that a brave man who missed this marvellous spectacle could not hope to see anything so wonderful all his life long. For, if we may believe our elders, a brook flowing between low banks through the plain was greatly increased by blood from the wounds of the slain. It was not flooded by showers, as brooks usually rise, but was swollen by a strange stream and turned into a torrent by the increase of blood. Those whose wounds drove them to slake their parching thirst drank water mingled with gore. In their wretched plight they were forced to drink what they thought was the blood they had poured from their own wounds.

Here King Theodorid, while riding by to encourage his army, was thrown from his horse and trampled under foot by his own men, thus ending his days at a ripe old age. But others say he was slain by the spear of Andag of the host of the Ostrogoths, who were then under the sway of Attila. This was what the soothsayers had told to Attila in prophecy, though he understood it of Aëtius. Then the Visigoths, separating from the Alani, fell upon the horde of the Huns and nearly slew Attila. But he prudently took flight and straightway shut himself and his companions within the barriers of the camp, which he had fortified with wagons. A frail defence indeed; yet there they sought refuge for their lives, whom but a little while before no walls of earth could withstand. But Thorismud, the son of King Theodorid, who with Aëtius had seized the hill and repulsed the enemy from the higher ground, came unwittingly to the wagons of the enemy in the darkness of night, thinking he had reached his own lines. As he was fighting bravely, someone wounded him in the head and dragged him from his horse. Then he was rescued by the watchful care of his followers and withdrew from the fierce conflict. Aëtius also became separated from his men in the confusion of night and wandered about in the midst of the enemy. Fearing disaster had happened, he went about in search of the Goths. At last he reached the camp of his allies and passed the remainder of the night in the protection of their shields.

At dawn on the following day, when the Romans saw the fields were piled high with bodies and that the Huns did not venture forth, they thought the victory was theirs, but knew that Attila would not flee from the battle unless overwhelmed by a great disaster. Yet he did nothing cowardly, like one that is overcome, but with clash of arms sounded the trumpets and threatened an attack. He was like a lion pierced by hunting spears, who paces to and fro before the mouth of his den and dares not spring, but ceases not to terrify the neighborhood by his roaring. Even so this warlike king at bay terrified his conquerors. Therefore the Goths and Romans assembled and considered what to do with the vanquished Attila. They determined to wear him out by a siege, because he had no supply of provisions and was hindered from approaching

by a shower of arrows from the bowmen placed within the confines of the Roman camp. But it was said that the king remained supremely brave even in this extremity and had heaped up a funeral pyre of horse trappings, so that if the enemy should attack him, he was determined to cast himself into the flames, that none might have the joy of wounding him and that the lord of so many races might not fall into the hands of his foes.

**XL I** Now during these delays in the siege, the Visigoths sought their king and the king's sons their father, wondering at his absence when success had been attained. When, after a long search, they found him where the dead lay thickest, as happens with brave men, they honored him with songs and bore him away in the sight of the enemy. You might have seen bands of Goths shouting with dissonant cries and paying the honors of death while the battle still raged. Tears were shed, but such as they were accustomed to devote to brave men. It was death indeed, but the Huns are witness that it was a glorious one. It was a death whereby one might well suppose the pride of the enemy would be lowered, when they beheld the body of so great a king borne forth with fitting honors. And so the Goths, still continuing the rites due to Theodoric, bore forth the royal majesty with sounding arms, and valiant Thorismud, as befitted a son, honored the glorious spirit of his dear father by following his remains.

When this was done, Thorismud was eager to take vengeance for his father's death on the remaining Huns, being moved to this both by the pain of bereavement and the impulse of that valor for which he was noted. Yet he consulted with the Patrician Aëtius (for he was an older man and of more mature wisdom) with regard to what he ought to do next. But Aëtius feared that if the Huns were totally destroyed by the Goths, the Roman Empire would be overwhelmed, and urgently advised him to return to his own dominions to take up the rule which his father had left. Otherwise his brothers might seize their father's possessions and obtain the power over the Visigoths. In this case Thorismud would have to fight fiercely and, what is worse, disastrously with his own countrymen. Thorismud accepted the advice without perceiving its double meaning, but followed it with an eye toward his own advantage. So he left the Huns and returned to Gaul. Thus while human frailty rushes into suspicion, it often loses an opportunity of doing great things.

In this most famous war of the bravest tribes, one hundred and sixty five thousand are said to have been slain on both sides, leaving out of account fifteen thousand of the Gepidae and Franks, who met each other the night before the general engagement and fell by wounds mutually received, the Franks fighting for the Romans and the Gepidae for the Huns.

Now when Attila learned of the retreat of the Goths, he thought it a ruse of the enemy,—for so men are wont to believe when the unexpected happens—and remained for some time in his camp. But when a long silence followed the absence of the foe, the spirit of the mighty king was aroused to the thought of victory and the anticipation of pleasure, and his mind turned to the old oracles of his destiny.

Thorismud, however, after the death of his father on the Catalaunian Plains where he had fought, advanced in royal state and entered Tolosa. Here although the throng of his brothers and brave companions were still rejoicing over the victory he yet began to rule so mildly that no one strove with him for the succession to the kingdom.

**XL II** But Attila took occasion from the withdrawal of the Visigoths, observing what he had often desired that his enemies were divided. At length feeling secure, he moved forward his array to attack the Romans. As his first move he besieged the city of Aquileia, the metropolis of Venetia, which is situated on a point or tongue of land by the Adriatic Sea. On the eastern side its walls are washed by the river Natissa, flowing from Mount Piccis. The siege was long and fierce, but of no avail, since the bravest soldiers of the Romans withstood him from within. At last his army was discontented and eager to withdraw. Attila chanced to be walking around the walls, considering whether to break camp or delay longer, and noticed that the white birds, namely, the storks, who build their nests in the gables of houses, were bearing their young

from the city and, contrary to their custom, were carrying them out into the country. Being a shrewd observer of events, he understood this and said to his soldiers: "You see the birds foresee the future. They are leaving the city sure to perish and are forsaking strongholds doomed to fall by reason of imminent peril. Do not think this a meaningless or uncertain sign; fear, arising from the things they foresee, has changed their custom." Why say more? He inflamed the hearts of his soldiers to attack Aquileia again. Constructing battering rams and bringing to bear all manner of engines of war, they quickly forced their way into the city, laid it waste, divided the spoil and so cruelly devastated it as scarcely to leave a trace to be seen. Then growing bolder and still thirsting for Roman blood, the Huns raged madly through the remaining cities of the Veneti. They also laid waste Mediolanum, the metropolis of Liguria, once an imperial city, and gave over Ticinum to a like fate. Then they destroyed the neighboring country in their frenzy and demolished almost the whole of Italy.

Attila's mind had been bent on going to Rome. But his followers, as the historian Priscus relates, took him away, not out of regard for the city to which they were hostile, but because they remembered the case of Alaric, the former king of the Visigoths. They distrusted the good fortune of their own king, inasmuch as Alaric did not live long after the sack of Rome, but straightway departed this life. Therefore while Attila's spirit was wavering in doubt between going and not going, and he still lingered to ponder the matter, an embassy came to him from Rome to seek peace. Pope Leo himself came to meet him in the Ambuleian district of the Veneti at the well-travelled ford of the river Minicius. Then Attila quickly put aside his usual fury, turned back on the way he had advanced from beyond the Danube and departed with the promise of peace. But above all he declared and avowed with threats that he would bring worse things upon Italy, unless they sent him Honoria, the sister of the Emperor Valentinian and daughter of Augusta Placidia, with her due share of the royal wealth. For it was said that Honoria, although bound to chastity for the honor of the imperial court and kept in constraint by command of her brother, had secretly despatched a eunuch to summon Attila that she might have his protection against her brother's power;—a shameful thing, indeed, to get license for her passion at the cost of the public weal.

**XL III** So Attila returned to his own country, seeming to regret the peace and to be vexed at the cessation of war. For he sent ambassadors to Marcian, Emperor of the East, threatening to devastate the provinces, because that which had been promised him by Theodosius, a former emperor, was in no wise performed, and saying that he would show himself more cruel to his foes than ever. But as he was shrewd and crafty, he threatened in one direction and moved his army in another; for in the midst of these preparations he turned his face toward the Visigoths who had yet to feel his vengeance. But here he had not the same success as against the Romans. Hastening back by a different way than before, he decided to reduce to his sway that part of the Alani which was settled across the river Loire, in order that by attacking them, and thus changing the aspect of the war, he might become a more terrible menace to the Visigoths. Accordingly he started from the provinces of Dacia and Pannonia, where the Huns were then dwelling with various subject peoples, and moved his array against the Alani. But Thorismud, king of the Visigoths, with like quickness of thought perceived Attila's trick. By forced marches he came to the Alani before him, and was well prepared to check the advance of Attila when he came after him. They joined battle in almost the same way as before at the Catalaunian Plains, and Thorismud dashed his hopes of victory, for he routed him and drove him from the land without a triumph, compelling him to flee to his own country. Thus while Attila, the famous leader and lord of many victories, sought to blot out the fame of his destroyer and in this way to annul what he had suffered at the hands of the Visigoths, he met a second defeat and retreated ingloriously. Now after the bands of the Huns had been repulsed by the Alani, without any hurt to his own men, Thorismud departed for Tolosa. There he established a settled peace for his people and in the third year of his reign fell sick. While letting blood from a vein, he was



betrayed to his death by Ascalc, a client, who told his foes that his weapons were out of reach. Yet grasping a foot-stool in the one hand he had free, he became the avenger of his own blood by slaying several of those that were lying in wait for him.

**XLIV** After his death, his brother Theodorid succeeded to the kingdom of the Visigoths and soon found that Riciarius his kinsman, the king of the Suavi, was hostile to him. For Riciarius, presuming on his relationship to Theodorid, believed that he might seize almost the whole of Spain, thinking the disturbed beginning of Theodorid's reign made the time opportune for his trick. The Suavi formerly occupied as their country Galicia and Lusitania, which extend on the right side of Spain along the shore of Ocean. To the east is Austrogonia, to the west, on a promontory, is the sacred Monument of the Roman general Scipio, to the north Ocean, and to the south Lusitania and the Tagus river, which mingles golden grains in its sands and thus carries wealth in its worthless mud. So then Riciarius, king of the Suavi, set forth and strove to seize the whole of Spain. Theodorid, his kinsman, a man of moderation, sent ambassadors to him and told him quietly that he must not only withdraw from the territories that were not his own, but furthermore that he should not presume to make such an attempt, as he was becoming hated for his ambition. But with arrogant spirit he replied: "If you murmur here and find fault with my coming, I shall come to Tolosa where you dwell. Resist me there, if you can." When he heard this, Theodorid was angry and, making a compact with all the other tribes, moved his array against the Suavi. He had as his close allies Gundich and Hilperic, kings of the Burgundians. They came to battle near the river Ulbius, which flows between Asturica and Hiberia, and in the engagement Theodorid with the Visigoths, who fought for the right, came off victorious, overthrowing the entire tribe of the Suavi and almost exterminating them. Their king Riciarius fled from the dread foe and embarked upon a ship. But he was beaten back by another foe, the adverse wind of the Tyrrhenian Sea, and so fell into the hands of the Visigoths. Thus though he changed from sea to land, the wretched man did not avert his death.

When Theodorid had become the victor, he spared the conquered and did not suffer the rage of conflict to continue, but placed over the Suavi whom he had conquered one of his own retainers, named Agrivulf. But Agrivulf soon treacherously changed his mind, through the persuasion of the Suavi, and failed to fulfil his duty. For he was quite puffed up with tyrannical pride, believing he had obtained the province as a reward for the valor by which he and his lord had recently subjugated it. Now he was a man born of the stock of the Varni, far below the nobility of Gothic blood, and so was neither zealous for liberty nor faithful toward his patron. As soon as Theodorid heard of this, he gathered a force to cast him out from the kingdom he had usurped. They came quickly and conquered him in the first battle, inflicting a punishment befitting his deeds. For he was captured, taken from his friends and beheaded. Thus at last he was made aware of the wrath of the master he thought might be despised because he was kind. Now when the Suavi beheld the death of their leader, they sent priests of their country to Theodorid as suppliants. He received them with the reverence due their office and not only granted the Suavi exemption from punishment, but was moved by compassion and allowed them to choose a ruler of their own race for themselves. The Suavi did so, taking Rimismund as their prince. When this was done and peace was everywhere assured, Theodorid died in the thirteenth year of his reign.

**XLV** His brother Eurich succeeded him with such eager haste that he fell under dark suspicion. Now while these and various other matters were happening among the people of the Visigoths, the Emperor Valentinian was slain by the treachery of Maximus, and Maximus himself, like a tyrant, usurped the rule. Gaiseric, king of the Vandals, heard of this and came from Africa to Italy with ships of war, entered Rome and laid it waste. Maximus fled and was slain by a certain Ursus, a Roman soldier. After him Majorian undertook the government of the Western Empire at the bidding of Marcian, Emperor of the East. But he too ruled but a short time. For when he had moved his forces against the Alani who were harassing Gaul, he was killed at Dertona near the river named Ira.

Severus succeeded him and died at Rome in the third year of his reign. When the Emperor Leo, who had succeeded Marcian in the Eastern Empire, learned of this, he chose as emperor his Patrician Anthemius and sent him to Rome. Upon his arrival he sent against the Alani his son-in-law Ricimer, who was an excellent man and almost the only one in Italy at that time fit to command the army. In the very first engagement he conquered and destroyed the host of the Alani, together with their king, Beorg.

Now Eurich, king of the Visigoths, perceived the frequent change of Roman Emperors and strove to hold Gaul by his own right. The Emperor Anthemius heard of it and asked the Brittones for aid. Their King Riotimus came with twelve thousand men into the state of the Bituriges by the way of Ocean, and was received as he disembarked from his ships. Eurich, king of the Visigoths, came against them with an innumerable army, and after a long fight he routed Riotimus, king of the Brittones, before the Romans could join him. So when he had lost a great part of his army, he fled with all the men he could gather together, and came to the Burgundians, a neighboring tribe then allied to the Romans. But Eurich, king of the Visigoths, seized the Gallic city of Arverna; for the Emperor Anthemius was now dead. Engaged in fierce war with his son-in-law Ricimer, he had worn out Rome and was himself finally slain by his son-in-law and yielded the rule to Olybrius.

At that time Aspar, first of the Patricians and a famous man of the Gothic race was wounded by the swords of the eunuchs in his palace at Constantinople and died. With him were slain his sons Ardabures and Patriciolus, the one long a Patrician, and the other styled a Caesar and son-in-law of the Emperor Leo. Now Olybrius died barely eight months after he had entered upon his reign, and Glycerius was made Caesar at Ravenna, rather by usurpation than by election. Hardly had a year been ended when Nepos, the son of the sister of Marcellinus, once a Patrician, deposed him from his office and ordained him bishop at the Port of Rome.

When Eurich, as we have already said, beheld these great and various changes, he seized the city of Arverna, where the Roman general Ecdicius was at that time in command. He was a senator of most renowned family and the son of Avitus, a recent emperor who had usurped the reign for a few days—for Avitus held the rule for a few days before Olybrius, and then withdrew of his own accord to Placentia, where he was ordained bishop. His son Ecdicius strove for a long time with the Visigoths, but had not the power to prevail. So he left the country and (what was more important) the city of Arverna to the enemy and betook himself to safer regions. When the Emperor Nepos heard of this, he ordered Ecdicius to leave Gaul and come to him, appointing Orestes in his stead as Master of the Soldiery. This Orestes thereupon received the army, set out from Rome against the enemy and came to Ravenna. Here he tarried while he made his son Romulus Augustulus emperor. When Nepos learned of this, he fled to Dalmatia and died there, deprived of his throne, in the very place where Glycerius, who was formerly emperor, held at that time the bishopric of Salona.

**XLVI** Now when Augustulus had been appointed Emperor by his father Orestes in Ravenna, it was not long before Odoacer, king of the Torcilingi, invaded Italy, as leader of the Sciri, the Heruli and allies of various races. He put Orestes to death, drove his son Augustulus from the throne and condemned him to the punishment of exile in the Castle of Lucullus in Campania. Thus the Western Empire of the Roman race, which Octavianus Augustus, the first of the Augusti, began to govern in the seven hundred and ninth year from the founding of the city, perished with this Augustulus in the five hundred and twenty second year from the beginning of the rule of his predecessors and those before them, and from this time onward kings of the Goths held Rome and Italy. Meanwhile Odoacer, king of nations, subdued all Italy and then at the very outset of his reign slew Count Bracila at Ravenna that he might inspire a fear of himself among the Romans. He strengthened his kingdom and held it for almost thirteen years, even until the appearance of Theodorid, of whom we shall speak hereafter.

**XLVII** But first let us return to that order from which we have digressed and tell how Eurich, king of the Visigoths, beheld the tottering of the Roman Empire and reduced Arelate and Massilia to his own sway. Gaiseric, king of the Vandals, enticed him by

gifts to do these things, to the end that he himself might forestall the plots which Leo and Zeno had contrived against him. Therefore he stirred the Ostrogoths to lay waste the Eastern Empire and the Visigoths the Western, so that while his foes were battling in both empires, he might himself reign peacefully in Africa. Eurich perceived this with gladness and, as he already held all of Spain and Gaul by his own right, proceeded to subdue the Burgundians also. In the nineteenth year of his reign he was deprived of his life at Arelate, where he then dwelt. He was succeeded by his own son Alaric, the ninth in succession from the famous Alaric the Great to receive the kingdom of the Visigoths. For even as it happened to the line of the Augusti, as we have stated above, so too it appears in the line of the Alarici, that kingdoms often come to an end in kings who bear the same name as those at the beginning. Meanwhile let us leave this subject, and weave together the whole story of the origin of the Goths, as we promised.

## The Divided Goths: Ostrogoths

**XLVIII** Since I have followed the stories of my ancestors and retold to the best of my ability the tale of the period when both tribes, Ostrogoths and Visigoths, were united, and then clearly treated of the Visigoths apart from the Ostrogoths, I must now return to those ancient Scythian abodes and set forth in like manner the ancestry and deeds of the Ostrogoths. It appears that at the death of their king, Hermanaric, they were made a separate people by the departure of the Visigoths, and remained in their country subject to the sway of the Huns; yet Vinitharius of the Amali retained the insignia of his rule. He rivalled the valor of his grandfather Vultulf, although he had not the good fortune of Hermanaric. But disliking to remain under the rule of the Huns, he withdrew a little from them and strove to show his courage by moving his forces against the country of the Antes. When he attacked them, he was beaten in the first encounter. Thereafter he did valiantly and, as a terrible example, crucified their king, named Boz, together with his sons and seventy nobles, and left their bodies hanging there to double the fear of those who had surrendered. When he had ruled with such license for barely a year, Balamber, king of the Huns, would no longer endure it, but sent for Gesimund, son of Hunimund the Great. Now Gesimund, together with a great part of the Goths, remained under the rule of the Huns, being mindful of his oath of fidelity. Balamber renewed his alliance with him and led his army up against Vinitharius. After a long contest, Vinitharius prevailed in the first and in the second conflict, nor can any say how great a slaughter he made of the army of the Huns. But in the third battle, when they met each other unexpectedly at the river named Erac, Balamber shot an arrow and wounded Vinitharius in the head, so that he died. Then Balamber took to himself in marriage Vadamerca, the grand-daughter of Vinitharius, and finally ruled all the people of the Goths as his peaceful subjects, but in such a way that one ruler of their own number always held the power over the Gothic race, though subject to the Huns.

And later, after the death of Vinitharius, Hunimund ruled them, the son of Hermanaric, a mighty king of yore; a man fierce in war and of famous personal beauty, who afterwards fought successfully against the race of the Suavi. And when he died, his son Thorismud succeeded him, in the very bloom of youth. In the second year of his rule he moved an army against the Gepidae and won a great victory over them, but is said to have been killed by falling from his horse. When he was dead, the Ostrogoths mourned for him so deeply that for forty years no other king succeeded in his place, and during all this time they had ever on their lips the tale of his memory. Now as time went on, Valamir grew to man's estate. He was the son of Thorismud's cousin Vandalarius. For his son Beremud, as we have said before, at last grew to despise the race of the Ostrogoths because of the overlordship of the Huns, and so had followed the tribe of the Visigoths to the western country, and it was from him Veteric was descended. Veteric also had a son Eutharic, who married Amalasuentha, the daughter of Theodoric, thus uniting again the stock of the Amali which had divided long ago. Eutharic begat Athalaric and Mathesuentha. But since Athalaric died in the years of his boyhood, Mathesuentha

was taken to Constantinople by her second husband, namely Germanus, a cousin of the Emperor Justinian, and bore a posthumous son, whom she named Germanus.

But that the order we have taken for our history may run its due course, we must return to the stock of Vandalarius, which put forth three branches. This Vandalarius, the son of a brother of Hermanaric and cousin of the aforesaid Thorismud, vaunted himself among the race of the Amali because he had begotten three sons, Valamir, Thiudimer and Vidimer. Of these Valamir ascended the throne after his parents, though the Huns as yet held the power over the Goths in general as among other nations. It was pleasant to behold the concord of these three brothers; for the admirable Thiudimer served as a soldier for the empire of his brother Valamir, and Valamir bade honors be given him, while Vidimer was eager to serve them both. Thus regarding one another with common affection, not one was wholly deprived of the kingdom which two of them held in mutual peace. Yet, as has often been said, they ruled in such a way that they respected the dominion of Attila, king of the Huns. Indeed they could not have refused to fight against their kinsmen the Visigoths, and they must even have committed parricide at their lord's command. There was no way whereby any Scythian tribe could have been wrested from the power of the Huns, save by the death of Attila,—an event the Romans and all other nations desired. Now his death was as base as his life was marvellous.

**XLIX** Shortly before he died, as the historian Priscus relates, he took in marriage a very beautiful girl named Ildico, after countless other wives, as was the custom of his race. He had given himself up to excessive joy at his wedding, and as he lay on his back, heavy with wine and sleep, a rush of superfluous blood, which would ordinarily have flowed from his nose, streamed in deadly course down his throat and killed him, since it was hindered in the usual passages. Thus did drunkenness put a disgraceful end to a king renowned in war. On the following day, when a great part of the morning was spent, the royal attendants suspected some ill and, after a great uproar, broke in the doors. There they found the death of Attila accomplished by an effusion of blood, without any wound, and the girl with downcast face weeping beneath her veil. Then, as is the custom of that race, they plucked out the hair of their heads and made their faces hideous with deep wounds, that the renowned warrior might be mourned, not by effeminate wailings and tears, but by the blood of men. Moreover a wondrous thing took place in connection with Attila's death. For in a dream some god stood at the side of Marcian, Emperor of the East, while he was disquieted about his fierce foe, and showed him the bow of Attila broken in that same night, as if to intimate that the race of Huns owed much to that weapon. This account the historian Priscus says he accepts upon truthful evidence. For so terrible was Attila thought to be to great empires that the gods announced his death to rulers as a special boon.

We shall not omit to say a few words about the many ways in which his shade was honored by his race. His body was placed in the midst of a plain and lay in state in a silken tent as a sight for men's admiration. The best horsemen of the entire tribe of the Huns rode around in circles, after the manner of circus games, in the place to which he had been brought and told of his deeds in a funeral dirge in the following manner: "The chief of the Huns, King Attila, born of his sire Mundiuch, lord of bravest tribes, sole possessor of the Scythian and German realms—powers unknown before—captured cities and terrified both empires of the Roman world and, appeased by their prayers, took annual tribute to save the rest from plunder. And when he had accomplished all this by the favor of fortune, he fell, not by wound of the foe, nor by treachery of friends, but in the midst of his nation at peace, happy in his joy and without sense of pain. Who can rate this as death, when none believes it calls for vengeance?" When they had mourned him with such lamentations, a *strava*, as they call it, was celebrated over his tomb with great revelling. They gave way in turn to the extremes of feeling and displayed funereal grief alternating with joy. Then in the secrecy of night they buried his body in the earth. They bound his coffins, the first with gold, the second with silver and the third with the strength of iron, showing by

such means that these three things suited the mightiest of kings; iron because he subdued the nations, gold and silver because he received the honors of both empires. They also added the arms of foemen won in the fight, trappings of rare worth, sparkling with various gems, and ornaments of all sorts whereby princely state is maintained. And that so great riches might be kept from human curiosity, they slew those appointed to the work—a dreadful pay for their labor; and thus sudden death was the lot of those who buried him as well as of him who was buried.

**L** After they had fulfilled these rites, a contest for the highest place arose among Attila's successors,—for the minds of young men are wont to be inflamed by ambition for power,—and in their rash eagerness to rule they all alike destroyed his empire. Thus kingdoms are often weighed down by a superfluity rather than by a lack of successors. For the sons of Attila, who through the license of his lust formed almost a people of themselves, were clamoring that the nations should be divided among them equally and that warlike kings with their peoples should be apportioned to them by lot like a family estate. When Ardaric, king of the Gepidae, learned this, he became enraged because so many nations were being treated like slaves of the basest condition, and was the first to rise against the sons of Attila. Good fortune attended him, and he effaced the disgrace of servitude that rested upon him. For by his revolt he freed not only his own tribe, but all the others who were equally oppressed; since all readily strive for that which is sought for the general advantage. They took up arms against the destruction that menaced all and joined battle with the Huns in Pannonia, near a river called Nedao. There an encounter took place between the various nations Attila had held under his sway. Kingdoms with their peoples were divided, and out of one body were made many members not responding to a common impulse. Being deprived of their head, they madly strove against each other. They never found their equals ranged against them without harming each other by wounds mutually given. And so the bravest nations tore themselves to pieces. For then, I think, must have occurred a most remarkable spectacle, where one might see the Goths fighting with pikes, the Gepidae raging with the sword, the Rugi breaking off the spears in their own wounds, the Suavi fighting on foot, the Huns with bows, the Alani drawing up a battle-line of heavy-armed and the Heruli of light-armed warriors.

Finally, after many bitter conflicts, victory fell unexpectedly to the Gepidae. For the sword and conspiracy of Ardaric destroyed almost thirty thousand men, Huns as well as those of the other nations who brought them aid. In this battle fell Ellac, the elder son of Attila, whom his father is said to have loved so much more than all the rest that he preferred him to any child or even to all the children of his kingdom. But fortune was not in accord with his father's wish. For after slaying many of the foe, it appears that he met his death so bravely that, if his father had lived, he would have rejoiced at his glorious end. When Ellac was slain, his remaining brothers were put to flight near the shore of the Sea of Pontus, where we have said the Goths first settled. Thus did the Huns give way, a race to which men thought the whole world must yield. So baneful a thing is division, that they who used to inspire terror when their strength was united, were overthrown separately. The cause of Ardaric, king of the Gepidae, was fortunate for the various nations who were unwillingly subject to the rule of the Huns, for it raised their long downcast spirits to the glad hope of freedom. Many sent ambassadors to the Roman territory, where they were most graciously received by Marcian, who was then emperor, and took the abodes allotted them to dwell in. But the Gepidae by their own might won for themselves the territory of the Huns and ruled as victors over the extent of all Dacia, demanding of the Roman Empire nothing more than peace and an annual gift as a pledge of their friendly alliance. This the Emperor freely granted at the time, and to this day that race receives its customary gifts from the Roman Emperor.

Now when the Goths saw the Gepidae defending for themselves the territory of the Huns and the people of the Huns dwelling again in their ancient abodes, they preferred to ask for lands from the Roman Empire rather than invade the lands of oth-

ers with danger to themselves. So they received Pannonia, which stretches in a long plain, being bounded on the east by Upper Moesia, on the south by Dalmatia, on the west by Noricum and on the north by the Danube. This land is adorned with many cities, the first of which is Sirmium and the last Vindobona. But the Sauromatae, whom we call Sarmatians, and the Cemandri and certain of the Huns dwelt in Castra Martis, a city given them in the region of Illyricum. Of this race was Blivila, Duke of Pentapolis, and his brother Froila and also Bessa, a Patrician in our time. The Sciri, moreover, and the Sadagarii and certain of the Alani with their leader, Candac by name, received Scythia Minor and Lower Moesia. Paria, the father of my father Alanoviiamuth (that is to say, my grandfather), was secretary to this Candac as long as he lived. To his sister's son Gunthigis, also called Baza, the Master of the Soldier, who was the son of Andag the son of Andela, who was descended from the stock of the Amali, I also, Jordanes, although an unlearned man before my conversion, was secretary. The Rugi, however, and some other races asked that they might inhabit Bizye and Arcadiopolis. Hernac, the younger son of Attila, with his followers, chose a home in the most distant part of Lesser Scythia. Emnetzur and Ultzindur, kinsmen of his, won Oescus and Utus and Almus in Dacia on the bank of the Danube, and many of the Huns, then swarming everywhere, betook themselves into Romania, and from them the Sacromontisi and the Fossatisii of this day are said to be descended.

**II** There were other Goths also, called the Lesser, a great people whose priest and primate was Vulfila, who is said to have taught them to write. And to-day they are in Moesia, inhabiting the Nicopolitan region as far as the base of Mount Haemus. They are a numerous people, but poor and unwarlike, rich in nothing save flocks of various kinds and pasture-lands for cattle and forests for wood. Their country is not fruitful in wheat and other sorts of grain. Certain of them do not know that vineyards exist elsewhere, and they buy their wine from neighboring countries. But most of them drink milk.

**LII** Let us now return to the tribe with which we started, namely the Ostrogoths, who were dwelling in Pannonia under their king Valamir and his brothers Thiudimer and Vidimer. Although their territories were separate, yet their plans were one. For Valamir dwelt between the rivers Scarniunga and Aqua Nigra, Thiudimer near Lake Pelso and Vidimer between them both. Now it happened that the sons of Attila, regarding the Goths as deserters from their rule, came against them as though they were seeking fugitive slaves, and attacked Valamir alone, when his brothers knew nothing of it. He sustained their attack, though he had but few supporters, and after harassing them a long time, so utterly overwhelmed them that scarcely any portion of the enemy remained. The remnant turned in flight and sought the parts of Scythia which border on the stream of the river Danaper, which the Huns call in their own tongue the Var. Thereupon he sent a messenger of good tidings to his brother Thiudimer, and on the very day the messenger arrived he found even greater joy in the house of Thiudimer. For on that day his son Theodoric was born, of a concubine Erelieva indeed, and yet a child of good hope.

Now after no great time King Valamir and his brothers Thiudimer and Vidimer sent an embassy to the Emperor Marcian, because the usual gifts which they received like a New Year's present from the Emperor, to preserve the compact of peace, were slow in arriving. And they found that Theodoric, son of Triarius, a man of Gothic blood also, but born of another stock, not of the Amali, was in great favor, together with his followers. He was allied in friendship with the Romans and obtained an annual bounty, while they themselves were merely held in disdain. Thereat they were aroused to frenzy and took up arms. They roved through almost the whole of Illyricum and laid it waste in their search for spoil. Then the Emperor quickly changed his mind and returned to his former state of friendship. He sent an embassy to give them the past gifts, as well as those now due, and furthermore promised to give these gifts in future without any dispute. From the Goths the Romans received as a hostage of peace Theodoric, the young child of Thiudimer, whom we have mentioned above. He had now attained the age of seven years and was entering upon his

eighth. While his father hesitated about giving him up, his uncle Valamir besought him to do it, hoping that peace between the Romans and the Goths might thus be assured. Therefore Theodorich was given as a hostage by the Goths and brought to the city of Constantinople to the Emperor Leo and, being a goodly child, deservedly gained the imperial favor.

**LIII** Now after firm peace was established between Goths and Romans, the Goths found that the possessions they had received from the Emperor were not sufficient for them. Furthermore, they were eager to display their wonted valor, and so began to plunder the neighboring races round about them, first attacking the Sadagis who held the interior of Pannonia. When Dintzic, king of the Huns, a son of Attila, learned this, he gathered to him the few who still seemed to have remained under his sway, namely, the Ultinzures, and Angisciri, the Bittugures and the Bardores. Coming to Bassiana, a city of Pannonia, he beleaguered it and began to plunder its territory. Then the Goths at once abandoned the expedition they had planned against the Sadagis, turned upon the Huns and drove them so ingloriously from their own land that those who remained have been in dread of the arms of the Goths from that time down to the present day.

When the tribe of the Huns was at last subdued by the Goths, Hunimund, chief of the Suavi, who was crossing over to plunder Dalmatia, carried off some cattle of the Goths which were straying over the plains; for Dalmatia was near Suavia and not far distant from the territory of Pannonia, especially that part where the Goths were then staying. So then, as Hunimund was returning with the Suavi to his own country, after he had devastated Dalmatia, Thiudimer the brother of Valamir, king of the Goths, kept watch on their line of march. Not that he grieved so much over the loss of his cattle, but he feared that if the Suavi obtained this plunder with impunity, they would proceed to greater license. So in the dead of night, while they were asleep, he made an unexpected attack upon them, near Lake Pelso. Here he so completely crushed them that he took captive and sent into slavery under the Goths even Hunimund, their king, and all of his army who had escaped the sword. Yet as he was a great lover of mercy, he granted pardon after taking vengeance and became reconciled to the Suavi. He adopted as his son the same man whom he had taken captive, and sent him back with his followers into Suavia. But Hunimund was unmindful of his adopted father's kindness. After some time he brought forth a plot he had contrived and aroused the tribe of the Sciri, who then dwelt above the Danube and abode peaceably with the Goths. So the Sciri broke off their alliance with them, took up arms, joined themselves to Hunimund and went out to attack the race of the Goths. Thus war came upon the Goths who were expecting no evil, because they relied upon both of their neighbors as friends. Constrained by necessity they took up arms and avenged themselves and their injuries by recourse to battle. In this battle, as King Valamir rode on his horse before the line to encourage his men, the horse was wounded and fell, overthrowing its rider. Valamir was quickly pierced by his enemies' spears and slain. Thereupon the Goths proceeded to exact vengeance for the death of their king, as well as for the injury done them by the rebels. They fought in such wise that there remained of all the race of the Sciri only a few who bore the name, and they with disgrace. Thus were all destroyed.

**LIV** The kings, Hunimund and Alaric, fearing the destruction that had come upon the Sciri, next made war upon the Goths, relying upon the aid of the Sarmatians, who had come to them as auxiliaries with their kings Beuca and Babai. They summoned the last remnants of the Sciri, with Edica and Hunuulf, their chieftains, thinking they would fight the more desperately to avenge themselves. They had on their side the Gepidae also, as well as no small reinforcements from the race of the Rugi and from others gathered here and there. Thus they brought together a great host at the river Bolia in Pannonia and encamped there. Now when Valamir was dead, the Goths fled to Thiudimer, his brother. Although he had long ruled along with his brothers, yet he took the insignia of his increased authority and summoned his younger brother Vidimer and shared with him the cares of war, resorting to arms under compulsion. A battle was fought and the party of

the Goths was found to be so much the stronger that the plain was drenched in the blood of their fallen foes and looked like a crimson sea. Weapons and corpses, piled up like hills, covered the plain for more than ten miles. When the Goths saw this, they rejoiced with joy unspeakable, because by this great slaughter of their foes they had avenged the blood of Valamir their king and the injury done themselves. But those of the innumerable and motley throng of the foe who were able to escape, though they got away, nevertheless came to their own land with difficulty and without glory.

**LV** After a certain time, when the wintry cold was at hand, the river Danube was frozen over as usual. For a river like this freezes so hard that it will support like a solid rock an army of foot-soldiers and wagons and carts and whatsoever vehicles there may be,—nor is there need of skiffs and boats. So when Thiudimer, king of the Goths, saw that it was frozen, he led his army across the Danube and appeared unexpectedly to the Suavi from the rear. Now this country of the Suavi has on the east the Baiovari, on the west the Franks, on the south the Burgundians and on the north the Thuringians. With the Suavi there were present the Alamanni, then their confederates, who also ruled the Alpine heights, whence several streams flow into the Danube, pouring in with a great rushing sound. Into a place thus fortified King Thiudimer led his army in the winter-time and conquered, plundered and almost subdued the race of the Suavi as well as the Alamanni, who were mutually banded together. Thence he returned as victor to his own home in Pannonia and joyfully received his son Theodorich, once given as hostage to Constantinople and now sent back by the Emperor Leo with great gifts. Now Theodorich had reached man's estate, for he was eighteen years of age and his boyhood was ended. So he summoned certain of his father's adherents and took to himself from the people his friends and retainers,—almost six thousand men. With these he crossed the Danube, without his father's knowledge, and marched against Babai, king of the Sarmatians, who had just won a victory over Camundus, a general of the Romans, and was ruling with insolent pride. Theodorich came upon him and slew him, and taking as booty his slaves and treasure, returned victorious to his father. Next he invaded the city of Singidunum, which the Sarmatians themselves had seized, and did not return it to the Romans, but reduced it to his own sway.

**LVI** Then as the spoil taken from one and another of the neighboring tribes diminished, the Goths began to lack food and clothing, and peace became distasteful to men for whom war had long furnished the necessities of life. So all the Goths approached their king Thiudimer and, with great outcry, begged him to lead forth his army in whatsoever direction he might wish. He summoned his brother and, after casting lots, bade him go into the country of Italy, where at this time Glycerius ruled as emperor, saying that he himself as the mightier would go to the east against a mightier empire. And so it happened. Thereupon Vidimer entered the land of Italy, but soon paid the last debt of fate and departed from earthly affairs, leaving his son and namesake Vidimer to succeed him. The Emperor Glycerius bestowed gifts upon Vidimer and persuaded him to go from Italy to Gaul, which was then harassed on all sides by various races, saying that their own kinsmen, the Visigoths, there ruled a neighboring kingdom. And what more? Vidimer accepted the gifts and, obeying the command of the Emperor Glycerius, pressed on to Gaul. Joining with his kinsmen the Visigoths, they again formed one body, as they had been long ago. Thus they held Gaul and Spain by their own right and so defended them that no other race won the mastery there.

But Thiudimer, the elder brother, crossed the river Savus with his men, threatening the Sarmatians and their soldiers with war if any should resist him. From fear of this they kept quiet; moreover they were powerless in the face of so great a host. Thiudimer, seeing prosperity everywhere awaiting him, invaded Naissus, the first city of Illyricum. He was joined by his son Theodorich and the Counts Astat and Invidia, and sent them to Ulpiana by way of Castrum Herculis. Upon their arrival the town surrendered, as did Stobi later; and several places of Illyricum, inaccessible to them at first, were thus made easy of approach. For they first plundered and then ruled by right of war Heraclea and Larissa, cities of Thessaly. But Thiudimer the king, perceiving his own good for-

tune and that of his son, was not content with this alone, but set forth from the city of Naissus, leaving only a few men behind as a guard. He himself advanced to Thessalonica, where Hilarianus the Patrician, appointed by the Emperor, was stationed with his army. When Hilarianus beheld Thessalonica surrounded by an entrenchment and saw that he could not resist attack, he sent an embassy to Thiudimer the king and by the offer of gifts turned him aside from destroying the city. Then the Roman general entered upon a truce with the Goths and of his own accord handed over to them those places they inhabited, namely Cyrrhus, Pella, Europus, Methone, Pydna, Beroea, and another which is called Dium. So the Goths and their king laid aside their arms, consented to peace and became quiet. Soon after these events, King Thiudimer was seized with a mortal illness in the city of Cyrrhus. He called the Goths to himself, appointed Theodoric his son as heir of his kingdom and presently departed this life.

**LVII** When the Emperor Zeno heard that Theodoric had been appointed king over his own people, he received the news with pleasure and invited him to come and visit him in the city, appointing an escort of honor. Receiving Theodoric with all due respect, he placed him among the princes of his palace. After some time Zeno increased his dignity by adopting him as his son-at-arms and gave him a triumph in the city at his expense. Theodoric was made Consul Ordinary also, which is well known to be the supreme good and highest honor in the world. Nor was this all, for Zeno set up before the royal palace an equestrian statue to the glory of this great man.

Now while Theodoric was in alliance by treaty with the Empire of Zeno and was himself enjoying every comfort in the city, he heard that his tribe, dwelling as we have said in Illyricum, was not altogether satisfied or content. So he chose rather to seek a living by his own exertions, after the manner customary to his race, rather than to enjoy the advantages of the Roman Empire in luxurious ease while his tribe lived in want. After pondering these matters, he said to the Emperor: "Though I lack nothing in serving your Empire, yet if Your Piety deem it worthy, be pleased to hear the desire of my heart." And when as usual he had been granted permission to speak freely, he said: "The western country, long ago governed by the rule of your ancestors and predecessors, and that city which was the head and mistress of the world,—wherefore is it now shaken by the tyranny of the Torcilingi and the Rugi? Send me there with my race. Thus if you but say the word, you may be freed from the burden of expense here, and, if by the Lord's help I shall conquer, the fame of Your Piety shall be glorious there. For it is better that I, your servant and your son, should rule that kingdom, receiving it as a gift from you if I conquer, than that one whom you do not recognize should oppress your Senate with his tyrannical yoke and a part of the republic with slavery. For if I prevail, I shall retain it as your grant and gift; if I am conquered, Your Piety will lose nothing—nay, as I have said, it will save the expense I now entail." Although the Emperor was grieved that he should go, yet when he heard this he granted what Theodoric asked, for he was unwilling to cause him sorrow. He sent him forth enriched by great gifts and commended to his charge the Senate and the Roman People.

Therefore Theodoric departed from the royal city and returned to his own people. In company with the whole tribe of the Goths, who gave him their unanimous consent, he set out for Hesperia. He went in straight march through Sirmium to the places bordering on Pannonia and, advancing into the territory of Venetia as far as the bridge of the Sontius, encamped there. When he had halted there for some time to rest the bodies of his men and pack-animals, Odoacer sent an armed force against him, which he met on the plains of Verona and destroyed with great slaughter. Then he broke camp and advanced through Italy with greater boldness. Crossing the river Po, he pitched camp near the royal city of Ravenna, about the third milestone from the city in the place called Pineta. When Odoacer saw this, he fortified himself within the city. He frequently harassed the army of the Goths at night, sallying forth stealthily with his men, and this not once or twice, but often; and thus he struggled for almost three whole years. But he labored in vain, for all Italy at last called Theodoric

its lord and the Empire obeyed his nod. But Odoacer, with his few adherents and the Romans who were present, suffered daily from war and famine in Ravenna. Since he accomplished nothing, he sent an embassy and begged for mercy. Theodoric first granted it and afterwards deprived him of his life.

It was in the third year after his entrance into Italy, as we have said, that Theodoric, by advice of the Emperor Zeno, laid aside the garb of a private citizen and the dress of his race and assumed a costume with a royal mantle, as he had now become the ruler over both Goths and Romans. He sent an embassy to Lodoin, king of the Franks, and asked for his daughter Audefleda in marriage. Lodoin freely and gladly gave her, and also his sons Celdebert and Heldebert and Thiudebert, believing that by this alliance a league would be formed and that they would be associated with the race of the Goths. But that union was of no avail for peace and harmony, for they fought fiercely with each other again and again for the lands of the Goths; but never did the Goths yield to the Franks while Theodoric lived.

**LVIII** Now before he had a child from Audefleda, Theodoric had children of a concubine, daughters begotten in Moesia, one named Thiudigoto and another Ostrogotho. Soon after he came to Italy, he gave them in marriage to neighboring kings, one to Alaric, king of the Visigoths, and the other to Sigismund, king of the Burgundians. Now Alaric begat Amalaric. While his grandfather Theodoric cared for and protected him—for he had lost both parents in the years of childhood—he found that Eutharic, the son of Veteric, grandchild of Beremud and Thorismud, and a descendant of the race of the Amali, was living in Spain, a young man strong in wisdom and valor and health of body. Theodoric sent for him and gave him his daughter Amalasuentha in marriage. And that he might extend his family as much as possible, he sent his sister Amalafreda (the mother of Theodahad, who was afterwards king) to Africa as wife of Thrasamund, king of the Vandals, and her daughter Amalaberga, who was his own niece, he united with Herminefred, king of the Thuringians.

Now he sent his Count Pitza, chosen from among the chief men of his kingdom, to hold the city of Sirmium. He got possession of it by driving out its king Thrasaric, son of Thraustila, and keeping his mother captive. Thence he came with two thousand infantry and five hundred horsemen to aid Mundo against Sabinian, Master of the Soldiery of Illyricum, who at that time had made ready to fight with Mundo near the city named Margoplanum, which lies between the Danube and Margus rivers, and destroyed the Army of Illyricum. For this Mundo, who traced his descent from the Attilani of old, had put to flight the tribe of the Gepidae and was roaming beyond the Danube in waste places where no man tilled the soil. He had gathered around him many outlaws and ruffians and robbers from all sides and had seized a tower called Herta, situated on the bank of the Danube. There he plundered his neighbors in wild license and made himself king over his vagabonds. Now Pitza came upon him when he was nearly reduced to desperation and was already thinking of surrender. So he rescued him from the hands of Sabinian and made him a grateful subject of his king Theodoric.

Theodoric won an equally great victory over the Franks through his Count Ibba in Gaul, when more than thirty thousand Franks were slain in battle. Moreover, after the death of his son-in-law Alaric, Theodoric appointed Thiudis, his armor-bearer, guardian of his grandson Amalaric in Spain. But Amalaric was ensnared by the plots of the Franks in early youth and lost at once his kingdom and his life. Then his guardian Thiudis, advancing from the same kingdom, assailed the Franks and delivered the Spaniards from their disgraceful treachery. So long as he lived he kept the Visigoths united. After him Thiudigisclus obtained the kingdom and, ruling but a short time, met his death at the hands of his own followers. He was succeeded by Agil, who holds the kingdom to the present day. Athanagild has rebelled against him and is even now provoking the might of the Roman Empire. So Liberius the Patrician is on the way with an army to oppose him. Now there was not a tribe in the west that did not serve Theodoric while he lived, either in friendship or by conquest.

**LIX** When he had reached old age and knew that he should soon depart this life, he called together the Gothic counts and chieftains of his race and appointed Athalaric as king. He was a boy scarce ten years old, the son of his daughter Amalasuentha, and he had lost his father Eutharic. As though uttering his last will and testament, Theodoric adjured and commanded them to honor their king, to love the Senate and Roman People and to make sure of the peace and good will of the Emperor of the East, as next after God.

They kept this command fully so long as Athalaric their king and his mother lived, and ruled in peace for almost eight years. But as the Franks put no confidence in the rule of a child and furthermore held him in contempt, and were also plotting war, he gave back to them those parts of Gaul which his father and grandfather had seized. He possessed all the rest in peace and quiet. Therefore when Athalaric was approaching the age of manhood, he entrusted to the Emperor of the East both his own youth and his mother's widowhood. But in a short time the ill-fated boy was carried off by an untimely death and departed from earthly affairs. His mother feared she might be despised by the Goths on account of the weakness of her sex. So after much thought she decided, for the sake of relationship, to summon her cousin Theodahad from Tuscany, where he led a retired life at home, and thus she established him on the throne. But he was unmindful of their kinship and, after a little time, had her taken from the palace at Ravenna to an island of the Bulsinian lake where he kept her in exile. After spending a very few days there in sorrow, she was strangled in the bath by his hirelings.

**LX** When Justinian, the Emperor of the East, heard this, he was aroused as if he had suffered personal injury in the death of his wards. Now at that time he had won a triumph over the Vandals in Africa, through his most faithful Patrician Belisarius. Without delay he sent his army under this leader against the Goths at the very time when his arms were yet dripping with the blood of the Vandals. This sagacious general believed he could not overcome the Gothic nation, unless he should first seize Sicily, their nursing-mother. Accordingly he did so. As soon as he entered Trinacria, the Goths, who were besieging the town of Syracuse, found that they were not succeeding and surrendered of their own accord to Belisarius, with their leader Sinderith. When the Roman general reached Sicily, Theodahad sought out Evermud, his son-in-law, and sent him with an army to guard the strait which lies between Campania and Sicily and sweeps from a bend of the Tyrrhenian Sea into the vast tide of the Adriatic. When Evermud arrived, he pitched his camp by the town of Rhegium. He soon saw that his side was the weaker. Coming over with a few close and faithful followers to the side of the victor and willingly casting himself at the feet of Belisarius, he decided to serve the rulers of the Roman Empire. When the army of the Goths perceived this, they distrusted Theodahad and clamored for his expulsion from the kingdom and for the appointment as king of their leader Vitiges, who had been his armor bearer. This was done; and presently Vitiges was raised to the office of king on the Barbarian Plains. He entered Rome and sent on to Ravenna the men most faithful to him to demand the death of Theodahad. They came and executed his command. After King Theodahad was slain, a messenger came from the king—for he was already king in the Barbarian Plains—to proclaim Vitiges to the people.

Meanwhile the Roman army crossed the strait and marched toward Campania. They took Naples and pressed on to Rome. Now a few days before they arrived, King Vitiges had set forth from Rome, arrived at Ravenna and married Mathesuentha, the daughter of Amalasuentha and grand-daughter of Theodoric, the former king. While he was celebrating his new marriage and holding court at Ravenna, the imperial army advanced from Rome and attacked the strongholds in both parts of Tuscany. When Vitiges learned of this through messengers, he sent a force under Hunila, a leader of the Goths, to Perusia which was beleaguered by them. While they were endeavoring by a long siege to dislodge Count Magnus, who was holding the place with a small force, the Roman army came upon them, and they themselves were driven away and utterly exterminated. When Vitiges heard the news, he raged like

a lion and assembled all the host of the Goths. He advanced from Ravenna and harassed the walls of Rome with a long siege. But after fourteen months his courage was broken and he raised the siege of the city of Rome and prepared to overwhelm Ariminum. Here he was baffled in like manner and put to flight; and so he retreated to Ravenna. When besieged there, he quickly and willingly surrendered himself to the victorious side, together with his wife Mathesuentha and the royal treasure.

And thus a famous kingdom and most valiant race, which had long held sway, was at last overcome in almost its two thousand and thirtieth year by that conqueror of many nations, the Emperor Justinian, through his most faithful consul Belisarius. He gave Vitiges the title of Patrician and took him to Constantinople, where he dwelt for more than two years, bound by ties of affection to the Emperor, and then departed this life. But his consort Mathesuentha was bestowed by the Emperor upon the Patrician Germanus, his cousin. And of them was born a son (also called Germanus) after the death of his father Germanus. This union of the race of the Anicii with the stock of the Amali gives hopeful promise, under the Lord's favor, to both peoples.

## Conclusion

And now we have recited the origin of the Goths, the noble line of the Amali and the deeds of brave men. This glorious race yielded to a more glorious prince and surrendered to a more valiant leader, whose fame shall be silenced by no ages or cycles of years; for the victorious and triumphant Emperor Justinian and his consul Belisarius shall be named and known as Vandalicus, Africanus and Geticus.

Thou who readest this, know that I have followed the writings of my ancestors, and have culled a few flowers from their broad meadows to weave a chaplet for him who cares to know these things. Let no one believe that to the advantage of the race of which I have spoken—though indeed I trace my own descent from it—I have added aught besides what I have read or learned by inquiry. Even thus I have not included all that is written or told about them, nor spoken so much to their praise as to the glory of him who conquered them.

# Gildas: On the Ruin of Britain

## I. THE PREFACE.

1 Whatever in this my epistle I may write in my humble but well-meaning manner, rather by way of lamentation than for display, let no one suppose that it springs from contempt of others, or that I foolishly esteem myself as better than they;—for, alas! the subject of my complaint is the general destruction of every thing that is good, and the general growth of evil throughout the land;—but that I would condole with my country in her distress and rejoice to see her revive therefrom: for it is my present purpose to relate the deeds of an indolent and slothful race, rather than the exploits of those who have been valiant in the field. I have kept silence, I confess, with much mental anguish, compunction of feeling and contrition of heart, whilst I revolved all these things within myself; and, as God the searcher of the reins is witness, for the space of even ten years or more, my inexperience, as at present also, and my unworthiness preventing me from taking upon myself the character of a censor. But I read how the illustrious lawgiver, for one word's doubting, was not allowed to enter the desired land; that the sons of the high-priest, for placing strange fire upon God's altar, were cut off by a speedy death; that God's people, for breaking the law of God, save two only, were slain by wild beasts, by fire and sword in the deserts of Arabia, though God had so loved them that he had made a way for them through the Red Sea, had fed them with bread from heaven, and water from the rock, and by the lifting up of a hand merely had made their armies invincible; and then, when they had crossed the Jordan and entered the unknown land, and the walls of the city had fallen down flat at the sound only of a trumpet, the taking of a cloak and a little gold from the accursed things caused the deaths of many: and again the breach of their treaty with the Gibeonites, though that treaty had been obtained by fraud, brought destruction upon many; and I took warning from the sins of the people which called down upon them the reprehensions of the prophets and also of Jeremiah, with his fourfold Lamentations written in alphabetic order. I saw moreover in my own time, as that prophet also had complained, that the city had sat down lone and widowed, which before was full of people; that the queen of nations and the princess of provinces (*i.e.* the church), had been made tributary; that the gold was obscured, and the most excellent colour (which is the brightness of God's word) changed; that the sons of Sion (*i.e.* of holy mother church), once famous and clothed in the finest gold, grovelled in dung; and what added intolerably to the weight of grief of that illustrious man, and to mine, though but an abject whilst he had thus mourned them in their happy and prosperous condition, "Her Nazarites were fairer than snow, more ruddy than old ivory, more beautiful than the sapphire." These and many other passages in the ancient Scriptures I regarded as a kind of mirror of human life, and I turned also to the New, wherein I read more clearly what perhaps to me before was dark, for the darkness fled, and truth shed her steady light—I read therein that the Lord had said, "I came not but to the lost sheep of the house of Israel;" and on the other hand, "But the children of this kingdom shall be cast out into outer darkness; there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth:" and again, "It is not good to take the children's meat and to give it to dogs:" also, "Woe to you, scribes and pharisees, hypocrites!" I heard how "many shall come from the east and the west, and shall sit down with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob in the kingdom of heaven:" and on the contrary, "I will then say to them, 'Depart

from me, ye workers of iniquity!'" I read, "Blessed are the barren, and the teats which have not given suck;" and on the contrary, "Those, who were ready, entered with him to the wedding; afterwards came the other virgins also, saying 'Lord, Lord, open to us:' to whom it was answered, 'I do not know you.'" I heard, forsooth, "Whoever shall believe and be baptized, shall be saved, but whoever shall not believe shall be damned." I read in the words of the apostle that the branch of the wild olive was grafted upon the good olive, but should nevertheless be cut off from the communion of the root of its fatness, if it did not hold itself in fear, but entertained lofty thoughts. I knew the mercy of the Lord, but I also feared his judgment: I praised his grace, but I feared the rendering to every man according to his works: perceiving the sheep of the same fold to be different, I deservedly commended Peter for his entire confession of Christ, but called Judas most wretched, for his love of covetousness: I thought Stephen most glorious on account of the palm of martyrdom, but Nicholas wretched for his mark of unclean heresy: I read assuredly, "They had all things common:" but likewise also, as it is written, "Why have ye conspired to tempt the Spirit of God?" I saw, on the other hand, how much security had grown upon the men of our time, as if there were nothing to cause them fear. These things, therefore, and many more which for brevity's sake we have determined to omit, I revolved again and again in my amazed mind with compunction in my heart, and I thought to myself, "If God's peculiar people, chosen from all the people of the world, the royal seed, and holy nation, to whom he had said, 'My first-begotten Israel,' its priests, prophets, and kings, throughout so many ages, his servant and apostle, and the members of his primitive church, were not spared when they deviated from the right path, what will he do to the darkness of this our age, in which, besides all the huge and heinous sins, which it has in common with all the wicked of the world committed, is found an innate, indelible, and irremediable load of folly and inconstancy?" "What, wretched man (I say to myself) is it given to you, as if you were an illustrious and learned teacher, to oppose the force of so violent a torrent, and keep the charge committed to you against such a series of inveterate crimes which has spread far and wide, without interruption, for so many years? Hold thy peace: to do otherwise, is to tell the foot to see, and the hand to speak. Britain has rulers, and she has watchmen: why dost thou incline thyself thus uselessly to prate?" She has such, I say, not too many, perhaps, but surely not too few: but, because they are bent down and pressed beneath so heavy a burden, they have not time allowed them to take breath. My senses, therefore, as if feeling a portion of my debt and obligation, preoccupied themselves with such objections, and with others yet more strong. They struggled, as I said, no short time, in a fearful strait, whilst I read, "There is a time for speaking, and a time for keeping silence." At length, the creditor's side prevailed and bore off the victory: if (said he) thou art not bold enough to be marked with the comely mark of golden liberty among the prophetic creatures, who enjoy the rank as reasoning beings next to the angels, refuse not the inspiration of the understanding ass, to that day dumb, which would not carry forward the tiara'd magician who was going to curse God's people, but in the narrow pass of the vineyard crushed his loosened foot, and thereby felt the lash; and though he was, with his ungrateful and furious hand, against right justice, beating her innocent sides, she pointed out to him the heavenly messenger holding the naked

sword, and standing in his way, though he had not seen him.

Wherefore in zeal for the house of God and for his holy law, constrained either by the reasonings of my own thoughts, or by the pious entreaties of my brethren, I now discharge the debt so long exacted of me; humble, indeed, in style, but faithful, as I think, and friendly to all Christ's youthful soldiers, but severe and insupportable to foolish apostates; the former of whom, if I am not deceived, will receive the same with tears flowing from God's love; but the others with sorrow, such as is extorted from the indignation and pusillanimity of a convicted conscience.

2 I will, therefore, if God be willing, endeavour to say a few words about the situation of Britain, her disobedience and subjection, her rebellion, second subjection and dreadful slavery—of her religion, persecution, holy martyrs, heresies of different kinds—of her tyrants, her two hostile and ravaging nations—of her first devastation, her defence, her second devastation and second taking vengeance—of her third devastation, of her famine, and the letters to Agitius—of her victory and her crimes—of the sudden rumour of enemies—of her famous pestilence—of her counsels—of her last enemy, far more cruel than the first—of the subversion of her cities, and of the remnant that escaped; and finally, of the peace which, by the will of God, has been granted her in these our times.

## II. THE HISTORY.

3 The island of Britain, situated on almost the utmost border of the earth, towards the south and west, and poised in the divine balance, as it is said, which supports the whole world, stretches out from the south-west towards the north pole, and is eight hundred miles long and two hundred broad, except where the headlands of sundry promontories stretch farther into the sea. It is surrounded by the ocean, which forms winding bays, and is strongly defended by this ample, and, if I may so call it, impassable barrier, save on the south side, where the narrow sea affords a passage to Belgic Gaul. It is enriched by the mouths of two noble rivers, the Thames and the Severn, as it were two arms, by which foreign luxuries were of old imported, and by other streams of less importance. It is famous for eight and twenty cities, and is embellished by certain castles, with walls, towers, well barred gates, and houses with threatening battlements built on high, and provided with all requisite instruments of defence. Its plains are spacious, its hills are pleasantly situated, adapted for superior tillage, and its mountains are admirably calculated for the alternate pasturage of cattle, where flowers of various colours, trodden by the feet of man, give it the appearance of a lovely picture. It is decked, like a man's chosen bride, with divers jewels, with lucid fountains and abundant brooks wandering over the snow white sands; with transparent rivers, flowing in gentle murmurs, and offering a sweet pledge of slumber to those who recline upon their banks, whilst it is irrigated by abundant lakes, which pour forth cool torrents of refreshing water.

4 This island, stiff-necked and stubborn-minded, from the time of its being first inhabited, ungratefully rebels, sometimes against God, sometimes against her own citizens, and frequently, also, against foreign kings and their subjects. For what can there either be, or be committed, more disgraceful or more unrighteous in human affairs, than to refuse to show fear to God or affection to one's own countrymen, and (without detriment to one's faith) to refuse due honour to those of higher dignity, to cast off all regard to reason, human and divine, and, in contempt of heaven and earth, to be guided by one's own sensual inventions? I shall, therefore, omit those ancient errors common to all the nations of the earth, in which, before Christ came in the flesh, all mankind were bound; nor shall I enumerate those diabolical idols of my country, which almost surpassed in number those of Egypt, and of which we still see some mouldering away within or without the deserted temples, with stiff and deformed features as was customary. Nor will I call out upon the mountains, fountains, or hills, or upon the rivers, which now are subservient to the use of men, but once were an abomination and destruction to them, and to which the blind people paid divine honour. I shall also pass over the by-

gone times of our cruel tyrants, whose notoriety was spread over to far distant countries; so that Porphyry, that dog who in the east was always so fierce against the church, in his mad and vain style added this also, that "Britain is a land fertile in tyrants." I will only endeavour to relate the evils which Britain suffered in the times of the Roman emperors, and also those which she caused to distant states; but so far as lies in my power, I shall not follow the writings and records of my own country, which (if there ever were any of them) have been consumed in the fires of the enemy, or have accompanied my exiled countrymen into distant lands, but be guided by the relations of foreign writers, which, being broken and interrupted in many places, are therefore by no means clear.

5 For when the rulers of Rome had obtained the empire of the world, subdued all the neighbouring nations and islands towards the east, and strengthened their renown by the first peace which they made with the Parthians, who border on India, there was a general cessation from war throughout the whole world; the fierce flame which they kindled could not be extinguished or checked by the Western Ocean, but passing beyond the sea, imposed submission upon our island without resistance, and entirely reduced to obedience its unwarlike but faithless people, not so much by fire and sword and warlike engines, like other nations, but threats alone, and menaces of judgments frowning on their countenance, whilst terror penetrated to their hearts.

6 When afterwards they returned to Rome, for want of pay, as is said, and had no suspicion of an approaching rebellion, that deceitful lioness (Boadicea) put to death the rulers who had been left among them, to unfold more fully and to confirm the enterprises of the Romans. When the report of these things reached the senate, and they with a speedy army made haste to take vengeance on the crafty foxes, as they called them, there was no bold navy on the sea to fight bravely for the country; by land there was no marshalled army, no right wing of battle, nor other preparation for resistance; but their backs were their shields against their vanquishers, and they presented their necks to their swords, whilst chill terror ran through every limb, and they stretched out their hands to be bound, like women; so that it has become a proverb far and wide, that the Britons are neither brave in war nor faithful in time of peace.

7 The Romans, therefore, having slain many of the rebels, and reserved others for slaves, that the land might not be entirely reduced to desolation, left the island, destitute as it was of wine and oil, and returned to Italy, leaving behind them taskmasters, to scourge the shoulders of the natives, to reduce their necks to the yoke, and their soil to the vassalage of a Roman province; to chastise the crafty race, not with warlike weapons, but with rods, and if necessary to gird upon their sides the naked sword, so that it was no longer thought to be Britain, but a Roman island; and all their money, whether of copper, gold, or silver, was stamped with Cæsar's image.

8 Meanwhile these islands, stiff with cold and frost, and in a distant region of the world, remote from the visible sun, received the beams of light, that is, the holy precepts of Christ, the true Sun, showing to the whole world his splendour, not only from the temporal firmament, but from the height of heaven, which surpasses every thing temporal, at the latter part, as we know, of the reign of Tiberius Cæsar, by whom his religion was propagated without impediment, and death threatened to those who interfered with its professors.

9 These rays of light were received with lukewarm minds by the inhabitants, but they nevertheless took root among some of them in a greater or less degree, until the nine years' persecution of the tyrant Diocletian, when the churches throughout the whole world were overthrown, all the copies of the Holy Scriptures which could be found burned in the streets, and the chosen pastors of God's flock butchered, together with their innocent sheep, in order that not a vestige, if possible, might remain in some provinces of Christ's religion. What disgraceful flights then took place—what slaughter and death inflicted by way of punishment in divers shapes,—what dreadful apostacies from religion; and on the contrary, what glorious crowns of martyrdom then were won,—what



raving fury was displayed by the persecutors, and patience on the part of the suffering saints, ecclesiastical history informs us; for the whole church were crowding in a body, to leave behind them the dark things of this world, and to make the best of their way to the happy mansions of heaven, as if to their proper home.

**10** God, therefore, who wishes all men to be saved, and who calls sinners no less than those who think themselves righteous, magnified his mercy towards us, and, as we know, during the above-named persecution, that Britain might not totally be enveloped in the dark shades of night, he, of his own free gift, kindled up among us bright luminaries of holy martyrs, whose places of burial and of martyrdom, had they not for our manifold crimes been interfered with and destroyed by the barbarians, would have still kindled in the minds of the beholders no small fire of divine charity. Such were St. Alban of Verulam, Aaron and Julius, citizens of Carlisle, and the rest, of both sexes, who in different places stood their ground in the Christian contest.

**11** The first of these martyrs, St. Alban, for charity's sake saved another confessor who was pursued by his persecutors, and was on the point of being seized, by hiding him in his house, and then by changing clothes with him, imitating in this the example of Christ, who laid down his life for his sheep, and exposing himself in the other's clothes to be pursued in his stead. So pleasing to God was this conduct, that between his confession and martyrdom, he was honoured with the performance of wonderful miracles in presence of the impious blasphemers who were carrying the Roman standards, and like the Israelites of old, who trod dry-foot an unfrequented path whilst the ark of the covenant stood some time on the sands in the midst of Jordan; so also the martyr, with a thousand others, opened a path across the noble river Thames, whose waters stood abrupt like precipices on either side; and seeing this, the first of his executors was stricken with awe, and from a wolf became a lamb; so that he thirsted for martyrdom, and boldly underwent that for which he thirsted. The other holy martyrs were tormented with divers sufferings, and their limbs were racked in such unheard of ways, that they, without delay, erected the trophies of their glorious martyrdom even in the gates of the city of Jerusalem. For those who survived, hid themselves in woods and deserts, and secret caves, waiting until God, who is the righteous judge of all, should reward their persecutors with judgment, and themselves with protection of their lives.

**12** In less than ten years, therefore, of the above-named persecution, and when these bloody decrees began to fail in consequence of the death of their authors, all Christ's young disciples, after so long and wintry a night, begin to behold the genial light of heaven. They rebuild the churches, which had been levelled to the ground; they found, erect, and finish churches to the holy martyrs, and everywhere show their ensigns as token of their victory; festivals are celebrated and sacraments received with clean hearts and lips, and all the church's sons rejoice as it were in the fostering bosom of a mother. For this holy union remained between Christ their head and the members of his church, until the Arian treason, fatal as a serpent, and vomiting its poison from beyond the sea, caused deadly dissension between brothers inhabiting the same house, and thus, as if a road were made across the sea, like wild beasts of all descriptions, and darting the poison of every heresy from their jaws, they inflicted dreadful wounds upon their country, which is ever desirous to hear something new, and remains constant long to nothing.

**13** At length also, new races of tyrants sprang up, in terrific numbers, and the island, still bearing its Roman name, but casting off her institutes and laws, sent forth among the Gauls that bitter scion of her own planting Maximus, with a great number of followers, and the ensigns of royalty, which he bore without decency and without lawful right, but in a tyrannical manner, and amid the disturbances of the seditious soldiery. He, by cunning arts rather than by valour, attaching to his rule, by perjury and falsehood, all the neighbouring towns and provinces, against the Roman state, extended one of his wings to Spain, the other to Italy, fixed the seat of his unholy government at Treves, and so furiously pushed his rebellion against his lawful emperors that he drove one of them

out of Rome, and caused the other to terminate his most holy life. Trusting to these successful attempts, he not long after lost his accursed head before the walls of Aquileia, whereas he had before cut off the crowned heads of almost all the world.

**14** After this, Britain is left deprived of all her soldiery and armed bands, of her cruel governors, and of the flower of her youth, who went with Maximus, but never again returned; and utterly ignorant as she was of the art of war, groaned in amazement for many years under the cruelty of two foreign nations—the Scots from the north-west, and the Picts from the north.

**15** The Britons, impatient at the assaults of the Scots and Picts, their hostilities and dreadful oppressions, send ambassadors to Rome with letters, entreating in piteous terms the assistance of an armed band to protect them, and offering loyal and ready submission to the authority of Rome, if they only would expel their invading foes. A legion is immediately sent, forgetting their past rebellion, and provided sufficiently with arms. When they had crossed over the sea and landed, they came at once to close conflict with their cruel enemies, and slew great numbers of them. All of them were driven beyond the borders, and the humiliated natives rescued from the bloody slavery which awaited them. By the advice of their protectors, they now built a wall across the island from one sea to the other, which being manned with a proper force, might be a terror to the foes whom it was intended to repel, and a protection to their friends whom it covered. But this wall, being made of turf instead of stone, was of no use to that foolish people, who had no head to guide them.

**16** The Roman legion had no sooner returned home in joy and triumph, than their former foes, like hungry and ravening wolves, rushing with greedy jaws upon the fold which is left without a shepherd, and wafted both by the strength of oarsmen and the blowing wind, break through the boundaries, and spread slaughter on every side, and like mowers cutting down the ripe corn, they cut up, tread under foot, and overrun the whole country.

**17** And now again they send suppliant ambassadors, with their garments rent and their heads covered with ashes, imploring assistance from the Romans, and like timorous chickens, crowding under the protecting wings of their parents, that their wretched country might not altogether be destroyed, and that the Roman name, which now was but an empty sound to fill the ear, might not become a reproach even to distant nations. Upon this, the Romans, moved with compassion, as far as human nature can be, at the relations of such horrors, send forward, like eagles in their flight, their unexpected bands of cavalry by land and mariners by sea, and planting their terrible swords upon the shoulders of their enemies, they mow them down like leaves which fall at the destined period; and as a mountain-torrent swelled with numerous streams, and bursting its banks with roaring noise, with foaming crest and yeasty wave rising to the stars, by whose eddy currents our eyes are as it were dazzled, does with one of its billows overwhelm every obstacle in its way, so did our illustrious defenders vigorously drive our enemies' band beyond the sea, if any could so escape them; for it was beyond those same seas that they transported, year after year, the plunder which they had gained, no one daring to resist them.

**18** The Romans, therefore, left the country, giving notice that they could no longer be harassed by such laborious expeditions, nor suffer the Roman standards, with so large and brave an army, to be worn out by sea and land by fighting against these unwarlike, plundering vagabonds; but that the islanders, inuring themselves to warlike weapons, and bravely fighting, should valiantly protect their country, their property, wives and children, and, what is dearer than these, their liberty and lives; that they should not suffer their hands to be tied behind their backs by a nation which, unless they were enervated by idleness and sloth, was not more powerful than themselves, but that they should arm those hands with buckler, sword, and spear, ready for the field of battle; and, because they thought this also of advantage to the people they were about to leave, they, with the help of the miserable natives, built a wall different from the former, by public and private contributions, and of the same structure as walls generally, extending

in a straight line from sea to sea, between some cities, which, from fear of their enemies, had there by chance been built. They then give energetic counsel to the timorous natives, and leave them patterns by which to manufacture arms. Moreover, on the south coast where their vessels lay, as there was some apprehension lest the barbarians might land, they erected towers at stated intervals, commanding a prospect of the sea; and then left the island never to return.

**19** No sooner were they gone, than the Picts and Scots, like worms which in the heat of mid-day come forth from their holes, hastily land again from their canoes, in which they had been carried beyond the Cichican valley, differing one from another in manners, but inspired with the same avidity for blood, and all more eager to shroud their villainous faces in bushy hair than to cover with decent clothing those parts of their body which required it. Moreover, having heard of the departure of our friends, and their resolution never to return, they seized with greater boldness than before on all the country towards the extreme north as far as the wall. To oppose them there was placed on the heights a garrison equally slow to fight and ill adapted to run away, a useless and panic-struck company, who slumbered away days and nights on their unprofitable watch. Meanwhile the hooked weapons of their enemies were not idle, and our wretched countrymen were dragged from the wall and dashed against the ground. Such premature death, however, painful as it was, saved them from seeing the miserable sufferings of their brothers and children. But why should I say more? They left their cities, abandoned the protection of the wall, and dispersed themselves in flight more desperately than before. The enemy, on the other hand, pursued them with more unrelenting cruelty than before, and butchered our countrymen like sheep, so that their habitations were like those of savage beasts; for they turned their arms upon each other, and for the sake of a little sustenance, imbrued their hands in the blood of their fellow countrymen. Thus foreign calamities were augmented by domestic feuds; so that the whole country was entirely destitute of provisions, save such as could be procured in the chase.

**20** Again, therefore, the wretched remnant, sending to Ætius, a powerful Roman citizen, address him as follows:—"To Ætius, now consul for the third time: the groans of the Britons." And again a little further, thus:—"The barbarians drive us to the sea: the sea throws us back on the barbarians: thus two modes of death await us, we are either slain or drowned." The Romans, however, could not assist them, and in the meantime the discomfited people, wandering in the woods, began to feel the effects of a severe famine, which compelled many of them without delay to yield themselves up to their cruel persecutors, to obtain subsistence: others of them, however, lying hid in mountains, caves, and woods, continually sallied out from thence to renew the war. And then it was, for the first time, that they overthrew their enemies, who had for so many years been living in their country; for their trust was not in man, but in God; according to the maxim of Philo, "We must have divine assistance, when that of man fails." The boldness of the enemy was for a while checked, but not the wickedness of our countrymen: the enemy left our people, but the people did not leave their sins.

**21** For it has always been a custom with our nation, as it is at present, to be impotent in repelling foreign foes, but bold and invincible in raising civil war, and bearing the burdens of their offences: they are impotent, I say, in following the standard of peace and truth, but bold in wickedness and falsehood. The audacious invaders therefore return to their winter quarters, determined before long again to return and plunder. And then, too, the Picts for the first time seated themselves at the extremity of the island, where they afterwards continued, occasionally plundering and wasting the country. During these truces, the wounds of the distressed people are healed, but another sore, still more venomous, broke out. No sooner were the ravages of the enemy checked, than the island was deluged with a most extraordinary plenty of all things, greater than was before known, and with it grew up every kind of luxury and licentiousness. It grew with so firm a root, that one might truly say of it, "Such fornication is heard of

among you, as never was known the like among the Gentiles." But besides this vice, there arose also every other, to which human nature is liable, and in particular that hatred of truth, together with her supporters, which still at present destroys every thing good in the island; the love of falsehood, together with its inventors, the reception of crime in the place of virtue, the respect shown to wickedness rather than goodness, the love of darkness instead of the sun, the admission of Satan as an angel of light. Kings were anointed, not according to God's ordinance, but such as showed themselves more cruel than the rest; and soon after, they were put to death by those who had elected them, without any inquiry into their merits, but because others still more cruel were chosen to succeed them. If any one of these was of a milder nature than the rest, or in any way more regardful of the truth, he was looked upon as the ruiner of the country, every body cast a dart at him, and they valued things alike whether pleasing or displeasing to God, unless it so happened that what displeased him was pleasing to themselves. So that the words of the prophet, addressed to the people of old, might well be applied to our own countrymen: "Children without a law, have ye left God and provoked to anger the holy one of Israel? Why will ye still inquire, adding iniquity? Every head is languid and every heart is sad; from the sole of the foot to the crown, there is no health in him." And thus they did all things contrary to their salvation, as if no remedy could be applied to the world by the true Physician of all men. And not only the laity did so, but our Lord's own flock and its shepherds, who ought to have been an example to the people, slumbered away their time in drunkenness, as if they had been dipped in wine; whilst the swellings of pride, the jar of strife, the gripping talons of envy, and the confused estimate of right and wrong, got such entire possession of them, that there seemed to be poured out (and the same still continueth) contempt upon princes, and to be made by their vanities to wander astray and not in the way.

**22** Meanwhile, God being willing to purify his family who were infected by so deep a stain of woe, and at the hearing only of their calamities to amend them; a vague rumour suddenly as if on wings reaches the ears of all, that their inveterate foes were rapidly approaching to destroy the whole country, and to take possession of it, as of old, from one end to the other. But yet they derived no advantage from this intelligence; for, like frantic beasts, taking the bit of reason between their teeth, they abandoned the safe and narrow road, and rushed forward upon the broad downward path of vice, which leads to death. Whilst, therefore, as Solomon says, the stubborn servant is not cured by words, the fool is scourged and feels it not: a pestilential disease mortally affected the foolish people, which, without the sword, cut off so large a number of persons, that the living were not able to bury them. But even this was no warning to them, that in them also might be fulfilled the words of Isaiah the prophet, "And God hath called his people to lamentation, to baldness, and to the girdle of sackcloth; behold they begin to kill calves, and to slay rams, to eat, to drink, and to say, 'We will eat and drink, for to-morrow we shall die.'" For the time was approaching, when all their iniquities, as formerly those of the Amorhæans, should be fulfilled. For a council was called to settle what was best and most expedient to be done, in order to repel such frequent and fatal irruptions and plunderings of the above named nations.

**23** Then all the councillors, together with that proud tyrant Gurthrigern [Vortigern], the British king, were so blinded, that, as a protection to their country, they sealed its doom by inviting in among them (like wolves into the sheepfold), the fierce and impious Saxons, a race hateful both to God and men, to repel the invasions of the northern nations. Nothing was ever so pernicious to our country, nothing was ever so unlucky. What palpable darkness must have enveloped their minds—darkness desperate and cruel! Those very people whom, when absent, they dreaded more than death itself, were invited to reside, as one may say, under the selfsame roof. Foolish are the princes, as it is said, of Thaf-neos, giving counsel to unwise Pharaoh. A multitude of whelps came forth from the lair of this barbaric lioness, in three cyuls, as they call them, that is, in three ships of war, with their sails wafted by the wind and with omens and prophecies favourable, for it was

foretold by a certain soothsayer among them, that they should occupy the country to which they were sailing three hundred years, and half of that time, a hundred and fifty years, should plunder and despoil the same. They first landed on the eastern side of the island, by the invitation of the unlucky king, and there fixed their sharp talons, apparently to fight in favour of the island, but alas! more truly against it. Their mother-land, finding her first brood thus successful, sends forth a larger company of her wolfish offspring, which sailing over, join themselves to their bastard-born comrades. From that time the germ of iniquity and the root of contention planted their poison amongst us, as we deserved, and shot forth into leaves and branches. The barbarians being thus introduced as soldiers into the island, to encounter, as they falsely said, any dangers in defence of their hospitable entertainers, obtain an allowance of provisions, which, for some time being plentifully bestowed, stopped their doggish mouths. Yet they complain that their monthly supplies are not furnished in sufficient abundance, and they industriously aggravate each occasion of quarrel, saying that unless more liberality is shown them, they will break the treaty and plunder the whole island. In a short time, they follow up their threats with deeds.

24 For the fire of vengeance, justly kindled by former crimes, spread from sea to sea, fed by the hands of our foes in the east, and did not cease, until, destroying the neighbouring towns and lands, it reached the other side of the island, and dipped its red and savage tongue in the western ocean. In these assaults, therefore, not unlike that of the Assyrian upon Judea, was fulfilled in our case what the prophet describes in words of lamentation: "They have burned with fire the sanctuary; they have polluted on earth the tabernacle of thy name." And again, "O God, the gentiles have come into thine inheritance; thy holy temple have they defiled," &c. So that all the columns were levelled with the ground by the frequent strokes of the battering-ram, all the husbandmen routed, together with their bishops, priests, and people, whilst the sword gleamed, and the flames crackled around them on every side. Lamentable to behold, in the midst of the streets lay the tops of lofty towers, tumbled to the ground, stones of high walls, holy altars, fragments of human bodies, covered with livid clots of coagulated blood, looking as if they had been squeezed together in a press; and with no chance of being buried, save in the ruins of the houses, or in the ravening bellies of wild beasts and birds; with reverence be it spoken for their blessed souls, if, indeed, there were many found who were carried, at that time, into the high heaven by the holy angels. So entirely had the vintage, once so fine, degenerated and become bitter, that, in the words of the prophet, there was hardly a grape or ear of corn to be seen where the husbandman had turned his back.

25 Some, therefore, of the miserable remnant, being taken in the mountains, were murdered in great numbers; others, constrained by famine, came and yielded themselves to be slaves for ever to their foes, running the risk of being instantly slain, which truly was the greatest favour that could be offered them: some others passed beyond the seas with loud lamentations instead of the voice of exhortation. "Thou hast given us as sheep to be slaughtered, and among the Gentiles hast thou dispersed us." Others, committing the safeguard of their lives, which were in continual jeopardy, to the mountains, precipices, thickly wooded forests, and to the rocks of the seas (albeit with trembling hearts), remained still in their country. But in the meanwhile, an opportunity happening, when these most cruel robbers were returned home, the poor remnants of our nation (to whom flocked from divers places round about our miserable countrymen as fast as bees to their hives, for fear of an ensuing storm), being strengthened by God, calling upon him with all their hearts, as the poet says,—

"With their unnumbered vows they burden heaven,"

that they might not be brought to utter destruction, took arms under the conduct of Ambrosius Aurelianus, a modest man, who of all the Roman nation was then alone in the confusion of this troubled period by chance left alive. His parents, who for their merit were adorned with the purple, had been slain in these same broils, and now his progeny in these our days, although shame-

fully degenerated from the worthiness of their ancestors, provoke to battle their cruel conquerors, and by the goodness of our Lord obtain the victory.

26 After this, sometimes our countrymen, sometimes the enemy, won the field, to the end that our Lord might in this land try after his accustomed manner these his Israelites, whether they loved him or not, until the year of the siege of Bath-hill, when took place also the last almost, though not the least slaughter of our cruel foes, which was (as I am sure) forty-four years and one month after the landing of the Saxons, and also the time of my own nativity. And yet neither to this day are the cities of our country inhabited as before, but being forsaken and overthrown, still lie desolate; our foreign wars having ceased, but our civil troubles still remaining. For as well the remembrance of such a terrible desolation of the island, as also of the unexpected recovery of the same, remained in the minds of those who were eye-witnesses of the wonderful events of both, and in regard thereof, kings, public magistrates, and private persons, with priests and clergymen, did all and every one of them live orderly according to their several vocations. But when these had departed out of this world, and a new race succeeded, who were ignorant of this troublesome time, and had only experience of the present prosperity, all the laws of truth and justice were so shaken and subverted, that not so much as a vestige or remembrance of these virtues remained among the above-named orders of men, except among a very few who, compared with the great multitude which were daily rushing headlong down to hell, are accounted so small a number; that our reverend mother, the church, scarcely beholds them, her only true children, reposing in her bosom; whose worthy lives, being a pattern to all men, and beloved of God, inasmuch as by their holy prayers, as by certain pillars and most profitable supporters, our infirmity is sustained up, that it may not utterly be broken down, I would have no one suppose I intended to reprove, if forced by the increasing multitude of offences, I have freely, ay, with anguish, not so much declared as bewailed the wickedness of those who are become servants, not only to their bellies, but also to the devil rather than to Christ, who is our blessed God, world without end.

For why shall their countrymen conceal what foreign nations round about now not only know, but also continually are casting in their teeth?

### III. THE EPISTLE.

27 Britain has kings, but they are tyrants; she has judges, but unrighteous ones; generally engaged in plunder and rapine, but always preying on the innocent; whenever they exert themselves to avenge or protect, it is sure to be in favour of robbers and criminals; they have an abundance of wives, yet are they addicted to fornication and adultery; they are ever ready to take oaths, and as often perjure themselves; they make a vow and almost immediately act falsely; they make war, but their wars are against their countrymen, and are unjust ones; they rigorously prosecute thieves throughout their country, but those who sit at table with them are robbers, and they not only cherish but reward them; they give alms plentifully, but in contrast to this is a whole pile of crimes which they have committed; they sit on the seat of justice, but rarely seek for the rule of right judgment; they despise the innocent and the humble, but seize every occasion of exalting to the utmost the bloody-minded; the proud, murderers, the combined and adulterers, enemies of God, who ought to be utterly destroyed and their names forgotten.

They have many prisoners in their gaols, loaded with chains, but this is done in treachery rather than in just punishment for crimes; and when they have stood before the altar, swearing by the name of God, they go away and think no more of the holy altar than if it were a mere heap of dirty stones.

28 Of this horrid abomination, Constantine, the tyrannical whelp of the unclean lioness of Damnonia, is not ignorant.

This same year, after taking a dreadful oath (whereby he bound himself first before God, by a solemn protestation, and then called all the saints, and Mother of God, to witness, that he would not contrive any deceit against his countrymen), he nevertheless, in

the habit of a holy abbat amid the sacred altars, did with sword and javelin, as if with teeth, wound and tear, even in the bosoms of their temporal mother, and of the church their spiritual mother, two royal youths, with their two attendants, whose arms, although not cased in armour, were yet boldly used, and, stretched out towards God and his altar, will hang up at the gates of thy city, O Christ, the venerable ensigns of their faith and patience; and when he had done it, the cloaks, red with coagulated blood, did touch the place of the heavenly sacrifice. And not one worthy act could he boast of previous to this cruel deed; for many years before he had stained himself with the abomination of many adulteries, having put away his wife contrary to the command of Christ, the teacher of the world, who hath said: "What God hath joined together, let not man separate," and again: "Husbands, love your wives." For he had planted in the ground of his heart (an unfruitful soil for any good seed) a bitter scion of incredulity and folly, taken from the vine of Sodom, which being watered with his vulgar and domestic impieties, like poisonous showers, and afterwards audaciously springing up to the offence of God, brought forth into the world the sin of horrible murder and sacrilege; and not yet discharged from the entangling nets of his former offences, he added new wickedness to the former.

**29** Go to now, I reprove thee as present, whom I know as yet to be in this life extant. Why standest thou astonished, O thou butcher of thine own soul? Why dost thou wilfully kindle against thyself the eternal fires of hell? Why dost thou, in place of enemies, desperately stab thyself with thine own sword, with thine own javelin? Cannot those same poisonous cups of offences yet satisfy thy stomach? Look back (I beseech thee) and come to Christ (for thou labourest, and art pressed down to the earth with this huge burden), and he himself, as he said, will give thee rest. Come to him who wisheth not the death of a sinner, but that he should be rather converted and live. Unloose (according to the prophet) the bands of thy neck O thou son of Sion. Return (I pray thee), although from the far remote regions of sins, unto the most holy Father, who, for his son that will despise the filthy food of swine, and fear a death of cruel famine, and so come back to him again, hath with great joy been accustomed to kill his fatted calf, and bring forth for the wanderer, the first robe and royal ring, and then taking as it were a taste of the heavenly hope, thou shalt perceive how sweet our Lord is. For if thou dost condemn these, be thou assured, thou shalt almost instantly be tossed and tormented in the inevitable and dark floods of endless fire.

**30** What dost thou also, thou lion's whelp (as the prophet saith), Aurelius Conanus? Art not thou as the former (if not far more foul) to thy utter destruction, swallowed up in the filthiness of horrible murders, fornications, and adulteries, as by an overwhelming flood of the sea? Hast not thou by hating, as a deadly serpent, the peace of thy country, and thirsting unjustly after civil wars and frequent spoil, shut the gates of heavenly peace and repose against thine own soul? Being now left alone as a withering tree in the midst of a field, remember (I beseech thee) the vain and idle fancies of thy parents and brethren, together with the untimely death that befell them in the prime of their youth; and shalt thou, for thy religious deserts, be reserved out of all thy family to live a hundred years, or to attain to the age of a Methusalem? No, surely, but unless (as the psalmist saith) thou shalt be speedily converted unto our Lord, that King will shortly brandish his sword against thee, who hath said by his prophet, "I will kill, and I will cause to live; I will strike, and I will heal; and there is no one who can deliver out of my hand." Be thou therefore shaken out of thy filthy dust, and with all thy heart converted to Him who hath created thee, that "when his wrath shall shortly burn out, thou mayst be blessed by fixing thy hopes on him." But if otherwise, eternal pains will be heaped up for thee, where thou shalt be ever tormented and never consumed in the cruel jaws of hell.

**31** Thou also, who like to the spotted leopard, art diverse in manners and in mischief, whose head now is growing grey, who art seated on a throne full of deceits, and from the bottom even to the top art stained with murder and adulteries, thou naughty son of a good king, like Manasses sprung from Ezechiah, Vortipore, thou foolish tyrant of the Demetians, why art thou so stiff? What!

do not such violent gulfs of sin (which thou dost swallow up like pleasant wine, nay rather which swallow thee up), as yet satisfy thee, especially since the end of thy life is daily now approaching? Why dost thou heavily clog thy miserable soul with the sin of lust, which is fouler than any other, by putting away thy wife, and after her honourable death, by the base practices of thy shameless daughter? Waste not (I beseech thee) the residue of thy life in offending God, because as yet an acceptable time and day of salvation shines on the faces of the penitent, wherein thou mayest take care that thy flight may not be in the winter, or on the sabbath day. "Turn away (according to the psalmist) from evil, and do good, seek peace and ensue it," because the eyes of our Lord will be cast upon thee, when thou doest righteousness, and his ears will be then open unto thy prayers, and he will not destroy thy memory out of the land of the living; thou shalt cry, and he will hear thee, and out of thy tribulations deliver thee; for Christ doth never despise a heart that is contrite and humbled with fear of him. Otherwise, the worm of thy torture shall not die, and the fire of thy burning shall never be extinguished.

**32** And thou too, Cuneglasse, why art thou fallen into the filth of thy former naughtiness, yea, since the very first spring of thy tender youth, thou bear, thou rider and ruler of many, and guider of the chariot which is the receptacle of the bear, thou contemner of God, and vilifier of his order, thou tawny butcher, as in the Latin tongue thy name signifies. Why dost thou raise so great a war as well against men as also against God himself, against men, yea, thy own countrymen, with thy deadly weapons, and against God with thine infinite offences? Why, besides thine other innumerable backslidings, having thrown out of doors thy wife, dost thou, in the lust, or rather stupidity of thy mind, against the apostle's express prohibition, denouncing that no adulterers can be partakers of the kingdom of heaven, esteem her detestable sister, who had vowed unto God the everlasting continency, as the very flower (in the language of the poet) of the celestial nymphs? Why dost thou provoke with thy frequent injuries the lamentations and sighs of saints, by thy means corporally afflicted, which will in time to come, like a fierce lioness, break thy bones in pieces? Desist, I beseech thee (as the prophet saith) from wrath, and leave off thy deadly fury, which thou breathest out against heaven and earth, against God and his flock, and which in time will be thy own torment; rather with altered mind obtain the prayers of those who possess a power of binding over this world, when in this world they bind the guilty, and of loosing when they loose the penitent. Be not (as the apostle saith) proudly wise, nor hope thou in the uncertainty of riches, but in God who giveth thee many things abundantly, and by the amendment of thy manners purchase unto thyself a good foundation for hereafter, and seek to enter into that real and true state of existence which will be not transitory but everlasting. Otherwise, thou shalt know and see, yea, in this very world, how bad and bitter a thing it is for thee to leave the Lord thy God, and not have his fear before thine eyes, and in the next, how thou shalt be burned in the foul encompassing flames of endless fire, nor yet by any manner of means shalt ever die. For the souls of the sinful are as eternal in perpetual fire, as the souls of the just in perpetual joy and gladness.

**33** And likewise, O thou dragon of the island, who hast deprived many tyrants, as well of their kingdoms as of their lives, and though the last-mentioned in my writing, the first in mischief, exceeding many in power, and also in malice, more liberal than others in giving, more licentious in sinning, strong in arms, but stronger in working thine own soul's destruction, Maglocune, why art thou (as if soaked in the wine of the Sodomitical grape) foolishly rolling in that black pool of thine offences? Why dost thou wilfully heap like a mountain, upon thy kingly shoulders, such a load of sins? Why dost thou show thyself unto the King of kings (who hath made thee as well in kingdom as in stature of body higher than almost all the other chiefs of Britain) not better likewise in virtues than the rest; but on the contrary for thy sins much worse? Listen then awhile and hear patiently the following enumeration of thy deeds, wherein I will not touch any domestic and light offences (if yet any of them are light) but only those open ones which are spread far and wide in the knowledge of all

men. Didst not thou, in the very beginning of thy youth, terribly oppress with sword, spear, and fire, the king thine uncle, together with his courageous bands of soldiers, whose countenances in battle were not unlike those of young lions? Not regarding the words of the prophet, who says, "The blood-thirsty and deceitful men shall not live out half their days;" and even if the sequel of thy sins were not such as ensued, yet what retribution couldst thou expect for this offence only at the hands of the just Judge, who hath said by his prophet: "Woe be to thee who spoilest, and shalt not thou thyself be spoiled? and thou who killest, shalt not thyself be killed? and when thou shalt make an end of thy spoiling, then shalt thou thyself fall."

**34** But when the imagination of thy violent rule had succeeded according to thy wishes, and thou wast urged by a desire to return into the right way, night and day the consciousness of thy crimes afflicted thee, whilst thou didst ruminate on the Lord's ritual and the ordinances of the monks, and then publish to the world and vow thyself before God a monk with no intention to be unfaithful, as thou didst say, having burst through those toils in which such great beasts as thyself were used to become entangled, whether it were love of rule, of gold, or silver, or, what is stronger still, the fancies of thy own heart. And didst thou not, as a dove which cleaves the yielding air with its pinions, and by its rapid turns escapes the furious hawk, safely return to the cells where the saints repose, as a most certain place of refuge? Oh how great a joy should it have been to our mother church, if the enemy of all mankind had not lamentably pulled thee, as it were, out of her bosom! Oh what an abundant flame of heavenly hope would have been kindled in the hearts of desperate sinners, hadst thou remained in thy blessed estate! Oh what great rewards in the kingdom of Christ would have been laid up for thy soul against the day of judgment, if that crafty wolf had not caught thee, who of a wolf wast now become a lamb (not much against thine own will) out of the fold of our Lord, and made thee of a lamb, a wolf like unto himself, again? Oh how great a joy would the preservation of thy salvation have been to God the Father of all saints, had not the devil, the father of all castaways, as an eagle of monstrous wings and claws, carried thee captive away against all right and reason, to the unhappy band of his children? And to be short, thy conversion to righteousness gave as great joy to heaven and earth, as now thy detestable return, like a dog to his vomit, breedeth grief and lamentation: which being done, "the members which should have been busily employed, as the armour of justice for the Lord, are now become the armour of iniquity for sin and the devil;" for now thou dost not listen to the praises of God sweetly sounded forth by the pleasant voices of Christ's soldiers, nor the instruments of ecclesiastical melody, but thy own praises (which are nothing) rung out after the fashion of the giddy rout of Bacchus by the mouths of thy villainous followers, accompanied with lies and malice, to the utter destruction of the neighbours; so that the vessel prepared for the service of God, is now turned to a vessel of dirt, and what was once reputed worthy of heavenly honour, is now cast as it deserves into the bottomless pit of hell.

**35** Yet neither is thy sensual mind (which is overcome by the excess of thy follies) at all checked in its course with committing so many sins, but hot and prone (like a young colt that coveteth every pleasant pasture) runneth headlong forward, with irrecoverable fury, through the intended fields of crime, continually increasing the number of its transgressions. For the former marriage of thy first wife (although after thy violated vow of religion she was not lawfully thine, but only by right of the time she was with thee), was now despised by thee, and another woman, the wife of a man then living, and he no stranger, but thy own brother's son, enjoyed thy affections. Upon which occasion that stiff neck of thine (already laden with sins) is now burdened with two monstrous murders, the one of thy aforesaid nephew, the other, of her who once was thy wedded wife: and thou art now from low to lower, and from bad to worse, bowed, bent, and sunk down into the lowest depth of sacrilege. Afterwards, also didst thou publicly marry the widow by whose deceit and suggestion such a heavy weight of offences was undergone, and take her, lawfully, as the flattering tongues of thy parasites with false words pronounced it, but as

we say, most wickedly, to be thine own in wedlock. And therefore what holy man is there, who, moved with the narration of such a history, would not presently break out into weeping and lamentations? What priest (whose heart lieth open unto God) would not instantly, upon hearing this, exclaim with anguish in the language of the prophet: "Who shall give water to my head, and to my eyes a fountain of tears, and I will day and night bewail those of my people, who are slaughtered." For full little (alas!) hast thou with thine ears listened to that reprehension of the prophet speaking in this wise: "Woe be unto you, O wicked men, who have left the law of the most holy God, and if ye shall be born, your portion shall be to malediction, and if ye die, to malediction shall be your portion, all things that are from the earth, to the earth shall be converted again, so shall the wicked from malediction pass to perdition:" if they return not unto our Lord, listening to this admonition: "Son, thou hast offended; add no further offence thereunto, but rather pray for the forgiveness of the former." And again, "Be not slow to be converted unto our Lord, neither put off the same from day to day, for his wrath doth come suddenly." Because, as the Scripture saith, "When the king heareth the unjust word, all under his dominion become wicked." And, the just king (according to the prophet) raiseth up his region. But warnings truly are not wanting to thee, since thou hast had for thy instructor the most eloquent master of almost all Britain. Take heed, thereof, lest that which Solomon noteth, befall thee, which is, "Even as he who stirreth up a sleeping man out of his heavy sleep, so is that person who declareth wisdom unto a fool, for in the end of his speech will he say, What hast thou first spoken? Wash thine heart (as it is written) from malice, O Jerusalem, that thou mayest be saved." Despise not (I beseech thee) the unspeakable mercy of God, calling by his prophet the wicked in this way from their offences: "I will on a sudden speak to the nation, and to the kingdom, that I may root out, and disperse, and destroy, and overthrow." As for the sinner he doth in this wise exhort him vehemently to repent. "And if the same people shall repent from their offence, I will also repent of the evil which I have said that I would do unto them." And again, "Who will give them such an heart, that they may hear me, and keep my commandments, and that it may be well with them all the days of their lives." And also in the Canticle of Deuteronomy, "A people without counsel and prudence, I wish they would be wise, and understand, and foresee the last of all, how one pursueth a thousand and two put to flight ten thousand." And again, our Lord in the gospel, "Come unto me, all ye who do labour and are burdened, and I will make you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me, because I am meek and humble of heart, and ye shall find repose for your souls." For if thou turn a deaf ear to these admonitions, condemn the prophets, and despise Christ, and make no account of us, humble though we be, so long as with sincere piety and purity of mind we bear in mind that saying of the prophet, that we may not be found, "Dumb dogs, not able to bark;" (however I for my part may not be of that singular fortitude, in the spirit and virtue of our Lord, as to declare, "To the house of Jacob their sins, and the house of Israel their offences;") and so long as we shall remember that of Solomon, "He who says that the wicked are just, shall be accursed among the people, and odious to nations, for they who reprove them shall have better hopes." And again, "Respect, not with reverence thy neighbour in his ruin, nor forbear to speak in time of salvation." And as long also as we forget not this, "Root out those who are led to death, and forbear not to redeem them who are murdered;" because, as the same prophet says, "Riches shall not profit in the day of wrath, but justice delivereth from death." And, "If the just indeed be hardly saved, where shall the wicked and sinner appear?" If, as I said, thou scorn us, who obey these texts, the dark flood of hell shall without doubt eternally drown thee in that deadly whirlpool, and those terrible streams of fire that shall ever torment and never consume thee, and then shall the confession of thy pains and sorrow for thy sins be altogether too late and unprofitable to one, who now in this accepted time and day of salvation deferreth his conversion to a more righteous way of life.

**37** And here, indeed, if not before, was this lamentable history of the miseries of our time to have been brought to a conclusion,

that I might no further discourse of the deeds of men; but that I may not be thought timid or weary, whereby I might the less carefully avoid that saying of Isaiah, "Woe be to them who call good evil, and evil good, placing darkness for light, and light for darkness, bitter for sweet, and sweet for bitter, who seeing see not, and hearing hear not, whose hearts are overshadowed with a thick and black cloud of vices;" I will briefly set down the threatenings which are denounced against these five aforesaid lascivious horses, the frantic followers of Pharaoh, through whom his army is wilfully urged forward to their utter destruction in the Red Sea, and also against such others, by the sacred oracles, with whose holy testimonies the frame of this our little work is, as it were, roofed in, that it may not be subject to the showers of the envious, which otherwise would be poured thereon. Let, therefore, God's holy prophets, who are to mortal men the mouth of God, and the organ of the Holy Ghost, forbidding evils, and favouring goodness, answer for us as well now as formerly, against the stubborn and proud princes of this our age, that they may not say we menace them with such threats, and such great terrors of our own invention only, and with rash and over-zealous meddling. For to no wise man is it doubtful how far more grievous the sins of this our time are than those of the primitive age, when the apostle said, "Any one transgressing the law, being convicted by two or three witnesses, shall die, how much worse punishment think ye then that he deserveth, who shall trample under his foot the Son of God?"

**38** And first of all appears before us, Samuel, by God's commandment, the establisher of a lawful kingdom, dedicated to God before his birth, undoubtedly known by marvellous signs, to be a true prophet unto all the people, from Dan even to Beersheba, out of whose mouth the Holy Ghost thundereth to all the potentates of the world, denouncing Saul the first king of the Hebrews, only because he did not accomplish some matters commanded him of our Lord, in these words which follow: "Thou hast done foolishly, neither yet hast thou kept the commandments of our Lord thy God, that he hath given thee in charge; which if thou hadst not committed, even now had our Lord prepared thy reign over Israel for ever, but thy kingdom shall no farther arise." And what did he commit, whether it were adultery or murder, like to the offences of the present time? No, truly, but broke in part one of God's commandments, for, as one of our writers says, "The question is not of the quality of the sin, but of the violating of the precept." Also when he endeavoured to answer (as he thought) the objections of Samuel, and after the fashion of men wisely to make excuses for his offence in this manner: "Yea, I have obeyed the voice of our Lord, and walked in the way through which he hath sent me;" with this rebuke was he corrected by him: "What! will our Lord have burnt offerings or oblations, and not rather that the voice of our Lord should be obeyed? Obedience is better than oblations, and to hearken unto him, better than to offer the fat of rams. For as it is the sin of soothsaying to resist, so is it the offence of idolatry not to obey; in regard, therefore, that thou hast cast away the word of our Lord, he hath also cast thee away that thou be not king." And a little after, "Our Lord hath this day rent the kingdom of Israel from thee, and delivered it up to thy neighbour, a man better than thyself. The Triumpher of Israel truly will not spare, and will not be bowed with repentance, neither yet is he a man that he should repent;" that is to say, upon the stony hearts of the wicked: wherein it is to be noted how he saith, that to be disobedient unto God is the sin of idolatry. Let not, therefore, our wicked transgressors (while they do not openly sacrifice to the gods of the Gentiles) flatter themselves that they are not idolaters, whilst they tread like swine the most precious pearls of Christ under their feet.

**39** But although this one example as an invincible affirmation might abundantly suffice to correct the wicked; yet, that by the mouths of many witnesses all the offences of Britain may be proved, let us pass to the rest. What happened to David for numbering his people, when the prophet Gad spake unto him in this sort? Thus saith our Lord: "The choice of three things is offered thee, choose which thou wilt, that I may execute it upon thee. Shall there befall thee a famine for seven years, or shalt thou flee three months before thine enemies, and they pursue thee, or shall

there be three days' pestilence in thy land?" For being brought into great straits by this condition, and willing rather to fall into the hands of God who is merciful, than into those of men, he was humbled with the slaughter of seventy thousand of his subjects, and unless with the affection of an apostolic charity, he had desired to die himself for his countrymen, that the plague might not further consume them, saying, "I am he that has offended, I the shepherd have dealt unjustly: but these sheep, what have they sinned? Let thy hand, I beseech thee, be turned against me, and against the house of my father;" he would have atoned for the unadvised pride of his heart with his own death. For what does the scripture afterwards declare of his son? "And Solomon wrought that which was not pleasing before our Lord, and he did not fill up the measure of his good deeds by following the Lord like his father David. And our Lord said unto him, Because thou hast thus behaved thyself, and not observed my covenant and precepts, which I have commanded thee, breaking it asunder; I will divide thy kingdom, and give the same unto thy servant."

**40** Hear now likewise what fell upon the two sacrilegious kings of Israel (even such as ours are), Jeroboam and Baasha, unto whom the sentence and doom of our Lord is by the prophet in this way directed: "For what cause have I exalted thee a prince over Israel, in regard that they have provoked me by their vanities. Behold I will stir up after Baasha and after his house, and I will give over his house as the house of Jeroboam the son of Nebat. Whoso of his blood shall die in the city, the dogs shall eat him, and the dead carcass of him that dieth in the field shall the fowls of the air eat." What doth he also threaten unto that wicked king of Israel, a worthy companion of the former, by whose collusion and his wife's deceit, innocent Naboth was for his father's vineyard put to death, when the holy mouth of Elias, yea, the selfsame mouth that was instructed with the fiery speech of our Lord, thus spake unto him: "Hast thou killed and also taken possession, and after this wilt thou yet add more? Thus saith our Lord, in this very place, wherein the dogs have licked the blood of Naboth, they shall lick up thy blood also." Which fell out afterwards in that very sort, as we have certain proof. But lest perchance (as befell Ahab also) the lying spirit, which pronounceth vain things in the mouths of your prophets may seduce you, hearken to the words of the prophet Micah: "Behold God hath suffered the spirit of lying to possess the mouths of all thy prophets that do here remain, and our Lord hath pronounced evil against thee." For even now it is certain that there are some teachers inspired with a contrary spirit, preaching and affirming rather what is pleasing, however depraved, than what is true: whose words are softer than oil, and the same are darts, who say, peace, peace, and there shall be no peace to them, who persevere in their sins, as says the prophet in another place also, "It is not for the wicked to rejoice, saith our Lord."

**41** Azarias, also, the son of Obed, spoke unto Asa, who returned from the slaughter of the army of ten hundred thousand Ethiopians, saying, "Our Lord is with you while you remain with him, and if you will seek him out, he will be found by you, and if you will leave him, he will leave you also." For if Jehosaphat for only assisting a wicked king, was thus reprov'd by the prophet Jehu, the son of Ananias, saying, "If thou givest aid to a sinner, or lovest them whom our Lord doth hate, the wrath of God doth therefore hang over thee," what shall become of them who are fettered in the snares of their own offences? whose sin we must of necessity hate, if not their souls, if we wish to fight in the army of the Lord, according to the words of the Psalmist, "Hate ye evil, who love our Lord." What was said to Jehoram, the son of the above-named Jehosaphat, that most horrible murderer (who being himself a bastard, slew his noble brethren, that he might possess the throne in their place), by the prophet Elias, who was the chariot and charioteer of Israel? "Thus speaketh the Lord God of thy father David. Because thou hast not walked in the way of thy father Jehosaphat, and in the ways of Asa the king of Judah, but hast walked in the ways of the kings of Israel, and in adultery according to the behaviour of the house of Ahab, and hast moreover killed thy brethren, the sons of Jehosaphat, men far better than thyself, behold, our Lord shall strike thee and thy children with a mighty plague." And a little afterwards, "And thou shalt be very sick of

a disease of thy belly, until thy entrails shall, together with the malady itself, from day to day, come forth out of thee." And listen also what the prophet Zachariah, the son of Jehoiades, menaced to Joash, the king of Israel, when he abandoned our Lord even as ye now do, and the prophet spoke in this manner to the people: "Thus saith our Lord, Why do ye transgress the commandments of our Lord and do not prosper? Because ye have left our Lord, he will also leave you."

42 What shall I mention of Isaiah, the first and chief of the prophets, who beginneth his prophecy, or rather vision, in this way: "Hear, O ye heavens, and O thou earth conceive in thine ears, because our Lord hath spoken, I have nourished children, and exalted them, but they themselves have despised me. The ox hath known his owner, and the ass his master's crib, but Israel hath not known me, and my people hath not understood." And a little further with threatenings answerable to so great a folly, he saith, "The daughter of Sion shall be utterly left as a tabernacle in the vineyard, and as a hovel in the cucumber garden, and a city that is sacked." And especially, convening and accusing the princes, he saith, "Hear the word of our Lord, O ye princes of Sodom, perceive ye the law of our Lord, O ye people of Gomorrah." Wherein it is to be noted, that unjust kings are termed the princes of Sodom, for our Lord, forbidding sacrifices and gifts to be offered to him by such persons, and seeing that we greedily receive those offerings which in all nations are displeasing unto God, and to our own destruction suffer them not to be bestowed on the poor and needy, speak thus to them who, laden with riches, are likewise given to offend on this head: "Offer no more your sacrifice in vain, your incense is abomination unto me." And again he denounceth them thus: "And when ye shall stretch out your hands, I will turn away mine eyes from you, and when ye shall multiply your prayers, I will not hear." And he declareth wherefore he does this, saying, "Your hands are full of blood." And likewise showing how he may be appeased, he says, "Be ye washed, be ye clean, take away the evil of your thoughts from mine eyes: cease to do evil, learn to do well: seek for judgment, succour the oppressed, do justice to the pupil or orphan." And then assuming as it were the part of a reconciling mediator, he adds, "Though your sins shall be as scarlet, they shall be made white as snow: though they shall be as red as the little worm, they shall be as white as wool. If ye shall be willing to hear me, ye shall feed on the good things of the land; but if ye will not, but provoke me unto wrath, the sword shall devour you."

43 Receive ye the true and public avoucher, witnessing, without any falsehood or flattery, the reward of your good and evil, not like the soothing humble lips of your parasites, which whisper poisons into your ears. And also directing his sentence against ravenous judges, he saith thus: "Thy princes are unfaithful, companions of thieves, all love gifts, hunt after rewards: they do no justice to the orphan, the widow's cause entereth not unto them. For thus saith our Lord God of hosts, the strong one of Israel, Alas, I will take consolation upon my foes, and be revenged upon mine enemies; and the heinous sinners shall be broken to powder, and offenders together with them, and all who have left our Lord, shall be consumed." And afterwards, "The eyes of the lofty man shall be brought low, and the height of men hath bowed down." And again, "Woe be to the wicked, evil befell him, for he shall be rewarded according to his handy-work." And a little after, "Woe be unto you who arise early to follow drunkenness, and to drink even to the very evening, that ye may fume with wine. The harp, and the lyre, and the tabor, and the pipe, and wine are in your banquets, and the work of our Lord ye respect not, neither yet consider ye the works of his hands. Therefore is my people led captive away, because they have not had knowledge, and their nobles have perished with famine, and their multitude hath withered away with thirst. Therefore hath hell enlarged and dilated his spirit, and without measure opened his mouth, and his strong ones, and his people, and his lofty and glorious ones, shall descend down unto him." And afterwards, "Woe be unto you who are mighty for the drinking of wine, and strong men for the procuring of drunkenness, who justify the wicked for rewards, and deprive the just man of his justice. For this cause even as the tongue of

the fire devoureth the stubble, and as the heat of the flame burneth up, so shall their root be as the ashes, and their branch shall rise up as the dust. For they have cast away the law of our Lord of hosts, and despised the speech of the holy one of Israel. In all these the fury of our Lord is not turned away, but as yet his hand is stretched out."

44 And further on, speaking of the day of judgment and the unspeakable fears of sinners, he says, "Howl ye, because the day of our Lord is near at hand (if so near at that time, what shall it now be thought to be?) for destruction shall proceed from God. For this shall all hands be dissolved, and every man's heart shall wither away, and be bruised; tortures and dolours shall hold them, as a woman in labour so shall they be grieved, every man shall at his neighbour stand astonished, burned faces shall be their countenances. Behold, the day of our Lord shall come, fierce and full of indignation, and of wrath, and fury, to turn the earth into a desert, and break her sinners in small pieces from off her; because the stars of heaven and the brightness of them, shall not unfold their light, the sun in his rising shall be covered over with darkness, and the moon shall not shine in her season; and I will visit upon the evils of the world, and against the wicked, their own iniquity, and I will make the pride of the unfaithful to cease, and the arrogancy of the strong, I will bring low." And again, "Behold our Lord will disperse the earth, and he will strip her naked, and afflict her face, and scatter her inhabitants; and as the people, so shall be the priest; and as the slave, so shall be his lord; as the handmaid, so shall be her lady; as the purchaser, so shall be the seller; as the usurer, so shall be he that borroweth; as he who demandeth, so shall he be that oweth. With dispersing shall the earth be scattered, and with sacking shall she be spoiled. For our Lord hath spoken this word. The earth hath bewailed, and hath flitted away; the world hath run to nothing, she is weakened by her inhabitants, because they have transgressed laws, changed right, brought to ruin the eternal truce. For this shall malediction devour the earth."

45 And afterwards, "They shall lament all of them who now in heart rejoice, the delight of the timbrels hath ceased, the sound of the gladsome shall be silent, the sweetness of the harp shall be hushed, they shall not with singing drink their wine, bitter shall be the potion to the drinkers thereof. The city of vanity is wasted, every house is shut up, no man entering in; an outcry shall be in the streets over the wine, all gladness is forsaken, the joy of the land is transferred, solitariness is left in the town, and calamity shall oppress the gates, because these things shall be in the midst of the land, and in the midst of the people." And a little further, "Swerving from the truth, they have wandered out of the right way, with the straggling of transgressors have they gone astray. Fear and intrapping falls, and a snare upon thee who art the inhabitant of the earth. And it shall come to pass: whoso shall flee from the voice of the fear, shall tumble down into the intrapping pit; and whoso shall deliver himself out of the downfall, shall be caught in the entangling snare: because the flood-gates from aloft shall be opened, and the foundations of the earth shall be shaken. With bruising shall the earth be broken, with commotion shall she be moved, with tossing shall she be shaken like a drunken man, and she shall be taken away as if she were a pavilion of one night's pitching, and her iniquities shall hang heavy upon her, and she shall fall down, and shall not attempt to rise again. And it shall be, that our Lord in the same day shall look on the warfare of heaven on high, and on the kings of the earth, who are upon the earth, and they shall be gathered together in the bundle of one burden into the lake, and shall there be shut up in prison, and after many days shall they be visited. And the moon shall blush, and the sun be confounded, when our Lord of hosts shall reign in Mount Sion and in Jerusalem, and be glorified in the sight of his seniors."

46 And after a while, giving a reason why he threateneth in that sort, he says thus: "Behold the hand of our Lord is not shortened that he cannot save, neither is his ear made heavy that he may not hear. But your iniquities have divided between you and your God, and your offences have hid his face from you, that he might not hear. For your hands are defiled with blood, and your fingers with iniquity: your lips have spoken lying, and your tongue uttereth

iniquity. There is none who calleth on justice, neither is there he who judgeth truly, but they trust in nothing, and speak vanities, and have conceived grief, and brought forth iniquity." And a little after, "Their works are unprofitable, and the work of iniquity is in their hands; their feet run into evil, and make haste that they may shed the innocent blood; their thoughts are unprofitable thoughts, spoil and confusion are in their ways, and the way of peace they have not known, and in their steps there is no judgment, their paths are made crooked unto them, every one who treadeth in them is ignorant of peace; in this respect in judgment removed far off from you, and justice taketh no hold on you." And after a few words, "And judgment hath been turned back, and justice hath stood afar off, because truth hath fallen down in the streets, and equity could not enter in; and truth is turned into oblivion, and whoso hath departed from evil, hath lain open to spoil. And our Lord hath seen, and it was not pleasing in his eyes, because there is not judgment."

47 And thus far may it suffice among many, to have recited a few sentences out of the prophet Isaiah.

But now with diligent ears hearken unto him, who was fore-known before he was formed in the belly, sanctified before he came out of the womb, and appointed a prophet in all nations: I mean Jeremiah, and hear what he hath pronounced of foolish people and cruel kings, beginning his prophecy in his mild and gentle manner.

"And the word of God was spoken unto me, saying, Go and cry in the ears of Jerusalem, and thou shalt pronounce, Hear the word of our Lord, thou house of Jacob, and all ye kindred of the house of Israel: Thus saith our Lord; What iniquity have your fathers found in me, who have been far removed from me, and walked after vanity, and are become vain, and have not said, Where is he who made us go up out of the land of Egypt?" And after a few words, "From the beginning of thine age thou hast broken my yoke, violated my bands, and said, I will not serve, I have planted thee my chosen vine, all true seed. How art thou therefore converted into naughtiness? O strange vine! If thou shalt wash thee with nitre, and multiply unto thee the herb borith, thou art spotted in my sight with thine iniquity, saith our Lord." And afterwards, "Why will ye contend with me in judgment? Ye have all forsaken me, saith our Lord, in vain have I corrected your children, they have not received discipline. Hear ye the word of our Lord. Am I made a solitariness unto Israel, or a late bearing land! why therefore hath my people said, we have departed, we will come no more unto thee? Doth the virgin forget her ornament, or the spouse her gorget? my people truly hath forgotten me for innumerable days. Because my people are foolish, they have not known me, they are unwise and mad children. They are wise to do evil, but to do well they have been ignorant."

48 Then the prophet speaketh in his own person saying, "O Lord thine eyes do respect faith, thou hast stricken them, and they have not sorrowed, thou hast broken them and they have refused to receive discipline, they have made their faces harder than the rock, and will not return." And also our Lord: "Declare ye this same to the house of Jacob, and make it to be heard in Judah, saying, Hear, ye foolish people who have no heart, who having eyes see not, and ears hear not. Will ye not therefore dread me, saith our Lord, and will ye not conceive grief from my countenance, who have placed the sand as the bound of the sea, an eternal commandment which she shall not break, and her waves shall be moved, and they cannot, and her surge shall swell, and yet not pass the same? But to this people is framed an incredulous and an exasperating heart, they have retired and gone their ways, and not in their heart said, Let us fear our Lord God." And again, "Because there are found among my people wicked ones, framing wiles to entangle as if they were fowlers, setting snares and gins to catch men: as a net that is full of birds, so are their houses filled with deceits. Therefore are they magnified and enriched, they are become gross and fat, and have neglected my speeches most vilely, the orphans' cause they have not decided, and the justice of the poor they have not adjudged. What! shall I not visit these men, saith our Lord? or shall not my soul be revenged upon such a nation?"

49 But God forbid that ever should happen unto you, that which followeth, "Thou shalt speak all these words unto them, and they shall not hear thee; and thou shalt call them, and they shall not answer thee; and thou shalt say unto them, This is the nation that hath not heard the voice of their Lord God, nor yet received discipline, faith hath perished, and been taken away from out of their mouth." And after some few speeches, "Whoso falleth doth he not arise again, and whoso is turned away, shall he not return again? why therefore is this people in Jerusalem, with a contentious aversion alienated? they have apprehended lying, and they will not come back again. I have been attentive, and hearkened diligently, no man speaketh what is good. There is none who repenteth of his sin, saying, What have I done? All are turned unto their own course, like a horse passing with violence to battle. The kite in the sky hath known her time, the turtle, and swallow, and stork have kept the season of their coming, but my people hath not known the judgment of God." And the prophet, being smitten with fear at so wonderful a blindness, and unspeakable drunkenness of the sacrilegious, and lamenting them who did not lament themselves (even according to the present behaviour of these our unfortunate tyrants), beseecheth of our Lord, that an augmentation of tears might be granted him, speaking in this manner, "I am contrite upon the contrition of the daughter of my people, astonishment hath possessed me: is there no balm in Gilead, or is there no physician there? Why therefore is not the wound of the daughter of my people healed? Who shall give water unto my head, and to mine eyes a fountain of tears, and I will day and night bewail the slaughtered of my people? who will grant me in the wilderness the inn of passengers? and I will utterly leave my people, and depart from them; because they are all of them adulterers, a root of offenders, and they have bent their tongue as the bow of lying, and not of truth, they are comforted in the earth, because they have passed from evil to evil, and not known me, saith our Lord." And again: "And our Lord hath said, Because they have forsaken my law, which I have given them, and not heard my voice, nor walked thereafter, and have wandered away after the wickedness of their own heart, in that respect our Lord of hosts, the God of Israel, saith these words, Behold I will feed this people with wormwood, and give them to drink the water of gall." And a little after (speaking in the person of God), "See therefore thou do not pray for this people, nor assume thou for them praise and prayer, because I will not hear in the time of their outcry unto me, and of their affliction."

50 What then shall now our miserable governors do, these few who found out the narrow way and left the large, were by God forbidden to pour out their prayers for such as persevered in their evils, and so highly provoked his wrath, against whom on the contrary side when they returned with all their hearts unto God (his divine Majesty being unwilling that the soul of man should perish, but calling back the castaway that he should not utterly be destroyed) the same prophets could not procure the heavenly revenge, because Jonas, when he desired the like most earnestly against the Ninevites, could not obtain it. But in the meanwhile omitting our own words, let us rather hear what the prophetic trumpet soundeth in our ears speaking thus: "If thou shalt say in thy heart, Why have these evils befallen? For the multitude of thine iniquities. If the Ethiopian can change his skin, or the leopard his sundry spots, ye may also do well when ye have learned evil," ever supposing that ye will not. And afterwards: "These words doth our Lord say to this people, who have loved to move their feet, and have not rested, and not pleased our Lord. Now shall he remember their iniquities, and visit their offences; and our Lord said unto me, Pray thou not for this people to work their good, when they fast, I will not hear their prayers; and if they offer burnt sacrifices and oblations, I will not receive them." And again, "And our Lord said unto me, If Moses and Samuel shall stand before me, my soul is not bent to this people, cast them out away from my face, and let them depart." And after a few words: "Who shall have pity on thee Jerusalem, or who shall be sorrowful for thee, or who shall pray for thy peace? Thou hast left me (saith our Lord) and gone away backward, and I will stretch forth my hand over thee, and kill thee." And somewhat after: "Thus saith



our Lord, Behold I imagine a thought against you, let every man return from his evil course, and make straight your ways and endeavours, who said, we despair, we will go after our own thoughts, and every one of us will do the naughtiness of his evil heart. Thus therefore saith our Lord, Ask the Gentiles, who hath heard such horrible matters, which the virgin Israel hath too often committed? Shall there fail from the rock of the field, the snow of Libanus? or can the waters be drawn dry that gush out cold and flowing? because my people hath forgotten me." And somewhat also after this propounding unto them an election, he speaking saith, "Thus saith our Lord, Do ye judgment and justice, and deliver him who by power is oppressed out of the hand of the malicious accuser; and for the stranger, and orphan, and widow, do not provoke their sorrow, neither yet work ye unjustly the grief of others, nor shed ye forth the innocent blood. For if indeed ye shall accomplish this word, there shall enter in through the gates of this house, kings of the lineage of David, sitting upon his throne. But if ye will not hearken unto these words, by myself I have sworn (saith our Lord) that this house shall be turned into a desert." And again (for he spoke of a wicked king), "As I live (saith our Lord) if so be that Jechonias shall be a ring on my right hand, I will pluck him away, and give him over into the hands of them who seek his life."

51 Moreover, holy Abraham crieth out, saying, "Woe be unto them who build a city in blood, and prepare a town in iniquities, saying, Are not these things from our almighty Lord? and many people have failed in fire, and many nations have been diminished." And thus complaining, he begins his prophecy: "How long, O Lord, shall I call, and thou wilt not hear? Shall I cry out unto thee, to what end hast thou given me labours and griefs, to behold misery and impiety?" And on the other side, "And judgment was sat upon, and the judge hath taken in regard hereof, the law is rent in pieces, and judgment is not brought fully to his conclusion, because the wicked through power treadeth the just under foot. In this respect hath passed forth perverse judgment."

52 And mark ye also what blessed Hosea the prophet says of princes: "For that they have transgressed my covenant, and ordained against my law, and exclaimed, we have known thee, because thou art against Israel. They have persecuted good, as if it were evil. They have reigned for themselves and not by me; they have held a principality, neither yet have they acknowledged me."

53 And hear ye likewise the holy prophet Amos, in this sort threatening: "In three heinous offences of the sons of Judah, and in four I will not convert them, for that they have cast away the law of our Lord, and not kept his commandments, but their vanities have seduced them. And I will send fire upon Judah, and it shall eat the foundations of Jerusalem. Thus saith our Lord; In three grievous sins of Israel, and in four I will not convert them, for that they have sold the just for money, and the poor man for shoes, which they tread upon the dust of the earth, and with buffets they did beat the heads of the poor, and have eschewed the way of the humble." And after a few words, "Seek our Lord and ye shall live, that the house of Joseph may not shine as fire, and the flame devour it, and he shall not be, that can extinguish it. The house of Israel hath hated him who rebuketh in the gates, and abhorred the upright word." Which Amos, being forbidden to prophesy in Israel, without any fawning flattery, saith in answer, "I was not a prophet, nor yet the son of a prophet, but a goatherd; I was plucking sycamores and our Lord took me from my herd, and our Lord said unto me, Go thy way and prophesy against my people of Israel: and now hear thou the word of our Lord (for he directed his speech unto the king), thou sayest, do not prophesy against Israel, and thou shalt not assemble troops against the house of Jacob. For which cause our Lord saith thus, thy wife in the city shall play the harlot, and thy sons and daughters shall die by the sword, and thy ground be measured by the cord, and thou in a polluted land shalt end thy life, but for Israel, she shall be led from his own country a captive." And afterwards, "Hear therefore these words, ye who do outrageously afflict the poor, and practise your mighty power against the needy of the earth, who say, when shall the month pass over that we may purchase, and the sabbaths that we may open the treasures." And within a few words after, "Our Lord doth swear against the pride of Jacob, if he shall in con-

tempt forget your actions, and if in these the earth shall not be disturbed, and every inhabitant thereof fall to lamentation, and the final end as a flood ascend, and I will turn your festival days into wailing, and cast haircloth on the loins of every one, and on the head of every man baldness, and make him as the mourning of one over beloved, and those who are with him as the day of his sorrow." And again, "In the sword shall die all the sinners of my people, who say, evils shall not approach, nor yet shall light upon us."

54 And listen ye, likewise, what holy Michah the prophet hath spoken, saying, "Hearken, ye tribes. And what shall adorn the city? Shall not fire? and the house of the wicked hoarding up unjust treasures, and with injury unrighteousness? If the wrongful dealer shall be justified in the balance, and deceitful weights in the scales, by which they have heaped up their riches in ungodliness."

55 And hear also what threatens the famous prophet Zephaniah thundereth out: saith he, "The great day of our Lord is near; it is at hand, and very swiftly approacheth. The voice of the day of our Lord is appointed to be bitter and mighty, that day, a day of wrath, a day of tribulation and necessity, a day of clouds and mist, a day of the trumpet and outcry, a day of misery and extermination, a day of darkness and dimness upon the strong cities and high corners. And I will bring men to tribulation, and they shall go as if they were blind, because they have offended our Lord, and I will pour out their blood as dust, and their flesh as the dung of oxen, and their silver and gold shall not be able to deliver them in the day of the wrath of our Lord. And in the fire of his zeal shall the whole earth be consumed, when the Lord shall accomplish his absolute end, and bring solitariness upon all the inhabitants of the earth. Come together and be joined in one, thou nation without discipline, before ye be made as the fading flower, before the wrath of our Lord falleth upon ye."

56 And give ear also unto that which the prophet Haggai speaketh: "Thus saith our Lord, I will once move the heaven, and earth, and sea, and dry land, and I will drive away the thrones of kings, and root out the power of the kings of the Gentiles, and I will chase away the chariots of those who mount upon them."

57 Now also behold what Zacharias the son of Addo, that chosen prophet, said, beginning his prophecy in this manner: "Return to me, and I will return unto you, saith our Lord, and be not like your fathers, to whom the former prophets have imputed, saying, Thus saith our almighty Lord, Turn away from your ways, and they have not marked whereby they might obediently hear me." And afterwards, "And the angel asked me, what dost thou see? And I said, I see a flying scythe, which containeth in length twenty cubits. The malediction which hath proceeded upon the face of the whole earth; because every one of her thieves shall be punished even to the death, and I will throw him away, saith our almighty Lord, and he shall enter into the house of fury, and into the house of swearing falsehood in my name."

58 Holy Malachy the prophet also saith, "Behold, the day of our Lord shall come, inflamed as a furnace, and all proud men, and all workers of iniquity shall be as stubble, and the approaching day of the Lord of hosts shall set them on fire, which shall not leave a root nor a bud of them."

59 And hearken ye also what holy Job debateth of the beginning and end of the ungodly, saying, "For what purpose do the wicked live, and have grown old dishonestly, and their issue hath been according to their own desire, and their sons before their faces, and their houses are fruitful, and no fear nor yet the scourge of our Lord is upon them. Their cow hath not been abortive, their great with young hath brought forth her young ones and not missed, but remaineth as an eternal breed; and their children rejoice, and taking the psaltery and harp, have finished their days in felicity and fallen peaceably asleep down into hell." Doth God, therefore, not behold the works of the wicked? Not so, truly, "But the candle of the ungodly shall be extinguished, and destruction shall fall upon them, and pains as of one in childbirth, shall withhold them from wrath; and they shall be as chaff before the wind, and as the dust which the whirlwind hath carried away. Let all goodness

fail his children; let his eyes behold his own slaughter, nor yet by our Lord let him be redeemed." And a little after, he saith of the same men, "Who have ravenously taken the flock with the shepherd, and driven away the beast of the orphans, and engaged the ox of the widow, and deceiving, have declined from the way of necessity. They have reaped other men's fields before the time; the poor have laboured in the vineyards of the mighty without hire and meat, they have made many to sleep naked without garments; of the covering of their life they have bereaved them." And somewhat afterwards, when he had thoroughly understood their works, he delivered them over to darkness. "Let, therefore, his portion be accursed from the earth; let his plantings bring forth witherings; let him for this be rewarded according to his dealings; let every wicked man like the unsound wood be broken in pieces. For arising in his wrath hath he overthrown the impotent. Wherefore truly shall he have no trust of his life; when he shall begin to grow diseased, let him not hope for health, but fall into languishing. For his pride hath been the hurt of many, and he is become decayed and rotten, as the mallows in the scorching heat, or as the ear of corn when it falleth off from its stubble." And afterwards, "If his children shall be many, they shall be turned to the slaughter, and if he gather together silver as if it were earth, and likewise purify his gold as if it were dirt, all these same shall the just obtain."

**60** Hear ye moreover what blessed Esdras, that cyclopædia of the divine law, threateneth in his discourse. "Thus saith our Lord God: My right hand shall not be sparing upon sinners, neither shall the sword cease over them who spill the innocent blood on the earth. Fire shall proceed from out of my wrath, and devour the foundations of the earth, and sinners as if they were inflamed straw. Woe be unto them who offend, and observe not my commandments, saith our Lord, I will not forbear them. Depart from me ye apostatizing children, and do not pollute my sanctuary. God doth know who offend against him, and he will therefore deliver them over to death and to slaughter. For now have many evils passed over the round compass of the earth. A sword of fire is sent out against you, and who is he that shall restrain it? shall any man repulse a lion that hungereth in the wood? or shall any one quench out the fire when the straw is burning? our Lord God will send out evils, and who is he that shall repress them? and fire will pass forth from out of his wrath, and who shall extinguish it? it shall brandishing shine, and who will not fear it? it shall thunder, and who will not shake with dread? God will threaten all, and who will not be terrified? before his face the earth doth tremble, and the foundations of the sea shake from the depths."

**61** And mark ye also what Ezechiel the renowned prophet, and admirable beholder of the four evangelical creatures, speaketh of wicked offenders, unto whom pitifully lamenting beforehand the scourge that hung over Israel, our Lord doth say, "Too far hath the iniquity of the house of Israel and Judah prevailed, because the earth is filled with iniquity and uncleanness. Behold I am, mine eyes shall not spare, nor will I take pity." And afterwards, "Because the earth is replenished with people, and the city fraught with iniquity, I will also turn away the force of their power, and their holy things shall be polluted, prayer shall approach and sue for peace, and it shall not be obtained." And somewhat after, "The word of our Lord, quoth he, was spoken unto me, saying, Thou son of man, the land that shall so far sin against me as to commit an offence, I will stretch forth my hand upon her, and break in pieces her foundation of bread, and send upon her famine, and take away mankind and cattle from her; and if these three men, Noah, Daniel, and Job, be in the midst of her, they shall not deliver her, but they in their justice shall be saved, saith our Lord. If so be that also I shall bring in evil beasts upon the land and punish her, she likewise shall be turned to destruction, and there shall not be one who shall have free passage from the face of the beasts, and although these three men are in the midst of her, as I live, saith our Lord, their sons and daughters shall not be preserved, but they alone shall be saved, and as for the land it shall fall to confusion." And again, "The son shall not receive the unrighteousness of the father, neither the father the son's unrighteousness. The justice of the just shall be upon himself. And the unjust man, if he turneth

him away from all the iniquities which he hath done, and keepeth all my commandments, and doth justice and abundance of mercy, he shall live in life and shall not die. All his sins, whatsoever he hath committed, shall have no further being; he shall live the life in his own justice which he hath performed. Do I with my will voluntarily wish the death of the unrighteous, saith our Lord, rather than that he should return from his evil way and live? But when the just shall turn himself away from his justice, and do iniquity, according to all the iniquities which the unrighteous hath committed, all the just actions (which he hath done) shall remain no further in memory. In his offence wherein he hath fallen, and in his sins in which he hath transgressed, he shall die." And, within some words afterwards: "And all nations shall understand, that the house of Israel are led captive away for their offences, because they have forsaken me. And I have turned my face from them, and yielded them over into the hands of their enemies, and all have perished by the sword; according unto their unclean sins, and after their iniquities have I dealt with them, and turned my face away from them."

**62** This which I have spoken may suffice concerning the threats of the holy prophets: only I have thought it necessary to intermingle in this little work of mine, not only these menaces, but also a few words borrowed out of the wisdom of Solomon, to declare unto kings matters of exhortation or instruction, that they may not say I am willing to load the shoulders of men with heavy and insupportable burdens of words, but not so much as once with mine own finger (that is, with speech of consolation) to move the same. Let us therefore hear what the prophet hath spoken to rule us. "Love justice," saith he, "ye that judge the earth." This testimony alone (if it were with a full and perfect heart observed) would abundantly suffice to reform the governors of our country. For if they had loved justice, they would also love God, who is in a sort the fountain and original of all justice. "Serve our Lord in goodness, and seek him in simplicity of heart." Alas! who shall live (as a certain one before us hath said) when such things are done by our countrymen, if perchance they may be any where accomplished? "Because he is found of those who do not tempt him, he appeareth truly to them who have faith in him." For these men without respect do tempt God, whose commandments with stubborn despite they contemn, neither yet do they keep to him their faith, unto whose oracles be they pleasing, or somewhat severe, they turn their backs and not their faces. "For perverse thoughts do separate from God," and this in the tyrants of our time very plainly appeareth. But why doth our meanness intermeddle in this so manifest a determination? Let therefore him who alone is true (as we have said) speak for us, I mean the Holy Ghost, of whom it is now pronounced, "The Holy Ghost verily will avoid the counterfeiting of discipline." And again, "Because the Spirit of God hath filled the globe of the earth." And afterwards (showing with an evident judgment the end of the evil and righteous) he saith, "How is the hope of the wicked as the down that is blown away with the wind, and as the smoke that with the blast is dispersed, and as the slender froth that with a storm is scattered, and as the memory of a guest who is a passenger of one day. But the just shall live for ever, and with God remaineth their reward, and their cogitation is with the Highest. Therefore shall they receive the kingdom of glory, and the crown of beauty from the hand of our Lord. Because with his right hand he will protect them, and with his holy arm defend them." For very far unlike in quality are the just and ungodly, as our Lord verily hath spoken, saying, "Them who honour me I will honour, and whoso despise me shall be of no estimation."

**63** But let us pass over to the rest: "Hearken, (saith he) all ye kings, and understand ye; learn, ye judges of the bounds of the earth, listen with your ears who keep multitudes in awe, and please yourselves in the troops of nations. Because power is given unto you from God, and puissance from the highest, who will examine your actions, and sift your thoughts. For that when ye were ministers of his kingdom, ye have not judged uprightly, nor kept the law of justice, nor yet walked according to his will. It shall dreadfully and suddenly appear unto you, that a most severe judgment shall be given on them who govern. For to the meaner is

mercy granted, but the mighty shall mightily sustain torments. For he shall have no respect of persons, who is the ruler of all, nor yet shall he reverence the greatness of any one, because he himself hath made both small and great, and care alike he hath of all; but for the stronger is at hand a stronger affliction. Unto you therefore, O kings, are these my speeches, that you may learn wisdom, and not fall away from her. For whoso observeth what things are just shall be justified, and whoso learneth what things are holy, shall be sanctified."

64 Hitherto have we discoursed no less by the oracles of the prophets, than by her own speeches with the kings of our country, being willing they should know what the prophet hath spoken, saying, "As from the face of a serpent, so fly thou from sins: if thou shalt approach unto them they will catch thee, their teeth are the teeth of a lion, such as kill the souls of men." And again, "How mighty is the mercy of our Lord, and his forgiveness to such as turn unto him." And if we have not in us such apostolical zeal, that we may say, "I did verily desire to be anathematized by Christ for my brethren," notwithstanding that we may from the bottom of our hearts speak that prophetic saying, "Alas! that the soul perisheth." And again, "Let us search out our ways, and seek and return unto our Lord: let us lift our hearts together with our hands to God in heaven." And also that of the apostle, "We covet that every one of you should be in the bowels of Christ."

65 And how willingly, as one tossed on the waves of the sea, and now arrived in a desired haven, would I in this place make an end (shame forbidding me further to proceed), did I not behold such great masses of evil deeds done against God by bishops or other priests, or clerks, yea some of our own order, whom as witnesses myself must of necessity first of all stone (according unto the law) with the hard blows of words, lest I should be otherwise reproved for partiality towards persons, and then afterwards the people (if as yet they keep their decrees) must pursue with their whole powers the same execution upon them, not to their corporal death, but to the death of their vices and their eternal life with God. Yet, as I before said, I crave pardon of them, whose lives I not only praise, but also prefer before all earthly treasure, and of the which, if it may be, yet before my death I desire and thirst to be a partaker: and so having both my sides defended with the double shields of saints, and by those means invincibly strengthened to sustain all that arise against me, arming moreover my head in place of a helmet with the help of our Lord, and being most assuredly protected with the sundry aids of the prophets, I will boldly proceed notwithstanding the stones of worldly rioters fly never so fast about me.

66 Britain hath priests, but they are unwise; very many that minister, but many of them impudent; clerks she hath, but certain of them are deceitful ravens; pastors (as they are called) but rather wolves prepared for the slaughter of souls (for they provide not for the good of the common people, but covet rather the gluttony of their own bellies), possessing the houses of the church, but obtaining them for filthy lucre's sake; instructing the laity, but showing withal most depraved examples, vices, and evil manners; seldom sacrificing, and seldom with clean hearts, standing at the altars; not correcting the commonality for their offences, while they commit the same sins themselves; despising the commandments of Christ, and being careful with their whole hearts to fulfil their own lustful desires, some of them usurping with unclean feet the seat of the apostle Peter; but for the demerit of their covetousness falling down into the pestilent chair of the traitor Judas; detracting often, and seldom speaking truly; hating verity as an open enemy, and favouring falsehoods, as their most beloved brethren; looking on the just, the poor, and the impotent, with stern countenances, as if they were detested serpents, and reverencing the sinful rich men without any respect of shame, as if they were heavenly angels, preaching with their outward lips that alms are to be disbursed upon the needy, but of themselves not bestowing one half-penny; concealing the horrible sins of the people, and amplifying injuries offered unto themselves, as if they were done against our Saviour Christ; expelling out of their houses their religious mother, perhaps, or sisters, and familiarly and indecently entertaining strange women, as if it were for some more secret office,

or rather, to speak truly, though fondly (and yet not fondly to me, but to such as commit these matters), debasing themselves unto such bad creatures; and after all these seeking rather ambitiously for ecclesiastical dignities, than for the kingdom of heaven; and defending after a tyrannical fashion their achieved preferments, nor even labouring with lawful manners, to adorn the same; negligent and dull to listen to the precepts of the holy saints (if ever they did so much as once hear that which full often they ought to hear), but diligent and attentive to the plays and foolish fables of secular men, as if they were the very ways to life, which indeed are but the passages to death; being hoarse, after the fashion of bulls, with the abundance of fatness, and miserably prompt to all unlawful actions; bearing their countenances arrogantly aloft, and having nevertheless their inward senses, with tormenting and gnawing consciences; depressed down to the bottom or rather to the bottomless pit; glad at the gaining of one penny, and at the loss of the like value sad; slothful and dumb in the apostolical decrees (be it for ignorance or rather the burden of their offences), and stopping also the mouths of the learned, but singularly experienced in the deceitful shifts of worldly affairs; and many of this sort and wicked conversation, violently intruding themselves into the preferments of the church; yea, rather buying the same at a high rate, than being any way drawn thereunto, and moreover as unworthy wretches, wallowing, after the fashion of swine, in their old and unhappy puddle of intolerable wickedness, after they have attained unto the seat of the priesthood or episcopal dignity (who neither have been installed, or resident on the same), for usurping only the name of priesthood, they have not received the orders or apostolical pre-eminence; but how can they who are not as yet fully instructed in faith, nor have done penance for their sins, be any way supposed meet and convenient to ascend unto any ecclesiastical degree (that I may not speak of the highest) which none but holy and perfect men, and followers of the apostles, and, to use the words of the teacher of the Gentiles, persons free from reprehension, can lawfully and without the foul offence of sacrilege undertake.

67 For what is so wicked and so sinful as after the example of Simon Magus (even if with other faults he had not been defiled before), for any man with earthly price to purchase the office of a bishop or priest, which with holiness and righteous life alone ought lawfully to be obtained; but herein they do more wilfully and desperately err, in that they buy their deceitful and unprofitable ecclesiastical degrees, not of the apostles or their successors, but of tyrannical princes, and their father the devil; yea, rather they raise this as a certain roof and covering of all offences, over the frame of their former serious life, that being protected under the shadow thereof, no man should lightly hereafter lay to their charge their old or new wickedness; and hereupon they build their desires of covetousness and gluttony, for that being now the rulers of many they may more freely make havoc at their pleasure. For if truly any such offer of purchasing ecclesiastical promotions were made by these impudent sinners (I will not say with St. Peter), but to any holy priest, or godly king, they would no doubt receive the same answer which their father Simon Magus had from the mouth of the apostle Peter, saying: "Thy money be with thee unto thy perdition." But, alas! perhaps they who order and advance these ambitious aspirers, yea, they who rather throw them under foot, and for a blessing give them a cursing, whilst of sinners they make them not penitents (which were more consonant to reason), but sacrilegious and desperate offenders, and in a sort install Judas, that traitor to his Master, in the chair of Peter, and Nicholas, the author of that foul heresy, in the seat of St. Stephen the martyr, it may be at first obtained their own priesthood by the same means, and therefore do not greatly dislike in their children, but rather respect the course, that they their fathers did before follow. And also, if finding resistance, in obtaining their dioceses at home, and some who severely renounce this chaffering of church-livings, they cannot there attain to such a precious pearl, then it doth not so much loath as delight them (after they have carefully sent their messengers beforehand) to cross the seas, and travel over most large countries, that so, in the end, yea even with the sale of their whole substance, they may win and compass such

a pomp, and such an incomparable glory, or to speak more truly, such a dirty and base deceit and illusion. And afterwards with great show and magnificent ostentation, or rather madness, returning back to their own native soil, they grow from stoutness to stateliness, and from being used to level their looks to the tops of the mountains, they now lift up their drowsy eyes into the air, even to the highest clouds, and as Novatus, that foul hog, and persecutor of our Lord's precious jewel, did once at Rome, so do these intrude themselves again into their own country, as creatures of a new mould, or rather as instruments of the devil, being even ready in this state and fashion to stretch out violently their hands (not so worthy of the holy altars as of the avenging flames of hell) upon Christ's most holy sacrifices.

**68** What do you therefore, O unhappy people! expect from such belly beasts? (as the apostle calleth them). Shall your manners be amended by these, who not only do not apply their minds to any goodness, but according to the upbraiding of the prophet, labour also to deal wickedly? Shall ye be illuminated with such eyes as are only with greediness cast on those things that lead headlong to vices (that is to say), to the gates of hell? Nay truly, if according to the saying of our Saviour, ye flee not these most ravenous wolves like those of Arabia, or avoid them as Lot, who ran most speedily from the fiery shower of Sodom up to the mountains, then, being blind and led by the blind, ye will both together tumble down into the infernal ditch.

**69** But some man perchance will objecting say, that all bishops or all priests (according to our former exception), are not so wickedly given, because they are not defiled with the infamy of schism, pride, or unclean life, which neither we ourselves will deny, but albeit we know them to be chaste, and virtuous, yet will we briefly answer.

What did it profit the high-priest Hely, that he alone did not violate the commandments of our Lord, in taking flesh with forks out of the pots, before the fat was offered unto God, while he was punished with the same revenge of death wherewith his sons were? What one, I beseech you, of them, whose manners we have before sufficiently declared, hath been martyred like Abel, from malicious jealousy of his more acceptable sacrifice, which with the heavenly fire ascended up into the skies, since they fear the reproach even of an ordinary word? Which of them "hath hated the counsel of the malicious, and not sat with the ungodly," so that of him as a prophet, the same might be verified which was said of Enoch, "Enoch walked with God and was not to be found" in the vanity (forsooth) of the whole world, as then leaving our Lord, and beginning to halt after idolatry? Which of them, like Noah in the time of the deluge, hath not admitted into the ark of salvation (which is the present church) any adversary unto God, that it may be most apparent that none but innocents or singular penitents, ought to remain in the house of our Lord? Who is he that offering sacrifice like Melchisedeck, hath only blessed the conquerors, and them who with the number of three hundred (which was in the sacrament of the Trinity) delivering the just man, have overthrown the deadly armies of the five kings, together with their vanquishing troops, and not coveted the goods of others? Which of them hath like Abraham, at the commandment of God freely offered his own son on the altar to be slain, that he might accomplish a precept of Christ, agreeable to this saying, Thy right eye, if it cause thee to offend, ought to be pulled out; and another of the prophet, That he is accused who withholdeth his sword from shedding blood? Who is he that like Joseph, hath rooted out of his heart the remembrance of an offered injury? Who is he that like Moses, speaking with our Lord in the mountain, and not there terrified with the sounding trumpets, hath in a figurative sense presented unto the incredulous people the two tables, and his horned face which they could not endure to see, but trembled to behold? Which of them, praying for the offences of the people, has from the very bottom of his heart cried out, like unto him, saying: "O Lord this people hath committed a grievous sin, which if thou wilt forgive them, forgive it; otherwise blot me guilty out of thy book?"

**70** Which of them, inflamed with the admirable zeal of God, hath courageously risen to punish fornication, curing without delay by the present medicine of penance, the affection of filthy lust, lest

the fire of the wrath of God should otherwise consume the people, as Phineas the priest did, that by these means justice for ever might be reputed unto him? Which of them hath in moral understanding imitated Joshua, the son of Nun, either for the utter rooting forth, even to the slaughter of the last and least of all, the seven nations out of the land of promise, or for the establishing of spiritual Israel in their places? Which of them hath showed unto the people of God their final bounds beyond Jordan that it might be known what was suited to every tribe, in such sort as the aforementioned Phineas and Jesus have wisely divided the land? Who is he that to overthrow the innumerable thousands of Gentiles, adversaries to the chosen people of God, hath, as another Jephtha, for a votive and propitiatory sacrifice, slain his own daughter (by which is to be understood his own proper will), imitating also therein the apostle, saying, "Not seeking what is profitable to me, but to many, that they may be saved;" which daughter of his met the conquerors with drums and dances, by which are to be understood the lustful desires of the flesh? Which of them, that he might disorder, put to flight, and overthrow the camps of the proud Gentiles, by the number of three hundred, (being, as we before said, the mystery of the blessed Trinity,) and with his men holding in their hands those noble sounding trumpets, (which are prophetic and apostolical senses, according as our Lord said to the prophet, "Exalt thy voice as a trumpet;" and the psalmist of the apostles, "Their sound hath passed throughout the whole earth,") and bearing all those famous flagons shining in the night with that most glittering fiery light, (which are to be interpreted the bodies of saints joined to good works, and burning with the flame of the Holy Ghost, yea having, as the apostle writes, "This treasure in earthen vessels,") hath after hewing down the idolatrous grave (by which is morally meant dark and foul desire) marched on like Gideon, with an assured faith in the evident sign of the fleece, which to the Jews was void of the heavenly moisture, but to the Gentiles made wet with the dew of the Holy Ghost?

**71** Who is he among them that (earnestly wishing to die to this world, and live to Christ) hath, as another Sampson, utterly cut off such innumerable luxurious banqueters of the Gentile, while they praised their gods, (by which is meant, while the senses of men extolled these earthly riches, according to the apostle speaking thus: "And covetousness, which is idolatry"), shaking with the power of both his arms the two pillars (by which are to be understood the wicked pleasures of the soul and body), by which the house of all worldly wickedness is in a sort compacted and underpropped? Which of them, like Samuel, with prayers and the burnt sacrifice of a sucking lamb, hath driven away the fear of the Philistines, raised unexpected thunderclaps, and showering clouds, established without flattery a king, deposed him when he displeased God, and anointed another his better in his place and kingdom; and when he shall give to the people his last farewell, shall appear like Samuel in this sort, saying, "Behold, I am ready, speak ye before our Lord and his anointed, whether I ever took away the ox or ass of any man, if I have falsely accused any one, if I have oppressed anybody, if I have received a bribe from the hands of any?" Unto whom it was answered by the people, "Thou hast not wrongfully charged us, nor oppressed us, nor taken anything from the hands of any." Which of them, like the famous prophet Elias, who consumed with heavenly fire the hundred proud men, and preserved the fifty that humbled themselves; and afterwards denounced without flattery or dissimulation, the impending death of the unjust king (that sought not the counsel of God by his prophets, but of the idol Accaron), hath utterly overthrown all the prophets of Baal (by which are meant the worldly senses ever bent, as we have already said, to envy and avarice), with the lightning sword (which is the word of God)? And as the same Elias, moved with the zeal of God, after taking away the showers of rain from the land of the wicked, who were now shut up with famine in a strong prison, as it were of penury, for three years and six months, being himself ready to die for thirst in the desert, hath, complaining, said, "They have murdered, O Lord, thy prophets, and undermined thine altars, and I alone am left, and they seek my life?"

72 Which of them, like Elisha, hath punished his dearly beloved disciple, if not with an everlasting leprosy, yet at least by abandoning him, if burdened too much with the weight of worldly covetousness for those very gifts which his master before (although very earnestly entreated thereto) had despised to receive? And which of these among us hath like him revealed unto his servant, (who despaired of life, and on a sudden trembled at the warlike army of the enemies that besieged the city wherein he was), through the fervency of his prayers poured out unto God, those spiritual visions, so that he might behold a mountain replenished with a heavenly assisting army, of warlike chariots and horsemen, shining with fiery countenances, and that he might also believe that he was stronger to save, than the foe to hurt? And which of them, like the above-named Elisha, with the touch of his body, being dead to the world, but living unto God, shall raise up another, whose fate had been different from his, namely, death to God, but life to his vices, so that instantly revived, he may yield humble thanks to Christ for his unexpected recovery from the hellish torments of his mortal crimes? Which of them hath his lips purified and made clean with the fiery coals earned by the tongues of the cherubim, from off the altar, (that his sins may be wiped away with the humility of confession), as it is written of Esaias, by whose effectual prayers, together with the aid of the godly king Ezechias, a hundred fourscore and five thousand of the Assyrian army, through the stroke of one angel, without the least print of any appearing wound, were overthrown and slain? Which of them, like blessed Jeremiah, for accomplishing the commandments of God,—for denouncing the threats thundered out from heaven, and for preaching the truth even to such as would not hear the same, hath suffered loathsome stinking prisons as momentary deaths? And to be brief, what one of them (as the teacher of the Gentiles said) hath endured like the holy prophets to wander in mountains, in dens, and caves of the earth, to be stoned, to be sawn in sunder, and assailed with all kinds of death, for the name of our Lord?

73 But why do we dwell in examples of the Old Testament as if there were none in the New? Let, therefore, those, who suppose they can, without any labour at all, under the naked pretence of the name of priesthood, enter this strait and narrow passage of Christian religion, hearken unto me while I recite and gather into one a few of the chiefest flowers out of the large and pleasant meadow of the saintly soldiers of the New Testament. Which of you (who rather sleep than lawfully sit in the chair of the priesthood), being cast out of the council of the wicked, hath, after the stripes of sundry rods, like the holy apostles, from the bottom of his heart, given thanks to the blessed Trinity that he was found worthy to suffer disgrace for Christ's true deity? What one, for the undoubted testimony of God, having his brains dashed out with the fuller's club, hath, like James the first, a bishop of the New Testament, suffered corporal death? Which of you, like James the brother of John, has by the unjust prince been beheaded? Who, like the first deacon and martyr of the gospel, (having but this only accusation, that he saw God, whom the wicked could not behold), has by ungodly hands been stoned to death? What one of you, like the worthy keeper of the keys of the heavenly kingdom, has been nailed to the cross with his feet upward, in reverence for Christ, whom, no less in his death than in his life, he endeavoured to honour, and hath so breathed his last? Which of you, for the confession of the true word of Christ, hath, like the vessel of election, and chosen teacher of the Gentiles, after suffering imprisonment and shipwreck, after the terrible scourges of whips, the continual dangers of seas, of thieves, of Gentiles, of Jews, and of false apostles, after the labours of famine, fasting, and watching, after incessant care over all the churches, after his trouble for such as scandalized, after his infirmity for the weak, after his wonderful travels over almost the whole world in preaching the gospel of Christ, lost his head at last by the stroke of the descending sword?

74 Which of you, like the holy martyr Ignatius, bishop of the city of Antioch, hath after his miraculous actions in Christ, for testimony of him been torn by the jaws of lions, as he was once at Rome? whose words, as he was led to his passion, when you shall hear (if ever your countenances were overcome with blushing),

you will not only, in comparison of him, esteem yourselves no priests, but not so much even as the meanest Christians; for in the epistle which he sent to the church of Rome, he writeth thus: "From Syria even unto Rome, I fight with beasts, by land and sea, being bound and chained unto ten leopards, I mean the soldiers appointed for my custody, who for our benefit bestowed upon them become more cruel; but I am the better instructed by their wickedness, neither yet am I in this justified; oh! when shall those beasts come the workers of my salvation, which are for me prepared? when shall they be let loose at me? when shall it be lawful for my carcass to enjoy them? whom I do most earnestly wish to be eagerly enraged against me, and truly I will incite them to devour me; moreover, I will humbly pray, lest perchance they should dread to touch my body (as in some others they have before done), yea also, if they hesitate, I will offer violence, I will force myself upon them. Pardon me, I beseech you, I know what is commodious for me, even now I begin to be the disciple of Christ; let all envy, whether of human affection or spiritual wickedness cease, that I may endeavour to obtain Christ Jesus; let fires, let crosses, let cruelty of beasts, let breaking of bones, and rending of limbs, with all the pains of the whole body, and all the torments devised by the art of the devil, be together poured out on me alone, so that I may merit to attain unto Christ Jesus." Why do you behold these things with the sleepy eyes of your souls? why do you hearken unto them with the deaf ears of your senses? Shake off, I beseech you, the dark and black mist of slothfulness from your hearts, that so you may see the glorious light of truth and humility. A Christian, and he not mean, but a perfect one, and a priest not base, but one of the highest, a martyr of no ordinary sort, but one of the chiefest, saith: "Now I begin to be the disciple of Christ." And you, like the same Lucifer, who was thrown down out of heaven, are puffed up with words, and not with power, and after a sort do chew under the tooth, and make pretence in your actions, as the author of this your wickedness hath thus expressed: "I will mount up into the heavens, and be like unto the Highest." And again: "I have digged and drunk water, and dried up with the steps of my feet all the rivers of the banks." You would more rightly have imitated him and hearkened unto his words, who is without doubt the most true example of all goodness and humility, saying by his prophet, "I am verily a worm and not a man, the reproach of men, and the outcast of the people." Oh unspeakable matter! that he called himself "the reproach of men," when he washed away the reproaches of the whole world. And again in the gospel; "I am not able to do any thing of myself," when at the same time he was co-eternal with the Father, coequal with the Holy Ghost, and consubstantial with both, and created, not by the help of another, but by his own almighty power, the heaven and earth, with all their inestimable ornaments; and ye nevertheless have arrogantly lifted up your voices, notwithstanding the prophet saith, "Why do earth and ashes swell with pride?"

75 But let us return unto our subject. Which of you, I say, like Polycarp, the famous bishop of the church of Smyrna, that witness of Christ, hath courteously entertained as guests at his table, those who violently drew him out to be burned? and when for the charity which he did bear unto Christ, he was brought to the stake, said, "He who gave me grace to endure the torment of the fire, will likewise grant me without fastening of nails to bear the flames with patience." And now passing over in this my discourse the mighty armies of saints, I will yet touch on one only, for example's sake, Basil the bishop of Cæsaria, who when he was thus by the unrighteous prince threatened that, unless he would on the next day be as the rest, defiled in the dirty dunghill of the Arian heresy, he should be put to death, answered, as it is reported, "I will be to-morrow the same as to-day, and for thee, I do not wish thee to change thy determination." And again, "Would that I had some worthy reward to bestow on him that would discharge Basil from the bands of this breathing bellows." Which one of you doth endeavour to daunt the menaces of tyrants, by inviolably keeping the rule of the apostolical speech, which in all times and ages hath been observed by all holy priests, to suppress the suggestion of men when they sought to draw them into wickedness, saying in this manner; "It behoveth us to obey God rather than men."

76 Wherefore after our accustomed manner, taking refuge in the mercy of our Lord, and in the sentences of his holy prophets, that they on our behalf may now level the darts of their oracles at imperfect pastors (as before at tyrants), so that thereby they may receive compunction and be amended, let us see what manner of threats our Lord doth by his prophets utter against slothful and dishonest priests, and such as do not, both by examples and words, rightly instruct the people. For even Eli, the priest in Shilo, because he did not severely proceed, with a zeal worthy of God, in punishing his sons, when they contemned our Lord, but, as a man overswayed with a fatherly affection, too mildly and remissly admonished them, was sentenced with this judgment by the prophet speaking unto him: "Thus saith our Lord; I have manifestly showed myself unto the house of thy father, when they were the servants of Pharaoh in Egypt, and have chosen the house of thy father out of all the tribes of Israel, for a priesthood unto me." And a little after, "Why hast thou looked upon mine incense, and upon my sacrifice, with a dishonest eye? and hast honoured thy children more than me, that thou mightest bless them from the beginning in all sacrifices in my presence? And now so saith our Lord: Because whoever honoureth me I will honour him again; and whoso maketh no account of me shall be brought to nothing. Behold the days shall come, and I will destroy thy name, and the seed of thy father's house. And let this be to thee the sign, which shall fall upon thy two sons, Hophni and Phineas, in one day shall they both die by the sword of men." If thus therefore they shall suffer, who correct them that are under their charge, with words only and not with condign punishment, what shall become of those who by offending exhort you, and draw others unto wickedness?

77 It is apparent also what befell unto the true prophet, who was sent from Judah to prophesy in Bethel, and forbidden to taste any meat in that place, after the sign which he foretold was fulfilled, and after he had restored to the wicked king his withered hand again, being deceived by another prophet, as he was termed, and so make to take but a little bread and water, his host speaking in this sort unto him: "Thus saith our Lord God: Because thou hast been disobedient to the mouth of our Lord, and hast not observed the precept which the Lord thy God hath commanded, and hast returned, and eaten bread, and drunk water in this place, in which I have charged thee that thou shouldest neither eat bread nor drink water, thy body shall not be buried in the sepulchre of thy forefathers. And so (saith the scripture) it came to pass, that after he had eaten bread and drunk water, he made ready his ass, and departed, and a lion found him in the way and slew him."

78 Hear ye also the holy prophet Isaias, how he speaketh of priests on this wise. "Woe be to the ungodly, may evil befall him; for the reward of his hands shall light upon him. Her own exactors have spoiled my people, and women have borne sway over her. O my people, they who term thee blessed, themselves deceive thee, and destroy the way of thy footsteps. Our Lord standeth to judge, and standeth to judge the people. Our Lord will come unto judgment with the elders of the people and her princes. Ye have consumed my vine, the spoil of the poor is in your house. Why do ye break in pieces my people, and grind the faces of the poor? saith our Lord of hosts." And also; "Woe be unto them who compose ungodly laws, and in their writing have written injustice, that they may oppress the poor in judgment, and work violence to the cause of the lowly of my people, that widows may be their prey, and they make spoil of the orphans; what will ye do in the day of visitation and calamity approaching from afar off?" And afterwards: "But these also in regard of wine have been ignorant, and in respect of drunkenness have wandered astray; the priests have not understood, because of drunkenness, and have been swallowed up in wine, they have erred in drunkenness, they have not known him who seeth, they have been ignorant of judgment. For all tables are filled with the vomit of their uncleanness, in so much as there is not any free place to be found."

79 "Hear therefore the word of our Lord, O ye deceivers, who bear authority over my people that is in Jerusalem. For ye have said, We have entered into a truce with death, and with hell we have made a covenant. The overflowing scourge when it shall pass

forth shall not fall upon us, because we have placed falsehood for our hope, and by lying we have been defended." And somewhat after: "And hail shall overthrow the hope of lying, together with the defence. Waters shall overflow, and your truce with death shall be destroyed, and your covenant with hell shall not continue, when the overflowing scourge shall pass forth; ye shall also be trodden under foot, whensoever it shall pass along through you, it shall sweep you away withal." And again: "And our Lord hath said: Because this people approacheth with their mouth, and with their lips glorify me, but their heart is far from me; behold, therefore, I will cause this people to wonder by a great and stupendous miracle. For wisdom shall decay and fall away from her wise men, and the understanding of her sages shall be concealed. Woe be unto you that are profound in heart, to conceal counsel from our Lord, whose works are in darkness, and they say, who seeth us? And who hath known us? for this thought of yours is perverse." And afterwards: "Thus saith our Lord, Heaven is my seat, and the earth my footstool. What is this house that ye will erect unto me, and what place shall be found for my resting-place? all these things hath my hand made, and these universally have been all created, saith our Lord. On whom truly shall I cast mine eye, but on the humble poor man, and the contrite in spirit, and him that dreads my speeches? he that sacrificeth an ox, is as he that killeth a man; he that slaughtereth a beast for sacrifice, is like him who beateth out the brains of a dog; he that offereth an oblation, is as he that offereth the blood of a hog; he that is mindful of frankincense, is as he that honoureth an idol: of all these things have they made choice in their ways, and in their abominations hath their soul been delighted."

80 Hear also what Jeremy, that virgin prophet, speaketh unto the unwise pastors in this sort: "Thus saith our Lord, What iniquity have your fathers found in me, because they have removed themselves far off from me, and walked after vanity, and are become vain?" And again: "And entering in, ye have defiled my land, and made mine inheritance abomination. The priests have not said, Where is our Lord? and the rulers of the law have not known me, and the pastors have dealt treacherously against me. Wherefore I will as yet contend in judgment with you, saith our Lord, and debate the matter with your children." And a little afterwards: " Astonishment and wonders have been wrought in the land. Prophets did preach lying, and priests did applaud with their hands, and my people have loved such matters. What therefore shall be done in her last and final ends? To whom shall I speak and make protestation that he may hear me? Behold their ears are uncircumcised, and they cannot hear. Behold the word of our Lord is uttered unto them for their reproach, and they receive it not: because I will stretch out my hand upon the inhabitants of the earth, saith our Lord. For why, from the lesser even unto the greater, all study avarice, and from the prophet even unto the priest, all work deceit, and they cured the contrition of the daughter of my people, with ignominy, saying, Peace, peace, and peace there shall not be. Confounded they are, who have wrought abomination: but they are not with confusion confounded, and have not understood how to be ashamed. Wherefore they shall fall among those who are falling, in the time of their visitation shall they rush headlong down together, saith our Lord." And again: "All these princes of the declining sort, walking fraudulently, being brass and iron, are universally corrupted, the blowing bellows have failed in the fire, the finer of metals in vain hath melted, their malicious acts are not consumed, call them refuse and reprobate silver, because our Lord hath thrown them away." And after a few words: "I am, I am, I have seen, saith our Lord. Go your ways to my place in Shilo, where my name hath inhabited from the beginning, and behold what I have done thereunto for the malice of my people Israel. And now because ye have wrought all these works, saith our Lord, and I have spoken unto you, arising in the morning, and talking, and yet ye have not heard me, and I have called you, and yet ye have not answered, I will so deal towards this house, wherein my name is now called upon, and wherein ye have confidence, and to this place which I have given unto you, and to your fathers, as I have done to Shilo, and I will cast you away from my countenance."

**81** And again: "My children have departed from me, and have no abiding, and there is none who any more pitcheth my tent, and advanceth my pavilion: for the pastors have dealt fondly and not sought out our Lord. Wherefore they have not understood, and their flock hath been dispersed." And a little after: "What is the matter that my beloved hath in my houses committed many offences? shall the holy flesh take away thy maliciousness from thee, wherein thou hast glorified? our Lord shall call thy name a plentiful, fair, fruitful, goodly olive; at the sound of the speech a mighty fire hath been inflamed in her, and her orchards have been quite consumed therewith." And again: "Come ye to me, and be ye gathered together, all ye beasts of the earth, make haste to devour. Many pastors have thrown down my vine, they have trampled my part under foot, they have given over my portion which was well worthy to be desired, into a desert of solitariness." And again he speaketh: "Thus saith our Lord unto this people, which have loved to move their feet, and not rested, nor yet pleased our Lord; now shall he remember their iniquities and visit their offences. Prophets say unto them, Ye shall not see the sword, and there shall be no famine among you, but our Lord shall give true peace unto you in this place. And our Lord hath said unto me, The prophets do falsely foretell in my name; I have not sent them, nor laid my commandment on them; they prophesy unto you a lying vision, and divination together with deceitfulness, and the seducement of their own hearts. And therefore thus saith our Lord: In sword and famine shall those prophets be consumed; and the people to whom they have prophesied shall by means of the famine and sword be cast out into the streets of Jerusalem, and there shall be none to bury them."

**82** And moreover: "Woe be to the pastors who destroy and rend in pieces the flock of my pasture, saith our Lord. Thus, therefore, saith our Lord God of Israel, unto the pastors who guide my people, Ye have dispersed my flock, and cast them forth, and not visited them. Behold I will visit upon you the malice of your endeavours, saith our Lord. For the prophet and the priest are both defiled, and in my house have I found their evil, saith our Lord, and therefore shall their way be as a slippery place in the dark, for they shall be thrust forward, and fall down together therein, for I will bring evils upon them, the year of their visitation, saith our Lord. And in the prophets of Samaria I have seen foolishness, and they did prophesy in Baal, and deceived my people Israel, and in the prophets of Jerusalem, have I seen the like resemblance, adultery, and the way of lying, and they have comforted the hands of the vilest offenders, that every man may not be converted from his malice: they have been all made to me as Sodom, and the inhabitants thereof as those of Gomorrah. Thus, therefore, saith our Lord to the prophets: Behold, I will give them wormwood for their food, and gall for their drink. For there hath passed from the prophet of Jerusalem pollution over the whole earth. Thus saith our Lord of hosts, Listen not to the words of prophets, who prophesy unto you, and deceive you, for they speak the vision of their own heart, and not from the mouth of our Lord. For they say unto those who blaspheme me, Our Lord hath spoken, peace shall be unto you; and to all that walk in the wickedness of their own hearts, they have said, evil shall not fall upon them. For who was present in the counsel of our Lord, and hath seen and heard his speech, who hath considered of his word, and hearkened thereunto? Behold, the whirlwind of the indignation of our Lord passeth out, and a tempest breaking forth, shall fall upon the heads of the wicked; the fury of our Lord shall not return, until the time that he worketh, and until he fulfilleth the cogitation of his heart. In the last days of all shall ye understand his counsel."

**83** And little also do ye conceive and put in execution that which the holy prophet Joel hath likewise spoken in admonishment of slothful priests, and lamentation of the people's suffering for their iniquities, saying: "Awake, ye who are drunk, from your wine, and weep and bewail ye all, who have drunk wine even to drunkenness, because joy and delight are taken away from your mouths. Mourn, ye priests, who serve the altar, because the fields have been made miserable. Let the earth mourn, because corn hath become miserable, and wine been dried up, oil diminished, and husbandmen withered away. Lament ye possessions, in regard

of wheat and barley, because the vintage hath perished out of the field, the vine withered up, the figs diminished; the pomegranates, and palm, and apple, and all trees of the field are withered away, in respect that the children of men have confounded their joy." All which things are spiritually to be understood by you, that your souls may not wither away with so pestilent a famine, for want of the word of God. And again, "Weep unto ye priests, who serve our Lord, saying, Spare, O Lord, thy people, and give not over thine inheritance unto reproach, and let not nations hold dominion over them, that Gentiles may not say, Where is their God?" And yet ye yield not your ears unto these sayings, but admit of all matters by which the indignation of God's fury is more vehemently inflamed.

**84** With diligence also attend ye what holy Hosea the prophet hath spoken unto priests of your behaviour. "Hear these words, O ye priests, and let the house of Israel, together with the king's house, mark them; fasten ye them in your ears, for unto you pertaineth judgment, because ye are made an entangling snare to the espying watch, and as a net stretched over the toils which the followers of hunting have framed."

**85** To you also may this kind of alienation from our Lord be meant by the prophet Amos, saying, "I have hated and rejected your festival days, and I will not receive the savour in your solemn assemblies, because albeit ye offer your burnt sacrifices and hosts, I will not accept them, and I will not cast mine eye on the vows of your declaration. Take away from me the sound of your songs, and the psalm of your organs I will not hear." For the famine of the evangelical meat consuming, in your abundance of victuals, the very bowels of your souls, rageth violently within you, according as the aforesaid prophet hath foretold, saying, "Behold, the days shall come, saith our Lord, and I will send out a famine upon the earth; not the famine of bread, nor the thirst of water, but a famine in hearing the word of God, and the waters shall be moved from sea to sea, and they shall run over from the north even unto the east, seeking the word of our Lord, and shall not find it."

**86** Let holy Micah also pierce your ears, who like a heavenly trumpet soundeth loudly forth against the deceitful princes of the people, saying, "Hearken now ye princes of the house of Jacob, Is it not for you to know judgment, who hate goodness, and seek after mischief, who pluck their skins from off men, and their flesh from their bones? Even as they have eaten the flesh of my people, and flayed their skins from them, broken their bones to pieces, and hewed them small as meat to the pot, they shall cry to God, and he will not hear them, and in that season turn his face away from them, even as they before have wickedly behaved themselves in their inventions. Thus speaketh our Lord of the prophets who seduce my people, who bite with their teeth, and preach against them peace, and if a man giveth nothing to stop their mouths, they raise and sanctify a war upon him. Night shall therefore be unto you in place of a vision, and darkness unto you in lieu of divination, and the sun shall set upon your prophets, and the day shall wax dark upon them, and seeing dreams they shall be confounded, and the diviners shall be derided, and they shall speak ill against all men, because there shall not be any one that will hear them, but that I myself shall do mine uttermost and strongest endeavour in the spirit of our Lord, in judgment and in power, that I may declare unto the house of Jacob their impieties, and to Israel their offences. Hearken, therefore, unto these words, ye captains of the house of Jacob, and ye remnants of the house of Israel, who abhor judgment, and overthrow all righteousness, who build up Sion in blood, and Jerusalem in iniquities: her rulers did judge for rewards, and her priests answered for hire, and her prophets did for money divine, and rested on our Lord, saying, And is not the Lord among us? Evils shall not fall upon us. For your cause, therefore, shall Sion be ploughed up as a field, and Jerusalem as the watch-house of a garden, and the mountain of the house as the place of a woody wilderness." And after some words ensuing: "Woe is me for that I am become as he that gathereth stubble in the harvest, and a cluster of grapes in the vintage, when the principal branch is not left to be eaten. Woe is me that a soul hath perished through earthly actions, the reverence of sinners ariseth even with reverence from the earth, and he appeareth not that shall use correction among men. All contend in judgment for

blood, and every one with tribulation afflicteth his neighbour, for mischief he prepareth his hands.”

**87** Listen ye likewise how the famous prophet Zephaniah debated also in times past, concerning your revellers (for he spake of Jerusalem, which is spiritually to be understood the church or the soul), saying, “O the city that was beautiful and set at liberty, the confiding dove hath not hearkened to the voice, nor yet entertained discipline, she hath not trusted in our Lord, and to her God she hath not approached.” And he sheweth the reason why, “Her princes have been like unto roaring lions, her judges as wolves of Arabia did not leave towards the morning, her prophets carrying the spirit of a contemptuous despising man; her priests did profane what was holy, and dealt wickedly in the law, but our Lord is upright in the midst of his people, and in the morning he will not do injustice, in the morning will he give his judgment.”

**88** But hear ye also blessed Zachariah the prophet, in the word of God, admonishing you: “For thus saith our Almighty Lord, Judge ye righteous judgment, and work ye every one towards his brother mercy and pity, and hurt ye not through your power the widow, or orphan, or stranger, or poor man, and let not any man remember in his heart the malice of his brother; and they have been stubborn not to observe these, and have yielded their backs to foolishness, and made heavy their ears that they might not hearken, and framed their hearts not to be persuaded that they might not listen to my law and words, which our Almighty Lord hath sent in his Spirit, through the hands of his former prophets, and mighty wrath hath been raised by our Almighty Lord.” And again; “Because they who have spoken, have spoken molestations, and diviners have uttered false visions and deceitful dreams, and given vain consolations; in respect hereof they are made as dry as sheep, and are afflicted because no health was to be found; my wrath is heaped upon the shepherds, and upon the lambs will I visit.” And within a few words after: “The voice of lamenting pastors, because their greatness is become miserable. The voice of roaring lions, because the fall of Jordan is become miserable: thus saith our Almighty Lord: They who possessed have murdered, and yet hath it not repented them, and they who sold them, have said, Our Lord is blessed and we have been enriched, and their pastors have suffered nothing concerning them. For which I will now bear no sparing hand over the inhabitants of the earth, saith our Lord.”

**89** Hear ye moreover what the holy prophet Malachi denounceth unto you, saying: “Ye priests who despise my name, and have said: Wherein do we despise thy name? in offering on mine altar polluted bread: and ye have said, Wherein have we polluted it? In that ye have said: The table of our Lord is as nothing, and have despised such things as have been placed thereon; because if ye bring what is blind for an offering, is it not evil? If ye set and apply what is lame or languishing, is it not evil? Offer therefore the same unto thy governor, if he will receive it, if he will accept of thy person, saith our Almighty Lord. And now do ye humbly pray before the countenance of your God, and earnestly beseech him (for in your hands have these things been committed) if happily he will accept of your persons.” And again: “And out of your ravenous theft ye have brought in the lame and languishing, and brought it in as an offering. Shall I receive the same at your hands, saith our Lord? Accursed is the deceitful man who hath in his flock one of the male kind, and yet making his vow offereth the feeble unto our Lord, because I am a mighty king, saith our Lord of hosts, and my name is terrible among the Gentiles. And now unto you appertaineth this commandment, O ye priests, if ye will not hear, and resolve in your hearts to yield glory unto my name, saith our Lord of hosts, I will send upon you poverty, and accurse your blessings, because ye have not settled these things on your hearts. Behold I will stretch out my arm over ye, and disperse upon your countenances the dung of your solemnities.” But that ye may in the meantime, with more zeal prepare your organs and instruments of mischief, to be converted into goodness, hearken ye (if there remain ever so little disposition to listen in your hearts) what he speaketh of a holy priest, saying “My covenant of life and peace was with him (for historically he did speak of Levi and Moses): I gave fear unto him, and he was timorous of me, he dreaded before the countenance of my name; the law of truth was in his mouth,

and iniquity was not found in his lips; he walked with me in peace and equity, and turned many away from unrighteousness. For the lips of the priest shall keep knowledge, and from out of his mouth they shall require the law, because he is the Angel of our Lord of hosts.” And now again he changeth his style, and ceaseth not to rebuke and reprove the unrighteous, saying: “Ye have departed from the way, and scandalized many in the law, and made void my covenant with Levi, saith our Lord of hosts. In regard whereof I have also given you over as contemptible and abject among my people, according as ye have not observed my ways, and accepted countenance of men in the law. What, is there not one Father of us all? What, hath not one God created us? Why therefore doth every one despise his brother?” And again, “Behold our Lord of hosts will come, and who can conceive the day of his coming, and who shall endure to stand to behold him? For he shall pass forth as a burning fire, and as the fuller’s herb, and shall sit melting and trying silver, and ye shall purge the sons of Levi, and cleanse them as gold and as silver.” And somewhat afterwards: “Your words have grown strong against me, saith our Lord, and ye have spoken thus: He is vain who serveth God, and what profit because we have kept his commandments, and walked sorrowfully before our Lord of hosts. We shall therefore now call the arrogant blessed, for because they are erected and builded up, while they work iniquity, they have tempted God, and are made safe.”

**90** But hear ye also what Ezechiel the prophet hath spoken, saying, “Woe upon woe shall come, and messenger upon messenger shall be, and the vision shall be sought for of the prophet, and the law shall perish from the priests, and counsel from the elders.” And again: “Thus saith our Lord: In respect that your speeches are lying, and your divinations vain. For this cause, behold, I will come unto you, saith our Lord; I will stretch out my hand on your prophets, who see lies, and them who speak vain things; in the discipline of my people they shall not be, and in the Scripture of the house of Israel, they shall not be written, and into the land of Israel they shall not enter, and ye shall know that I am the Lord, because they have seduced my people, saying, The peace of our Lord, and there is not the peace of our Lord. Here have they built the wall; and they anointed it, and it shall fall.” And within some words afterwards: “Woe be unto these who fashion pillows, apt for every elbow of the hand, and make veils upon every head of all ages to the subversion of souls, and the souls of my people are subverted, and they possess their souls, and contaminated me unto my people for a handful of barley, and a piece of bread to the slaughter of the souls, whom it behoved not to die, and to the delivery of the souls, that were not fit to live, while ye talk unto my people that listeneth after vain speeches.” And afterwards: “Say, thou son of man, thou art earth which is not watered with rain, neither yet hath rain fallen upon thee in the day of wrath, in which thy princes were in the midst of thee as roaring lions, ravening on their prey, devouring souls in their potent might, and receiving rewards, and thy widows were multiplied in the midst of thee, and her priests have despised my law, and defiled my holy things. Between holy and polluted, they did not distinguish, and divided not equally between the unclean and clean, and from my sabbaths they veiled their eyes, and in the midst of them they defiled.”

**91** And again: “And I sought among them a man of upright conversation, and one who should altogether stand before my face, to prevent the times that might fall upon the earth, that I should not in the end utterly destroy it, and I found him not. And I poured out upon it, the whole design of my mind, in the fire of my wrath for the consuming of them: I repaid their ways on their heads, saith our Lord.” And somewhat after: “And the word of our Lord was spoken unto me, saying: O son of man, speak to the children of my people, and they shalt say unto them: The land whereupon I shall bring my sword, and the people of the land shall take some one man among them, and ordain him to be a watchman over them, and he shall espy the sword coming upon the land, and sound with his trumpet, and signify unto the people, whoso truly shall then hear the sound of the trumpet, and yet hearing shall not beware: and the sword shall come and catch him, his blood shall light upon his own head, because when he heard the sound of the trumpet, he was not watchful, his blood shall be upon him, and this man,



for that he hath preserved his own soul, hath delivered himself. But the watchman if he shall see the sword coming, and not give notice with his trumpet, and the people shall not be aware, and the sword coming shall take away a soul from among them, both the soul itself is caught a captive for her iniquities, and I will also require her blood at the hand of the watchman. And thou, O son of man, I have appointed thee a watchman over the house of Israel, and if thou shalt hear the word from out of my mouth, when I shall say to a sinner, Thou shalt die the death, and yet wilt not speak whereby the wicked may return from his way: both the unjust himself shall die in his iniquity, and truly I will require his blood also at thy hands. But if thou shalt forewarn the wicked of his way, that he may avoid the same, and he nevertheless will not withdraw himself from his course, this man shall die in his impiety, and thou hast preserved thine own soul."

92 And so let these few among a multitude of prophetic testimonies suffice, by which the pride or sloth of our stubborn priests may be repelled, to the end they may not suppose that we act rather of our own invention, but by the authority of the laws, and saints, denounce such threats against them. And now let us also behold what the trumpet of the gospel, sounding to the whole world, speaketh likewise to disordered priests; for as we have often said, this our discourse tendeth not to treat of them, who obtain lawfully the apostolical seat, and such as rightly and skillfully understand how to dispose of their spiritual food (in time convenient) unto their fellow servants, if yet at this time there remain any great number of these in this our country; but we only talk of ignorant and unexpert shepherds, who leave their flock, and feed on vain matters, and have not the words of a learned pastor. And therefore it is an evident token that he is not a lawful pastor, yea not an ordinary Christian, who rejecteth and denieth these sayings, which are not so much ours (who of ourselves are very little worth), as the decrees of the Old and New Testament, even as one of ours right well doth say, "We do exceedingly desire that the enemies of the church should also, without any manner of truce be our adversaries: and that the friends and defenders thereof should not only be accounted our confederates, but also our fathers and governors." For let every one, with true examination, call his own conscience unto account, and so shall he easily find, whether according to true reason he possesseth his priestly chair or no. Let us see, I say, what the Saviour and Creator of the world hath spoken. "Ye are," saith he, "the salt of the earth; if that the salt vanisheth away, wherein shall it be salted? it prevaileth to no purpose any farther, but that it be cast out of doors, and trampled under the feet of men."

93 This only testimony might abundantly suffice to confute all such as are impudent; but that it may be yet, by the words of Christ, more evidently proved with what intolerable bonds of crimes these false priests entangle and oppress themselves, some other sayings are also to be adjoined; for it followeth: "Ye are the light of the world. A city placed on a mountain cannot be hid: neither do they light a candle, and put it under a bushel, but upon a candlestick, that it may shine unto all who are in the house." What priest therefore of this fashion and time, who is so possessed with the blindness of ignorance, doth, as the light of a most bright candle, shine with the lamp of learning and good works, in any house, to all that sit in the darkness night? What one is so accounted a safe public and conspicuous refuge, to all the children universally of the church, that he may be to his countrymen a defensible and strong city, situated on the top of a high mountain? Moreover, which one of them can accomplish one day together, that which followeth: "Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father who is in heaven:" since rather a certain most obscure cloud of theirs, and the black night of offences, hang over the island, in such a manner, that they all turn almost away from the righteous course, and make them to wander astray through unpassable and cumbersome paths of wickedness, and so their heavenly Father is not only by their works not magnified, but also by the same intolerably blasphemed. These testimonies of holy scripture, which are either already cited, or hereafter to be intermixed in this epistle, I would gladly wish to interpret in some historical or moral sense,

as far as my meanness would allow.

94 But for fear lest this our little work should be immeasurably tedious unto those who despise, loathe, and disdain, not so much our speeches as God's sayings, I have already alleged, and mean hereafter to affirm these sentences plainly without any circumstance. And to proceed, within a few words after: "For whoever shall break one of the least of these commandments, and so instruct men, shall be called the least in the kingdom of heaven." And again: "Judge ye not that ye may not be judged; for in what judgment ye shall judge, ye shall be judged." And which one, I pray you, of your company will regard this same that followeth: "But why dost thou see," saith he, "the mote in thy brother's eye, and considerest not the beam in thine own eye? or how dost thou say to thy brother, suffer me to cast the mote out of thine eye, and behold the beam remaineth still in thine own eye?" Or this which follows: "Do not give what is holy to dogs, neither yet shall ye cast your pearls before swine, lest perchance they tread them under their feet, and turn again and rend you," which hath often befallen you. And, admonishing the people, that they should not by deceitful doctors, such as ye, be seduced, he saith: "Keep yourselves carefully from false prophets, who come unto you in sheep's clothing, but inwardly are ravenous wolves: by their fruit shall ye know them. Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles? So every good tree beareth good fruit, and the evil, evil fruit." And somewhat afterward: "Not every one who saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but whoso doeth the will of my Father that is in heaven, he shall enter into the kingdom of heaven."

95 And what shall then become of you, who, as the prophet hath said, believe God only with your lips, and do not adhere to him with your hearts? And how do ye fulfil that which followeth: "Behold I send you forth as sheep in the midst of wolves?" Whereas you act quite contrariwise, and proceed as wolves against a flock of sheep: or the other following sentence: "Be ye wise as serpents and simple as doves?" since ye are only wise to bite others with your deadly mouths, and not, with the interposition of your whole body, to defend your head, which is Christ, whom with all the endeavours of your evil actions you tread under foot; neither yet have ye the simplicity of doves, but the resemblance rather of the black crow, which taking her flight out of the ark, that is, the church of God, and finding the carrion of earthly pleasures, did never with a pure return back thither again. But let us look on the rest. "Fear not," saith he, "them who kill the body, but are not able to slay the soul; but fear him who can overthrow both soul and body in hell." Revolve in your minds which of these ye have performed? And what one of you is not wounded in the very secrets of his heart, by this testimony following, which our Saviour uttereth unto his apostles, of evil prelates, saying, "Do ye suffer them, the blind leaders of the blind, but if the blind be a guide to the blind, both shall fall into the ditch?" But the people doubtless whom ye have governed, or rather beguiled, have just occasion to listen hereunto.

96 Mark ye also the words of our Lord speaking unto his apostles, and to the people, which words likewise (as I hear) ye yourselves are not ashamed to pronounce often in public: "Upon the chair of Moses have the scribes and pharisees sat, observe ye therefore and accomplish all that they shall speak unto you, but do not according to their works. For they only speak, but of themselves do nothing." It is truly to priests a dangerous and superfluous doctrine, which is overclouded with sinful actions. "Woe be unto you, hypocrites, who shut up the kingdom of heaven before men, and neither yourselves enter in, nor yet suffer those that would to enter in." For ye shall with horrible pains be tormented, not only in respect of your great offences, which ye heap up for punishment in the world to come, but also in regard of those who daily perish through your bad example, whose blood in the day of judgment shall be required at your hands.

Yield ye also diligent attention unto the misery, which the parable setteth before your eyes, that is spoken of the servant, who saith in his heart, "My Lord delayeth his coming," and upon this occasion, perchance, "hath begun to strike his fellow servants, eating and drinking with drunkards. The Lord of the same ser-

vant, therefore, saith he, will come on a day when he doth not expect him, and in an hour whereof he is ignorant, and will divide him, away from his holy priests, and will place his portion with the hypocrites (that is, with them who under the pretence of priesthood do conceal much iniquity), affirming that there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth;" such as they have not experienced in this present life, either for the daily ruin of the children of our holy mother church, or for the desire of the kingdom of heaven.

**97** But let us see what Paul, the true scholar of Christ, and master of the Gentiles, who is a mirror of every ecclesiastical doctor, "Even as I am the disciple of Christ," speaketh about a work of such importance in his first epistle on this wise: "Because when they have known God, they have not magnified him as God, or given thanks unto him; but vanished in their own cogitations, and their foolish heart is blinded; affirming themselves to be wise, they are made fools." Although this seemeth to be spoken unto the Gentiles, look into it notwithstanding, because it may conveniently be applied to the priests and people of this age. And after a few words, "Who have changed," saith he, "the truth of God into lying, and have revered and served the creature rather than the Creator, who is blessed for ever; therefore hath God given them over unto passions of ignominy." And again, "And even as they have not approved themselves to have God in their knowledge, so God hath yielded them up to a reprobate sense, that they may do such things as are not convenient, being replenished with all iniquity, malice, uncleanness of life, fornication, covetousness, naughtiness, full of envy, murder (i.e. of the souls of the people), contention, deceit, wickedness, backbiters, detractors, hateful to God, spiteful, proud, puffed up, devisers of mischief, disobedient to their parents, senseless, disordered, without mercy, without affection, who, when they had known the justice of God, understood not that they who commit such things, are worthy of death."

**98** And now what one of the aforesaid sort hath indeed been void of all these? And if he were, yet perhaps he may be caught in the sense of the ensuing sentence, wherein he saith: "Not only those who do these things, but those also who consent unto them," for none of them truly are free from this wickedness. And afterwards, "But thou, according to thy hardness and impenitent heart, dost lay up for thyself wrath, against the day of wrath, and revelation of the just judgment of God, who will yield unto every one according unto his works." And again, "For there is no acceptation of persons with God. For whosoever have offended without the law, shall also without the law perish; whosoever have offended in the law, shall by the law be judged. For the hearers of the law shall not with God be accounted just, but the doers of the law shall be justified." How severe a sentence shall they therefore sustain, who not only leave undone what they ought to accomplish, and forbear not what they are forbidden, but also flee away from the very hearing of the word of God, as from a serpent, though lightly sounding in their ears.

**99** But let us pass over to that which followeth to this effect: "What shall we therefore say, shall we continue still in sin that grace may abound? God forbid, for we who are dead to sin, how shall we again live in the same?" And somewhat afterwards, "Who shall separate us," saith he, "from the love of Christ, tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or danger, or the sword?" What one, I pray you, of all you, shall with such an affection be possessed in the inward secret of his heart, since ye do not only labour for achieving of piety, but also endure many things for the working of impiety, and offending of Christ? Or who hath respected this that followeth? "The night hath passed, and the day approached. Let us therefore cast off the works of darkness, and put on the armour of light, even as in the day: let us honestly walk, not in banqueting, and drunkenness, not in couches, and wantonness, not in contention, and emulation; but put ye on our Lord Jesus Christ, and make no care to bestow your flesh in concupiscences."

**100** And again, in the first Epistle to the Corinthians, he saith: "As a wise workmaster have I laid the foundation, another buildeth thereupon, but let every man consider how he buildeth thereon. For no other man can lay any other foundation besides that which

is laid, even Christ Jesus. But if any man buildeth upon this, gold, and silver, precious stones, hay, wood, stubble, every one's work shall be manifest; for the day of our Lord shall declare the same, because it shall be revealed in fire, and the fire shall prove what every man's work is. If any man's work shall remain, all by the fire shall be adjudged. Whoso shall build thereupon, shall receive reward. If any man's work shall burn, he shall suffer detriment. Know ye not that ye are the temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you? But if any man violate the temple of God, God will destroy him." And again, "If any man seemeth to be wise among you in this world, let him be made a fool that he may become wise. For the wisdom of this world is foolishness with God." And within a few words afterwards, "Your glorying is not good. Know ye not that a little leaven corrupteth the whole mass? Purge ye, therefore, the old leaven that ye may be a new sprinkling." How shall the old leaven, which is sin, be purged away, that from day to day with your uttermost endeavours is increased? And yet again, "I have written unto you in mine epistle, that ye be not intermingled with fornicators, not truly the fornicators of this world, or the avaricious, ravenous, or idolatrous, otherwise ye ought to depart out of this world. But now have I written unto you, that ye be not intermingled, if any one is named a brother, and be a fornicator, or avaricious, or an idolator, or a slanderer, or a drunkard, or ravenous, with such an one ye should not so much as eat." But a felon condemneth not his fellow thief for stealing, or other open robbery, whom he rather liketh, defendeth, and loveth, as a companion of his offence.

**101** Also in his second epistle unto the Corinthians; "Having therefore," saith he, "this administration, according as we have obtained mercy, let us not fail, but let us cast away the secrets of shame, not walking in subtlety, nor yet corrupting the word of God," (that is, by evil example and flattery.) And in that which followeth, he thus discourseth of wicked teachers, saying: "For such false apostles are deceitful workmen, transfiguring themselves into the apostles of Christ. And no wonder: for Satan himself transfigureth himself into an angel of light. It is not much therefore if his ministers are transfigured as ministers of justice, whose end will be according unto their works."

**102** Hear likewise what he speaketh unto the Ephesians; and consider if ye find not your consciences tainted as culpable of this that followeth? where he denounceth thus: "I say and testify this in our Lord, that ye do not as now walk like the Gentiles in the vanity of their own sense, having their understanding obscured with darkness, alienated from the way of God, through ignorance, which remaineth in them in regard of the blindness of their heart, who despairing, have yielded themselves over to uncleanness of life, for the working of all filthiness and avarice." And which of ye hath willingly fulfilled that which next ensueth? "Therefore be ye not made unwise, but understanding what is the will of God, and be ye not drunk with wine, wherein there is riotousness, but be ye fulfilled with the Holy Ghost."

**103** Or that which he saith to the Thessalonians. "For neither have we been with you at any time in the speech of flattery, as yourselves do know; neither upon occasion of avarice, neither seeking to be glorified by men, neither by you, nor any others, when we might be honoured, as other apostles of Christ. But we have been made as little ones in the midst of you; or even as the nurse cherisheth her small tender children, so desiring you, we would very gladly deliver unto you, not only the gospel, but also our very lives." If in all things ye retained this affection of the apostle, then might ye be likewise assured, that ye lawfully possessed his chair. Or how have ye observed this that followeth? "Ye know," saith he, "what precepts I have delivered unto you. This is the will of our Lord, your sanctification, that ye abstain from fornication; and that every one of you know how to possess his own vessel, in honour and sanctification, not in the passion of desire, like the Gentiles who are ignorant of God; and that none of you do encroach upon or circumvent his brother in his business, because our Lord is the revenger of all these. For God hath not called us unto uncleanness, but unto sanctification. Therefore whoso despiseth these, doth not despise man, but God." What one also among you hath advisedly and warily kept this that ensueth:

"Mortify therefore your members which are upon the earth, fornication, uncleanness of life, lust, and evil concupiscence, for which the wrath of God hath come upon the children of diffidence?" Ye perceive therefore upon what offences the wrath of God doth chiefly arise.

**104** In which respect hear likewise what the same holy apostle, with a prophetic spirit, foretelleth of you, and such as yourselves, writing plainly in this sort to Timothy: "For know you this, that in the last days there shall be dangerous times at hand. For men shall be self-lovers, covetous, puffed up, proud, blasphemous, disobedient to their parents, ungrateful, wicked, without affection, incontinent, unmeek, without benignity, betrayers, froward, lofty, rather lovers of sensual pleasures, than of God, having a show of piety, but renouncing the virtue thereof." Avoid thou these men, even as the prophet saith: "I have hated the congregation of the malicious, and with the wicked I will not sit." And a little after, he uttereth that (which in our age we behold to increase), saying: "Ever learning, and never attaining unto the knowledge of truth; for even as Jannes and Mambres resisted Moses, so do these also withstand the truth: men corrupted in mind, reprobate against faith, but they shall prosper no further; for their folly shall be manifest unto all, as theirs likewise was."

**105** And evidently doth he also declare how priests in their office ought to behave themselves, writing thus to Titus: "Show thyself an example of good works, in learning, in integrity, in gravity, having thy word sound without offence, that he who standeth on the adverse part may be afraid, having no evil to speak of us." And moreover he saith unto Timothy, "Labour thou as a good soldier of Christ Jesus; no man fighting in God's quarrel entangleth himself in worldly business, that he may please him unto whom he hath approved himself; for whoso striveth in the lists for the mastery, receiveth not the crown, unless he hath lawfully contended." This is his exhortation to the good. Other matter also which the same epistles contain, is a threatening advertisement to the wicked (such as yourselves, in the judgment of all understanding persons, appear to be). "If any one," saith he, "teacheth otherwise, and doth not peaceably assent to the sound sayings of our Lord Jesus Christ, and that doctrine which is according to piety, he is proud, having no knowledge, but languishing about questions, and contentions of words, out of which do spring envies, debates, blasphemies, evil suspicions, conflicts of men corrupted in mind, who are deprived of truth, esteeming commodity to be piety."

**106** But why in using these testimonies, here and there dispersed, are we any longer, as it were, tossed up and down in the silly boat of our simple understanding, on the waves of sundry interpretations? We have now therefore at length thought it necessary to have recourse to those lessons, which are gathered out of Holy Scriptures, to the end that they should not only be rehearsed, but also be assenting and assisting unto the benediction, wherewith the hands of priests, and others of inferior sacred orders, are first consecrated, and that thereby they may continually be warned never, by degenerating from their priestly dignity, to digress from the commandments, which are faithfully contained in the same; so as it may be plain and apparent unto all, that everlasting torments are reserved for them, and that they are not priests, or the servants of God, who do not with their utmost power follow and fulfil the instructions and precepts. Wherefore let us hear what the prince of the apostles, Saint Peter, hath signified about this so weighty a matter, saying: "Blessed be God, and the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who through his mercy hath regenerated us into the hope of eternal life, by the resurrection of our Lord Jesus Christ from the dead, into an inheritance which can never corrupt, never wither, neither be defiled, preserved in heaven for you, who are kept in the virtue of God;" why then do ye fondly violate such an inheritance, which is not as an earthly one, transitory, but immortal and eternal? And somewhat afterwards: "For which cause be ye girded in the loins of your mind, sober, perfectly hoping in that grace which is offered to you in the revelation of Jesus Christ:" examine ye now the depths of your hearts, whether ye be sober and do perfectly preserve the grace of priesthood, which shall be duly discussed and decided in the revelation of our Lord. And again he saith: "As children of the benediction, not configuring yourselves

to those former desires of your ignorance; but according unto him who hath called you holy, be ye also holy in all conversation. For which cause it is written, Be ye holy, because I am holy." Which one of you, I pray, hath with his whole mind so pursued sanctity, that he hath earnestly hastened, as much as in him lay, to fulfil the same? But let us behold what in the second lesson of the same apostle is contained: "My dearest," saith he, "sanctify your souls for the obedience of faith, through the Spirit, in charity, in brotherhood, loving one another out of a true heart perpetually, as born again not of corruptible seed, but of incorruptible, through the word of God, living and remaining for ever."

**107** These are truly the commandments of the apostle; and read in the day of your ordination, to the end ye should inviolably observe the same, but they are not fulfilled by you in discretion and judgment, nay not so much as duly considered or understood. And afterwards: "Laying therefore aside all malice, and all deceits, and dissemblings, envy, and detractions, as infants newly born, reasonable and without guile covet ye milk, that ye may thereby grow to salvation, because our Lord is sweet." Consider ye also in your minds, if these sayings which have sounded in your deaf ears have not often likewise been trodden by you under foot: and again: "Ye truly are the chosen lineage, the royal priesthood, the holy nation, the people for adoption, that ye may declare his virtues who hath called you out of darkness into his marvellous light." But truly by you are not only the virtues of God not declared and made more glorious, but also through your wicked examples are they (by such as have not perfect belief) despised. Ye have perchance at the same time likewise heard, what is read in the lesson of the Acts, on this wise: "Peter arising in the midst of the disciples said: Men and brethren, it is expedient that the Scripture be fulfilled, which the Holy Ghost hath by the mouth of David foretold of Judas." And a little after: "This man therefore purchased a field, of the reward of iniquity." This have ye heard with a careless or rather blockish heart, as though the reading thereof nothing at all appertained unto yourselves. What one of you (I pray you) doth not seek the field of the reward of iniquity? For Judas robbed and pillaged the purse, and ye spoil and waste the sacred gifts and treasures of the church, together with the souls of her children. He went to the Jews to make a market of God, ye pass to the tyrants, and their father the devil, that ye may despise Christ. *He* set to sale the Saviour of the world for thirty pence, and *you* do so even for one poor halfpenny.

**108** What need many words? The example of Matthias is apparently laid before you for your confusion, who was chosen into his place, not by his own proper will, but by the election of the holy apostles, or rather the judgment of Christ, wherewith ye being blinded, do not perceive how far ye run astray from his merits, while ye fall wilfully and headlong into the manners and affection of Judas the traitor. It is therefore manifest that he who wittingly from his heart termeth you priests, is not himself a true and worthy Christian. And now I will assuredly speak what I think: this reprehension might have been framed after a milder fashion, but what availeth it to touch only with the hand, or dress with gentle ointment, that wound which with imposthuration or stinking corruption is now grown so horrible, that it requireth the searing iron, or the ordinary help of the fire, if happily by any means it may be cured, the diseased in the meanwhile not seeking a medicine, and the physician much erring from a right remedy? O ye enemies of God, and not priests! O ye traders of wickedness, and not bishops! O ye betrayers, and not successors of the holy apostles! O ye adversaries, and not servants of Christ! Ye have certainly heard at the least, the sound of the words, which are in the second lesson taken out of the apostle Saint Paul, although ye have no way observed the admonitions and virtue of them, but even as statues (that neither see nor hear) stood that day at the altar, while both then, and continually since he hath thundered in your ears, saying: "Brethren, it is a faithful speech, and worthy of all acceptance." He called it faithful and worthy, but ye have despised it as unfaithful and unworthy. "If any man desireth a bishopric, he desireth a good work." Ye do mightily covet a bishopric in respect of avarice, but not for spiritual convenience and for the good work which is suitable to the place, ye want it.

"It behoveth therefore such a one to be free from all cause of reprehension." At this saying we have more need to shed tears than utter words; for it is as much as if the apostle had said, he ought to be of all others most free from occasion of rebuke. "The husband of one wife," which is likewise so condemned among us, as if that word had never proceeded from him; "Sober, wise;" yea, which of ye hath once desired to have these virtues engrafted in him, "using hospitality." For this, if perchance it hath been found among you, yet being nevertheless rather done to purchase the favour of the people, than to accomplish the commandment, it is of no avail, our Lord and Saviour saying thus: "Verily, I say unto you, they have received their reward." Moreover, "A man adorned, not given to wine; no fighter, but modest; not contentious, not covetous:" O lamentable change! O horrible contempt of the heavenly commandments! And do ye not continually use the force of your words and actions, for the overthrowing or rather overwhelming of these, for whose defence and confirmation, if need had required, ye ought to have suffered pains, yea, and to have lost your very lives.

**109** But let us see what followeth: "Well governing," saith he, "his house, having his children subjected with all chastity." Imperfect therefore is the chastity of the parents, if the children be not also endued with the same. But how shall it be, where neither the father, nor the son, depraved by the example of his evil parent, is found to be chaste? "But if any one knoweth not how to rule over his own house, how shall he employ his care over the church of God?" These are the words, that with apparent effects, should be made good and approved. "Deacons in like manner, that they should be chaste, not doubled tongued, not overgiven to much wine, not followers of filthy gain, having the mystery of faith in a preconscience, and let these also be first approved, and so let them administer, having no offence." And now trembling truly to make any longer stay on these matters, I can for a conclusion affirm one thing certainly, which is, that all these are changed into contrary actions, in so much that clerks (which not without grief of heart, I here confess,) are shameless and deceitful in their speeches, given to drinking, covetous of filthy lucre, having faith (or to say more truly) unfaithfulness in an impure conscience, ministering not upon probation of their good works, but upon foreknowledge of their evil actions, and being thus defiled with innumerable offences, they are notwithstanding admitted unto the holy office; ye have likewise heard on the same day (wherein ye should with far more right and reason have been drawn to prison or punishment, than preferred unto priesthood) when our Lord demanded whom his disciples supposed him to be, how Peter answered, "Thou art Christ, the Son of the living God;" and our Lord in respect of such his confession, said unto him: "Blessed art thou, Simon Bar-jonas, because flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee, but my Father who is in heaven." Peter therefore, instructed by God the Father, did rightly confess Christ; but ye being taught by the devil your father, do, with your lewd actions, wickedly deny our Saviour. It is said to the true priest, "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock will I build my church:" but ye resembled "the foolish man, who hath builded his house upon the sand." And verily it is to be noted, that God joineth not in the workmanship with the unwise, when they build their house upon the deceitful uncertainty of the sands, according unto that saying: "They have made kings unto themselves, and not by me." Similarly that (which followeth) soundeth in like sort, speaking thus: "And the gates of hell (whereby infernal sins are to be understood) shall not prevail." But of your frail and deadly frame, mark what is pronounced: "The floods came, and the winds blew, and dashed upon that house and it fell, and great was the ruin thereof." To Peter and his successors, our Lord doth say, "And I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven." But unto you, "I know you not, depart from me all ye workers of iniquity," that being separated with the goats of the left hand, ye may together with them go into eternal fire. It is also promised unto every good priest, "Whatsoever thou shalt loose upon earth, shall be likewise loosed in heaven: and whatsoever thou shalt bind upon earth, shall be in like sort bound in heaven." But how shall ye loose any thing, that it may be loosed also in heaven, since yourselves for your sins

are severed from heaven, and hampered in the bands of your own heinous offences, as Solomon saith, "With the cords of his sins, every one is tied?" And with what reason shall ye bind any thing on this earth, that above this world may be likewise bound, unless it be your only selves, who, entangled in your iniquities, are so detained on this earth, that ye cannot ascend into heaven, but without your conversion unto our Lord in this life, will fall down into the miserable prison of hell?

**110** Neither yet let any priest flatter himself upon the knowledge of the particular cleanness of his own body, since their souls (over whom he hath government) shall in the day of judgment be required at his hands as the murderer of them, if any through his ignorance, sloth, or fawning adulation, have perished, because the stroke of death is not less terrible, that is given by a good man, than that which is inflicted by an evil person; otherwise would the apostle never have said that which he left unto his successors, as a fatherly legacy, "I am clear and clean from the blood of all: for I have not forborne to declare unto you all the counsel of God." Being therefore mightily drunken with the use and custom of sins, and extremely overwhelmed with the waves (as it were) of increasing offences, seek ye now forthwith the uttermost endeavours of your minds (after this your shipwreck), that one plank of repentance which is left, whereby ye may escape and swim to the land of the living, that from you may be turned away the wrath of our Lord, who saith, "I will not the death of a sinner: but that he may be converted and live." And may the same Almighty God, of all consolation and mercy, preserve his few good pastors from all evil, and (the common enemy being overcome) make them free inhabitants of the heavenly city of Jerusalem, which is the congregation of all saints; grant this, O Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, to whom be honour and glory, world without end. Amen.

# Beowulf

## I. THE LIFE AND DEATH OF SCYLD.

Lo! the Spear-Danes' glory through splendid achievements  
The folk-kings' former fame we have heard of,  
How princes displayed then their prowess-in-battle.  
Oft Scyld the Scefing from scathers in numbers  
From many a people their mead-benches tore.  
Since first he found him friendless and wretched,  
The earl had had terror: comfort he got for it,  
Waxed 'neath the welkin, world-honor gained,  
Till all his neighbors o'er sea were compelled to  
Bow to his bidding and bring him their tribute:  
An excellent atheling! After was borne him  
A son and heir, young in his dwelling,  
Whom God-Father sent to solace the people.  
He had marked the misery malice had caused them,  
That reaved of their rulers they wretched had erstwhile  
Long been afflicted. The Lord, in requital,  
Wielder of Glory, with world-honor blessed him.  
Famed was Beowulf, far spread the glory  
Of Scyld's great son in the lands of the Danemen.  
So the carle that is young, by kindnesses rendered  
The friends of his father, with fees in abundance  
Must be able to earn that when age approacheth  
Eager companions aid him requitingly,  
When war assaults him serve him as liegemen:  
By praise-worthy actions must honor be got  
'Mong all of the races. At the hour that was fated  
Scyld then departed to the All-Father's keeping  
Warlike to wend him; away then they bare him  
To the flood of the current, his fond-loving comrades,  
As himself he had bidden, while the friend of the Scyldings  
Word-sway wielded, and the well-lovèd land-prince  
Long did rule them. The ring-stemmèd vessel,  
Bark of the atheling, lay there at anchor,  
Icy in glimmer and eager for sailing;  
The belovèd leader laid they down there,  
Giver of rings, on the breast of the vessel,  
The famed by the mainmast. A many of jewels,  
Of fretted embossings, from far-lands brought over,  
Was placed near at hand then; and heard I not ever  
That a folk ever furnished a float more superbly  
With weapons of warfare, weeds for the battle,  
Bills and burnies; on his bosom sparkled

Many a jewel that with him must travel  
 On the flush of the flood afar on the current.  
 And favors no fewer they furnished him soothly,  
 Excellent folk-gems, than others had given him  
 Who when first he was born outward did send him  
 Lone on the main, the merest of infants:  
 And a gold-fashioned standard they stretched under heaven  
 High o'er his head, let the holm-currents bear him,  
 Seaward consigned him: sad was their spirit,  
 Their mood very mournful. Men are not able  
 Soothly to tell us, they in halls who reside,  
 Heroes under heaven, to what haven he hied.

## II. SCYLD'S SUCCESSORS.—HROTHGAR'S GREAT MEAD-HALL.

In the boroughs then Beowulf, bairn of the Scyldings,  
 Belovèd land-prince, for long-lasting season  
 Was famed mid the folk (his father departed,  
 The prince from his dwelling), till afterward sprang  
 Great-minded Healfdene; the Danes in his lifetime  
 He graciously governed, grim-mooded, agèd.  
 Four bairns of his body born in succession  
 Woke in the world, war-troopers' leader  
 Heorogar, Hrothgar, and Halga the good;  
 Heard I that Elan was Ongentheow's consort,  
 The well-beloved bedmate of the War-Scyfling leader.  
 Then glory in battle to Hrothgar was given,  
 Waxing of war-fame, that willingly kinsmen  
 Obeyed his bidding, till the boys grew to manhood,  
 A numerous band. It burned in his spirit  
 To urge his folk to found a great building,  
 A mead-hall grander than men of the era  
 Ever had heard of, and in it to share  
 With young and old all of the blessings  
 The Lord had allowed him, save life and retainers.  
 Then the work I find afar was assigned  
 To many races in middle-earth's regions,  
 To adorn the great folk-hall. In due time it happened  
 Early 'mong men, that 'twas finished entirely,  
 The greatest of hall-buildings; Heorot he named it  
 Who wide-reaching word-sway wielded 'mong earlmen.  
 His promise he brake not, rings he lavished,  
 Treasure at banquet. Towered the hall up  
 High and horn-crested, huge between antlers:  
 It battle-waves bided, the blasting fire-demon;  
 Ere long then from hottest hatred must sword-wrath  
 Arise for a woman's husband and father.  
 Then the mighty war-spirit endured for a season,  
 Bore it bitterly, he who bided in darkness,  
 That light-hearted laughter loud in the building  
 Greeted him daily; there was dulcet harp-music,  
 Clear song of the singer. He said that was able  
 To tell from of old earthmen's beginnings,  
 That Father Almighty earth had created,  
 The winsome wold that the water encircleth,

Set exultingly the sun's and the moon's beams  
To lavish their lustre on land-folk and races,  
And earth He embellished in all her regions  
With limbs and leaves; life He bestowed too  
On all the kindreds that live under heaven.  
So blessed with abundance, brimming with joyance,  
The warriors abided, till a certain one gan to  
Dog them with deeds of direfullest malice,  
A foe in the hall-building: this horrible stranger  
Was Grendel entitled, the march-stepper famous  
Who dwelt in the moor-fens, the marsh and the fastness;  
The wan-mooded being abode for a season  
In the land of the giants, when the Lord and Creator  
Had banned him and branded. For that bitter murder,  
The killing of Abel, all-ruling Father  
The kindred of Cain crushed with His vengeance;  
In the feud He rejoiced not, but far away drove him  
From kindred and kind, that crime to atone for,  
Meter of Justice. Thence ill-favored creatures,  
Elves and giants, monsters of ocean,  
Came into being, and the giants that longtime  
Grappled with God; He gave them requital.

### III. GRENDDEL THE MURDERER.

When the sun was sunken, he set out to visit  
The lofty hall-building, how the Ring-Danes had used it  
For beds and benches when the banquet was over.  
Then he found there reposing many a noble  
Asleep after supper; sorrow the heroes,  
Misery knew not. The monster of evil  
Greedy and cruel tarried but little,  
Fell and frantic, and forced from their slumbers  
Thirty of thanemen; thence he departed  
Leaping and laughing, his lair to return to,  
With surfeit of slaughter sallying homeward.  
In the dusk of the dawning, as the day was just breaking,  
Was Grendel's prowess revealed to the warriors:  
Then, his meal-taking finished, a moan was uplifted,  
Morning-cry mighty. The man-ruler famous,  
The long-worthy atheling, sat very woful,  
Suffered great sorrow, sighed for his liegemen,  
When they had seen the track of the hateful pursuer,  
The spirit accursèd: too crushing that sorrow,  
Too loathsome and lasting. Not longer he tarried,  
But one night after continued his slaughter  
Shameless and shocking, shrinking but little  
From malice and murder; they mastered him fully.  
He was easy to find then who elsewhere looked for  
A pleasanter place of repose in the lodges,  
A bed in the bowers. Then was brought to his notice  
Told him truly by token apparent  
The hall-thane's hatred: he held himself after  
Further and faster who the foeman did baffle.  
So ruled he and strongly strove against justice

Lone against all men, till empty uptowered  
 The choicest of houses. Long was the season:  
 Twelve-winters' time torture suffered  
 The friend of the Scyldings, every affliction,  
 Endless agony; hence it after became  
 Certainly known to the children of men  
 Sadly in measures, that long against Hrothgar  
 Grendel struggled:—his grudges he cherished,  
 Murderous malice, many a winter,  
 Strife unrelenting, and peacefully wished he  
 Life-woe to lift from no liegeman at all of  
 The men of the Dane-folk, for money to settle,  
 No counsellor needed count for a moment  
 On handsome amends at the hands of the murderer;  
 The monster of evil fiercely did harass,  
 The ill-planning death-shade, both elder and younger,  
 Trapping and tricking them. He trod every night then  
 The mist-covered moor-fens; men do not know where  
 Witches and wizards wander and ramble.  
 So the foe of mankind many of evils  
 Grievous injuries, often accomplished,  
 Horrible hermit; Heort he frequented,  
 Gem-bedecked palace, when night-shades had fallen  
 (Since God did oppose him, not the throne could he touch,  
 The light-flashing jewel, love of Him knew not).  
 'Twas a fearful affliction to the friend of the Scyldings  
 Soul-crushing sorrow. Not seldom in private  
 Sat the king in his council; conference held they  
 What the braves should determine 'gainst terrors unlooked for.  
 At the shrines of their idols often they promised  
 Gifts and offerings, earnestly prayed they  
 The devil from hell would help them to lighten  
 Their people's oppression. Such practice they used then,  
 Hope of the heathen; hell they remembered  
 In innermost spirit, God they knew not,  
 Judge of their actions, All-wielding Ruler,  
 No praise could they give the Guardian of Heaven,  
 The Wielder of Glory. Woe will be his who  
 Through furious hatred his spirit shall drive to  
 The clutch of the fire, no comfort shall look for,  
 Wax no wiser; well for the man who,  
 Living his life-days, his Lord may face  
 And find defence in his Father's embrace!

#### IV. BEOWULF GOES TO HROTHGAR'S ASSISTANCE.

So Healfdene's kinsman constantly mused on  
 His long-lasting sorrow; the battle-thane clever  
 Was not anywise able evils to 'scape from:  
 Too crushing the sorrow that came to the people,  
 Loathsome and lasting the life-grinding torture,  
 Greatest of night-woes. So Higelac's liegeman,  
 Good amid Geatmen, of Grendel's achievements  
 Heard in his home: of heroes then living  
 He was stoutest and strongest, sturdy and noble.



He bade them prepare him a bark that was trusty;  
He said he the war-king would seek o'er the ocean,  
The folk-leader noble, since he needed retainers.  
For the perilous project prudent companions  
Chided him little, though loving him dearly;  
They egged the brave atheling, augured him glory.  
The excellent knight from the folk of the Geatmen  
Had liegemen selected, likest to prove them  
Trustworthy warriors; with fourteen companions  
The vessel he looked for; a liegeman then showed them,  
A sea-crafty man, the bounds of the country.  
Fast the days fleeted; the float was a-water,  
The craft by the cliff. Clomb to the prow then  
Well-equipped warriors: the wave-currents twisted  
The sea on the sand; soldiers then carried  
On the breast of the vessel bright-shining jewels,  
Handsome war-armor; heroes outshoved then,  
Warmen the wood-ship, on its wished-for adventure.  
The foamy-necked floater fanned by the breeze,  
Likest a bird, glided the waters,  
Till twenty and four hours thereafter  
The twist-stemmed vessel had traveled such distance  
That the sailing-men saw the sloping embankments,  
The sea cliffs gleaming, precipitous mountains,  
Nesses enormous: they were nearing the limits  
At the end of the ocean. Up thence quickly  
The men of the Weders clomb to the mainland,  
Fastened their vessel (battle weeds rattled,  
War burnies clattered), the Wielder they thanked  
That the ways o'er the waters had waxen so gentle.  
Then well from the cliff edge the guard of the Scyldings  
Who the sea-cliffs should see to, saw o'er the gangway  
Brave ones bearing beauteous targets,  
Armor all ready, anxiously thought he,  
Musing and wondering what men were approaching.  
High on his horse then Hrothgar's retainer  
Turned him to coastward, mightily brandished  
His lance in his hands, questioned with boldness.  
"Who are ye men here, mail-covered warriors  
Clad in your corslets, come thus a-driving  
A high riding ship o'er the shoals of the waters,  
And hither 'neath helmets have hied o'er the ocean?  
I have been strand-guard, standing as warden,  
Lest enemies ever anywise ravage  
Danish dominions with army of war-ships.  
More boldly never have warriors ventured  
Hither to come; of kinsmen's approval,  
Word-leave of warriors, I ween that ye surely  
Nothing have known. Never a greater one  
Of earls o'er the earth have I had a sight of  
Than is one of your number, a hero in armor,  
No low-ranking fellow adorned with his weapons,  
But launching them little, unless looks are deceiving,  
And striking appearance. Ere ye pass on your journey  
As treacherous spies to the land of the Scyldings

And farther fare, I fully must know now  
 What race ye belong to. Ye far-away dwellers,  
 Sea-faring sailors, my simple opinion  
 Hear ye and hearken: haste is most fitting  
 Plainly to tell me what place ye are come from.”

## V. THE GEATS REACH HEOROT.

The chief of the strangers rendered him answer,  
 War-troopers’ leader, and word-treasure opened:  
 “We are sprung from the lineage of the people of Geatland,  
 And Higelac’s hearth-friends. To heroes unnumbered  
 My father was known, a noble head-warrior  
 Ecgtheow titled; many a winter  
 He lived with the people, ere he passed on his journey,  
 Old from his dwelling; each of the counsellors  
 Widely mid world-folk well remembers him.  
 We, kindly of spirit, the lord of thy people,  
 The son of King Healfdene, have come here to visit,  
 Folk-troop’s defender: be free in thy counsels!  
 To the noble one bear we a weighty commission,  
 The helm of the Danemen; we shall hide, I ween,  
 Naught of our message. Thou know’st if it happen,  
 As we soothly heard say, that some savage despoiler,  
 Some hidden pursuer, on nights that are murky  
 By deeds very direful ’mid the Danemen exhibits  
 Hatred unheard of, horrid destruction  
 And the falling of dead. From feelings least selfish  
 I am able to render counsel to Hrothgar,  
 How he, wise and worthy, may worst the destroyer,  
 If the anguish of sorrow should ever be lessened,  
 Comfort come to him, and care-waves grow cooler,  
 Or ever hereafter he agony suffer  
 And troublous distress, while towereth upward  
 The handsomest of houses high on the summit.”  
 Bestriding his stallion, the strand-watchman answered,  
 The doughty retainer: “The difference surely  
 ’Twixt words and works, the warlike shield-bearer  
 Who judgeth wisely well shall determine.  
 This band, I hear, beareth no malice  
 To the prince of the Scyldings. Pass ye then onward  
 With weapons and armor. I shall lead you in person;  
 To my war-trusty vassals command I shall issue  
 To keep from all injury your excellent vessel,  
 Your fresh-tarred craft, ’gainst every opposer  
 Close by the sea-shore, till the curved-neckèd bark shall  
 Waft back again the well-beloved hero  
 O’er the way of the water to Weder dominions.  
 To warrior so great ’twill be granted sure  
 In the storm of strife to stand secure.”  
 Onward they fared then (the vessel lay quiet,  
 The broad-bosomed bark was bound by its cable,  
 Firmly at anchor); the boar-signs glistened  
 Bright on the visors vivid with gilding,  
 Blaze-hardened, brilliant; the boar acted warden.

The heroes hastened, hurried the liegemen,  
Descended together, till they saw the great palace,  
The well-fashioned wassail-hall wondrous and gleaming:  
'Mid world-folk and kindreds that was widest reputed  
Of halls under heaven which the hero abode in;  
Its lustre enlightened lands without number.  
Then the battle-brave hero showed them the glittering  
Court of the bold ones, that they easily thither  
Might fare on their journey; the aforementioned warrior  
Turning his courser, quoth as he left them:  
"Tis time I were faring; Father Almighty  
Grant you His grace, and give you to journey  
Safe on your mission! To the sea I will get me  
'Gainst hostile warriors as warden to stand."

## VI. BEOWULF INTRODUCES HIMSELF AT THE PALACE.

The highway glistened with many-hued pebble,  
A by-path led the liegemen together.  
Firm and hand-locked the war-burnie glistened,  
The ring-sword radiant rang 'mid the armor  
As the party was approaching the palace together  
In warlike equipments. 'Gainst the wall of the building  
Their wide-fashioned war-shields they weary did set then,  
Battle-shields sturdy; benchward they turned then;  
Their battle-sarks rattled, the gear of the heroes;  
The lances stood up then, all in a cluster,  
The arms of the seamen, ashen-shafts mounted  
With edges of iron: the armor-clad troopers  
Were decked with weapons. Then a proud-mooded hero  
Asked of the champions questions of lineage:  
"From what borders bear ye your battle-shields plated,  
Gilded and gleaming, your gray-colored burnies,  
Helmets with visors and heap of war-lances?—  
To Hrothgar the king I am servant and liegeman.  
'Mong folk from far-lands found I have never  
Men so many of mien more courageous.  
I ween that from valor, nowise as outlaws,  
But from greatness of soul ye sought for King Hrothgar."  
Then the strength-famous earlman answer rendered,  
The proud-mooded Wederchief replied to his question,  
Hardy 'neath helmet: "Higelac's mates are we;  
Beowulf hight I. To the bairn of Healfdene,  
The famous folk-leader, I freely will tell  
To thy prince my commission, if pleasantly hearing  
He'll grant we may greet him so gracious to all men."  
Wulfgar replied then (he was prince of the Wendels,  
His boldness of spirit was known unto many,  
His prowess and prudence): "The prince of the Scyldings,  
The friend-lord of Danemen, I will ask of thy journey,  
The giver of rings, as thou urgest me do it,  
The folk-chief famous, and inform thee early  
What answer the good one mindeth to render me."  
He turned then hurriedly where Hrothgar was sitting,  
Old and hoary, his earlmen attending him;

The strength-famous went till he stood at the shoulder  
 Of the lord of the Danemen, of courteous thanemen  
 The custom he minded. Wulfgar addressed then  
 His friendly liegelord: "Folk of the Geatmen  
 He thereupon urges his liegelord to receive the visitors courteously.  
 O'er the way of the waters are wafted hither,  
 Faring from far-lands: the foremost in rank  
 The battle-champions Beowulf title.  
 They make this petition: with thee, O my chieftain,  
 To be granted a conference; O gracious King Hrothgar,  
 Friendly answer refuse not to give them!  
 In war-trappings weeded worthy they seem  
 Of earls to be honored; sure the atheling is doughty  
 Who headed the heroes hitherward coming."

## VII. HROTHGAR AND BEOWULF.

Hrothgar answered, helm of the Scyldings:  
 "I remember this man as the merest of striplings.  
 His father long dead now was Ecgtheow titled,  
 Him Hrethel the Geatman granted at home his  
 One only daughter; his battle-brave son  
 Is come but now, sought a trustworthy friend.  
 Seafaring sailors asserted it then,  
 Who valuable gift-gems of the Geatmen carried  
 As peace-offering thither, that he thirty men's grapple  
 Has in his hand, the hero-in-battle.  
 The holy Creator usward sent him,  
 To West-Dane warriors, I ween, for to render  
 'Gainst Grendel's grimness gracious assistance:  
 I shall give to the good one gift-gems for courage.  
 Hasten to bid them hither to speed them,  
 To see assembled this circle of kinsmen;  
 Tell them expressly they're welcome in sooth to  
 The men of the Danes." To the door of the building  
 Wulfgar invites the strangers in.  
 Wulfgar went then, this word-message shouted:  
 "My victorious liegelord bade me to tell you,  
 The East-Danes' atheling, that your origin knows he,  
 And o'er wave-billows wafted ye welcome are hither,  
 Valiant of spirit. Ye straightway may enter  
 Clad in corslets, cased in your helmets,  
 To see King Hrothgar. Here let your battle-boards,  
 Wood-spears and war-shafts, await your conferring."  
 The mighty one rose then, with many a liegeman,  
 An excellentthane-group; some there did await them,  
 And as bid of the brave one the battle-gear guarded.  
 Together they hied them, while the hero did guide them,  
 'Neath Heorot's roof; the high-minded went then  
 Sturdy 'neath helmet till he stood in the building.  
 Beowulf spake (his burnie did glisten,  
 His armor seamed over by the art of the craftsman):  
 "Hail thou, Hrothgar! I am Higelac's kinsman  
 And vassal forsooth; many a wonder  
 I dared as a stripling. The doings of Grendel,

In far-off fatherland I fully did know of:  
 Sea-farers tell us, this hall-building standeth,  
 Excellent edifice, empty and useless  
 To all the earlmen after evenlight's glimmer  
 'Neath heaven's bright hues hath hidden its glory.  
 This my earls then urged me, the most excellent of them,  
 Carles very clever, to come and assist thee,  
 Folk-leader Hrothgar; fully they knew of  
 The strength of my body. Themselves they beheld me  
 When I came from the contest, when covered with gore  
 Foes I escaped from, where five I had bound,  
 The giant-race wasted, in the waters destroying  
 The nickers by night, bore numberless sorrows,  
 The Weders avenged (woes had they suffered)  
 Enemies ravaged; alone now with Grendel  
 I shall manage the matter, with the monster of evil,  
 The giant, decide it. Thee I would therefore  
 Beg of thy bounty, Bright-Danish chieftain,  
 Lord of the Scyldings, this single petition:  
 Not to refuse me, defender of warriors,  
 Friend-lord of folks, so far have I sought thee,  
 That I may unaided, my earlmen assisting me,  
 This brave-mooded war-band, purify Heorot.  
 I have heard on inquiry, the horrible creature  
 From veriest rashness recks not for weapons;  
 I this do scorn then, so be Higelac gracious,  
 My liegelord belovèd, lenient of spirit,  
 To bear a blade or a broad-fashioned target,  
 A shield to the onset; only with hand-grip  
 The foe I must grapple, fight for my life then,  
 Foeman with foeman; he fain must rely on  
 The doom of the Lord whom death layeth hold of.  
 I ween he will wish, if he win in the struggle,  
 To eat in the war-hall earls of the Geat-folk,  
 Boldly to swallow them, as of yore he did often  
 The best of the Hrethmen! Thou needest not trouble  
 A head-watch to give me; he will have me dripping  
 In case of my defeat, thou wilt not have the trouble of burying me.  
 And dreary with gore, if death overtake me,  
 Will bear me off bleeding, biting and mouthing me,  
 The hermit will eat me, heedless of pity,  
 Marking the moor-fens; no more wilt thou need then  
 Find me my food. If I fall in the battle,  
 Send to Higelac the armor that serveth  
 To shield my bosom, the best of equipments,  
 Richest of ring-mails; 'tis the relic of Hrethla,  
 The work of Wayland. Goes Weird as she must go!"

### VIII. HROTHGAR AND BEOWULF.—*Continued.*

Hrothgar discoursed, helm of the Scyldings:  
 "To defend our folk and to furnish assistance,  
 Thou soughtest us hither, good friend Beowulf.  
 The fiercest of feuds thy father engaged in,  
 Heatholaf killed he in hand-to-hand conflict

'Mid Wilfingish warriors; then the Wederish people  
 For fear of a feud were forced to disown him.  
 Thence flying he fled to the folk of the South-Danes,  
 The race of the Scyldings, o'er the roll of the waters;  
 I had lately begun then to govern the Danemen,  
 The hoard-seat of heroes held in my youth,  
 Rich in its jewels: dead was Heregar,  
 My kinsman and elder had earth-joys forsaken,  
 Healfdene his bairn. He was better than I am!  
 That feud thereafter for a fee I compounded;  
 O'er the weltering waters to the Wilfings I sent  
 Ornaments old; oaths did he swear me.  
 It pains me in spirit to any to tell it,  
 What grief in Heorot Grendel hath caused me,  
 What horror unlooked-for, by hatred unceasing.  
 Waned is my war-band, wasted my hall-troop;  
 Weird hath offcast them to the clutches of Grendel.  
 God can easily hinder the scather  
 From deeds so direful. Oft drunken with beer  
 O'er the ale-vessel promised warriors in armor  
 They would willingly wait on the wassailing-benches  
 A grapple with Grendel, with grimmest of edges.  
 Then this mead-hall at morning with murder was reeking,  
 The building was bloody at breaking of daylight,  
 The bench-deals all flooded, dripping and bloodied,  
 The folk-hall was gory: I had fewer retainers,  
 Dear-beloved warriors, whom death had laid hold of.  
 Sit at the feast now, thy intents unto heroes,  
 Thy victor-fame show, as thy spirit doth urge thee!"  
 For the men of the Geats then together assembled,  
 In the beer-hall blithesome a bench was made ready;  
 There warlike in spirit they went to be seated,  
 Proud and exultant. A liegeman did service,  
 Who a beaker embellished bore with decorum,  
 And gleaming-drink poured. The gleeman sang whilom  
 Hearty in Heorot; there was heroes' rejoicing,  
 A numerous war-band of Weders and Danemen.

## IX. UNFERTH TAUNTS BEOWULF.

Unferth spoke up, Ecglafr his son,  
 Who sat at the feet of the lord of the Scyldings,  
 Opened the jousting (the journey of Beowulf,  
 Sea-farer doughty, gave sorrow to Unferth  
 And greatest chagrin, too, for granted he never  
 That any man else on earth should attain to,  
 Gain under heaven, more glory than he):  
 "Art thou that Beowulf with Breca did struggle,  
 On the wide sea-currents at swimming contended,  
 Where to humor your pride the ocean ye tried,  
 From vainest vaunting adventured your bodies  
 In care of the waters? And no one was able  
 Nor lief nor loth one, in the least to dissuade you  
 Your difficult voyage; then ye ventured a-swimming,  
 Where your arms outstretching the streams ye did cover,

The mere-ways measured, mixing and stirring them,  
 Glided the ocean; angry the waves were,  
 With the weltering of winter. In the water's possession,  
 Ye toiled for a seven-night; he at swimming outdid thee,  
 In strength excelled thee. Then early at morning  
 On the Heathoremes' shore the holm-currents tossed him,  
 Sought he thenceward the home of his fathers,  
 Beloved of his liegemen, the land of the Brondings,  
 The peace-castle pleasant, where a people he wielded,  
 Had borough and jewels. The pledge that he made thee  
 The son of Beanstan hath soothly accomplished.  
 Then I ween thou wilt find thee less fortunate issue,  
 Though ever triumphant in onset of battle,  
 A grim grappling, if Grendel thou darest  
 For the space of a night near-by to wait for!"  
 Beowulf answered, offspring of Ecgtheow:  
 "My good friend Unferth, sure freely and wildly,  
 Thou fuddled with beer of Breca hast spoken,  
 Hast told of his journey! A fact I allege it,  
 That greater strength in the waters I had then,  
 Ills in the ocean, than any man else had.  
 We made agreement as the merest of striplings  
 Promised each other (both of us then were  
 Younkers in years) that we yet would adventure  
 Out on the ocean; it all we accomplished.  
 While swimming the sea-floods, sword-blade unscabbarded  
 Boldly we brandished, our bodies expected  
 To shield from the sharks. He sure was unable  
 To swim on the waters further than I could,  
 More swift on the waves, nor *would* I from him go.  
 Then we two companions stayed in the ocean  
 Five nights together, till the currents did part us,  
 The weltering waters, weathers the bleakest,  
 And nethermost night, and the north-wind whistled  
 Fierce in our faces; fell were the billows.  
 The mere fishes' mood was mightily ruffled:  
 And there against foemen my firm-knotted corslet,  
 Hand-jointed, hardy, help did afford me;  
 My battle-sark braided, brilliantly gilded,  
 Lay on my bosom. To the bottom then dragged me,  
 A hateful fiend-scather, seized me and held me,  
 Grim in his grapple: 'twas granted me, nathless,  
 To pierce the monster with the point of my weapon,  
 My obedient blade; battle offcarried  
 The mighty mere-creature by means of my hand-blow.

#### **X. BEOWULF SILENCES UNFERTH.—GLEE IS HIGH.**

"So ill-meaning enemies often did cause me  
 Sorrow the sorest. I served them, in quittance,  
 With my dear-loved sword, as in sooth it was fitting;  
 They missed the pleasure of feasting abundantly,  
 Ill-doers evil, of eating my body,  
 Of surrounding the banquet deep in the ocean;  
 But wounded with edges early at morning

They were stretched a-high on the strand of the ocean,  
 Put to sleep with the sword, that sea-going travelers  
 No longer thereafter were hindered from sailing  
 The foam-dashing currents. Came a light from the east,  
 God's beautiful beacon; the billows subsided,  
 That well I could see the nesses projecting,  
 The blustering crags. Weird often saveth  
 The undoomed hero if doughty his valor!  
 But me did it fortune to fell with my weapon  
 Nine of the nickers. Of night-struggle harder  
 'Neath dome of the heaven heard I but rarely,  
 Nor of wight more woful in the waves of the ocean;  
 Yet I 'scaped with my life the grip of the monsters,  
 Weary from travel. Then the waters bare me  
 To the land of the Finns, the flood with the current,  
 The weltering waves. Not a word hath been told me  
 Of deeds so daring done by thee, Unferth,  
 And of sword-terror none; never hath Breca  
 At the play of the battle, nor either of you two,  
 Feat so fearless performèd with weapons  
 Glinting and gleaming . . . . .  
 . . . . . I utter no boasting;  
 Though with cold-blooded cruelty thou killedst thy brothers,  
 Thy nearest of kin; thou needs must in hell get  
 Direful damnation, though doughty thy wisdom.  
 I tell thee in earnest, offspring of Ecglaf,  
 Never had Grendel such numberless horrors,  
 The direful demon, done to thy liegelord,  
 Harrying in Heorot, if thy heart were as sturdy,  
 Thy mood as ferocious as thou dost describe them.  
 He hath found out fully that the fierce-burning hatred,  
 The edge-battle eager, of all of your kindred,  
 Of the Victory-Scyldings, need little dismay him:  
 Oaths he exacteth, not any he spares  
 Of the folk of the Danemen, but fighteth with pleasure,  
 Killeth and feasteth, no contest expecteth  
 From Spear-Danish people. But the prowess and valor  
 Of the earls of the Geatmen early shall venture  
 To give him a grapple. He shall go who is able  
 Bravely to banquet, when the bright-light of morning  
 Which the second day bringeth, the sun in its ether-robos,  
 O'er children of men shines from the southward!"  
 Then the gray-haired, war-famed giver of treasure  
 Was blithesome and joyous, the Bright-Danish ruler  
 Expected assistance; the people's protector  
 Heard from Beowulf his bold resolution.  
 There was laughter of heroes; loud was the clatter,  
 The words were winsome. Wealhtheow advanced then,  
 Consort of Hrothgar, of courtesy mindful,  
 Gold-decked saluted the men in the building,  
 And the freeborn woman the beaker presented  
 To the lord of the kingdom, first of the East-Danes,  
 Bade him be blithesome when beer was a-flowing,  
 Lief to his liegemen; he lustily tasted  
 Of banquet and beaker, battle-famed ruler.



The Helmingish lady then graciously circled  
'Mid all the liegemen lesser and greater:  
Treasure-cups tendered, till time was afforded  
That the decorous-mooded, diademed folk-queen  
Might bear to Beowulf the bumper o'errunning;  
She greeted the Geat-prince, God she did thank,  
Most wise in her words, that her wish was accomplished,  
That in any of earlmen she ever should look for  
Solace in sorrow. He accepted the beaker,  
Battle-bold warrior, at Wealhtheow's giving,  
Then equipped for combat quoth he in measures,  
Beowulf spake, offspring of Ecgtheow:  
"I purposed in spirit when I mounted the ocean,  
When I boarded my boat with a band of my liegemen,  
I would work to the fullest the will of your people  
Or in foe's-clutches fastened fall in the battle.  
Deeds I shall do of daring and prowess,  
Or the last of my life-days live in this mead-hall."  
These words to the lady were welcome and pleasing,  
The boast of the Geatman; with gold trappings broidered  
Went the freeborn folk-queen her fond-lord to sit by.  
Then again as of yore was heard in the building  
Courtly discussion, conquerors' shouting,  
Heroes were happy, till Healfdene's son would  
Go to his slumber to seek for refreshing;  
For the horrid hell-monster in the hall-building knew he  
A fight was determined, since the light of the sun they  
No longer could see, and lowering darkness  
O'er all had descended, and dark under heaven  
Shadowy shapes came shying around them.  
The liegemen all rose then. One saluted the other,  
Hrothgar Beowulf, in rhythmical measures,  
Wishing him well, and, the wassail-hall giving  
To his care and keeping, quoth he departing:  
"Not to any one else have I ever entrusted,  
But thee and thee only, the hall of the Danemen,  
Since high I could heave my hand and my buckler.  
Take thou in charge now the noblest of houses;  
Be mindful of honor, exhibiting prowess,  
Watch 'gainst the foeman! Thou shalt want no enjoyments,  
Survive thou safely adventure so glorious!"

## **XI. ALL SLEEP SAVE ONE.**

Then Hrothgar departed, his earl-throng attending him,  
Folk-lord of Scyldings, forth from the building;  
The war-chieftain wished then Wealhtheow to look for,  
The queen for a bedmate. To keep away Grendel  
The Glory of Kings had given a hall-watch,  
As men heard recounted: for the king of the Danemen  
He did special service, gave the giant a watcher:  
And the prince of the Geatmen implicitly trusted  
His warlike strength and the Wielder's protection.  
His armor of iron off him he did then,  
His helmet from his head, to his henchman committed

His chased-handled chain-sword, choicest of weapons,  
 And bade him bide with his battle-equipments.  
 The good one then uttered words of defiance,  
 Beowulf Geatman, ere his bed he upmounted:  
 "I hold me no meaner in matters of prowess,  
 In warlike achievements, than Grendel does himself;  
 Hence I seek not with sword-edge to sooth him to slumber,  
 Of life to bereave him, though well I am able.  
 No battle-skill has he, that blows he should strike me,  
 To shatter my shield, though sure he is mighty  
 In strife and destruction; but struggling by night we  
 Shall do without edges, dare he to look for  
 Weaponless warfare, and wise-mooded Father  
 The glory apportion, God ever-holy,  
 On which hand soever to him seemeth proper."  
 Then the brave-mooded hero bent to his slumber,  
 The pillow received the cheek of the noble;  
 And many a martial mere-thane attending  
 Sank to his slumber. Seemed it unlikely  
 That ever thereafter any should hope to  
 Be happy at home, hero-friends visit  
 Or the lordly troop-castle where he lived from his childhood;  
 They had heard how slaughter had snatched from the wine-hall,  
 Had recently ravished, of the race of the Scyldings  
 Too many by far. But the Lord to them granted  
 The weaving of war-speed, to Wederish heroes  
 Aid and comfort, that every opponent  
 By one man's war-might they worsted and vanquished,  
 By the might of himself; the truth is established  
 That God Almighty hath governed for ages  
 Kindreds and nations. A night very lurid  
 The trav'ler-at-twilight came tramping and striding.  
 The warriors were sleeping who should watch the horned-building,  
 One only excepted. 'Mid earthmen 'twas 'stablished,  
 Th' implacable foeman was powerless to hurl them  
 To the land of shadows, if the Lord were unwilling;  
 But serving as warder, in terror to foemen,  
 He angrily bided the issue of battle.

## **XII. GRENDEL AND BEOWULF.**

'Neath the cloudy cliffs came from the moor then  
 Grendel going, God's anger bare he.  
 The monster intended some one of earthmen  
 In the hall-building grand to entrap and make way with:  
 He went under welkin where well he knew of  
 The wine-joyous building, brilliant with plating,  
 Gold-hall of earthmen. Not the earliest occasion  
 He the home and manor of Hrothgar had sought:  
 Ne'er found he in life-days later nor earlier  
 Hardier hero, hall-thanes more sturdy!  
 Then came to the building the warrior marching,  
 Bereft of his joyance. The door quickly opened  
 On fire-hinges fastened, when his fingers had touched it;  
 The fell one had flung then—his fury so bitter—

Open the entrance. Early thereafter  
The foeman trod the shining hall-pavement,  
Strode he angrily; from the eyes of him glimmered  
A lustre unlovely likeliest to fire.  
He beheld in the hall the heroes in numbers,  
A circle of kinsmen sleeping together,  
A throng of thanemen: then his thoughts were exultant,  
He minded to sunder from each of the thanemen  
The life from his body, horrible demon,  
Ere morning came, since fate had allowed him  
The prospect of plenty. Providence willed not  
To permit him any more of men under heaven  
To eat in the night-time. Higelac's kinsman  
Great sorrow endured how the dire-mooded creature  
In unlooked-for assaults were likely to bear him.  
No thought had the monster of deferring the matter,  
But on earliest occasion he quickly laid hold of  
A soldier asleep, suddenly tore him,  
Bit his bone-prison, the blood drank in currents,  
Swallowed in mouthfuls: he soon had the dead man's  
Feet and hands, too, eaten entirely.  
Nearer he strode then, the stout-hearted warrior  
Snatched as he slumbered, seizing with hand-grip,  
Forward the foeman foined with his hand;  
Caught he quickly the cunning deviser,  
On his elbow he rested. This early discovered  
The master of malice, that in middle-earth's regions,  
'Neath the whole of the heavens, no hand-grapple greater  
In any man else had he ever encountered:  
Fearful in spirit, faint-mooded waxed he,  
Not off could betake him; death he was pondering,  
Would fly to his covert, seek the devils' assembly:  
His calling no more was the same he had followed  
Long in his lifetime. The liege-kinsman worthy  
Of Higelac minded his speech of the evening,  
Stood he up straight and stoutly did seize him.  
His fingers crackled; the giant was outward,  
The earl stepped farther. The famous one minded  
To flee away farther, if he found an occasion,  
And off and away, avoiding delay,  
To fly to the fen-moors; he fully was ware of  
The strength of his grapple in the grip of the foeman.  
'Twas an ill-taken journey that the injury-bringing,  
Harrying harmer to Heorot wandered:  
The palace re-echoed; to all of the Danemen,  
Dwellers in castles, to each of the bold ones,  
Earlmen, was terror. Angry they both were,  
Archwarders raging. Rattled the building;  
'Twas a marvellous wonder that the wine-hall withstood then  
The bold-in-battle, bent not to earthward,  
Excellent earth-hall; but within and without it  
Was fastened so firmly in fetters of iron,  
By the art of the armorer. Off from the sill there  
Bent mead-benches many, as men have informed me,  
Adorned with gold-work, where the grim ones did struggle.

The Scylding wise men weened ne'er before  
 That by might and main-strength a man under heaven  
 Might break it in pieces, bone-decked, resplendent,  
 Crush it by cunning, unless clutch of the fire  
 In smoke should consume it. The sound mounted upward  
 Novel enough; on the North Danes fastened  
 A terror of anguish, on all of the men there  
 Who heard from the wall the weeping and plaining,  
 The song of defeat from the foeman of heaven,  
 Heard him hymns of horror howl, and his sorrow  
 Hell-bound bewailing. He held him too firmly  
 Who was strongest of main-strength of men of that era.

### **XIII. GRENDEL IS VANQUISHED.**

For no cause whatever would the earlmen's defender  
 Leave in life-joys the loathsome newcomer,  
 He deemed his existence utterly useless  
 To men under heaven. Many a noble  
 Of Beowulf brandished his battle-sword old,  
 Would guard the life of his lord and protector,  
 The far-famous chieftain, if able to do so;  
 While waging the warfare, this wist they but little,  
 Brave battle-thanes, while his body intending  
 To slit into slivers, and seeking his spirit:  
 That the relentless foeman nor finest of weapons  
 Of all on the earth, nor any of war-bills  
 Was willing to injure; but weapons of victory  
 Swords and suchlike he had sworn to dispense with.  
 His death at that time must prove to be wretched,  
 And the far-away spirit widely should journey  
 Into enemies' power. This plainly he saw then  
 Who with mirth of mood malice no little  
 Had wrought in the past on the race of the earthmen  
 (To God he was hostile), that his body would fail him,  
 But Higelac's hardy henchman and kinsman  
 Held him by the hand; hateful to other  
 Was each one if living. A body-wound suffered  
 The direful demon, damage incurable  
 Was seen on his shoulder, his sinews were shivered,  
 His body did burst. To Beowulf was given  
 Glory in battle; Grendel from thenceward  
 Must flee and hide him in the fen-cliffs and marshes,  
 Sick unto death, his dwelling must look for  
 Unwinsome and woful; he wist the more fully  
 The end of his earthly existence was nearing,  
 His life-days' limits. At last for the Danemen,  
 When the slaughter was over, their wish was accomplished.  
 The comer-from-far-land had cleansed then of evil,  
 Wise and valiant, the war-hall of Hrothgar,  
 Saved it from violence. He joyed in the night-work,  
 In repute for prowess; the prince of the Geatmen  
 For the East-Danish people his boast had accomplished,  
 Bettered their burdensome bale-sorrows fully,  
 The craft-begot evil they erstwhile had suffered

And were forced to endure from crushing oppression,  
Their manifold misery. 'Twas a manifest token,  
When the hero-in-battle the hand suspended,  
The arm and the shoulder (there was all of the claw  
Of Grendel together) 'neath great-stretching hall-roof.

#### XIV. REJOICING OF THE DANES.

In the mist of the morning many a warrior  
Stood round the gift-hall, as the story is told me:  
Folk-princes fared then from far and from near  
Through long-stretching journeys to look at the wonder,  
The footprints of the foeman. Few of the warriors  
Who gazed on the foot-tracks of the inglorious creature  
His parting from life pained very deeply,  
How, weary in spirit, off from those regions  
In combats conquered he carried his traces,  
Fated and flying, to the flood of the nickers.  
There in bloody billows bubbled the currents,  
The angry eddy was everywhere mingled  
And seething with gore, welling with sword-blood;  
He death-doomed had hid him, when reaved of his joyance  
He laid down his life in the lair he had fled to,  
His heathenish spirit, where hell did receive him.  
Thence the friends from of old backward turned them,  
And many a youngster from merry adventure,  
Striding their stallions, stout from the seaward,  
Heroes on horses. There were heard very often  
Beowulf's praises; many often asserted  
That neither south nor north, in the circuit of waters,  
O'er outstretching earth-plain, none other was better  
'Mid bearers of war-shields, more worthy to govern,  
'Neath the arch of the ether. Not any, however,  
'Gainst the friend-lord muttered, mocking-words uttered  
Of Hrothgar the gracious (a good king he).  
Oft the famed ones permitted their fallow-skinned horses  
To run in rivalry, racing and chasing,  
Where the fieldways appeared to them fair and inviting,  
Known for their excellence; oft athane of the folk-lord,  
A man of celebrity, mindful of rhythms,  
Who ancient traditions treasured in memory,  
New word-groups found properly bound:  
The bard after 'gan then Beowulf's venture  
Wisely to tell of, and words that were clever  
To utter skilfully, earnestly speaking,  
Everything told he that he heard as to Sigmund's  
Mighty achievements, many things hidden,  
The strife of the Wælsing, the wide-going ventures  
The children of men knew of but little,  
The feud and the fury, but Fitela with him,  
When suchlike matters he minded to speak of,  
Uncle to nephew, as in every contention  
Each to other was ever devoted:  
A numerous host of the race of the scathers  
They had slain with the sword-edge. To Sigmund accrued then

No little of glory, when his life-days were over,  
 Since he sturdy in struggle had destroyed the great dragon,  
 The hoard-treasure's keeper; 'neath the hoar-grayish stone he,  
 The son of the atheling, unaided adventured  
 The perilous project; not present was Fitela,  
 Yet the fortune befell him of forcing his weapon  
 Through the marvellous dragon, that it stood in the wall,  
 Well-honored weapon; the worm was slaughtered.  
 The great one had gained then by his glorious achievement  
 To reap from the ring-hoard richest enjoyment,  
 As best it did please him: his vessel he loaded,  
 Shining ornaments on the ship's bosom carried,  
 Kinsman of Wæls: the drake in heat melted.  
 He was farthest famed of fugitive pilgrims,  
 Mid wide-scattered world-folk, for works of great prowess,  
 War-troopers' shelter: hence waxed he in honor.  
 Afterward Heremod's hero-strength failed him,  
 His vigor and valor. 'Mid venomous haters  
 To the hands of foemen he was foully delivered,  
 Offdriven early. Agony-billows  
 Oppressed him too long, to his people he became then,  
 To all the athelings, an ever-great burden;  
 And the daring one's journey in days of yore  
 Many wise men were wont to deplore,  
 Such as hoped he would bring them help in their sorrow,  
 That the son of their ruler should rise into power,  
 Holding the headship held by his fathers,  
 Should govern the people, the gold-hoard and borough,  
 The kingdom of heroes, the realm of the Scyldings.  
 He to all men became then far more beloved,  
 Higelac's kinsman, to kindreds and races,  
 To his friends much dearer; him malice assaulted.—  
 Oft running and racing on roadsters they measured  
 The dun-colored highways. Then the light of the morning  
 Was hurried and hastened. Went henchmen in numbers  
 To the beautiful building, bold ones in spirit,  
 To look at the wonder; the liegelord himself then  
 From his wife-bower wending, warden of treasures,  
 Glorious trod with troopers unnumbered,  
 Famed for his virtues, and with him the queen-wife  
 Measured the mead-ways, with maidens attending.

## XV. HROTHGAR'S GRATITUDE.

Hrothgar discoursed (to the hall-building went he,  
 He stood by the pillar, saw the steep-rising hall-roof  
 Gleaming with gold-gems, and Grendel his hand there):  
 "For the sight we behold now, thanks to the Wielder  
 Early be offered! Much evil I bided,  
 Snaring from Grendel: God can e'er 'compish  
 Wonder on wonder, Wielder of Glory!  
 But lately I reckoned ne'er under heaven  
 Comfort to gain me for any of sorrows,  
 While the handsomest of houses horrid with bloodstain  
 Gory uptowered; grief had offrightened

Each of the wise ones who weened not that ever  
The folk-troop's defences 'gainst foes they should strengthen,  
'Gainst sprites and monsters. Through the might of the Wielder  
A doughty retainer hath a deed now accomplished  
Which erstwhile we all with our excellent wisdom  
Failed to perform. May affirm very truly  
What woman soever in all of the nations  
Gave birth to the child, if yet she surviveth,  
That the long-ruling Lord was lavish to herward  
In the birth of the bairn. Now, Beowulf dear,  
Most excellent hero, I'll love thee in spirit  
As bairn of my body; bear well henceforward  
The relationship new. No lack shall befall thee  
Of earth-joys any I ever can give thee.  
Full often for lesser service I've given  
Hero less hardy hoard-treasure precious,  
To a weaker in war-strife. By works of distinction  
Thou hast gained for thyself now that thy glory shall flourish  
Forever and ever. The All-Ruler quite thee  
With good from His hand as He hitherto did thee!"

Beowulf answered, Ecgtheow's offspring:  
"That labor of glory most gladly achieved we,  
The combat accomplished, unquailing we ventured  
The enemy's grapple; I would grant it much rather  
Thou wert able to look at the creature in person,  
Faint unto falling, the foe in his trappings!  
On murder-bed quickly I minded to bind him,  
With firm-holding fetters, that forced by my grapple  
Low he should lie in life-and-death struggle  
'Less his body escape; I was wholly unable,  
Since God did not will it, to keep him from going,  
Not held him that firmly, hated opposer;  
Too swift was the foeman. Yet safety regarding  
He suffered his hand behind him to linger,  
His arm and shoulder, to act as watcher;  
No shadow of solace the woe-begone creature  
Found him there nathless: the hated destroyer  
Liveth no longer, lashed for his evils,  
But sorrow hath seized him, in snare-meshes hath him  
Close in its clutches, keepeth him writhing  
In baleful bonds: there banished for evil  
The man shall wait for the mighty tribunal,  
How the God of glory shall give him his earnings."

Then the soldier kept silent, son of old Ecglaf,  
From boasting and bragging of battle-achievements,  
Since the princes beheld there the hand that depended  
'Neath the lofty hall-timbers by the might of the nobleman,  
Each one before him, the enemy's fingers;  
Each finger-nail strong steel most resembled,  
The heathen one's hand-spur, the hero-in-battle's  
Claw most uncanny; quoth they agreeing,  
No sword will harm the monster.  
That not any excellent edges of brave ones  
Was willing to touch him, the terrible creature's  
Battle-hand bloody to bear away from him.

## XVI. HROTHGAR LAVISHES GIFTS UPON HIS DELIVERER.

Then straight was ordered that Heorot inside  
 With hands be embellished: a host of them gathered,  
 Of men and women, who the wassailing-building  
 The guest-hall begeared. Gold-flashing sparkled  
 Webs on the walls then, of wonders a many  
 To each of the heroes that look on such objects.  
 The beautiful building was broken to pieces  
 Which all within with irons was fastened,  
 Its hinges torn off: only the roof was  
 Whole and uninjured when the horrible creature  
 Outlawed for evil off had betaken him,  
 Hopeless of living. 'Tis hard to avoid it  
 (Whoever will do it!); but he doubtless must come to  
 The place awaiting, as Wyrð hath appointed,  
 Soul-bearers, earth-dwellers, earls under heaven,  
 Where bound on its bed his body shall slumber  
 When feasting is finished. Full was the time then  
 That the son of Healfdene went to the building;  
 The excellent atheling would eat of the banquet.  
 Ne'er heard I that people with hero-band larger  
 Bare them better tow'ards their bracelet-bestower.  
 The laden-with-glory stooped to the bench then  
 (Their kinsmen-companions in plenty were joyful,  
 Many a cupful quaffing complaisantly),  
 Doughty of spirit in the high-tow'ring palace,  
 Hrothgar and Hrothulf. Heorot then inside  
 Was filled with friendly ones; falsehood and treachery  
 The Folk-Scyldings now nowise did practise.  
 Then the offspring of Healfdene offered to Beowulf  
 A golden standard, as reward for the victory,  
 A banner embossed, burnie and helmet;  
 Many men saw then a song-famous weapon  
 Borne 'fore the hero. Beowulf drank of  
 The cup in the building; that treasure-bestowing  
 He needed not blush for in battle-men's presence.  
 Ne'er heard I that many men on the ale-bench  
 In friendlier fashion to their fellows presented  
 Four bright jewels with gold-work embellished.  
 'Round the roof of the helmet a head-guarder outside  
 Braided with wires, with bosses was furnished,  
 That swords-for-the-battle fight-hardened might fail  
 Boldly to harm him, when the hero proceeded  
 Forth against foemen. The defender of earls then  
 Commanded that eight steeds with bridles  
 Gold-plated, gleaming, be guided to hallward,  
 Inside the building; on one of them stood then  
 An art-broidered saddle embellished with jewels;  
 'Twas the sovereign's seat, when the son of King Healfdene  
 Was pleased to take part in the play of the edges;  
 The famous one's valor ne'er failed at the front when  
 Slain ones were bowing. And to Beowulf granted  
 The prince of the Ingwins, power over both,  
 O'er war-steeds and weapons; bade him well to enjoy them.



In so manly a manner the mighty-famed chieftain,  
 Hoard-ward of heroes, with horses and jewels  
 War-storms requited, that none e'er condemneth  
 Who willeth to tell truth with full justice.

**XVII. BANQUET (*continued*).—THE SCOP'S SONG OF FINN AND HNÆF.**

And the atheling of earlmen to each of the heroes  
 Who the ways of the waters went with Beowulf,  
 A costly gift-token gave on the mead-bench,  
 Offered an heirloom, and ordered that that man  
 With gold should be paid for, whom Grendel had erstwhile  
 Wickedly slaughtered, as he more of them had done  
 Had far-seeing God and the mood of the hero  
 The fate not averted: the Father then governed  
 All of the earth-dwellers, as He ever is doing;  
 Hence insight for all men is everywhere fittest,  
 Forethought of spirit! much he shall suffer  
 Of lief and of loathsome who long in this present  
 Useth the world in this woful existence.  
 There was music and merriment mingling together  
 Touching Healfdene's leader; the joy-wood was fingered,  
 Measures recited, when the singer of Hrothgar  
 On mead-bench should mention the merry hall-joyance  
 Of the kinsmen of Finn, when onset surprised them:  
 "The Half-Danish hero, Hnæf of the Scyldings,  
 On the field of the Frisians was fated to perish.  
 Sure Hildeburg needed not mention approving  
 The faith of the Jutemen: though blameless entirely,  
 When shields were shivered she was shorn of her darlings,  
 Of bairns and brothers: they bent to their fate  
 With war-spear wounded; woe was that woman.  
 Not causeless lamented the daughter of Hoce  
 The decree of the Wielder when morning-light came and  
 She was able 'neath heaven to behold the destruction  
 Of brothers and bairns, where the brightest of earth-joys  
 She had hitherto had: all the henchmen of Finn  
 War had oftaken, save a handful remaining,  
 That he nowise was able to offer resistance  
 To the onset of Hengest in the parley of battle,  
 Nor the wretched remnant to rescue in war from  
 The earl of the atheling; but they offered conditions,  
 Another great building to fully make ready,  
 A hall and a high-seat, that half they might rule with  
 The sons of the Jutemen, and that Folcwalda's son would  
 Day after day the Danemen honor  
 When gifts were giving, and grant of his ring-store  
 To Hengest's earl-troop ever so freely,  
 Of his gold-plated jewels, as he encouraged the Frisians  
 On the bench of the beer-hall. On both sides they swore then  
 A fast-binding compact; Finn unto Hengest  
 With no thought of revoking vowed then most solemnly  
 The woe-begone remnant well to take charge of,  
 His Witan advising; the agreement should no one

By words or works weaken and shatter,  
 By artifice ever injure its value,  
 Though reaved of their ruler their ring-giver's slayer  
 They followed as vassals, Fate so requiring:  
 Then if one of the Frisians the quarrel should speak of  
 In tones that were taunting, terrible edges  
 Should cut in requital. Accomplished the oath was,  
 And treasure of gold from the hoard was uplifted.  
 The best of the Scylding braves was then fully  
 Prepared for the pile; at the pyre was seen clearly  
 The blood-gory burnie, the boar with his gilding,  
 The iron-hard swine, athelings many  
 Fatally wounded; no few had been slaughtered.  
 Hildeburg bade then, at the burning of Hnæf,  
 The bairn of her bosom to bear to the fire,  
 That his body be burned and borne to the pyre.  
 The woe-stricken woman wept on his shoulder,  
 In measures lamented; upmounted the hero.  
 The greatest of dead-fires curled to the welkin,  
 On the hill's-front crackled; heads were a-melting,  
 Wound-doors bursting, while the blood was a-coursing  
 From body-bite fierce. The fire devoured them,  
 Greediest of spirits, whom war had offcarried  
 From both of the peoples; their bravest were fallen.

### **XVIII. THE FINN EPISODE (*continued*).—THE BANQUET CONTINUES.**

"Then the warriors departed to go to their dwellings,  
 Reaved of their friends, Friesland to visit,  
 Their homes and high-city. Hengest continued  
 Biding with Finn the blood-tainted winter,  
 Wholly unsundered; of fatherland thought he  
 Though unable to drive the ring-stemmèd vessel  
 O'er the ways of the waters; the wave-deeps were tossing,  
 Fought with the wind; winter in ice-bonds  
 Closed up the currents, till there came to the dwelling  
 A year in its course, as yet it revolveth,  
 If season propitious one alway regardeth,  
 World-cheering weathers. Then winter was gone,  
 Earth's bosom was lovely; the exile would get him,  
 The guest from the palace; on grewsomest vengeance  
 He brooded more eager than on oversea journeys,  
 Whe'r onset-of-anger he were able to 'complish,  
 The bairns of the Jutemen therein to remember.  
 Nowise refused he the duties of liegeman  
 When Hun of the Frisians the battle-sword Láfing,  
 Fairest of falchions, friendly did give him:  
 Its edges were famous in folk-talk of Jutland.  
 And savage sword-fury seized in its clutches  
 Bold-mooded Finn where he bode in his palace,  
 When the grewsome grapple Guthlaf and Oslaf  
 Had mournfully mentioned, the mere-journey over,  
 For sorrows half-blamed him; the flickering spirit  
 Could not bide in his bosom. Then the building was covered

With corpses of foemen, and Finn too was slaughtered,  
 The king with his comrades, and the queen made a prisoner.  
 The troops of the Scyldings bore to their vessels  
 All that the land-king had in his palace,  
 Such trinkets and treasures they took as, on searching,  
 At Finn's they could find. They ferried to Daneland  
 The excellent woman on oversea journey,  
 Led her to their land-folk." The lay was concluded,  
 The gleeman's recital. Shouts again rose then,  
 Bench-glee resounded, bearers then offered  
 Wine from wonder-vats. Wealhtheo advanced then  
 Going 'neath gold-crown, where the good ones were seated  
 Uncle and nephew; their peace was yet mutual,  
 True each to the other. And Unferth the spokesman  
 Sat at the feet of the lord of the Scyldings:  
 Each trusted his spirit that his mood was courageous,  
 Though at fight he had failed in faith to his kinsmen.  
 Said the queen of the Scyldings: "My lord and protector,  
 Treasure-bestower, take thou this beaker;  
 Joyance attend thee, gold-friend of heroes,  
 And greet thou the Geatmen with gracious responses!  
 So ought one to do. Be kind to the Geatmen,  
 In gifts not niggardly; anear and afar now  
 Peace thou enjoyest. Report hath informed me  
 Thou'lt have for a bairn the battle-brave hero.  
 Now is Heorot cleansèd, ring-palace gleaming;  
 Give while thou mayest many rewards,  
 And bequeath to thy kinsmen kingdom and people,  
 On wending thy way to the Wielder's splendor.  
 I know good Hrothulf, that the noble young troopers  
 He'll care for and honor, lord of the Scyldings,  
 If earth-joys thou endest earlier than he doth;  
 I reckon that recompense he'll render with kindness  
 Our offspring and issue, if that all he remember,  
 What favors of yore, when he yet was an infant,  
 We awarded to him for his worship and pleasure."  
 Then she turned by the bench where her sons were carousing,  
 Hrethric and Hrothmund, and the heroes' offspring,  
 The war-youth together; there the good one was sitting  
 'Twixt the brothers twain, Beowulf Geatman.

### **XIX. BEOWULF RECEIVES FURTHER HONOR.**

A beaker was borne him, and bidding to quaff it  
 Graciously given, and gold that was twisted  
 Pleasantly proffered, a pair of arm-jewels,  
 Rings and corslet, of collars the greatest  
 I've heard of 'neath heaven. Of heroes not any  
 More splendid from jewels have I heard 'neath the welkin,  
 Since Hama off bore the Brosingmen's necklace,  
 The bracteates and jewels, from the bright-shining city,  
 Eormenric's cunning craftiness fled from,  
 Chose gain everlasting. Geatish Higelac,  
 Grandson of Swerting, last had this jewel  
 When tramping 'neath banner the treasure he guarded,

The field-spoil defended; Fate offcarried him  
 When for deeds of daring he endured tribulation,  
 Hate from the Frisians; the ornaments bare he  
 O'er the cup of the currents, costly gem-treasures,  
 Mighty folk-leader, he fell 'neath his target;  
 The corpse of the king then came into charge of  
 The race of the Frankmen, the mail-shirt and collar:  
 Warmen less noble plundered the fallen,  
 When the fight was finished; the folk of the Geatmen  
 The field of the dead held in possession.  
 The choicest of mead-halls with cheering resounded.  
 Wealhtheo discoursed, the war-troop addressed she:  
 "This collar enjoy thou, Beowulf worthy,  
 Young man, in safety, and use thou this armor,  
 Gems of the people, and prosper thou fully,  
 Show thyself sturdy and be to these liegemen  
 Mild with instruction! I'll mind thy requital.  
 Thou hast brought it to pass that far and near  
 Forever and ever earthmen shall honor thee,  
 Even so widely as ocean surroundeth  
 The blustering bluffs. Be, while thou livest,  
 A wealth-blessèd atheling. I wish thee most truly  
 Jewels and treasure. Be kind to my son, thou  
 Living in joyance! Here each of the nobles  
 Is true unto other, gentle in spirit,  
 Loyal to leader. The liegemen are peaceful,  
 The war-troops ready: well-drunken heroes,  
 Do as I bid ye." Then she went to the settle.  
 There was choicest of banquets, wine drank the heroes:  
 Weird they knew not, destiny cruel,  
 As to many an earlman early it happened,  
 When evening had come and Hrothgar had parted  
 Off to his manor, the mighty to slumber.  
 Warriors unnumbered warded the building  
 As erst they did often: the ale-settle bared they,  
 'Twas covered all over with beds and pillows.  
 Doomed unto death, down to his slumber  
 Bowed then a beer-thane. Their battle-shields placed they,  
 Bright-shining targets, up by their heads then;  
 O'er the atheling on ale-bench 'twas easy to see there  
 Battle-high helmet, burnie of ring-mail,  
 And mighty war-spear. 'Twas the wont of that people  
 To constantly keep them equipped for the battle,  
 At home or marching—in either condition—  
 At seasons just such as necessity ordered  
 As best for their ruler; that people was worthy.

## XX. THE MOTHER OF GRENDL.

They sank then to slumber. With sorrow one paid for  
 His evening repose, as often betid them  
 While Grendel was holding the gold-bedecked palace,  
 Ill-deeds performing, till his end overtook him,  
 Death for his sins. 'Twas seen very clearly,  
 Known unto earth-folk, that still an avenger

Outlived the loathed one, long since the sorrow  
Caused by the struggle; the mother of Grendel,  
Devil-shaped woman, her woe ever minded,  
Who was held to inhabit the horrible waters,  
The cold-flowing currents, after Cain had become a  
Slayer-with-edges to his one only brother,  
The son of his sire; he set out then banished,  
Marked as a murderer, man-joys avoiding,  
Lived in the desert. Thence demons unnumbered  
Fate-sent awoke; one of them Grendel,  
Sword-cursèd, hateful, who at Heorot met with  
A man that was watching, waiting the struggle,  
Where a horrid one held him with hand-grapple sturdy;  
Nathless he minded the might of his body,  
The glorious gift God had allowed him,  
And folk-ruling Father's favor relied on,  
His help and His comfort: so he conquered the foeman,  
The hell-spirit humbled: he unhappy departed then,  
Reaved of his joyance, journeying to death-haunts,  
Foeman of man. His mother moreover  
Eager and gloomy was anxious to go on  
Her mournful mission, mindful of vengeance  
For the death of her son. She came then to Heorot  
Where the Armor-Dane earlmen all through the building  
Were lying in slumber. Soon there became then  
Return to the nobles, when the mother of Grendel  
Entered the folk-hall; the fear was less grievous  
By even so much as the vigor of maidens,  
War-strength of women, by warrior is reckoned,  
When well-carved weapon, worked with the hammer,  
Blade very bloody, brave with its edges,  
Strikes down the boar-sign that stands on the helmet.  
Then the hard-edgèd weapon was heaved in the building,  
The brand o'er the benches, broad-lindens many  
Hand-fast were lifted; for helmet he recked not,  
For armor-net broad, whom terror laid hold of.  
She went then hastily, outward would get her  
Her life for to save, when some one did spy her;  
Soon she had grappled one of the athelings  
Fast and firmly, when fenward she hied her;  
That one to Hrothgar was liefest of heroes  
In rank of retainer where waters encircle,  
A mighty shield-warrior, whom she murdered at slumber,  
A broadly-famed battle-knight. Beowulf was absent,  
But another apartment was erstwhile devoted  
To the glory-decked Geatman when gold was distributed.  
There was hubbub in Heorot. The hand that was famous  
She grasped in its gore; grief was renewed then  
In homes and houses: 'twas no happy arrangement  
In both of the quarters to barter and purchase  
With lives of their friends. Then the well-agèd ruler,  
The gray-headed war-thane, was woful in spirit,  
When his long-trusted liegeman lifeless he knew of,  
His dearest one gone. Quick from a room was  
Beowulf brought, brave and triumphant.

As day was dawning in the dusk of the morning,  
 Went then that earlman, champion noble,  
 Came with comrades, where the clever one bided  
 Whether God all gracious would grant him a respite  
 After the woe he had suffered. The war-worthy hero  
 With a troop of retainers trod then the pavement  
 (The hall-building groaned), till he greeted the wise one,  
 The earl of the Ingwins; asked if the night had  
 Fully refreshed him, as fain he would have it.

## XXI. HROTHGAR'S ACCOUNT OF THE MONSTERS.

Hrothgar rejoined, helm of the Scyldings:  
 "Ask not of joyance! Grief is renewed to  
 The folk of the Danemen. Dead is Æschere,  
 Yrmenlaf's brother, older than he,  
 My true-hearted counsellor, trusty adviser,  
 Shoulder-companion, when fighting in battle  
 Our heads we protected, when troopers were clashing,  
 And heroes were dashing; such an earl should be ever,  
 An erst-worthy atheling, as Æschere proved him.  
 The flickering death-spirit became in Heorot  
 His hand-to-hand murderer; I can not tell whither  
 The cruel one turned in the carcass exulting,  
 By cramming discovered. The quarrel she wreaked then,  
 That last night igone Grendel thou killedst  
 In grewsomest manner, with grim-holding clutches,  
 Since too long he had lessened my liege-troop and wasted  
 My folk-men so foully. He fell in the battle  
 With forfeit of life, and another has followed,  
 A mighty crime-worker, her kinsman avenging,  
 And henceforth hath 'stablished her hatred unyielding,  
 As it well may appear to many a liegeman,  
 Who mourneth in spirit the treasure-bestower,  
 Her heavy heart-sorrow; the hand is now lifeless  
 Which availed you in every wish that you cherished.  
 Land-people heard I, liegemen, this saying,  
 Dwellers in halls, they had seen very often  
 A pair of such mighty march-striding creatures,  
 Far-dwelling spirits, holding the moorlands:  
 One of them wore, as well they might notice,  
 The image of woman, the other one wretched  
 In guise of a man wandered in exile,  
 Except he was huger than any of earthmen;  
 Earth-dwelling people entitled him Grendel  
 In days of yore: they know not their father,  
 Whe'r ill-going spirits any were borne him  
 Ever before. They guard the wolf-coverts,  
 Lands inaccessible, wind-beaten nesses,  
 Fearfullest fen-deeps, where a flood from the mountains  
 'Neath mists of the nesses netherward rattles,  
 The stream under earth: not far is it henceward  
 Measured by mile-lengths that the mere-water standeth,  
 Which forests hang over, with frost-whiting covered,  
 A firm-rooted forest, the floods overshadow.

There ever at night one an ill-meaning portent  
 A fire-flood may see; 'mong children of men  
 None liveth so wise that wot of the bottom;  
 Though harassed by hounds the heath-stepper seek for,  
 Fly to the forest, firm-antlered he-deer,  
 Spurred from afar, his spirit he yieldeth,  
 His life on the shore, ere in he will venture  
 To cover his head. Uncanny the place is:  
 Thence upward ascendeth the surging of waters,  
 Wan to the welkin, when the wind is stirring  
 The weathers unpleasing, till the air groweth gloomy,  
 And the heavens lower. Now is help to be gotten  
 From thee and thee only! The abode thou know'st not,  
 The dangerous place where thou'rt able to meet with  
 The sin-laden hero: seek if thou darest!  
 For the feud I will fully fee thee with money,  
 With old-time treasure, as erstwhile I did thee,  
 With well-twisted jewels, if away thou shalt get thee."

## XXII. BEOWULF SEEKS GRENDL'S MOTHER.

Beowulf answered, Ecgtheow's son:  
 "Grieve not, O wise one! for each it is better,  
 His friend to avenge than with vehemence wail him;  
 Each of us must the end-day abide of  
 His earthly existence; who is able accomplish  
 Glory ere death! To battle-thane noble  
 Lifeless lying, 'tis at last most fitting.  
 Arise, O king, quick let us hasten  
 To look at the footprint of the kinsman of Grendel!  
 I promise thee this now: to his place he'll escape not,  
 To embrace of the earth, nor to mountainous forest,  
 Nor to depths of the ocean, wherever he wanders.  
 Practice thou now patient endurance  
 Of each of thy sorrows, as I hope for thee soothly!"  
 Then up sprang the old one, the All-Wielder thanked he,  
 Ruler Almighty, that the man had outspoken.  
 Then for Hrothgar a war-horse was decked with a bridle,  
 Curly-maned courser. The clever folk-leader  
 Stately proceeded: stepped then an earl-troop  
 Of linden-wood bearers. Her footprints were seen then  
 Widely in wood-paths, her way o'er the bottoms,  
 Where she faraway fared o'er fen-country murky,  
 Bore away breathless the best of retainers  
 Who pondered with Hrothgar the welfare of country.  
 The son of the athelings then went o'er the stony,  
 Declivitous cliffs, the close-covered passes,  
 Narrow passages, paths unfrequented,  
 Nesses abrupt, nicker-haunts many;  
 One of a few of wise-mooded heroes,  
 He onward advanced to view the surroundings,  
 Till he found unawares woods of the mountain  
 O'er hoar-stones hanging, holt-wood unjoyful;  
 The water stood under, welling and gory.  
 'Twas irksome in spirit to all of the Danemen,

Friends of the Scyldings, to many a liegeman  
Sad to be suffered, a sorrow unlittle  
To each of the earlmen, when to Æschere's head they  
Came on the cliff. The current was seething  
With blood and with gore (the troopers gazed on it).  
The horn anon sang the battle-song ready.  
The troop were all seated; they saw 'long the water then  
Many a serpent, mere-dragons wondrous  
Trying the waters, nickers a-lying  
On the cliffs of the nesses, which at noonday full often  
Go on the sea-deeps their sorrowful journey,  
Wild-beasts and wormkind; away then they hastened  
Hot-mooded, hateful, they heard the great clamor,  
The war-trumpet winding. One did the Geat-prince  
Sunder from earth-joys, with arrow from bowstring,  
From his sea-struggle tore him, that the trusty war-missile  
Pierced to his vitals; he proved in the currents  
Less doughty at swimming whom death had offcarried.  
Soon in the waters the wonderful swimmer  
Was straitened most sorely with sword-pointed boar-spears,  
Pressed in the battle and pulled to the cliff-edge;  
The liegemen then looked on the loath-fashioned stranger.  
Beowulf donned then his battle-equipments,  
Cared little for life; inlaid and most ample,  
The hand-woven corslet which could cover his body,  
Must the wave-deeps explore, that war might be powerless  
To harm the great hero, and the hating one's grasp might  
Not peril his safety; his head was protected  
By the light-flashing helmet that should mix with the bottoms,  
Trying the eddies, treasure-emblazoned,  
Encircled with jewels, as in seasons long past  
The weapon-smith worked it, wondrously made it,  
With swine-bodies fashioned it, that thenceforward no longer  
Brand might bite it, and battle-sword hurt it.  
And that was not least of helpers in prowess  
That Hrothgar's spokesman had lent him when straitened;  
And the hilted hand-sword was Hrunting entitled,  
Old and most excellent 'mong all of the treasures;  
Its blade was of iron, blotted with poison,  
Hardened with gore; it failed not in battle  
Any hero under heaven in hand who it brandished,  
Who ventured to take the terrible journeys,  
The battle-field sought; not the earliest occasion  
That deeds of daring 'twas destined to 'complish.  
Ecglaf's kinsman minded not soothly,  
Exulting in strength, what erst he had spoken  
Drunken with wine, when the weapon he lent to  
A sword-hero bolder; himself did not venture  
'Neath the strife of the currents his life to endanger,  
To fame-deeds perform; there he forfeited glory,  
Repute for his strength. Not so with the other  
When he clad in his corslet had equipped him for battle.



**XXIII. BEOWULF'S FIGHT WITH GRENDEL'S MOTHER.**

Beowulf spake, Ecgtheow's son:

"Recall now, oh, famous kinsman of Healfdene,  
Prince very prudent, now to part I am ready,  
Gold-friend of earlmen, what erst we agreed on,  
Should I lay down my life in lending thee assistance,  
When my earth-joys were over, thou wouldst evermore serve me  
In stead of a father; my faithful thanemen,  
My trusty retainers, protect thou and care for,  
Fall I in battle: and, Hrothgar beloved,  
Send unto Higelac the high-valued jewels  
Thou to me hast allotted. The lord of the Geatmen  
May perceive from the gold, the Hrethling may see it  
When he looks on the jewels, that a gem-giver found I  
Good over-measure, enjoyed him while able.  
And the ancient heirloom Unferth permit thou,  
The famed one to have, the heavy-sword splendid  
The hard-edged weapon; with Hrunting to aid me,  
I shall gain me glory, or grim-death shall take me."  
The atheling of Geatmen uttered these words and  
Heroic did hasten, not any rejoinder  
Was willing to wait for; the wave-current swallowed  
The doughty-in-battle. Then a day's-length elapsed ere  
He was able to see the sea at its bottom.  
Early she found then who fifty of winters  
The course of the currents kept in her fury,  
Grisly and greedy, that the grim one's dominion  
Some one of men from above was exploring.  
Forth did she grab them, grappled the warrior  
With horrible clutches; yet no sooner she injured  
His body unscathed: the burnie out-guarded,  
That she proved but powerless to pierce through the armor,  
The limb-mail locked, with loath-grabbing fingers.  
The sea-wolf bare then, when bottomward came she,  
The ring-prince homeward, that he after was powerless  
(He had daring to do it) to deal with his weapons,  
But many a mere-beast tormented him swimming,  
Flood-beasts no few with fierce-biting tusks did  
Break through his burnie, the brave one pursued they.  
The earl then discovered he was down in some cavern  
Where no water whatever anywise harmed him,  
And the clutch of the current could come not anear him,  
Since the roofed-hall prevented; brightness a-gleaming  
Fire-light he saw, flashing resplendent.  
The good one saw then the sea-bottom's monster,  
The mighty mere-woman; he made a great onset  
With weapon-of-battle, his hand not desisted  
From striking, that war-blade struck on her head then  
A battle-song greedy. The stranger perceived then  
The sword would not bite, her life would not injure,  
But the falchion failed the folk-prince when straitened:  
Erst had it often onsets encountered,  
Oft cloven the helmet, the fated one's armor:  
'Twas the first time that ever the excellent jewel

Had failed of its fame. Firm-mooded after,  
 Not heedless of valor, but mindful of glory,  
 Was Higelac's kinsman; the hero-chief angry  
 Cast then his carved-sword covered with jewels  
 That it lay on the earth, hard and steel-pointed;  
 He hoped in his strength, his hand-grapple sturdy.  
 So any must act whenever he thinketh  
 To gain him in battle glory unending,  
 And is reckless of living. The lord of the War-Geats  
 (He shrank not from battle) seized by the shoulder  
 The mother of Grendel; then mighty in struggle  
 Swung he his enemy, since his anger was kindled,  
 That she fell to the floor. With furious grapple  
 She gave him requital early thereafter,  
 And stretched out to grab him; the strongest of warriors  
 Faint-mooded stumbled, till he fell in his traces,  
 Foot-going champion. Then she sat on the hall-guest  
 And wielded her war-knife wide-bladed, flashing,  
 For her son would take vengeance, her one only bairn.  
 His breast-armor woven bode on his shoulder;  
 It guarded his life, the entrance defended  
 'Gainst sword-point and edges. Ecgtheow's son there  
 Had fatally journeyed, champion of Geatmen,  
 In the arms of the ocean, had the armor not given,  
 Close-woven corslet, comfort and succor,  
 And had God most holy not awarded the victory,  
 All-knowing Lord; easily did heaven's  
 Ruler most righteous arrange it with justice;  
 Uprose he erect ready for battle.

#### XXIV. BEOWULF IS DOUBLE-CONQUEROR.

Then he saw mid the war-gems a weapon of victory,  
 An ancient giant-sword, of edges a-doughty,  
 Glory of warriors: of weapons 'twas choicest,  
 Only 'twas larger than any man else was  
 Able to bear to the battle-encounter,  
 The good and splendid work of the giants.  
 He grasped then the sword-hilt, knight of the Scyldings,  
 Bold and battle-grim, brandished his ring-sword,  
 Hopeless of living, hotly he smote her,  
 That the fiend-woman's neck firmly it grappled,  
 Broke through her bone-joints, the bill fully pierced her  
 Fate-cursèd body, she fell to the ground then:  
 The hand-sword was bloody, the hero exulted.  
 The brand was brilliant, brightly it glimmered,  
 Just as from heaven gemlike shineth  
 The torch of the firmament. He glanced 'long the building,  
 And turned by the wall then, Higelac's vassal  
 Raging and wrathful raised his battle-sword  
 Strong by the handle. The edge was not useless  
 To the hero-in-battle, but he speedily wished to  
 Give Grendel requital for the many assaults he  
 Had worked on the West-Danes not once, but often,  
 When he slew in slumber the subjects of Hrothgar,

Swallowed down fifteen sleeping retainers  
Of the folk of the Danemen, and fully as many  
Carried away, a horrible prey.  
He gave him requital, grim-raging champion,  
When he saw on his rest-place weary of conflict  
Grendel lying, of life-joys bereavèd,  
As the battle at Heorot erstwhile had scathed him;  
His body far bounded, a blow when he suffered,  
Death having seized him, sword-smiting heavy,  
And he cut off his head then. Early this noticed  
The clever carles who as comrades of Hrothgar  
Gazed on the sea-deeps, that the surging wave-currents  
Were mightily mingled, the mere-flood was gory:  
Of the good one the gray-haired together held converse,  
The hoary of head, that they hoped not to see again  
The atheling ever, that exulting in victory  
He'd return there to visit the distinguished folk-ruler:  
Then many concluded the mere-wolf had killed him.  
The ninth hour came then. From the ness-edge departed  
The bold-mooded Scyldings; the gold-friend of heroes  
Homeward betook him. The strangers sat down then  
Soul-sick, sorrowful, the sea-waves regarding:  
They wished and yet weened not their well-loved friend-lord  
To see any more. The sword-blade began then,  
The blood having touched it, contracting and shriveling  
With battle-icicles; 'twas a wonderful marvel  
That it melted entirely, likest to ice when  
The Father unbindeth the bond of the frost and  
Unwindeth the wave-bands, He who wieldeth dominion  
Of times and of tides: a truth-firm Creator.  
Nor took he of jewels more in the dwelling,  
Lord of the Weders, though they lay all around him,  
Than the head and the handle handsome with jewels;  
The brand early melted, burnt was the weapon:  
So hot was the blood, the strange-spirit poisonous  
That in it did perish. He early swam off then  
Who had bided in combat the carnage of haters,  
Went up through the ocean; the eddies were cleansèd,  
The spacious expanses, when the spirit from farland  
His life put aside and this short-lived existence.  
The seamen's defender came swimming to land then  
Doughty of spirit, rejoiced in his sea-gift,  
The bulky burden which he bore in his keeping.  
The excellent vassals advanced then to meet him,  
To God they were grateful, were glad in their chieftain,  
That to see him safe and sound was granted them.  
From the high-minded hero, then, helmet and burnie  
Were speedily loosened: the ocean was putrid,  
The water 'neath welkin weltered with gore.  
Forth did they fare, then, their footsteps retracing,  
Merry and mirthful, measured the earth-way,  
The highway familiar: men very daring  
Bare then the head from the sea-cliff, burdening  
Each of the earlmen, excellent-valiant.  
Four of them had to carry with labor

The head of Grendel to the high towering gold-hall  
 Upstuck on the spear, till fourteen most-valiant  
 And battle-brave Geatmen came there going  
 Straight to the palace: the prince of the people  
 Measured the mead-ways, their mood-brave companion.  
 The atheling of earlmen entered the building,  
 Deed-valiant man, adorned with distinction,  
 Doughty shield-warrior, to address King Hrothgar:  
 Then hung by the hair, the head of Grendel  
 Was borne to the building, where beer-thanes were drinking,  
 Loth before earlmen and eke 'fore the lady:  
 The warriors beheld then a wonderful sight.

## **XXV. BEOWULF BRINGS HIS TROPHIES.—HROTHGAR'S GRATITUDE.**

Beowulf spake, offspring of Ecgtheow:  
 "Lo! we blithely have brought thee, bairn of Healfdene,  
 Prince of the Scyldings, these presents from ocean  
 Which thine eye looketh on, for an emblem of glory.  
 I came off alive from this, narrowly 'scaping:  
 In war 'neath the water the work with great pains I  
 Performed, and the fight had been finished quite nearly,  
 Had God not defended me. I failed in the battle  
 Aught to accomplish, aided by Hrunting,  
 Though that weapon was worthy, but the Wielder of earth-folk  
 Gave me willingly to see on the wall a  
 Heavy old hand-sword hanging in splendor  
 (He guided most often the lorn and the friendless),  
 That I swung as a weapon. The wards of the house then  
 I killed in the conflict (when occasion was given me).  
 Then the battle-sword burned, the brand that was lifted,  
 As the blood-current sprang, hottest of war-sweats;  
 Seizing the hilt, from my foes I offbore it;  
 I avenged as I ought to their acts of malignity,  
 The murder of Danemen. I then make thee this promise,  
 Thou'lt be able in Heorot careless to slumber  
 With thy throng of heroes and the thanes of thy people  
 Every and each, of greater and lesser,  
 And thou needest not fear for them from the selfsame direction  
 As thou formerly fearedst, oh, folk-lord of Scyldings,  
 End-day for earlmen." To the age-hoary man then,  
 The gray-haired chieftain, the gold-fashioned sword-hilt,  
 Old-work of giants, was thereupon given;  
 Since the fall of the fiends, it fell to the keeping  
 Of the wielder of Danemen, the wonder-smith's labor,  
 And the bad-mooded being abandoned this world then,  
 Opponent of God, victim of murder,  
 And also his mother; it went to the keeping  
 Of the best of the world-kings, where waters encircle,  
 Who the scot divided in Scylding dominion.  
 Hrothgar discoursed, the hilt he regarded,  
 The ancient heirloom where an old-time contention's  
 Beginning was graven: the gurgling currents,  
 The flood slew thereafter the race of the giants,

They had proved themselves daring: that people was loth to  
The Lord everlasting, through lash of the billows  
The Father gave them final requital.  
So in letters of rune on the clasp of the handle  
Gleaming and golden, 'twas graven exactly,  
Set forth and said, whom that sword had been made for,  
Finest of irons, who first it was wrought for,  
Wreathed at its handle and gleaming with serpents.  
The wise one then said (silent they all were)  
Son of old Healfdene: "He may say unrefuted  
Who performs 'mid the folk-men fairness and truth  
(The hoary old ruler remembers the past),  
That better by birth is this bairn of the nobles!  
Thy fame is extended through far-away countries,  
Good friend Beowulf, o'er all of the races,  
Thou holdest all firmly, hero-like strength with  
Prudence of spirit. I'll prove myself grateful  
As before we agreed on; thou granted for long shalt  
Become a great comfort to kinsmen and comrades,  
A help unto heroes. Heremod became not  
Such to the Scyldings, successors of Ecgwela;  
He grew not to please them, but grievous destruction,  
And dire death-woes to Danemen attracted;  
He slew in anger his table-companions,  
Trustworthy counsellors, till he turned off lonely  
From world-joys away, wide-famous ruler:  
Though high-ruling heaven in hero-strength raised him,  
In might exalted him, o'er men of all nations  
Made him supreme, yet a murderous spirit  
Grew in his bosom: he gave then no ring-gems  
To the Danes after custom; endured he unjoyful  
Standing the straits from strife that was raging,  
Longsome folk-sorrow. Learn then from this,  
Lay hold of virtue! Though laden with winters,  
I have sung thee these measures. 'Tis a marvel to tell it,  
How all-ruling God from greatness of spirit  
Giveth wisdom to children of men,  
Manor and earlship: all things He ruleth.  
He often permitteth the mood-thought of man of  
The illustrious lineage to lean to possessions,  
Allows him earthly delights at his manor,  
A high-burg of heroes to hold in his keeping,  
Maketh portions of earth-folk hear him,  
And a wide-reaching kingdom so that, wisdom failing him,  
He himself is unable to reckon its boundaries;  
He liveth in luxury, little debars him,  
Nor sickness nor age, no treachery-sorrow  
Becloudeth his spirit, conflict nowhere,  
No sword-hate, appeareth, but all of the world doth  
Wend as he wisheth; the worse he knoweth not,  
Till arrant arrogance inward pervading,  
Waxeth and springeth, when the warder is sleeping,  
The guard of the soul: with sorrows encompassed,  
Too sound is his slumber, the slayer is near him,  
Who with bow and arrow aimeth in malice.

**XXVI. HROTHGAR MORALIZES.—REST AFTER LABOR.**

“Then bruised in his bosom he with bitter-toothed missile  
 Is hurt ’neath his helmet: from harmful pollution  
 He is powerless to shield him by the wonderful mandates  
 Of the loath-cursèd spirit; what too long he hath holden  
 Him seemeth too small, savage he hoardeth,  
 Nor boastfully giveth gold-plated rings,  
 The fate of the future flouts and forgetteth  
 Since God had erst given him greatness no little,  
 Wielder of Glory. His end-day anear,  
 It afterward happens that the bodily-dwelling  
 Fleetingly fadeth, falls into ruins;  
 Another lays hold who doleth the ornaments,  
 The nobleman’s jewels, nothing lamenting,  
 Heedeth no terror. Oh, Beowulf dear,  
 Best of the heroes, from bale-strife defend thee,  
 And choose thee the better, counsels eternal;  
 Beware of arrogance, world-famous champion!  
 But a little-while lasts thy life-vigor’s fulness;  
 ’Twill after hap early, that illness or sword-edge  
 Shall part thee from strength, or the grasp of the fire,  
 Or the wave of the current, or clutch of the edges,  
 Or flight of the war-spear, or age with its horrors,  
 Or thine eyes’ bright flashing shall fade into darkness:  
 ’Twill happen full early, excellent hero,  
 That death shall subdue thee. So the Danes a half-century  
 I held under heaven, helped them in struggles  
 ’Gainst many a race in middle-earth’s regions,  
 With ash-wood and edges, that enemies none  
 On earth molested me. Lo! offsetting change, now,  
 Came to my manor, grief after joyance,  
 When Grendel became my constant visitor,  
 Inveterate hater: I from that malice  
 Continually travailed with trouble no little.  
 Thanks be to God that I gained in my lifetime,  
 To the Lord everlasting, to look on the gory  
 Head with mine eyes, after long-lasting sorrow!  
 Go to the bench now, battle-adornèd  
 Joy in the feasting: of jewels in common  
 We’ll meet with many when morning appeareth.”  
 The Geatman was gladsome, ganged he immediately  
 To go to the bench, as the clever one bade him.  
 Then again as before were the famous-for-prowess,  
 Hall-inhabiters, handsomely banqueted,  
 Feasted anew. The night-veil fell then  
 Dark o’er the warriors. The courtiers rose then;  
 The gray-haired was anxious to go to his slumbers,  
 The hoary old Scylding. Hankered the Geatman,  
 The champion doughty, greatly, to rest him:  
 An earlman early outward did lead him,  
 Fagged from his faring, from far-country springing,  
 Who for etiquette’s sake all of a liegeman’s  
 Needs regarded, such as seamen at that time  
 Were bounden to feel. The big-hearted rested;

The building uptowered, spacious and gilded,  
The guest within slumbered, till the sable-clad raven  
Blithely foreboded the beacon of heaven.  
Then the bright-shining sun o'er the bottoms came going;  
The warriors hastened, the heads of the peoples  
Were ready to go again to their peoples,  
The high-mooded farer would faraway thenceward  
Look for his vessel. The valiant one bade then,  
Offspring of Ecglaf, off to bear Hrunting,  
To take his weapon, his well-beloved iron;  
He him thanked for the gift, saying good he accounted  
The war-friend and mighty, nor chid he with words then  
The blade of the brand: 'twas a brave-mooded hero.  
When the warriors were ready, arrayed in their trappings,  
The atheling dear to the Danemen advanced then  
On to the dais, where the other was sitting,  
Grim-mooded hero, greeted King Hrothgar.

## XXVII. SORROW AT PARTING.

Beowulf spake, Ecgtheow's offspring:  
"We men of the water wish to declare now  
Fared from far-lands, we're firmly determined  
To seek King Higelac. Here have we fitly  
Been welcomed and feasted, as heart would desire it;  
Good was the greeting. If greater affection  
I am anywise able ever on earth to  
Gain at thy hands, ruler of heroes,  
Than yet I have done, I shall quickly be ready  
For combat and conflict. O'er the course of the waters  
Learn I that neighbors alarm thee with terror,  
As haters did whilom, I hither will bring thee  
For help unto heroes henchmen by thousands.  
I know as to Higelac, the lord of the Geatmen,  
Though young in years, he yet will permit me,  
By words and by works, ward of the people,  
Fully to furnish thee forces and bear thee  
My lance to relieve thee, if liegemen shall fail thee,  
And help of my hand-strength; if Hrethric be treating,  
Bairn of the king, at the court of the Geatmen,  
He thereat may find him friends in abundance:  
Faraway countries he were better to seek for  
Who trusts in himself." Hrothgar discoursed then,  
Making rejoinder: "These words thou hast uttered  
All-knowing God hath given thy spirit!  
Ne'er heard I an earlman thus early in life  
More clever in speaking; thou'rt cautious of spirit,  
Mighty of muscle, in mouth-answers prudent.  
I count on the hope that, happen it ever  
That missile shall rob thee of Hrethel's descendant,  
Edge-horrid battle, and illness or weapon  
Deprive thee of prince, of people's protector,  
And life thou yet holdest, the Sea-Geats will never  
Find a more fitting folk-lord to choose them,  
Gem-ward of heroes, than *thou* mightest prove thee,

If the kingdom of kinsmen thou carest to govern.  
 Thy mood-spirit likes me the longer the better,  
 Beowulf dear: thou hast brought it to pass that  
 To both these peoples peace shall be common,  
 To Geat-folk and Danemen, the strife be suspended,  
 The secret assailings they suffered in yore-days;  
 And also that jewels be shared while I govern  
 The wide-stretching kingdom, and that many shall visit  
 Others o'er the ocean with excellent gift-gems:  
 The ring-adorned bark shall bring o'er the currents  
 Presents and love-gifts. This people I know  
 Tow'rd foeman and friend firmly established,  
 After ancient etiquette everywise blameless."  
 Then the warden of earlmen gave him still farther,  
 Kinsman of Healfdene, a dozen of jewels,  
 Bade him safely seek with the presents  
 His well-beloved people, early returning.  
 Then the noble-born king kissed the distinguished,  
 Dear-lovèd liegeman, the Dane-prince saluted him,  
 And claspèd his neck; tears from him fell,  
 From the gray-headed man: he two things expected,  
 Agèd and reverend, but rather the second,  
 That bold in council they'd meet thereafter.  
 The man was so dear that he failed to suppress the  
 Emotions that moved him, but in mood-fetters fastened  
 The long-famous hero longeth in secret  
 Deep in his spirit for the dear-beloved man  
 Though not a blood-kinsman. Beowulf thenceward,  
 Gold-splendid warrior, walked o'er the meadows  
 Exulting in treasure: the sea-going vessel  
 Riding at anchor awaited its owner.  
 As they pressed on their way then, the present of Hrothgar  
 Was frequently referred to: a folk-king indeed that  
 Every way blameless, till age did debar him  
 The joys of his might, which hath many oft injured.

## XXVIII. THE HOMEWARD JOURNEY.—THE TWO QUEENS.

Then the band of very valiant retainers  
 Came to the current; they were clad all in armor,  
 In link-woven burnies. The land-warder noticed  
 The return of the earlmen, as he erstwhile had seen them;  
 Nowise with insult he greeted the strangers  
 From the naze of the cliff, but rode on to meet them;  
 Said the bright-armored visitors vesselward traveled  
 Welcome to Weders. The wide-bosomed craft then  
 Lay on the sand, laden with armor,  
 With horses and jewels, the ring-stemmèd sailer:  
 The mast uptowered o'er the treasure of Hrothgar.  
 To the boat-ward a gold-bound brand he presented,  
 That he was afterwards honored on the ale-bench more highly  
 As the heirloom's owner. Set he out on his vessel,  
 To drive on the deep, Dane-country left he.  
 Along by the mast then a sea-garment fluttered,  
 A rope-fastened sail. The sea-boat resounded,



The wind o'er the waters the wave-floater nowise  
Kept from its journey; the sea-goer traveled,  
The foamy-necked floated forth o'er the currents,  
The well-fashioned vessel o'er the ways of the ocean,  
Till they came within sight of the cliffs of the Geatmen,  
The well-known headlands. The wave-goer hastened  
Driven by breezes, stood on the shore.  
Prompt at the ocean, the port-ward was ready,  
Who long in the past outlooked in the distance,  
At water's-edge waiting well-lovèd heroes;  
He bound to the bank then the broad-bosomed vessel  
Fast in its fetters, lest the force of the waters  
Should be able to injure the ocean-wood winsome.  
Bade he up then take the treasure of princes,  
Plate-gold and fretwork; not far was it thence  
To go off in search of the giver of jewels:  
Hrethel's son Higelac at home there remaineth,  
Himself with his comrades close to the sea-coast.  
The building was splendid, the king heroic,  
Great in his hall, Hygd very young was,  
Fine-mooded, clever, though few were the winters  
That the daughter of Hæreth had dwelt in the borough;  
But she nowise was cringing nor niggard of presents,  
Of ornaments rare, to the race of the Geatmen.  
Thrytho nursed anger, excellent folk-queen,  
Hot-burning hatred: no hero whatever  
'Mong household companions, her husband excepted  
Dared to adventure to look at the woman  
With eyes in the daytime; but he knew that death-chains  
Hand-wreathed were wrought him: early thereafter,  
When the hand-strife was over, edges were ready,  
That fierce-raging sword-point had to force a decision,  
Murder-bale show. Such no womanly custom  
For a lady to practise, though lovely her person,  
That a weaver-of-peace, on pretence of anger  
A belovèd liegeman of life should deprive.  
Soothly this hindered Heming's kinsman;  
Other ale-drinking earlmen asserted  
That fearful folk-sorrows fewer she wrought them,  
Treacherous doings, since first she was given  
Adorned with gold to the war-hero youthful,  
For her origin honored, when Offa's great palace  
O'er the fallow flood by her father's instructions  
She sought on her journey, where she afterwards fully,  
Famed for her virtue, her fate on the king's-seat  
Enjoyed in her lifetime, love did she hold with  
The ruler of heroes, the best, it is told me,  
Of all of the earthmen that oceans encompass,  
Of earl-kindreds endless; hence Offa was famous  
Far and widely, by gifts and by battles,  
Spear-valiant hero; the home of his fathers  
He governed with wisdom, whence Eomær did issue  
For help unto heroes, Heming's kinsman,  
Grandson of Garmund, great in encounters.

## XXIX. BEOWULF AND HIGELAC.

Then the brave one departed, his band along with him,  
 Seeking the sea-shore, the sea-marches treading,  
 The wide-stretching shores. The world-candle glimmered,  
 The sun from the southward; they proceeded then onward,  
 Early arriving where they heard that the troop-lord,  
 Ongentheow's slayer, excellent, youthful  
 Folk-prince and warrior was distributing jewels,  
 Close in his castle. The coming of Beowulf  
 Was announced in a message quickly to Higelac,  
 That the folk-troop's defender forth to the palace  
 The linden-companion alive was advancing,  
 Secure from the combat courtward a-going.  
 The building was early inward made ready  
 For the foot-going guests as the good one had ordered.  
 He sat by the man then who had lived through the struggle,  
 Kinsman by kinsman, when the king of the people  
 Had in lordly language saluted the dear one,  
 In words that were formal. The daughter of Hæreth  
 Coursed through the building, carrying mead-cups:  
 She loved the retainers, tendered the beakers  
 To the high-minded Geatmen. Higelac 'gan then  
 Pleasantly plying his companion with questions  
 In the high-towering palace. A curious interest  
 Tormented his spirit, what meaning to see in  
 The Sea-Geats' adventures: "Beowulf worthy,  
 How throve your journeying, when thou thoughtest suddenly  
 Far o'er the salt-streams to seek an encounter,  
 A battle at Heorot? Hast bettered for Hrothgar,  
 The famous folk-leader, his far-published sorrows  
 Any at all? In agony-billows  
 I mused upon torture, distrusted the journey  
 Of the beloved liegeman; I long time did pray thee  
 By no means to seek out the murderous spirit,  
 To suffer the South-Danes themselves to decide on  
 Grappling with Grendel. To God I am thankful  
 To be suffered to see thee safe from thy journey."  
 Beowulf answered, bairn of old Ecgtheow:  
 "'Tis hidden by no means, Higelac chieftain,  
 From many of men, the meeting so famous,  
 What mournful moments of me and of Grendel  
 Were passed in the place where he pressing affliction  
 On the Victory-Scyldings scathefully brought,  
 Anguish forever; that all I avenged,  
 So that any under heaven of the kinsmen of Grendel  
 Needeth not boast of that cry-in-the-morning,  
 Who longest liveth of the loth-going kindred,  
 Encompassed by moorland. I came in my journey  
 To the royal ring-hall, Hrothgar to greet there:  
 Soon did the famous scion of Healfdene,  
 When he understood fully the spirit that led me,  
 Assign me a seat with the son of his bosom.  
 The troop was in joyance; mead-glee greater  
 'Neath arch of the ether not ever beheld I

'Mid hall-building holders. The highly-famed queen,  
Peace-tie of peoples, oft passed through the building,  
Cheered the young troopers; she oft tendered a hero  
A beautiful ring-band, ere she went to her sitting.  
Oft the daughter of Hrothgar in view of the courtiers  
To the earls at the end the ale-vessel carried,  
Whom Freaware I heard then hall-sitters title,  
When nail-adorned jewels she gave to the heroes:  
Gold-bedecked, youthful, to the glad son of Froda  
Her faith has been plighted; the friend of the Scyldings,  
The guard of the kingdom, hath given his sanction,  
And counts it a vantage, for a part of the quarrels,  
A portion of hatred, to pay with the woman.  
Somewhere not rarely, when the ruler has fallen,  
The life-taking lance relaxeth its fury  
For a brief breathing-spell, though the bride be charming!

### XXX. BEOWULF NARRATES HIS ADVENTURES TO HIGELAC.

"It well may discomfit the prince of the Heathobards  
And each of the thanemen of earls that attend him,  
When he goes to the building escorting the woman,  
That a noble-born Daneman the knights should be feasting:  
There gleam on his person the leavings of elders  
Hard and ring-bright, Heathobards' treasure,  
While they wielded their arms, till they misled to the battle  
Their own dear lives and beloved companions.  
He saith at the banquet who the collar beholdeth,  
An ancient ash-warrior who earlmen's destruction  
Clearly recalleth (cruel his spirit),  
Sadly beginneth sounding the youthful  
Thane-champion's spirit through the thoughts of his bosom,  
War-grief to waken, and this word-answer speaketh:  
'Art thou able, my friend, to know when thou seest it  
The brand which thy father bare to the conflict  
In his latest adventure, 'neath visor of helmet,  
The dearly-loved iron, where Danemen did slay him,  
And brave-mooded Scyldings, on the fall of the heroes,  
(When vengeance was sleeping) the slaughter-place wielded?  
E'en now some man of the murderer's progeny  
Exulting in ornaments enters the building,  
Boasts of his blood-shedding, offbeareth the jewel  
Which thou shouldst wholly hold in possession!'  
So he urgeth and mindeth on every occasion  
With woe-bringing words, till waxeth the season  
When the woman's thane for the works of his father,  
The bill having bitten, blood-gory sleepeth,  
Fated to perish; the other one thenceward  
'Scapeth alive, the land knoweth thoroughly.  
Then the oaths of the earlmen on each side are broken,  
When rancors unresting are raging in Ingeld  
And his wife-love waxeth less warm after sorrow.  
So the Heathobards' favor not faithful I reckon,  
Their part in the treaty not true to the Danemen,  
Their friendship not fast. I further shall tell thee

Having made these preliminary statements,  
 I will now tell thee of Grendel, the monster.  
 More about Grendel, that thou fully mayst hear,  
 Ornament-giver, what afterward came from  
 The hand-rush of heroes. When heaven's bright jewel  
 O'er earthfields had glided, the stranger came raging,  
 The horrible night-fiend, us for to visit,  
 Where wholly unharmed the hall we were guarding.  
 To Hondscio happened a hopeless contention,  
 Death to the doomed one, dead he fell foremost,  
 Girded war-champion; to him Grendel became then,  
 To the vassal distinguished, a tooth-weaponed murderer,  
 The well-beloved henchman's body all swallowed.  
 Not the earlier off empty of hand did  
 The bloody-toothed murderer, mindful of evils,  
 Wish to escape from the gold-giver's palace,  
 But sturdy of strength he strove to outdo me,  
 Hand-ready grappled. A glove was suspended  
 Spacious and wondrous, in art-fetters fastened,  
 Which was fashioned entirely by touch of the craftman  
 From the dragon's skin by the devil's devices:  
 He down in its depths would do me unsadly  
 One among many, deed-doer raging,  
 Though sinless he saw me; not so could it happen  
 When I in my anger upright did stand.  
 'Tis too long to recount how requital I furnished  
 For every evil to the earlmen's destroyer;  
 'Twas there, my prince, that I proudly distinguished  
 Thy land with my labors. He left and retreated,  
 He lived his life a little while longer:  
 Yet his right-hand guarded his footstep in Heorot,  
 And sad-mooded thence to the sea-bottom fell he,  
 Mournful in mind. For the might-rush of battle  
 The friend of the Scyldings, with gold that was plated,  
 With ornaments many, much requited me,  
 When daylight had dawned, and down to the banquet  
 We had sat us together. There was chanting and joyance:  
 The age-stricken Scylding asked many questions  
 And of old-times related; oft light-ringing harp-strings,  
 Joy-telling wood, were touched by the brave one;  
 Now he uttered measures, mourning and truthful,  
 Then the large-hearted land-king a legend of wonder  
 Truthfully told us. Now troubled with years  
 The age-hoary warrior afterward began to  
 Mourn for the might that marked him in youth-days;  
 His breast within boiled, when burdened with winters  
 Much he remembered. From morning till night then  
 We joyed us therein as etiquette suffered,  
 Till the second night season came unto earth-folk.  
 Then early thereafter, the mother of Grendel  
 Was ready for vengeance, wretched she journeyed;  
 Her son had death ravished, the wrath of the Geatmen.  
 The horrible woman avenged her offspring,  
 And with mighty mainstrength murdered a hero.  
 There the spirit of Æschere, aged adviser,

Was ready to vanish; nor when morn had lightened  
 Were they anywise suffered to consume him with fire,  
 Folk of the Danemen, the death-weakened hero,  
 Nor the belovèd liegeman to lay on the pyre;  
 She the corpse had offcarried in the clutch of the foeman  
 'Neath mountain-brook's flood. To Hrothgar 'twas saddest  
 Of pains that ever had preyed on the chieftain;  
 By the life of thee the land-prince then me  
 Besought very sadly, in sea-currents' eddies  
 To display my prowess, to peril my safety,  
 Might-deeds accomplish; much did he promise.  
 I found then the famous flood-current's cruel,  
 Horrible depth-warder. A while unto us two  
 Hand was in common; the currents were seething  
 With gore that was clotted, and Grendel's fierce mother's  
 Head I offhacked in the hall at the bottom  
 With huge-reaching sword-edge, hardly I wrested  
 My life from her clutches; not doomed was I then,  
 But the warden of earlmen afterward gave me  
 Jewels in quantity, kinsman of Healfdene.

### XXXI. GIFT-GIVING IS MUTUAL.

"So the belovèd land-prince lived in decorum;  
 I had missed no rewards, no meeds of my prowess,  
 But he gave me jewels, regarding my wishes,  
 Healfdene his bairn; I'll bring them to thee, then,  
 Atheling of earlmen, offer them gladly.  
 And still unto thee is all my affection:  
 But few of my folk-kin find I surviving  
 But thee, dear Higelac!" Bade he in then to carry  
 The boar-image, banner, battle-high helmet,  
 Iron-gray armor, the excellent weapon,  
 In song-measures said: "This suit-for-the-battle  
 Hrothgar presented me, bade me expressly,  
 Wise-mooded atheling, thereafter to tell thee  
 The whole of its history, said King Heregar owned it,  
 Dane-prince for long; yet he wished not to give then  
 The mail to his son, though dearly he loved him,  
 Hereward the hardy. Hold all in joyance!"  
 I heard that there followed hard on the jewels  
 Two braces of stallions of striking resemblance,  
 Dappled and yellow; he granted him usance  
 Of horses and treasures. So a kinsman should bear him,  
 No web of treachery weave for another,  
 Nor by cunning craftiness cause the destruction  
 Of trusty companion. Most precious to Higelac,  
 The bold one in battle, was the bairn of his sister,  
 And each unto other mindful of favors.  
 I am told that to Hygd he proffered the necklace,  
 Wonder-gem rare that Wealththeow gave him,  
 The troop-leader's daughter, a trio of horses  
 Slender and saddle-bright; soon did the jewel  
 Embellish her bosom, when the beer-feast was over.  
 So Ecgtheow's bairn brave did prove him,

War-famous man, by deeds that were valiant,  
He lived in honor, beloved companions  
Slew not carousing; his mood was not cruel,  
But by hand-strength hugest of heroes then living  
The brave one retained the bountiful gift that  
The Lord had allowed him. Long was he wretched,  
So that sons of the Geatmen accounted him worthless,  
And the lord of the liegemen loth was to do him  
Mickle of honor, when mead-cups were passing;  
They fully believed him idle and sluggish,  
An indolent atheling: to the honor-blest man there  
Came requital for the cuts he had suffered.  
The folk-troop's defender bade fetch to the building  
The heirloom of Hrethel, embellished with gold,  
So the brave one enjoined it; there was jewel no richer  
In the form of a weapon 'mong Geats of that era;  
In Beowulf's keeping he placed it and gave him  
Seven of thousands, manor and lordship.  
Common to both was land 'mong the people,  
Estate and inherited rights and possessions,  
To the second one specially spacious dominions,  
To the one who was better. It afterward happened  
In days that followed, befell the battle-thanes,  
After Higelac's death, and when Heardred was murdered  
With weapons of warfare 'neath well-covered targets,  
When valiant battlemen in victor-band sought him,  
War-Scylfing heroes harassed the nephew  
Of Hereric in battle. To Beowulf's keeping  
Turned there in time extensive dominions:  
He fittingly ruled them a fifty of winters  
(He a man-ruler wise was, manor-ward old) till  
A certain one 'gan, on gloom-darkening nights, a  
Dragon, to govern, who guarded a treasure,  
A high-rising stone-cliff, on heath that was grayish:  
A path 'neath it lay, unknown unto mortals.  
Some one of earthmen entered the mountain,  
The heathenish hoard laid hold of with ardor;

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XXXII. THE HOARD AND THE DRAGON.

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He sought of himself who sorely did harm him,  
But, for need very pressing, the servant of one of  
The sons of the heroes hate-blows evaded,  
Seeking for shelter and the sin-driven warrior  
Took refuge within there. He early looked in it,

\* \* \* \* \*  
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\* \* \* \* \* when the onset surprised him,  
He a gem-vessel saw there: many of suchlike

Ancient ornaments in the earth-cave were lying,  
As in days of yore some one of men of  
Illustrious lineage, as a legacy monstrous,  
There had secreted them, careful and thoughtful,  
Dear-valued jewels. Death had offsnatched them,  
In the days of the past, and the one man moreover  
Of the flower of the folk who fared there the longest,  
Was fain to defer it, friend-mourning warder,  
A little longer to be left in enjoyment  
Of long-lasting treasure. A barrow all-ready  
Stood on the plain the stream-currents nigh to,  
New by the ness-edge, unneth of approaching:  
The keeper of rings carried within a  
Ponderous deal of the treasure of nobles,  
Of gold that was beaten, briefly he spake then:  
"Hold thou, O Earth, now heroes no more may,  
The earnings of earlmen. Lo! erst in thy bosom  
Worthy men won them; war-death hath ravished,  
Perilous life-bale, all my warriors,  
Liegemen beloved, who this life have forsaken,  
Who hall-pleasures saw. No sword-bearer have I,  
And no one to burnish the gold-plated vessel,  
The high-valued beaker: my heroes are vanished.  
The hardy helmet behung with gilding  
Shall be reaved of its riches: the ring-cleansers slumber  
Who were charged to have ready visors-for-battle,  
And the burnie that bided in battle-encounter  
O'er breaking of war-shields the bite of the edges  
Moulds with the hero. The ring-twisted armor,  
Its lord being lifeless, no longer may journey  
Hanging by heroes; harp-joy is vanished,  
The rapture of glee-wood, no excellent falcon  
Swoops through the building, no swift-footed charger  
Grindeth the gravel. A grievous destruction  
No few of the world-folk widely hath scattered!"  
So, woful of spirit one after all  
Lamented mournfully, moaning in sadness  
By day and by night, till death with its billows  
Dashed on his spirit. Then the ancient dusk-scather  
Found the great treasure standing all open,  
He who flaming and fiery flies to the barrows,  
Naked war-dragon, nightly escapeth  
Encompassed with fire; men under heaven  
Widely beheld him. 'Tis said that he looks for  
The hoard in the earth, where old he is guarding  
The heathenish treasure; he'll be nowise the better.  
So three-hundred winters the waster of peoples  
Held upon earth that excellent hoard-hall,  
Till the forementioned earlman angered him bitterly:  
The beat-plated beaker he bare to his chieftain  
And fullest remission for all his remissness  
Begged of his liegelord. Then the hoard was discovered,  
The treasure was taken, his petition was granted  
The lorn-mooded liegeman. His lord regarded  
The old-work of earth-folk—'twas the earliest occasion.

When the dragon awoke, the strife was renewed there;  
 He snuffed 'long the stone then, stout-hearted found he  
 The footprint of foeman; too far had he gone  
 With cunning craftiness close to the head of  
 The fire-spewing dragon. So undoomed he may 'scape from  
 Anguish and exile with ease who possesseth  
 The favor of Heaven. The hoard-warden eagerly  
 Searched o'er the ground then, would meet with the person  
 That caused him sorrow while in slumber reclining:  
 Gleaming and wild he oft went round the cavern,  
 All of it outward; not any of earthmen  
 Was seen in that desert. Yet he joyed in the battle,  
 Rejoiced in the conflict: oft he turned to the barrow,  
 Sought for the gem-cup; this he soon perceived then  
 That some man or other had discovered the gold,  
 The famous folk-treasure. Not fain did the hoard-ward  
 Wait until evening; then the ward of the barrow  
 Was angry in spirit, the loathèd one wished to  
 Pay for the dear-valued drink-cup with fire.  
 Then the day was done as the dragon would have it,  
 He no longer would wait on the wall, but departed  
 Fire-impelled, flaming. Fearful the start was  
 To earls in the land, as it early thereafter  
 To their giver-of-gold was grievously ended.

### XXXIII. BRAVE THOUGH AGED.—REMINISCENCES.

The stranger began then to vomit forth fire,  
 To burn the great manor; the blaze then glimmered  
 For anguish to earlmen, not anything living  
 Was the hateful air-goer willing to leave there.  
 The war of the worm widely was noticed,  
 The feud of the foeman afar and anear,  
 How the enemy injured the earls of the Geatmen,  
 Harried with hatred: back he hied to the treasure,  
 To the well-hidden cavern ere the coming of daylight.  
 He had circled with fire the folk of those regions,  
 With brand and burning; in the barrow he trusted,  
 In the wall and his war-might: the weening deceived him.  
 Then straight was the horror to Beowulf published,  
 Early forsooth, that his own native homestead,  
 The best of buildings, was burning and melting,  
 Gift-seat of Geatmen. 'Twas a grief to the spirit  
 Of the good-mooded hero, the greatest of sorrows:  
 The wise one weened then that wielding his kingdom  
 'Gainst the ancient commandments, he had bitterly angered  
 The Lord everlasting: with lorn meditations  
 His bosom welled inward, as was nowise his custom.  
 The fire-spewing dragon fully had wasted  
 The fastness of warriors, the water-land outward,  
 The manor with fire. The folk-ruling hero,  
 Prince of the Weders, was planning to wreak him.  
 The warmen's defender bade them to make him,  
 Earlmen's atheling, an excellent war-shield  
 Wholly of iron: fully he knew then



That wood from the forest was helpless to aid him,  
 Shield against fire. The long-worthy ruler  
 Must live the last of his limited earth-days,  
 Of life in the world and the worm along with him,  
 Though he long had been holding hoard-wealth in plenty.  
 Then the ring-prince disdained to seek with a war-band,  
 With army extensive, the air-going ranger;  
 He felt no fear of the foeman's assaults and  
 He counted for little the might of the dragon,  
 His power and prowess: for previously dared he  
 A heap of hostility, hazarded dangers,  
 War-thane, when Hrothgar's palace he cleansed,  
 Conquering combatant, clutched in the battle  
 The kinsmen of Grendel, of kindred detested.  
 'Twas of hand-fights not least where Higelac was slaughtered,  
 When the king of the Geatmen with clashings of battle,  
 Friend-lord of folks in Frisian dominions,  
 Offspring of Hrethrel perished through sword-drink,  
 With battle-swords beaten; thence Beowulf came then  
 On self-help relying, swam through the waters;  
 He bare on his arm, lone-going, thirty  
 Outfits of armor, when the ocean he mounted.  
 The Hetwars by no means had need to be boastful  
 Of their fighting afoot, who forward to meet him  
 Carried their war-shields: not many returned from  
 The brave-mooded battle-knight back to their homesteads.  
 Ecgtheow's bairn o'er the bight-courses swam then,  
 Lone-goer lorn to his land-folk returning,  
 Where Hygd to him tendered treasure and kingdom,  
 Rings and dominion: her son she not trusted,  
 To be able to keep the kingdom devised him  
 'Gainst alien races, on the death of King Higelac.  
 Yet the sad ones succeeded not in persuading the atheling  
 In any way ever, to act as a suzerain  
 To Heardred, or promise to govern the kingdom;  
 Yet with friendly counsel in the folk he sustained him,  
 Gracious, with honor, till he grew to be older,  
 Wielded the Weders. Wide-fleeing outlaws,  
 Ohthere's sons, sought him o'er the waters:  
 They had stirred a revolt 'gainst the helm of the Scylfings,  
 The best of the sea-kings, who in Swedish dominions  
 Distributed treasure, distinguished folk-leader.  
 'Twas the end of his earth-days; injury fatal  
 By swing of the sword he received as a greeting,  
 Offspring of Higelac; Ongentheow's bairn  
 Later departed to visit his homestead,  
 When Heardred was dead; let Beowulf rule them,  
 Govern the Geatmen: good was that folk-king.

#### XXXIV. BEOWULF SEEKS THE DRAGON.—BEOWULF'S REMINISCENCES.

He planned requital for the folk-leader's ruin  
 In days thereafter, to Eadgils the wretched  
 Becoming an enemy. Ohthere's son then

Went with a war-troop o'er the wide-stretching currents  
 With warriors and weapons: with woe-journeys cold he  
 After avenged him, the king's life he took.  
 So he came off uninjured from all of his battles,  
 Perilous fights, offspring of Ecgtheow,  
 From his deeds of daring, till that day most momentous  
 When he fate-driven fared to fight with the dragon.  
 With eleven companions the prince of the Geatmen  
 Went lowering with fury to look at the fire-drake:  
 Inquiring he'd found how the feud had arisen,  
 Hate to his heroes; the highly-famed gem-vessel  
 Was brought to his keeping through the hand of th' informer.  
 That in the throng was thirteenth of heroes,  
 That caused the beginning of conflict so bitter,  
 Captive and wretched, must sad-mooded thenceward  
 Point out the place: he passed then unwillingly  
 To the spot where he knew of the notable cavern,  
 The cave under earth, not far from the ocean,  
 The anger of eddies, which inward was full of  
 Jewels and wires: a warden uncanny,  
 Warrior weaponed, wardered the treasure,  
 Old under earth; no easy possession  
 For any of earth-folk access to get to.  
 Then the battle-brave atheling sat on the naze-edge,  
 While the gold-friend of Geatmen gracious saluted  
 His fireside-companions: woe was his spirit,  
 Death-boding, wav'ring; Weird very near him,  
 Who must seize the old hero, his soul-treasure look for,  
 Dragging aloof his life from his body:  
 Not flesh-hidden long was the folk-leader's spirit.  
 Beowulf spake, Ecgtheow's son:  
 "I survived in my youth-days many a conflict,  
 Hours of onset: that all I remember.  
 I was seven-winters old when the jewel-prince took me,  
 High-lord of heroes, at the hands of my father,  
 Hrethel the hero-king had me in keeping,  
 Gave me treasure and feasting, our kinship remembered;  
 Not ever was I *any* less dear to him  
 Knight in the boroughs, than the bairns of his household,  
 Herebald and Hæthcyn and Higelac mine.  
 To the eldest unjustly by acts of a kinsman  
 Was murder-bed strewn, since him Hæthcyn from horn-bow  
 His sheltering chieftain shot with an arrow,  
 Erred in his aim and injured his kinsman,  
 One brother the other, with blood-sprinkled spear:  
 'Twas a feeless fight, finished in malice,  
 Sad to his spirit; the folk-prince however  
 Had to part from existence with vengeance untaken.  
 So to hoar-headed hero 'tis heavily crushing  
 To live to see his son as he rideth  
 Young on the gallows: then measures he chanteth,  
 A song of sorrow, when his son is hanging  
 For the raven's delight, and aged and hoary  
 He is unable to offer any assistance.  
 Every morning his offspring's departure

Is constant recalled: he cares not to wait for  
 The birth of an heir in his borough-enclosures,  
 Since that one through death-pain the deeds hath experienced.  
 He heart-grieved beholds in the house of his son the  
 Wine-building wasted, the wind-lodging places  
 Reaved of their roaring; the riders are sleeping,  
 The knights in the grave; there's no sound of the harp-wood,  
 Joy in the yards, as of yore were familiar.

### XXXV. REMINISCENCES (*continued*).—BEOWULF'S LAST BATTLE.

"He seeks then his chamber, singeth a woe-song  
 One for the other; all too extensive  
 Seemed homesteads and plains. So the helm of the Weders  
 Mindful of Herebald heart-sorrow carried,  
 Stirred with emotion, nowise was able  
 To wreak his ruin on the ruthless destroyer:  
 He was unable to follow the warrior with hatred,  
 With deeds that were direful, though dear he not held him.  
 Then pressed by the pang this pain occasioned him,  
 He gave up glee, God-light elected;  
 He left to his sons, as the man that is rich does,  
 His land and fortress, when from life he departed.  
 Then was crime and hostility 'twixt Swedes and Geatmen,  
 O'er wide-stretching water warring was mutual,  
 Burdensome hatred, when Hrethel had perished,  
 And Ongentheow's offspring were active and valiant,  
 Wished not to hold to peace oversea, but  
 Round Hreosna-beorh often accomplished  
 Cruellest massacre. This my kinsman avenged,  
 The feud and fury, as 'tis found on inquiry,  
 Though one of them paid it with forfeit of life-joys,  
 With price that was hard: the struggle became then  
 Fatal to Hæthcyn, lord of the Geatmen.  
 Then I heard that at morning one brother the other  
 With edges of irons egged on to murder,  
 Where Ongentheow maketh onset on Eofor:  
 The helmet crashed, the hoary-haired Scylfing  
 Sword-smitten fell, his hand then remembered  
 Feud-hate sufficient, refused not the death-blow.  
 The gems that he gave me, with jewel-bright sword I  
 'Quited in contest, as occasion was offered:  
 Land he allowed me, life-joy at homestead,  
 Manor to live on. Little he needed  
 From Gepids or Danes or in Sweden to look for  
 Trooper less true, with treasure to buy him;  
 'Mong foot-soldiers ever in front I would hie me,  
 Alone in the vanguard, and evermore gladly  
 Warfare shall wage, while this weapon endureth  
 That late and early often did serve me  
 When I proved before heroes the slayer of Dæghrefn,  
 Knight of the Hugmen: he by no means was suffered  
 To the king of the Frisians to carry the jewels,  
 The breast-decoration; but the banner-possessor  
 Bowed in the battle, brave-mooded atheling.

No weapon was slayer, but war-grapple broke then  
 The surge of his spirit, his body destroying.  
 Now shall weapon's edge make war for the treasure,  
 And hand and firm-sword." Beowulf spake then,  
 Boast-words uttered—the latest occasion:  
 "I braved in my youth-days battles unnumbered;  
 Still am I willing the struggle to look for,  
 Fame-deeds perform, folk-warden prudent,  
 If the hateful despoiler forth from his cavern  
 Seeketh me out!" Each of the heroes,  
 Helm-bearers sturdy, he thereupon greeted  
 Belovèd co-liegemmen—his last salutation:  
 "No brand would I bear, no blade for the dragon,  
 Wist I a way my word-boast to 'complish  
 Else with the monster, as with Grendel I did it;  
 But fire in the battle hot I expect there,  
 Furious flame-burning: so I fixed on my body  
 Target and war-mail. The ward of the barrow  
 I'll not flee from a foot-length, the foeman uncanny.  
 At the wall 'twill befall us as Fate decreeth,  
 Each one's Creator. I am eager in spirit,  
 With the wingèd war-hero to away with all boasting.  
 Bide on the barrow with burnies protected,  
 Earls in armor, which of *us* two may better  
 Bear his disaster, when the battle is over.  
 'Tis no matter of yours, and man cannot do it,  
 But me and me only, to measure his strength with  
 The monster of malice, might-deeds to 'complish.  
 I with prowess shall gain the gold, or the battle,  
 Direful death-woe will drag off your ruler!"  
 The mighty champion rose by his shield then,  
 Brave under helmet, in battle-mail went he  
 'Neath steep-rising stone-cliffs, the strength he relied on  
 Of one man alone: no work for a coward.  
 Then he saw by the wall who a great many battles  
 Had lived through, most worthy, when foot-troops collided,  
 Stone-arches standing, stout-hearted champion,  
 Saw a brook from the barrow bubbling out thenceward:  
 The flood of the fountain was fuming with war-flame:  
 Not nigh to the hoard, for season the briefest  
 Could he brave, without burning, the abyss that was yawning,  
 The drake was so fiery. The prince of the Weders  
 Caused then that words came from his bosom,  
 So fierce was his fury; the firm-hearted shouted:  
 His battle-clear voice came in resounding  
 'Neath the gray-colored stone. Stirred was his hatred,  
 The hoard-ward distinguished the speech of a man;  
 Time was no longer to look out for friendship.  
 The breath of the monster issued forth first,  
 Vapory war-sweat, out of the stone-cave:  
 The earth re-echoed. The earl 'neath the barrow  
 Lifted his shield, lord of the Geatmen,  
 Tow'rd the terrible stranger: the ring-twisted creature's  
 Heart was then ready to seek for a struggle.  
 The excellent battle-king first brandished his weapon,

The ancient heirloom, of edges unblunted,  
 To the death-planners twain was terror from other.  
 The lord of the troopers intrepidly stood then  
 'Gainst his high-rising shield, when the dragon coiled him  
 Quickly together: in corslet he bided.  
 He went then in blazes, bended and striding,  
 Hasting him forward. His life and body  
 The targe well protected, for time-period shorter  
 Than wish demanded for the well-renowned leader,  
 Where he then for the first day was forced to be victor,  
 Famous in battle, as Fate had not willed it.  
 The lord of the Geatmen uplifted his hand then,  
 Smiting the fire-drake with sword that was precious,  
 That bright on the bone the blade-edge did weaken,  
 Bit more feebly than his folk-leader needed,  
 Burdened with bale-griefs. Then the barrow-protector,  
 When the sword-blow had fallen, was fierce in his spirit,  
 Flinging his fires, flamings of battle  
 Gleamed then afar: the gold-friend of Weders  
 Boasted no conquests, his battle-sword failed him  
 Naked in conflict, as by no means it ought to,  
 Long-trusty weapon. 'Twas no slight undertaking  
 That Ecgtheow's famous offspring would leave  
 The drake-cavern's bottom; he must live in some region  
 Other than this, by the will of the dragon,  
 As each one of earthmen existence must forfeit.  
 'Twas early thereafter the excellent warriors  
 Met with each other. Anew and afresh  
 The hoard-ward took heart (gasps heaved then his bosom):  
 Sorrow he suffered encircled with fire  
 Who the people erst governed. His companions by no means  
 Were banded about him, bairns of the princes,  
 With valorous spirit, but they sped to the forest,  
 Seeking for safety. The soul-deeps of one were  
 Ruffled by care: kin-love can never  
 Aught in him waver who well doth consider.

### XXXVI. WIGLAF THE TRUSTY.—BEOWULF IS DESERTED BY FRIENDS AND BY SWORD.

The son of Weohstan was Wiglaf entitled,  
 Shield-warrior precious, prince of the Scylfings,  
 Ælfhere's kinsman: he saw his dear liegelord  
 Enduring the heat 'neath helmet and visor.  
 Then he minded the holding that erst he had given him,  
 The Wægmunding warriors' wealth-blessèd homestead,  
 Each of the folk-rights his father had wielded;  
 He was hot for the battle, his hand seized the target,  
 The yellow-bark shield, he unsheathed his old weapon,  
 Which was known among earthmen as the relic of Eanmund,  
 Ohthere's offspring, whom, exiled and friendless,  
 Weohstan did slay with sword-edge in battle,  
 And carried his kinsman the clear-shining helmet,  
 The ring-made burnie, the old giant-weapon  
 That Onela gave him, his boon-fellow's armor,

Ready war-trappings: he the feud did not mention,  
 Though he'd fatally smitten the son of his brother.  
 Many a half-year held he the treasures,  
 The bill and the burnie, till his bairn became able,  
 Like his father before him, fame-deeds to 'complish;  
 Then he gave him 'mong Geatmen a goodly array of  
 Weeds for his warfare; he went from life then  
 Old on his journey. 'Twas the earliest time then  
 That the youthful champion might charge in the battle  
 Aiding his liegelord; his spirit was dauntless.  
 Nor did kinsman's bequest quail at the battle:  
 This the dragon discovered on their coming together.  
 Wiglaf uttered many a right-saying,  
 Said to his fellows, sad was his spirit:  
 "I remember the time when, tasting the mead-cup,  
 We promised in the hall the lord of us all  
 Who gave us these ring-treasures, that this battle-equipment,  
 Swords and helmets, we'd certainly quite him,  
 Should need of such aid ever befall him:  
 In the war-band he chose us for this journey spontaneously,  
 Stirred us to glory and gave me these jewels,  
 Since he held and esteemed us trust-worthy spearmen,  
 Hardy helm-bearers, though this hero-achievement  
 Our lord intended alone to accomplish,  
 Ward of his people, for most of achievements,  
 Doings audacious, he did among earth-folk.  
 The day is now come when the ruler of earthmen  
 Needeth the vigor of valiant heroes:  
 Let us wend us towards him, the war-prince to succor,  
 While the heat yet rageth, horrible fire-fight.  
 God wot in me, 'tis mickle the liefer  
 The blaze should embrace my body and eat it  
 With my treasure-bestower. Meseemeth not proper  
 To bear our battle-shields back to our country,  
 'Less first we are able to fell and destroy the  
 Long-hating foeman, to defend the life of  
 The prince of the Weders. Well do I know 't isn't  
 Earned by his exploits, he only of Geatmen  
 Sorrow should suffer, sink in the battle:  
 Brand and helmet to us both shall be common,  
 Shield-cover, burnie." Through the bale-smoke he stalked then,  
 Went under helmet to the help of his chieftain,  
 Briefly discoursing: "Beowulf dear,  
 Perform thou all fully, as thou formerly saidst,  
 In thy youthful years, that while yet thou livedst  
 Thou wouldst let thine honor not ever be lessened.  
 Thy life thou shalt save, mighty in actions,  
 Atheling undaunted, with all of thy vigor;  
 I'll give thee assistance." The dragon came raging,  
 Wild-mooded stranger, when these words had been uttered  
 ('Twas the second occasion), seeking his enemies,  
 Men that were hated, with hot-gleaming fire-waves;  
 With blaze-billows burned the board to its edges:  
 The fight-armor failed then to furnish assistance  
 To the youthful spear-hero: but the young-agèd stripling

Quickly advanced 'neath his kinsman's war-target,  
 Since his own had been ground in the grip of the fire.  
 Then the warrior-king was careful of glory,  
 He soundly smote with sword-for-the-battle,  
 That it stood in the head by hatred driven;  
 Nægling was shivered, the old and iron-made  
 Brand of Beowulf in battle deceived him.  
 'Twas denied him that edges of irons were able  
 To help in the battle; the hand was too mighty  
 Which every weapon, as I heard on inquiry,  
 Outstruck in its stroke, when to struggle he carried  
 The wonderful war-sword: it waxed him no better.  
 Then the people-despoiler—third of his onsets—  
 Fierce-raging fire-drake, of feud-hate was mindful,  
 Charged on the strong one, when chance was afforded,  
 Heated and war-grim, seized on his neck  
 With teeth that were bitter; he bloody did wax with  
 Soul-gore seething; sword-blood in waves boiled.

### XXXVII. THE FATAL STRUGGLE.—BEOWULF'S LAST MOMENTS.

Then I heard that at need of the king of the people  
 The upstanding earlman exhibited prowess,  
 Vigor and courage, as suited his nature;  
 He his head did not guard, but the high-minded liegeman's  
 Hand was consumed, when he succored his kinsman,  
 So he struck the strife-bringing strange-comer lower,  
 Earl-thane in armor, that *in* went the weapon  
 Gleaming and plated, that 'gan then the fire  
 Later to lessen. The liegelord himself then  
 Retained his consciousness, brandished his war-knife,  
 Battle-sharp, bitter, that he bare on his armor:  
 The Weder-lord cut the worm in the middle.  
 They had felled the enemy (life drove out then  
 Puissant prowess), the pair had destroyed him,  
 Land-chiefs related: so a liegeman should prove him,  
 A thaneman when needed. To the prince 'twas the last of  
 His era of conquest by his own great achievements,  
 Beowulf's wound swells and burns.  
 The latest of world-deeds. The wound then began  
 Which the earth-dwelling dragon erstwhile had wrought him  
 To burn and to swell. He soon then discovered  
 That bitterest bale-woe in his bosom was raging,  
 Poison within. The atheling advanced then,  
 That along by the wall, he prudent of spirit  
 Might sit on a settle; he saw the giant-work,  
 How arches of stone strengthened with pillars  
 The earth-hall eternal inward supported.  
 Then the long-worthy liegeman laved with his hand the  
 Far-famous chieftain, gory from sword-edge,  
 Refreshing the face of his friend-lord and ruler,  
 Sated with battle, unbinding his helmet.  
 Beowulf answered, of his injury spake he,  
 His wound that was fatal (he was fully aware  
 He had lived his allotted life-days enjoying

The pleasures of earth; then past was entirely  
 His measure of days, death very near):  
 “My son I would give now my battle-equipments,  
 Had any of heirs been after me granted,  
 Along of my body. This people I governed  
 Fifty of winters: no king ’mong my neighbors  
 Dared to encounter me with comrades-in-battle,  
 Try me with terror. The time to me ordered  
 I bided at home, mine own kept fitly,  
 Sought me no snares, swore me not many  
 Oaths in injustice. Joy over all this  
 I’m able to have, though ill with my death-wounds;  
 Hence the Ruler of Earthmen need not charge me  
 With the killing of kinsmen, when cometh my life out  
 Forth from my body. Fare thou with haste now  
 To behold the hoard ’neath the hoar-grayish stone,  
 Well-lovèd Wiglaf, now the worm is a-lying,  
 Sore-wounded sleepeth, disseized of his treasure.  
 Go thou in haste that treasures of old I,  
 Gold-wealth may gaze on, together see lying  
 The ether-bright jewels, be easier able,  
 Having the heap of hoard-gems, to yield my  
 Life and the land-folk whom long I have governed.”

### **XXXVIII. WIGLAF PLUNDERS THE DRAGON’S DEN.—BEOWULF’S DEATH.**

Then heard I that Wihstan’s son very quickly,  
 These words being uttered, heeded his liegelord  
 Wounded and war-sick, went in his armor,  
 His well-woven ring-mail, ’neath the roof of the barrow.  
 Then the trusty retainer treasure-gems many  
 Victorious saw, when the seat he came near to,  
 Gold-treasure sparkling spread on the bottom,  
 Wonder on the wall, and the worm-creature’s cavern,  
 The ancient dawn-flier’s, vessels a-standing,  
 Cups of the ancients of cleansers bereavèd,  
 Robbed of their ornaments: there were helmets in numbers,  
 Old and rust-eaten, arm-bracelets many,  
 Artfully woven. Wealth can easily,  
 Gold on the sea-bottom, turn into vanity  
 Each one of earthmen, arm him who pleaseth!  
 And he saw there lying an all-golden banner  
 High o’er the hoard, of hand-wonders greatest,  
 Linkèd with lacets: a light from it sparkled,  
 That the floor of the cavern he was able to look on,  
 To examine the jewels. Sight of the dragon  
 Not any was offered, but edge offcarried him.  
 Then I heard that the hero the hoard-treasure plundered,  
 The giant-work ancient reaved in the cavern,  
 Bare on his bosom the beakers and platters,  
 As himself would fain have it, and took off the standard,  
 The brightest of beacons; the bill had erst injured  
 (Its edge was of iron), the old-ruler’s weapon,  
 Him who long had watched as ward of the jewels,



Who fire-terror carried hot for the treasure,  
 Rolling in battle, in middlemost darkness,  
 Till murdered he perished. The messenger hastened,  
 Not loth to return, hurried by jewels:  
 Curiosity urged him if, excellent-mooded,  
 Alive he should find the lord of the Weders  
 Mortally wounded, at the place where he left him.  
 'Mid the jewels he found then the famous old chieftain,  
 His liegelord belovèd, at his life's-end gory:  
 He thereupon 'gan to lave him with water,  
 Till the point of his word piercèd his breast-hoard.  
 Beowulf spake (the gold-gems he noticed),  
 The old one in sorrow: "For the jewels I look on  
 Thanks do I utter for all to the Ruler,  
 Wielder of Worship, with words of devotion,  
 The Lord everlasting, that He let me such treasures  
 Gain for my people ere death overtook me.  
 Since I've bartered the agèd life to me granted  
 For treasure of jewels, attend ye henceforward  
 The wants of the war-thanes; I can wait here no longer.  
 The battle-famed bid ye to build them a grave-hill,  
 Bright when I'm burned, at the brim-current's limit;  
 As a memory-mark to the men I have governed,  
 Aloft it shall tower on Whale's-Ness uprising,  
 That earls of the ocean hereafter may call it  
 Beowulf's barrow, those who barks ever-dashing  
 From a distance shall drive o'er the darkness of waters."  
 The bold-mooded troop-lord took from his neck then  
 The ring that was golden, gave to his liegeman,  
 The youthful war-hero, his gold-flashing helmet,  
 His collar and war-mail, bade him well to enjoy them:  
 "Thou art latest left of the line of our kindred,  
 Of Wægmunding people: Weird hath offcarried  
 All of my kinsmen to the Creator's glory,  
 Earls in their vigor: I shall after them fare."  
 'Twas the aged liegelord's last-spoken word in  
 His musings of spirit, ere he mounted the fire,  
 The battle-waves burning: from his bosom departed  
 His soul to seek the sainted ones' glory.

### XXXIX. THE DEAD FOES.—WIGLAF'S BITTER TAUNTS.

It had wofully chanced then the youthful retainer  
 To behold on earth the most ardent-belovèd  
 At his life-days' limit, lying there helpless.  
 The slayer too lay there, of life all bereavèd,  
 Horrible earth-drake, harassed with sorrow:  
 The round-twisted monster was permitted no longer  
 To govern the ring-hoards, but edges of war-swords  
 Mightily seized him, battle-sharp, sturdy  
 Leavings of hammers, that still from his wounds  
 The flier-from-farland fell to the earth  
 Hard by his hoard-house, hopped he at midnight  
 Not e'er through the air, nor exulting in jewels  
 Suffered them to see him: but he sank then to earthward

Through the hero-chief's handwork. I heard sure it throve then  
 But few in the land of liegemen of valor,  
 Though of every achievement bold he had proved him,  
 To run 'gainst the breath of the venomous scather,  
 Or the hall of the treasure to trouble with hand-blows,  
 If he watching had found the ward of the hoard-hall  
 On the barrow abiding. Beowulf's part of  
 The treasure of jewels was paid for with death;  
 Each of the twain had attained to the end of  
 Life so unlasting. Not long was the time till  
 The tardy-at-battle returned from the thicket,  
 The timid truce-breakers ten all together,  
 Who durst not before play with the lances  
 In the prince of the people's pressing emergency;  
 But blushing with shame, with shields they betook them,  
 With arms and armor where the old one was lying:  
 They gazed upon Wiglaf. He was sitting exhausted,  
 Foot-going fighter, not far from the shoulders  
 Of the lord of the people, would rouse him with water;  
 No whit did it help him; though he hoped for it keenly,  
 He was able on earth not at all in the leader  
 Life to retain, and nowise to alter  
 The will of the Wielder; the World-Ruler's power  
 Would govern the actions of each one of heroes,  
 As yet He is doing. From the young one forthwith then  
 Could grim-worded greeting be got for him quickly  
 Whose courage had failed him. Wiglaf discoursed then,  
 Weohstan his son, sad-mooded hero,  
 Looked on the hated: "He who soothness will utter  
 Can say that the liegelord who gave you the jewels,  
 The ornament-armor wherein ye are standing,  
 When on ale-bench often he offered to hall-men  
 Helmet and burnie, the prince to his liegemen,  
 As best upon earth he was able to find him,—  
 That he wildly wasted his war-gear undoubtedly  
 When battle o'ertook him. The troop-king no need had  
 To glory in comrades; yet God permitted him,  
 Victory-Wielder, with weapon unaided  
 Himself to avenge, when vigor was needed.  
 I life-protection but little was able  
 To give him in battle, and I 'gan, notwithstanding,  
 Helping my kinsman (my strength overtaxing):  
 He waxed the weaker when with weapon I smote on  
 My mortal opponent, the fire less strongly  
 Flamed from his bosom. Too few of protectors  
 Came round the king at the critical moment.  
 Now must ornament-taking and weapon-bestowing,  
 Home-joyance all, cease for your kindred,  
 Food for the people; each of your warriors  
 Must needs be bereaved of rights that he holdeth  
 In landed possessions, when faraway nobles  
 Shall learn of your leaving your lord so basely,  
 The dastardly deed. Death is more pleasant  
 To every earlman than infamous life is!"

**XL. THE MESSENGER OF DEATH.**

Then he charged that the battle be announced at the hedge  
Up o'er the cliff-edge, where the earl-troopers bided  
The whole of the morning, mood-wretched sat them,  
Bearers of battle-shields, both things expecting,  
The end of his lifetime and the coming again of  
The liegelord beloved. Little reserved he  
Of news that was known, who the ness-cliff did travel,  
But he truly discoursed to all that could hear him:  
"Now the free-giving friend-lord of the folk of the Weders,  
The folk-prince of Geatmen, is fast in his death-bed,  
By the deeds of the dragon in death-bed abideth;  
Along with him lieth his life-taking foeman  
Slain with knife-wounds: he was wholly unable  
To injure at all the ill-planning monster  
With bite of his sword-edge. Wiglaf is sitting,  
Offspring of Wihstan, up over Beowulf,  
Earl o'er another whose end-day hath reached him,  
Head-watch holdeth o'er heroes unliving,  
For friend and for foeman. The folk now expecteth  
A season of strife when the death of the folk-king  
To Frankmen and Frisians in far-lands is published.  
The war-hatred waxed warm 'gainst the Hugmen,  
When Higelac came with an army of vessels  
Faring to Friesland, where the Frankmen in battle  
Humbled him and bravely with overmight 'complished  
That the mail-clad warrior must sink in the battle,  
Fell 'mid his folk-troop: no fret-gems presented  
The atheling to earlmen; aye was denied us  
Merewing's mercy. The men of the Swedelands  
For truce or for truth trust I but little;  
But widely 'twas known that near Ravenswood Ongentheow  
Sundered Hæthcyn the Hrethling from life-joys,  
When for pride overweening the War-Scylfings first did  
Seek the Geatmen with savage intentions.  
Early did Ohthere's age-laden father,  
Old and terrible, give blow in requital,  
Killing the sea-king, the queen-mother rescued,  
The old one his consort deprived of her gold,  
Onela's mother and Ohthere's also,  
And then followed the feud-nursing foemen till hardly,  
Reaved of their ruler, they Ravenswood entered.  
Then with vast-numbered forces he assaulted the remnant,  
Weary with wounds, woe often promised  
The livelong night to the sad-hearted war-troop:  
Said he at morning would kill them with edges of weapons,  
Some on the gallows for glee to the fowls.  
Aid came after to the anxious-in-spirit  
At dawn of the day, after Higelac's bugle  
And trumpet-sound heard they, when the good one proceeded  
And faring followed the flower of the troopers.

## XLI. THE MESSENGER'S RETROSPECT.

"The blood-stained trace of Swedes and Geatmen,  
 The death-rush of warmen, widely was noticed,  
 How the folks with each other feud did awaken.  
 The worthy one went then with well-beloved comrades,  
 Old and dejected to go to the fastness,  
 Ongentheo earl upward then turned him;  
 Of Higelac's battle he'd heard on inquiry,  
 The exultant one's prowess, despaired of resistance,  
 With earls of the ocean to be able to struggle,  
 'Gainst sea-going sailors to save the hoard-treasure,  
 His wife and his children; he fled after thenceward  
 Old 'neath the earth-wall. Then was offered pursuance  
 To the braves of the Swedemen, the banner to Higelac.  
 They fared then forth o'er the field-of-protection,  
 When the Hrethling heroes hedgeward had thronged them.  
 Then with edges of irons was Ongentheow driven,  
 The gray-haired to tarry, that the troop-ruler had to  
 Suffer the power solely of Eofor:  
 Wulf then wildly with weapon assaulted him,  
 Wonred his son, that for swinge of the edges  
 The blood from his body burst out in currents,  
 Forth 'neath his hair. He feared not however,  
 Gray-headed Scylfing, but speedily quited  
 The wasting wound-stroke with worse exchange,  
 When the king of thethane-troop thither did turn him:  
 The wise-mooded son of Wonred was powerless  
 To give a return-blow to the age-hoary man,  
 But his head-shielding helmet first hewed he to pieces,  
 That flecked with gore perforce he did totter,  
 Fell to the earth; not fey was he yet then,  
 But up did he spring though an edge-wound had reached him.  
 Then Higelac's vassal, valiant and dauntless,  
 When his brother lay dead, made his broad-bladed weapon,  
 Giant-sword ancient, defence of the giants,  
 Bound o'er the shield-wall; the folk-prince succumbed then,  
 Shepherd of people, was pierced to the vitals.  
 There were many attendants who bound up his kinsman,  
 Carried him quickly when occasion was granted  
 That the place of the slain they were suffered to manage.  
 This pending, one hero plundered the other,  
 His armor of iron from Ongentheow ravished,  
 His hard-sword hilted and helmet together;  
 The old one's equipments he carried to Higelac.  
 He the jewels received, and rewards 'mid the troopers  
 Graciously promised, and so did accomplish:  
 The king of the Weders requited the war-rush,  
 Hrethel's descendant, when home he repaired him,  
 To Eofor and Wulf with wide-lavished treasures,  
 To each of them granted a hundred of thousands  
 In land and rings wrought out of wire:  
 None upon mid-earth needed to twit him  
 With the gifts he gave them, when glory they conquered;  
 And to Eofor then gave he his one only daughter,

The honor of home, as an earnest of favor.  
That's the feud and hatred—as ween I 'twill happen—  
The anger of earthmen, that earls of the Swedemen  
Will visit on us, when they hear that our leader  
Lifeless is lying, he who longtime protected  
His hoard and kingdom 'gainst hating assailers,  
Who on the fall of the heroes defended of yore  
The deed-mighty Scyldings, did for the troopers  
What best did avail them, and further moreover  
Hero-deeds 'complished. Now is haste most fitting,  
That the lord of liegemen we look upon yonder,  
And *that* one carry on journey to death-pyre  
Who ring-presents gave us. Not aught of it all  
Shall melt with the brave one—there's a mass of bright jewels,  
Gold beyond measure, grewsomely purchased  
And ending it all ornament-rings too  
Bought with his life; these fire shall devour,  
Flame shall cover, no earlman shall wear  
A jewel-memento, nor beautiful virgin  
Have on her neck rings to adorn her,  
But wretched in spirit bereavèd of gold-gems  
She shall oft with others be exiled and banished,  
Since the leader of liegemen hath laughter forsaken,  
Mirth and merriment. Hence many a war-spear  
Cold from the morning shall be clutched in the fingers,  
Heaved in the hand, no harp-music's sound shall  
Waken the warriors, but the wan-coated raven  
Fain over fey ones freely shall gabble,  
Shall say to the eagle how he sped in the eating,  
When, the wolf his companion, he plundered the slain.”  
So the high-minded hero was rehearsing these stories  
Loathsome to hear; he lied as to few of  
Weirds and of words. All the war-troop arose then,  
'Neath the Eagle's Cape sadly betook them,  
Weeping and woful, the wonder to look at.  
They saw on the sand then soulless a-lying,  
His slaughter-bed holding, him who rings had given them  
In days that were done; then the death-bringing moment  
Was come to the good one, that the king very warlike,  
Wielder of Weders, with wonder-death perished.  
First they beheld there a creature more wondrous,  
The worm on the field, in front of them lying,  
The foeman before them: the fire-spewing dragon,  
Ghostly and grisly guest in his terrors,  
Was scorched in the fire; as he lay there he measured  
Fifty of feet; came forth in the night-time  
To rejoice in the air, thereafter departing  
To visit his den; he in death was then fastened,  
He would joy in no other earth-hollowed caverns.  
There stood round about him beakers and vessels,  
Dishes were lying and dear-valued weapons,  
With iron-rust eaten, as in earth's mighty bosom  
A thousand of winters there they had rested:  
That mighty bequest then with magic was guarded,  
Gold of the ancients, that earlman not any

The ring-hall could touch, save Ruling-God only,  
 Sooth-king of Vict'ries gave whom He wished to  
 (He is earth-folk's protector) to open the treasure,  
 E'en to such among mortals as seemed to Him proper.

## XLII. WIGLAF'S SAD STORY.—THE HOARD CARRIED OFF.

Then 'twas seen that the journey prospered him little  
 Who wrongly within had the ornaments hidden  
 Down 'neath the wall. The warden erst slaughtered  
 Some few of the folk-troop: the feud then thereafter  
 Was hotly avengèd. 'Tis a wonder where,  
 When the strength-famous trooper has attained to the end of  
 Life-days allotted, then no longer the man may  
 Remain with his kinsmen where mead-cups are flowing.  
 So to Beowulf happened when the ward of the barrow,  
 Assaults, he sought for: himself had no knowledge  
 How his leaving this life was likely to happen.  
 So to doomsday, famous folk-leaders down did  
 Call it with curses—who 'complished it there—  
 That that man should be ever of ill-deeds convicted,  
 Confined in foul-places, fastened in hell-bonds,  
 Punished with plagues, who this place should e'er ravage.  
 He cared not for gold: rather the Wielder's  
 Favor preferred he first to get sight of.  
 Wiglaf discoursed then, Wihstan his son:  
 "Oft many an earlman on one man's account must  
 Sorrow endure, as to us it hath happened.  
 The liegelord belovèd we could little prevail on,  
 Kingdom's keeper, counsel to follow,  
 Not to go to the guardian of the gold-hoard, but let him  
 Lie where he long was, live in his dwelling  
 Till the end of the world. Met we a destiny  
 Hard to endure: the hoard has been looked at,  
 Been gained very grimly; too grievous the fate that  
 The prince of the people pricked to come thither.  
 I was therein and all of it looked at,  
 The building's equipments, since access was given me,  
 Not kindly at all entrance permitted  
 Within under earth-wall. Hastily seized I  
 And held in my hands a huge-weighting burden  
 Of hoard-treasures costly, hither out bare them  
 To my liegelord belovèd: life was yet in him,  
 And consciousness also; the old one discoursed then  
 Much and mournfully, commanded to greet you,  
 Bade that remembering the deeds of your friend-lord  
 Ye build on the fire-hill of corpses a lofty  
 Burial-barrow, broad and far-famous,  
 As 'mid world-dwelling warriors he was widely most honored  
 While he reveled in riches. Let us rouse us and hasten  
 Again to see and seek for the treasure,  
 The wonder 'neath wall. The way I will show you,  
 That close ye may look at ring-gems sufficient  
 And gold in abundance. Let the bier with promptness  
 Fully be fashioned, when forth we shall come,

And lift we our lord, then, where long he shall tarry,  
 Well-beloved warrior, 'neath the Wielder's protection."  
 Then the son of Wihstan bade orders be given,  
 Mood-valiant man, to many of heroes,  
 Holders of homesteads, that they hither from far,  
 Leaders of liegemen, should look for the good one  
 With wood for his pyre: "The flame shall now swallow  
 (The wan fire shall wax ) the warriors' leader  
 Who the rain of the iron often abided,  
 When, sturdily hurled, the storm of the arrows  
 Leapt o'er linden-wall, the lance rendered service,  
 Furnished with feathers followed the arrow."  
 Now the wise-mooded son of Wihstan did summon  
 The best of the braves from the band of the ruler  
 Seven together; 'neath the enemy's roof he  
 Went with the seven; one of the heroes  
 Who fared at the front, a fire-blazing torch-light  
 Bare in his hand. No lot then decided  
 Who that hoard should havoc, when hero-earls saw it  
 Lying in the cavern uncared-for entirely,  
 Rusting to ruin: they rued then but little  
 That they hastily hence hauled out the treasure,  
 The dear-valued jewels; the dragon eke pushed they,  
 The worm o'er the wall, let the wave-currents take him,  
 The waters enwind the ward of the treasures.  
 There wounden gold on a wain was uploaded,  
 A mass unmeasured, the men-leader off then,  
 The hero hoary, to Whale's-Ness was carried.

### XLIII. THE BURNING OF BEOWULF.

The folk of the Geatmen got him then ready  
 A pile on the earth strong for the burning,  
 Behung with helmets, hero-knights' targets,  
 And bright-shining burnies, as he begged they should have them;  
 Then wailing war-heroes their world-famous chieftain,  
 Their liegelord beloved, laid in the middle.  
 Soldiers began then to make on the barrow  
 The largest of dead-fires: dark o'er the vapor  
 The smoke-cloud ascended, the sad-roaring fire,  
 Mingled with weeping (the wind-roar subsided)  
 Till the building of bone it had broken to pieces,  
 Hot in the heart. Heavy in spirit  
 They mood-sad lamented the men-leader's ruin;  
 And mournful measures the much-grieving widow

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The men of the Weders made accordingly  
 A hill on the height, high and extensive,  
 Of sea-going sailors to be seen from a distance,  
 And the brave one's beacon built where the fire was,

In ten-days' space, with a wall surrounded it,  
As wisest of world-folk could most worthily plan it.  
They placed in the barrow rings and jewels,  
All such ornaments as erst in the treasure  
War-mooded men had won in possession:  
The earnings of earlmen to earth they entrusted,  
The gold to the dust, where yet it remaineth  
As useless to mortals as in foregoing eras.  
'Round the dead-mound rode then the doughty-in-battle,  
Bairns of all twelve of the chiefs of the people,  
More would they mourn, lament for their ruler,  
Speak in measure, mention him with pleasure,  
Weighed his worth, and his warlike achievements  
Mightily commended, as 'tis meet one praise his  
Liegelord in words and love him in spirit,  
When forth from his body he fares to destruction.  
So lamented mourning the men of the Geats,  
Fond-loving vassals, the fall of their lord,  
Said he was kindest of kings under heaven,  
Gentlest of men, most winning of manner,  
Friendliest to folk-troops and fondest of honor.



# Einhard: Charlemagne

## THE PROLOGUE OF WALAFRID

The following account of that most glorious Emperor Charles was written, as is well known, by Eginhard, who amongst all the palace officials of that time had the highest praise not only for learning but also for his generally high character; and, as he was himself present at nearly all the events that he describes, his account has the further advantage of the strictest accuracy.

He was born in eastern Frankland, in the district that is called Moingewi, and it was in the monastery of Fulda, in the school of Saint Boniface the Martyr, that his boyhood received its first training. Thence he was sent by Baugolf, the abbot of the monastery, to the palace of Charles, rather on account of his remarkable talents and intelligence, which even then gave bright promise of his wisdom that was to be so famous in later days, than because of any advantage of birth. Now, Charles was beyond all kings most eager in making search for wise men and in giving them such entertainment that they might pursue philosophy in all comfort. Whereby, with the help of God, he rendered his kingdom, which, when God committed it to him, was dark and almost wholly blind (if I may use such an expression), radiant with the blaze of fresh learning, hitherto unknown to our barbarism. But now once more men's interests are turning in an opposite direction, and the light of wisdom is less loved, and in most men is dying out.

And so this little man—for he was mean of stature—gained so much glory at the Court of the wisdom-loving Charles by reason of his knowledge and high character that among all the ministers of his royal Majesty there was scarce anyone at that time with whom that most powerful and wise King discussed his private affairs more willingly. And, indeed, he deserved such favour, for not only in the time of Charles, but even more remarkably in the reign of the Emperor Lewis, when the commonwealth of the Franks was shaken with many and various troubles, and in some parts was falling into ruin, he so wonderfully and providentially balanced his conduct, and, with the protection of God, kept such a watch over himself, that his reputation for cleverness, which many had envied and many had mocked at, did not untimely desert him nor plunge him into irremediable dangers.

This I have said that all men may read his words without doubting, and may know that, while he has given great glory to his great leader, he has also provided the curious reader with the most unsullied truth.

I, Strabo, have inserted the headings and the decorations as seemed well to my own judgement that he who seeks for any point may the more easily find what he desires.

## THE LIFE OF THE EMPEROR CHARLES WRITTEN BY EGINHARD

Having made up my mind to write an account of the life and conversation, and to a large extent of the actions of my lord and patron King Charles, of great and deservedly glorious memory, I have compressed my task within the narrowest possible limits. My aim has been on the one hand to insert everything of which I have been able to find an account; and on the other to avoid offending the fastidious by telling each new incident at wearisome length. Above all, I have tried to avoid offending in this new book those who look down upon even the monuments of antiquity written by learned and eloquent men.

There are, I do not doubt, many men of learning and leisure who feel that the life of the present day must not be utterly neglected, and that the doings of our own time should not be devoted to silence and forgetfulness as wholly unworthy of record; who, therefore, have such love of fame that they would rather chronicle the great deeds of others in writings, however poor, than, by abstaining from writing, allow their name and reputation to perish from the memory of mankind. But, even so, I have felt that I ought not to hold my hand from the composition of this book, for I knew that no one could write of these events more truthfully than I could, since I was myself an actor in them, and, being present, knew them from the testimony of my own eyes; while I could not certainly know whether anyone else would write them or no. I thought it better, therefore, to join with others in committing this story to writing for the benefit of posterity rather than to allow the shades of oblivion to blot out the life of this King, the noblest and greatest of his age, and his famous deeds, which the men of later times will scarcely be able to imitate.

Another reason, and not, I think, a foolish one, occurred to me, which even by itself would have been strong enough to persuade me to write—the care, I mean, that was taken with my upbringing, and the unbroken friendship which I enjoyed with the King himself and his children from the time when first I began to live at his Court. For in this way he has so bound me to himself, and has made me his debtor both in life and death, that I should most justly be considered and condemned as ungrateful if I were to forget all the benefits that he conferred upon me and were to pass over in silence the great and glorious deeds of a man who was so kind to me; if I were to allow his life to remain as unchronicled and unpraised, as if he had never lived, when that life deserves not merely the efforts of my poor talents, which are insignificant, small and almost non-existent, but all the eloquence of a Cicero.

So here you have a book containing the life of that great and glorious man. There is nothing for you to wonder at or admire except his deeds; unless, indeed, it be that I, a barbarian, and little versed in the Roman tongue, have imagined that I could write Latin inoffensively and usefully, and have become so swollen with impudence as to despise Cicero's words when, speaking about Latin writers in the first book of the *Tusculans*, he says: "If a man commits his thoughts to paper when he can neither arrange them well nor write them agreeably, nor furnish pleasure of any kind to the reader, he is recklessly misusing both his leisure and his paper." The great orator's opinion would, perhaps, have deterred me from writing if I had not fortified myself with the reflection that I ought to risk the condemnation of men, and bring my poor talents into peril by writing, rather than spare my reputation and neglect this great man's memory.

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The race of the Merovingians from which the Franks were accustomed to choose their kings is reckoned as lasting to King Hilderich, who, by the order of Stephen, the Roman Pontiff, was deposed, tonsured, and sent into a monastery. But this race, though it may be regarded as finishing with him, had long since lost all power, and no longer possessed anything of importance except the empty royal title. For the wealth and power of the kingdom was in the hands of the *Præfects* of the Court, who were called *Mayors of the Palace*, and exercised entire sovereignty. The

King, contented with the mere royal title, with long hair and flowing beard, used to sit upon the throne and act the part of a ruler, listening to ambassadors, whencesoever they came, and giving them at their departure, as though of his own power, answers which he had been instructed or commanded to give. But this was the only function that he performed, for besides the empty royal title and the precarious life income which the Præfect of the Court allowed him at his pleasure he had nothing of his own except one estate with a very small revenue, on which he had his house, and from which he drew the few servants who performed such services as were necessary and made him a show of deference. Wherever he had to go he travelled in a waggon, drawn in rustic style by a pair of oxen, and driven by a cowherd. In this fashion he used to go to the palace and to the general meetings of the people, which were held yearly for the affairs of the kingdom; in this fashion he returned home. But the Præfect of the Court looked after the administration of the kingdom and all that had to be done or arranged at home or abroad.

When Hilderich was deposed Pippin, the father of King Charles, was performing the duties of Mayor of the Palace as if by hereditary right. For his father Charles, who put down the tyrants who were claiming dominion for themselves through all Frankland, and so crushed the Saracens, when they were attempting to conquer Gaul, in two great battles (the one in Aquitania, near the city of Poitiers, the other near Narbonne, on the river Birra), that he forced them to return into Spain—his father Charles had nobly administered the same office, and had inherited it from his father Pippin. For the people did not usually give this honour except to such as were distinguished for the renown of their family and the extent of their wealth.

This office, then, was handed down from his father and his grandfather to Pippin, the father of King Charles, and to his brother Carloman. He exercised it for some years conjointly with his brother Carloman on terms of the greatest harmony, still in nominal subordination to the above-mentioned King Hilderich. But then his brother Carloman, for some unknown cause, but probably fired with love of the contemplative life, abandoned the toilsome administration of a temporal kingdom and retired to Rome in search of peace. There he changed his dress, and, becoming a monk in the monastery upon Mount Soracte, built near the church of the blessed Silvester, enjoyed for some years the quiet that he desired, with many brethren, who joined themselves to him for the same purpose. But as many of the nobles of Frankland came on pilgrimage to Rome to perform their vows, and, unwilling to pass by one who had once been their lord, interrupted the peace that he most desired by frequent visits, he was compelled to change his abode. For, seeing that the number of his visitors interfered with his purpose, he left Mount Soracte and retired to the monastery of Saint Benedict, situated in the camp of Mount Cassino, in the province of Samnium. There he occupied what remained to him of this temporal life in religious exercises.

But Pippin, after he was made King instead of Mayor of the Palace by the authority of the Roman Pontiff, exercised sole rule over the Franks for fifteen years, or rather more. Then, after finishing the Aquitanian war, which he had undertaken against Waifar, Duke of Aquitania, and had carried on for nine consecutive years, he died at Paris of the dropsy, and left behind him two sons, Charles and Carloman, to whom by divine will the succession of the kingdom came. For the Franks called a solemn public assembly, and elected both of them to be kings, on the understanding that they should equally divide the whole kingdom, but that Charles should receive for his special administration that part which his father Pippin had held, while Carloman received the territories ruled by their uncle Carloman. The conditions were accepted, and each received the share of the kingdom that was allotted to him. Harmony was maintained between the two brothers, though not without difficulty; for many partisans of Carloman tried to break their alliance, and some even hoped to engage them in war. But the course of events proved that the danger to Charles was imaginary rather than real. For, upon the death of Carloman, his wife with her sons and some of the leading nobles fled to Italy, and, for no obvious reason, passed over her husband's brother, and placed herself and her children under the protection of Desiderius,

King of the Lombards. Carloman, after ruling the kingdom for two years conjointly with Charles, died of disease, and Charles, upon the death of Carloman, was made sole king with the consent of all the Franks.

It would be foolish of me to say anything about his birth and infancy, or even about his boyhood, for I can find nothing about these matters in writing, nor does anyone survive who claims to have personal knowledge of them. I have decided, therefore, to pass on to describe and illustrate his acts and his habits and the other divisions of his life without lingering over the unknown. I shall describe first his exploits both at home and abroad, then his habits and interests, and lastly the administration of the kingdom and the end of his reign, omitting nothing that demands or deserves to be recorded.

## PART I — HIS EXPLOITS AT HOME AND ABROAD

Of all the wars that he waged that in Aquitania, begun, but not finished, by his father, was the first that he undertook, because it seemed easy of accomplishment. His brother was still alive, and was called upon for assistance, and, though he failed to provide the help that he promised, Charles prosecuted the enterprise that he had undertaken with the utmost energy, and would not desist or slacken in his task before, by perseverance and continuous effort, he had completely reached the end after which he strove. For he forced Hunold, who after the death of Waifar had attempted to occupy Aquitania and renew the almost finished war, to abandon Aquitania and retire into Gascony. Even there he did not allow him to remain, but crossed the Garonne, and sent ambassadors to Lupus, Duke of the Gascons, ordering him to surrender the fugitive, and threatening him with war unless he did so at once. Lupus, more wisely, not only surrendered Hunold but also submitted himself and the province over which he presided to the power of Charles.

When the Aquitanian trouble was settled and the war finished, when, too, his partner in the kingdom had withdrawn from the world's affairs, he undertook a war against the Lombards, being moved thereto by the entreaties and the prayers of Hadrian, Bishop of the City of Rome. Now, this war, too, had been undertaken by his father at the supplication of Pope Stephen, under circumstances of great difficulty, inasmuch as certain of the chiefs of the Franks, whose advice he was accustomed to ask, so strongly resisted his wishes that they openly declared that they would leave their King to return home. But now Charles undertook the war against King Haistulf, and most swiftly brought it to an end. For, though his reasons for undertaking the war were similar to, and, indeed, the same as those of his father, he plainly fought it out with a very different energy, and brought it to a different end. For Pippin, after a siege of a few days at Pavia, forced King Haistulf to give hostages, and restore to the Romans the towns and fortresses that he had taken from them, and to give a solemn promise that he would not attempt to regain what he had surrendered. But King Charles, when once he had begun the war, did not stop until he had received the surrender of King Desiderius, whom he had worn down after a long siege; until he had forced his son Adalgis, in whom the hopes of his people seemed to be centred, to fly not only from his kingdom but from Italy; until he had restored to the Romans all that had been taken from them; until he had crushed Hruodgausus, Præfect of the Duchy of Friuli, who was attempting a revolution; until, in fine, he had brought all Italy under his rule, and placed his son Pippin as king over the conquered country. I should describe here the difficulties of the passage of the Alps and the vast toil with which the Franks found their way through the pathless mountain ridges, the rocks that soared to heaven, and the sharply-pointed cliffs, if it were not that my purpose in the present work is rather to describe Charles's manner of life than to chronicle the events of the wars that he waged. The sum of this war was the conquest of Italy, the transportation and perpetual exile of King Desiderius, the expulsion of his son Adalgis from Italy, power taken from the kings of the Lombards and restored to Hadrian, the Ruler of the Roman Church.

When this war was ended the Saxon war, which seemed

dropped for a time, was taken up again. Never was there a war more prolonged nor more cruel than this, nor one that required greater efforts on the part of the Frankish peoples. For the Saxons, like most of the races that inhabit Germany, are by nature fierce, devoted to the worship of demons and hostile to our religion, and they think it no dishonour to confound and transgress the laws of God and man. There were reasons, too, which might at any time cause a disturbance of the peace. For our boundaries and theirs touch almost everywhere on the open plain, except where in a few places large forests or ranges of mountains are interposed to separate the territories of the two nations by a definite frontier; so that on both sides murder, robbery, and arson were of constant occurrence. The Franks were so irritated by these things that they thought it was time no longer to be satisfied with retaliation but to declare open war against them.

So war was declared, and was fought for thirty years continuously with the greatest fierceness on both sides, but with heavier loss to the Saxons than the Franks. The end might have been reached sooner had it not been for the perfidy of the Saxons. It is hard to say how often they admitted themselves beaten and surrendered as suppliants to King Charles; how often they promised to obey his orders, gave without delay the required hostages, and received the ambassadors that were sent to them. Sometimes they were so cowed and broken that they promised to abandon the worship of devils and willingly to submit themselves to the Christian religion. But though sometimes ready to bow to his commands they were always eager to break their promise, so that it is impossible to say which course seemed to come more natural to them, for from the beginning of the war there was scarcely a year in which they did not both promise and fail to perform.

But the high courage of the King and the constancy of his mind, which remained unshaken by prosperity and adversity, could not be conquered by their changes nor forced by weariness to desist from his undertakings. He never allowed those who offended in this way to go unpunished, but either led an army himself, or sent one under the command of his counts, to chastise their perfidy and inflict a suitable penalty. So that at last, when all who had resisted had been defeated and brought under his power, he took ten thousand of the inhabitants of both banks of the Elbe, with their wives and children, and planted them in many groups in various parts of Germany and Gaul. And at last the war, protracted through so many years, was finished on conditions proposed by the King and accepted by them; they were to abandon the worship of devils, to turn from their national ceremonies, to receive the sacraments of the Christian faith and religion, and then, joined to the Franks, to make one people with them.

In this war, despite its prolongation through so many years, he did not himself meet the enemy in battle more than twice—once near the mountain called Osning, in the district of Detmold, and again at the river Hasa—and both these battles were fought in one month, with an interval of only a few days. In these two battles the enemy were so beaten and cowed that they never again ventured to challenge the King nor to resist his attack unless they were protected by some advantage of ground.

In this war many men of noble birth and high office fell on the side both of the Franks and Saxons. But at last it came to an end in the thirty-third year, though in the meanwhile so many and such serious wars broke out against the Franks in all parts of the world, and were carried on with such skill by the King, that an observer may reasonably doubt whether his endurance of toil or his good fortune deserves the greater admiration. For the war in Italy began two years before the Saxon war, and though it was prosecuted without intermission no enterprise in any part of the world was dropped, nor was there anywhere a truce in any struggle, however difficult. For this King, the wisest and most high-minded of all who in that age ruled over the nations of the world, never refused to undertake or prosecute any enterprise because of the labour involved, nor withdrew from it through fear of its danger. He understood the true character of each task that he undertook or carried through, and thus was neither broken by adversity nor misled by the false flatteries of good fortune.

Whilst the war with the Saxons was being prosecuted constantly and almost continuously he placed garrisons at suitable

places on the frontier, and attacked Spain with the largest military expedition that he could collect. He crossed the Pyrenees, received the surrender of all the towns and fortresses that he attacked, and returned with his army safe and sound, except for a reverse which he experienced through the treason of the Gascons on his return through the passes of the Pyrenees. For while his army was marching in a long line, suiting their formation to the character of the ground and the defiles, the Gascons placed an ambush on the top of the mountain—where the density and extent of the woods in the neighbourhood rendered it highly suitable for such a purpose—and then rushing down into the valley beneath threw into disorder the last part of the baggage train and also the rearguard which acted as a protection to those in advance. In the battle which followed the Gascons slew their opponents to the last man. Then they seized upon the baggage, and under cover of the night, which was already falling, they scattered with the utmost rapidity in different directions. The Gascons were assisted in this feat by the lightness of their armour and the character of the ground where the affair took place. In this battle Egghard, the surveyor of the royal table; Anselm, the Count of the Palace; and Roland, Præfect of the Breton frontier, were killed along with very many others. Nor could this assault be punished at once, for when the deed had been done the enemy so completely disappeared that they left behind them not so much as a rumour of their whereabouts.

He conquered the Bretons, too, who dwell in the extreme west of France by the shores of the ocean. They had been disobedient, and he, therefore, sent against them an expedition, by which they were compelled to give hostages and promise that they would henceforth obey his orders.

Then later he himself entered Italy with an army, and, passing through Rome, came to Capua, a city of Campania. There he pitched his camp, and threatened the men of Beneventum with war unless they surrendered. But Aragis, Duke of that people, prevented this war by sending his sons Rumold and Grimold to meet the King with a large sum of money. He asked the King to receive his children as hostages, and promised that he and his people would obey all the commands of the King, except only that he would not come himself into the King's presence. Charles, considering rather the advantage of the people than their Duke's obstinacy, received the hostages who were offered him, and as a great favour consented to forego a personal interview. He kept the younger of the two children as a hostage and sent back the elder one to his father. Then he sent ambassadors to require and receive oaths of fidelity from the Beneventans and from Aragis, and so came back to Rome. There he spent some days in the veneration of the holy places, and then returned to Gaul.

Then the Bavarian war broke out suddenly, and was swiftly ended. It was caused by the pride and folly of Tassilo, Duke of Bavaria; for upon the instigation of his wife, who thought that she might revenge through her husband the banishment of her father Desiderius, King of the Lombards, he made an alliance with the Huns, the eastern neighbours of the Bavarians, and not only refused obedience to King Charles but even dared to challenge him in war. The high courage of the King could not bear his overweening insolence, and he forthwith called a general levy for an attack on Bavaria, and came in person with a great army to the river Lech, which separates Bavaria from Germany. He pitched his camp upon the banks of the river, and determined to make trial of the mind of the Duke before he entered the province. But Duke Tassilo saw no profit either for himself or his people in stubbornness, and threw himself upon the King's mercy. He gave the hostages who were demanded, his own son Theodo among the number, and further promised upon oath that no one should ever persuade him again to fall away from his allegiance to the King. And thus a war which seemed likely to grow into a very great one came to a most swift ending. But Tassilo was subsequently summoned into the King's presence, and was not allowed to return, and the province that he ruled was for the future committed to the administration not of dukes but of counts.

When these troubles had been settled he waged war against the Slavs, whom we are accustomed to call Wilzi, but who properly—that is, in their own tongue—are called Welatabi. Here the Saxons

fought along with the other allied nations who followed the King's standards, though their loyalty was feigned and far from sincere. The cause of the war was that the Wilzi were constantly invading and attacking the Abodriti, the former allies of the Franks, and refused to obey the King's commands to desist from their attacks. There is a gulf stretching from the western sea towards the East, of undiscovered length, but nowhere more than a hundred miles in breadth, and often much narrower. Many nations occupy the shores of this sea. The Danes and the Swedes, whom we call the Northmen, hold its northern shore and all the islands in it. The Slavs and the Aisti and various other nations inhabit the eastern shore, amongst whom the chief are these Welatabi against whom then the King waged war. He so broke and subdued them in a single campaign, conducted by himself, that they thought it no longer wise to refuse to obey his commands.

The greatest of all his wars, next to the Saxon war, followed this one—that, namely, which he undertook against the Huns and the Avars. He prosecuted this with more vigour than the rest and with a far greater military preparation. However, he conducted in person only one expedition into Pannonia, the province then occupied by the Avars; the management of the rest he left to his son Pippin, and the governors of the provinces, and in some cases to his counts and lieutenants. These carried on the war with the greatest energy, and finished it after eight years of fighting. How many battles were fought there and how much blood was shed is still shown by the deserted and uninhabited condition of Pannonia, and the district in which stood the palace of the Kagan is so desolate that there is not so much as a trace of human habitation. All the nobles of the Huns were killed in this war, all their glory passed away; their money and all the treasures that they had collected for so long were carried away. Nor can the memory of man recall any war waged against the Franks by which they were so much enriched and their wealth so increased. Up to this time they were regarded almost as a poor people, but now so much gold and silver were found in the palace, such precious spoils were seized by them in their battles, that it might fairly be held that the Franks had righteously taken from the Huns what they unrighteously had taken from other nations. Only two of the nobles of the Franks were killed in this war. Eric, the Duke of Friuli, was caught in an ambush laid by the townsmen of Tharsatica, a maritime town of Liburnia. And Gerold, the Governor of Bavaria, when he was marshalling his army to fight with the Huns in Pannonia, was killed by an unknown hand, along with two others, who accompanied him as he rode along the line encouraging the soldiers by name. For the rest, the war was almost bloodless so far as the Franks were concerned, and most fortunate in its result although so difficult and protracted.

After this the Saxon war ended in a settlement as lasting as the struggle had been protracted. The wars with Bohemia and Luneburg which followed were soon over; both of them were swiftly settled under the command of the younger Charles.

The last war of all that Charles undertook was against those Northmen, who are called Danes, who first came as pirates, and then ravaged the coasts of Gaul and Germany with a greater naval force. Their King, Godofrid, was puffed up with the vain confidence that he would make himself master of all Germany. He looked upon Frisia and Saxony as his own provinces. He had already reduced his neighbours the Abodriti to obedience, and had forced them to pay him tribute. Now he boasted that he would soon come to Aix, the seat of the King's Court, with a mighty force. His boast, however idle, found some to believe it; it was thought that he would certainly have made some such attempt if he had not been prevented by a sudden death. For he was killed by one of his own followers, and so ended both his life and the war that he had begun.

These, then, are the wars which this mighty King waged during the course of forty-seven years—for his reign extended over that period—in different parts of the world with the utmost skill and success. By these wars he so nobly increased the kingdom of the Franks, which was great and strong when he inherited it from his father Pippin, that the additions he made almost doubled it. For before his time the power of the Frankish kingdom extended only over that part of Gaul which is bounded by the Rhine, the Loire,

and the Balearic Sea; and that part of Germany which is inhabited by the so-called eastern Franks, and which is bounded by Saxony, the Danube, the Rhine, and the river Saal, which stream separates the Thuringians and the Sorabs; and, further, over the Alamanni and the Bavarians. But Charles, by the wars that have been mentioned, conquered and made tributary the following countries:—First, Aquitania and Gascony, and the whole Pyrenean range, and the country of Spain as far as the Ebro, which, rising in Navarre and passing through the most fertile territory of Spain, falls into the Balearic Sea, beneath the walls of the city of Tortosa; next, all Italy from Augusta Prætoria as far as lower Calabria, where are the frontiers of the Greeks and Beneventans, a thousand miles and more in length; next, Saxony, which is a considerable portion of Germany, and is reckoned to be twice as broad and about as long as that part of Germany which is inhabited by the Franks; then both provinces of Pannonia and Dacia, on one side of the river Danube, and Histria and Liburnia and Dalmatia, with the exception of the maritime cities which he left to the Emperor of Constantinople on account of their friendship and the treaty made between them; lastly, all the barbarous and fierce nations lying between the Rhine, the Vistula, the Ocean, and the Danube, who speak much the same language, but in character and dress are very unlike. The chief of these last are the Welatabi, the Sorabi, the Abodriti, and the Bohemians; against these he waged war, but the others, and by far the larger number, surrendered without a struggle.

The friendship, too, which he established with certain kings and peoples increased the glory of his reign.

Aldefonsus, King of Gallæcia and Asturica, was joined in so close an alliance with him that whenever he sent letters or ambassadors to Charles he gave instructions that he should be called "the man" of the Frankish King.

Further, his rich gifts had so attached the kings of the Scots to his favour that they always called him their lord and themselves his submissive servants. Letters are still in existence sent by them to Charles in which those feelings towards him are clearly shown.

With Aaron, the King of the Persians, who ruled over all the East, with the exception of India, he entertained so harmonious a friendship that the Persian King valued his favour before the friendship of all the kings and princes in the world, and held that it alone deserved to be cultivated with presents and titles. When, therefore, the ambassadors of Charles, whom he had sent with offerings to the most holy sepulchre of our Lord and Saviour and to the place of His resurrection, came to the Persian King and proclaimed the kindly feelings of their master, he not only granted them all they asked but also allowed that sacred place of our salvation to be reckoned as part of the possessions of the Frankish King. He further sent ambassadors of his own along with those of Charles upon the return journey, and forwarded immense presents to Charles—robes and spices, and the other rich products of the East—and a few years earlier he had sent him at his request an elephant, which was then the only one he had.

The Emperors of Constantinople, Nicephorus, Michael, and Leo, too, made overtures of friendship and alliance with him, and sent many ambassadors. At first Charles was regarded with much suspicion by them, because he had taken the imperial title, and thus seemed to aim at taking from them their empire; but in the end a very definite treaty was made between them, and every occasion of quarrel on either side thereby avoided. For the Romans and the Greeks always suspected the Frankish power; hence there is a well-known Greek proverb: "the Frank is a good friend but a bad neighbour."

Though he was so successful in widening the boundaries of his kingdom and subduing the foreign nations he, nevertheless, put on foot many works for the decoration and convenience of his kingdom, and carried some to completion. The great church dedicated to Mary, the holy Mother of God, at Aix, and the bridge, five hundred feet in length, over the great river Rhine near Mainz, may fairly be regarded as the chief of his works. But the bridge was burnt down a year before his death, and though he had determined to rebuild it of stone instead of wood it was not restored, because his death so speedily followed. He began also to build palaces of splendid workmanship—one not far from the city of Mainz, near

a town called Ingelheim; another at Nimeguen, on the river Waal, which flows along the south of the Batavian island. And he gave special orders to the bishops and priests who had charge of sacred buildings that any throughout his realm which had fallen into ruin through age should be restored, and he instructed his agents to see that his orders were carried out.

He built a fleet, too, for the war against the Northmen, constructing ships for this purpose near those rivers which flow out of Gaul and Germany into the northern ocean. And because the Northmen laid waste the coasts of Gaul and Germany by their constant attacks he planted forts and garrisons in all harbours and at the mouths of all navigable rivers, and prevented in this way the passage of the enemy. He took the same measures in the South, on the shore of Narbonne and Septimania, and also along all the coasts of Italy as far as Rome, to hold in check the Moors, who had lately begun to make piratical excursions. And by reason of these precautions Italy suffered no serious harm from the Moors, nor Gaul and Germany from the Northmen, in the days of Charles; except that Centumcellae, a city of Etruria, was betrayed into the hands of the Moors and plundered, and in Frisia certain islands lying close to Germany were ravaged by the Northmen.

## PART II — PRIVATE LIFE AND CHARACTER OF CHARLEMAGNE

I have shown, then, how Charles protected and expanded his kingdom and also what splendour he gave to it. I shall now go on to speak of his mental endowments, of his steadiness of purpose under whatever circumstances of prosperity or adversity, and of all that concerns his private and domestic life.

As long as, after the death of his father, he shared the kingdom with his brother he bore so patiently the quarrelling and restlessness of the latter as never even to be provoked to wrath by him. Then, having married at his mother's bidding the daughter of Desiderius, King of the Lombards, he divorced her, for some unknown reason, a year later. He took in marriage Hildigard, of the Suabian race, a woman of the highest nobility, and by her he had three sons—viz. Charles and Pippin and Ludovicus, and three daughters—Hrotrud and Bertha and Gisla. He had also three other daughters—Theoderada and Hiltrud and Hruodhaid. Two of these were the children of his wife Fastrada, a woman of the eastern Franks or Germans; the third was the daughter of a concubine, whose name has escaped my memory. On the death of Fastrada he married Liutgard, of the Alemannic race, by whom he had no children. After her death he had four concubines—namely, Madelgarda, who bore him a daughter of the name of Ruothild; Gersuinda, of Saxon origin, by whom he had a daughter of the name of Adolthrud; Regina, who bore him Drogot and Hugo; and Adallinda, who was the mother of Theoderic.

His mother Bertrada lived with him to old age in great honour. He treated her with the utmost reverence, so that no quarrel of any kind ever arose between them—except in the matter of the divorce of the daughter of King Desiderius, whom he had married at her bidding. Bertrada died after the death of Hildigard, having lived to see three grandsons and as many granddaughters in her son's house. Charles had his mother buried with great honour in the same great church of St Denys in which his father lay.

He had only one sister, Gisla, who from childhood was dedicated to the religious life. He treated her with the same affectionate respect as his mother. She died a few years before Charles's own death in the monastery in which she had passed her life.

In educating his children he determined to train them, both sons and daughters, in those liberal studies to which he himself paid great attention. Further, he made his sons, as soon as their age permitted it, learn to ride like true Franks, and practise the use of arms and hunting. He ordered his daughters to learn wool work and devote attention to the spindle and distaff, for the avoidance of idleness and lethargy, and to be trained to the adoption of high principles.

He lost two sons and one daughter before his death—namely, Charles, his eldest; Pippin, whom he made King of Italy; and Hruotrud, his eldest daughter, who had been betrothed to Constantine, the Emperor of the Greeks. Pippin left one son, Bernard,

and five daughters—Adalheid, Atula, Gundrada, Berthaid, and Theoderada. In his treatment of them Charles gave the strongest proof of his family affection, for upon the death of his son he appointed his grandson Bernard to succeed him, and had his granddaughters brought up with his own daughters.

He bore the deaths of his two sons and of his daughters with less patience than might have been expected from his usual stoutness of heart, for his domestic affection, a quality for which he was as remarkable as for courage, forced him to shed tears. Moreover, when the death of Hadrian, the Roman Pontiff, whom he reckoned as the chief of his friends, was announced to him, he wept for him as though he had lost a brother or a very dear son. For he showed a very fine disposition in his friendships: he embraced them readily and maintained them faithfully, and he treated with the utmost respect all whom he had admitted into the circle of his friends.

He had such care of the upbringing of his sons and daughters that he never dined without them when he was at home, and never travelled without them. His sons rode along with him, and his daughters followed in the rear. Some of his guards, chosen for this very purpose, watched the end of the line of march where his daughters travelled. They were very beautiful, and much beloved by their father, and, therefore, it is strange that he would give them in marriage to no one, either among his own people or of a foreign state. But up to his death he kept them all at home, saying that he could not forego their society. And hence the good fortune that followed him in all other respects was here broken by the touch of scandal and failure. He shut his eyes, however, to everything, and acted as though no suspicion of anything amiss had reached him, or as if the rumour of it had been discredited.

He had by a concubine a son called Pippin—whom I purposely did not mention along with the others—handsome, indeed, but deformed. When Charles, after the beginning of the war against the Huns, was wintering in Bavaria, this Pippin pretended illness, and formed a conspiracy against his father with some of the leaders of the Franks, who had seduced him by a vain promise of the kingdom. When the design had been detected and the conspirators punished Pippin was tonsured and sent to the monastery of Prumia, there to practise the religious life, to which in the end he was of his own will inclined.

Another dangerous conspiracy had been formed against him in Germany at an earlier date. The plotters were some of them blinded and some of them maimed, and all subsequently transported into exile. Not more than three lost their lives, and these resisted capture with drawn swords, and in defending themselves killed some of their opponents. Hence, as they could not be restrained in any other way, they were cut down.

The cruelty of Queen Fastrada is believed to be the cause and origin of these conspiracies. Both were caused by the belief that, upon the persuasion of his cruel wife, he had swerved widely from his natural kindness and customary leniency. Otherwise his whole life long he so won the love and favour of all men both at home and abroad that never was the slightest charge of unjust severity brought against him by anyone.

He had a great love for foreigners, and took such pains to entertain them that their numbers were justly reckoned to be a burden not only to the palace but to the kingdom at large. But, with his usual loftiness of spirit, he took little note of such charges, for he found in the reputation of generosity and in the good fame that followed such actions a compensation even for grave inconveniences.

His body was large and strong; his stature tall but not ungainly, for the measure of his height was seven times the length of his own feet. The top of his head was round; his eyes were very large and piercing. His nose was rather larger than is usual; he had beautiful white hair; and his expression was brisk and cheerful; so that, whether sitting or standing, his appearance was dignified and impressive. Although his neck was rather thick and short and he was somewhat corpulent this was not noticed owing to the good proportions of the rest of his body. His step was firm and the whole carriage of his body manly; his voice was clear, but hardly so strong as you would have expected. He had good health, but for four years before his death was frequently attacked by fevers,

and at last was lame of one foot. Even then he followed his own opinion rather than the advice of his doctors, whom he almost hated, because they advised him to give up the roast meat to which he was accustomed, and eat boiled instead. He constantly took exercise both by riding and hunting. This was a national habit; for there is hardly any race on the earth that can be placed on equality with the Franks in this respect. He took delight in the vapour of naturally hot waters, and constantly practised swimming, in which he was so proficient that no one could be fairly regarded as his superior. Partly for this reason he built his palace at Aix, and lived there continuously during the last years of his life up to the time of his death. He used to invite not only his sons to the bath but also his nobles and friends, and at times even a great number of his followers and bodyguards.

He wore the national—that is to say, the Frankish dress. His shirts and drawers were of linen, then came a tunic with a silken fringe, and hose. His legs were cross-gartered and his feet enclosed in shoes. In winter-time he defended his shoulders and chest with a jerkin made of the skins of otters and ermine. He was clad in a blue cloak, and always wore a sword, with the hilt and belt of either gold or silver. Occasionally, too, he used a jewelled sword, but this was only on the great festivals or when he received ambassadors from foreign nations. He disliked foreign garments, however beautiful, and would never consent to wear them, except once at Rome on the request of Pope Hadrian, and once again upon the entreaty of his successor, Pope Leo, when he wore a long tunic and cloak, and put on shoes made after the Roman fashion. On festal days he walked in procession in a garment of gold cloth, with jewelled boots and a golden girdle to his cloak, and distinguished further by a diadem of gold and precious stones. But on other days his dress differed little from that of the common people.

He was temperate in eating and drinking, but especially so in drinking; for he had a fierce hatred of drunkenness in any man, and especially in himself or in his friends. He could not abstain so easily from food, and used often to complain that fasting was injurious to his health. He rarely gave large banquets, and only on the high festivals, but then he invited a large number of guests. His daily meal was served in four courses only, exclusive of the roast, which the hunters used to bring in on spits, and which he ate with more pleasure than any other food. During the meal there was either singing or a reader for him to listen to. Histories and the great deeds of men of old were read to him. He took delight also in the books of Saint Augustine, and especially in those which are entitled the City of God. He was so temperate in the use of wine and drink of any kind that he rarely drank oftener than thrice during dinner.

In summer, after his midday meal, he took some fruit and a single draught, and then, taking off his clothes and boots, just as he was accustomed to do at night, he would rest for two or three hours. At night he slept so lightly that he would wake, and even rise, four or five times during the night.

When he was putting on his boots and clothes he not only admitted his friends, but if the Count of the Palace told him there was any dispute which could not be settled without his decision he would have the litigants at once brought in, and hear the case, and pronounce on it just as if he were sitting on the tribunal. He would, moreover, at the same time transact any business that had to be done that day or give any orders to his servants.

In speech he was fluent and ready, and could express with the greatest clearness whatever he wished. He was not merely content with his native tongue but took the trouble to learn foreign languages. He learnt Latin so well that he could speak it as well as his native tongue; but he could understand Greek better than he could speak it. His fluency of speech was so great that he even seemed sometimes a little garrulous.

He paid the greatest attention to the liberal arts, and showed the greatest respect and bestowed high honours upon those who taught them. For his lessons in grammar he listened to the instruction of Deacon Peter of Pisa, an old man; but for all other subjects Albinus, called Alcuin, also a deacon, was his teacher—a man from Britain, of the Saxon race, and the most learned man of his time. Charles spent much time and labour in learning rhetoric

and dialectic, and especially astronomy, from Alcuin. He learnt, too, the art of reckoning, and with close application scrutinised most carefully the course of the stars. He tried also to learn to write, and for this purpose used to carry with him and keep under the pillow of his couch tablets and writing-sheets that he might in his spare moments accustom himself to the formation of letters. But he made little advance in this strange task, which was begun too late in life.

He paid the most devout and pious regard to the Christian religion, in which he had been brought up from infancy. And, therefore, he built the great and most beautiful church at Aix, and decorated it with gold and silver and candelabras and with wicket-gates and doors of solid brass. And, since he could not procure marble columns elsewhere for the building of it, he had them brought from Rome and Ravenna. As long as his health permitted it he used diligently to attend the church both in the morning and evening, and during the night, and at the time of the Sacrifice. He took the greatest care to have all the services of the church performed with the utmost dignity, and constantly warned the keepers of the building not to allow anything improper or dirty either to be brought into or to remain in the building. He provided so great a quantity of gold and silver vessels, and so large a supply of priestly vestments, that at the religious services not even the doorkeepers, who form the lowest ecclesiastical order, had to officiate in their ordinary dress. He carefully reformed the manner of reading and singing; for he was thoroughly instructed in both, though he never read publicly himself, nor sang except in a low voice, and with the rest of the congregation.

He was most devout in relieving the poor and in those free gifts which the Greeks call alms. For he gave it his attention not only in his own country and in his own kingdom, but he also used to send money across the sea to Syria, to Egypt, to Africa—to Jerusalem, Alexandria, and Carthage—in compassion for the poverty of any Christians whose miserable condition in those countries came to his ears. It was for this reason chiefly that he cultivated the friendship of kings beyond the sea, hoping thereby to win for the Christians living beneath their sway some succour and relief.

Beyond all other sacred and venerable places he loved the church of the holy Apostle Peter at Rome, and he poured into its treasury great wealth in silver and gold and precious stones. He sent innumerable gifts to the Pope; and during the whole course of his reign he strove with all his might (and, indeed, no object was nearer to his heart than this) to restore to the city of Rome her ancient authority, and not merely to defend the church of Saint Peter but to decorate and enrich it out of his resources above all other churches. But although he valued Rome so much, still, during all the forty-seven years that he reigned, he only went there four times to pay his vows and offer up his prayers.

But such were not the only objects of his last visit; for the Romans had grievously outraged Pope Leo, had torn out his eyes and cut off his tongue, and thus forced him to throw himself upon the protection of the King. He therefore came to Rome to restore the condition of the church, which was terribly disturbed, and spent the whole of the winter there. It was then that he received the title of Emperor and Augustus, which he so disliked at first that he affirmed that he would not have entered the church on that day—though it was the chief festival of the church—if he could have foreseen the design of the Pope. But when he had taken the title he bore very quietly the hostility that it caused and the indignation of the Roman emperors. He conquered their ill-feeling by his magnanimity, in which, doubtless, he far excelled them, and sent frequent embassies to them, and called them his brothers.

When he had taken the imperial title he noticed many defects in the legal systems of his people; for the Franks have two legal systems, differing in many points very widely from one another, and he, therefore, determined to add what was lacking, to reconcile the differences, and to amend anything that was wrong or wrongly expressed. He completed nothing of all his designs beyond adding a few capitularies, and those unfinished. But he gave orders that the laws and rules of all nations comprised within his dominions which were not already written out should be collected and committed to writing.

He also wrote out the barbarous and ancient songs, in which the acts of the kings and their wars were sung, and committed them to memory. He also began a grammar of his native language.

He gave the months names in his own tongue, for before his time they were called by the Franks partly by Latin and partly by barbarous names. He also gave names to the twelve winds, whereas before not more than four, and perhaps not so many, had names of their own. Of the months, he called January Winter-month, February Mud-month, March Spring-month, April Easter-month, May Joy-month, June Plough-month, July Hay-month, August Harvest-month, September Wind-month, October Vintage-month, November Autumn-month, December Holy-month. The following are the names which he gave to the winds:—The Subsolanus (east) he called East Wind; the Eurus (east by south) East-South Wind; the Euroauster (south by east) South-East Wind; the Auster (south) South Wind; the Austro-Afric (south by west) South-West Wind; the Afric (west by south) West-South Wind; the Zephyr (west) West Wind; the Corus (west by north) West-North Wind; the Circius (north by west) North-West Wind; the Septentrion (north) North Wind; the Aquilon (north by east) North-East Wind; the Vulturnus (east by north) East-North Wind.

At the very end of his life, when already he was feeling the pressure of old age and sickness, he summoned his own son Lewis, King of Aquitania, the only surviving son of Hildigard, and then solemnly called together the Frankish nobles of his whole kingdom; and then, with the consent of all, made Lewis partner in the whole kingdom and heir to the imperial title. After that, putting the diadem on his head, he ordered them to salute him “Imperator” and Augustus. This decision of his was received by all present with the greatest favour, for it seemed to them a divine inspiration for the welfare of the realm. It added to his dignity at home and increased the terror of his name abroad.

He then sent his son back to Aquitania, and himself, though broken with old age, proceeded to hunt, as his custom was, not far from the palace of Aix, and after spending the rest of the autumn in this pursuit he came back to Aix about the beginning of November. Whilst he was spending the winter there he was attacked by a sharp fever, and took to his bed. Then, following his usual habit, he determined to abstain from food, thinking that by such self-discipline he would be able either to cure or alleviate the disease. But the fever was complicated by a pain in the side which the Greeks call pleurisy; and as Charles still persisted in fasting, and only very rarely drank something to sustain his strength, seven days after he had taken to his bed he received holy communion, and died, in the seventy-second year of his life and in the forty-seventh year of his reign, on the fifth day before the Kalends of February, at the third hour of the day.

His body was washed and treated with the usual ceremonies, and then, amidst the greatest grief of the whole people, taken to the church and buried. At first there was some doubt as to where he should rest, since he had given no instructions during his lifetime. But at length all were agreed that he could be buried nowhere more honourably than in the great church which he had built at his own expense in the same town, for the love of our Lord God Jesus Christ and the honour of His holy and ever-virgin Mother. There he was buried on the same day on which he died. A gilded arch was raised above the tomb, with his statue, and an inscription. The inscription ran as follows:—

“Beneath this tomb lies the body of Charles, the great and orthodox Emperor, who nobly expanded the kingdom of the Franks and reigned prosperously for forty-seven years. He departed this life, more than seventy years of age, in the eight hundred and fourteenth year of our Lord, in the seventh indiction, on the fifth day before the Kalends of February.”

There were many prodigies to show that his end drew near, and he as well as others understood the meaning of their warnings. During all the three last years of his life there were constant eclipses of sun and moon, and a black-coloured spot appeared in the sun for the space of seven days. The gallery which he had built, of great size and strength, between the palace and the church, suddenly, on Ascension Day, fell in ruins down even to the foundations. Also, the wooden bridge over the Rhine near Mainz, which he had built with wonderful skill, and the labour of ten years, so

that it seemed as though it would last for ever, was accidentally set on fire, and in three hours burnt so far that not a plank remained except those that were covered by the water. Further, when he was making his last expedition in Saxony against Godofrid, King of the Danes, as he was moving out of camp and beginning his march before sunrise, he suddenly saw a meteor rush across the heavens with a great blaze and pass from right to left through the clear sky. Whilst all were wondering what this sign meant, suddenly the horse that he was riding fell head foremost, and threw him so violently to the ground that the girdle of his cloak was broken, and his sword belt slipped from it. When his attendants ran up to help him they found him disarmed and disrobed. His javelin, too, which he was holding in his hand at the time of his fall, fell twenty paces and more away from him. Moreover, the palace at Aix was frequently shaken, and in houses where he lived there was a constant creaking in the fretted ceilings. The church in which he was afterwards buried was struck by lightning, and the golden apple that adorned the summit of the roof was thrown down by a thunder-stroke, and fell upon the Bishop’s house, which adjoined the church. In the same church an inscription was written on the edge of the circular space which ran round the inside of the church between the upper and lower arches, saying by whom the sacred edifice had been built. And in the last line occurred the words: “Carolus Princeps.” Some noticed that in the very year in which Charles died, and a few months before his death, the letters of the word “princeps” were so destroyed as to be quite invisible. But he either refused to notice or despised all these omens as though they had no connection at all with anything that concerned him.

He had determined to draw out wills in order to make his daughters and the sons whom his concubines had borne to him heirs to some part of his property; but he took up this design too late, and could not carry it out. But some three years before he died he divided his treasures, his money and his robes, and all his other moveable property, in presence of his friends and ministers, and appealed to them to ratify and maintain by their support this division after his death. He also stated in a document how he wished to have the property which he had divided disposed of. The text and purport of the document ran as follows:—

In the name of the Lord God Almighty, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. This is the description and division which was made by the most glorious and pious lord Charles, the august Emperor, in the eight hundred and eleventh year from the incarnation of our Lord Jesus Christ; in the forty-third year of his reign in Frankland; in the thirty-sixth year of his reign in Italy; in the eleventh year of his Empire and in the fourth indiction: which division he made for wise and religious reasons of his treasures and of the money which on that day was found in the treasury. Wherein his great aim was: in the first place to ensure that the distribution of alms, which Christians religiously make from their possessions, should be duly and properly made on his account from his wealth; and also that his heirs may clearly know without any possibility of doubt what ought to belong to them, and may therefore (without contest or dissension) divide his goods among themselves in their proper proportion. Therefore with this intention and object he first divided into three parts all his property and moveable goods; which, whether consisting of gold, silver, jewels, or royal apparel, could be found on the afore-mentioned day in his treasury. Then, by a further distribution, he divided two of those three parts into twenty-one parts, and kept the third part undivided.

The distribution of the two parts into twenty-one is to be carried out in the following way. As there are known to be twenty-one metropolitan cities in his realm, one of those twenty-one parts is to be handed over to each metropolitan city by his heirs and friends for the purpose of almsgiving. The Archbishop who at the time of his death is ruling the metropolitan sees shall receive that part for his church and divide it among his suffragans; one-third going to his own church and two-thirds being divided among his suffragans.

Each of these divisions—which, as already mentioned, are made out of the first two-thirds, and are twenty-one in number, according to the number of the metropolitan sees—is separated from the rest and put away by itself in a repository of its own with the title of the city attached to which it is to be given. The names of the metropolitan sees, to which this alms or largess is to be given, are Rome, Ravenna, Milan, Fréjus, Grado, Cologne, Mainz, Juvavum which is also called Salsburg, Trèves, Sens, Besançon, Lyons, Rouen, Rheims, Arles, Vienne, Darantasia, Embrun, Bordeaux, Tours, Bourges.

The following disposition shall be made of the one part hitherto left undivided. When the first two parts have been distributed into the before-mentioned divisions, and have been put away under

seal, this third part shall be employed for daily uses, as not being alienated by any bond or promise of the owner; and it shall be so used as long as he himself remains in the flesh or judges its employment to be necessary to him. But after his death or his voluntary retirement from the affairs of the world that part shall be divided into four subdivisions. Of these subdivisions one shall be added to the before-mentioned twenty-one parts; the second shall be taken by his sons and daughters, and by the sons and daughters of his sons, and shall be divided among them in just and reasonable proportion; the third shall be devoted to the use of the poor in the manner usual among Christians; the fourth part shall similarly be divided for alms and go to the support of the servants, both men and women, who attend to the needs of the palaces.

He desired further that there should be added to this third part of the total sum, which like the other parts consists of gold and silver, all vessels and utensils of brass, iron or other metals, with arms, clothes and all other moveable articles, whether of value or not, which are employed for various purposes; as for instance curtains, coverlets, tapestries, woollen-cloths, dressed-skins, harnesses, and whatever else is found at that date in his store chamber or wardrobe: so that in this way the subdivisions of that part may be larger, and the distribution of alms find its way to a larger number.

He desired that the chapel—that is, the materials for the service of the church, both those which he himself gave and collected and those which came to him by inheritance from his father—should remain entire and suffer no division of any kind. But if any vessel or books or other ornaments are found, which have certainly not been given by him to the aforementioned chapel, these may be bought and possessed by anyone who wants them, at a price fixed by a reasonable valuation. He similarly determined that the books, of which he had collected a great quantity in his library, should be sold at a reasonable price to anyone who wanted them and the money handed over to the poor. Amongst his treasures there are three tables of silver and one of gold of remarkable size and weight. Concerning these he determined and decided as follows. One of them, square in shape, containing a map of the city of Constantinople, shall be sent to Rome for the cathedral of the holy Apostle Peter, along with the other gifts which are set aside for that purpose. The second, round in shape, inscribed with a picture of the city of Rome, shall be given to the Bishopric of the Church of Ravenna. The third, which is far superior to the others both in beauty of workmanship and in weight, which is made of three circles, and contains a map of the whole world, skilfully and minutely drawn, shall go to increase that third part which is to be divided among his heirs and given in alms.

This disposition and arrangement he made and drew up in presence of the bishops, abbots and counts, who could then be present and whose names are here written out.

#### **Bishops**

Hildibald  
John  
Richolf  
Theodolf  
Arno  
Jesse  
Wolphar  
Heito  
Bernoin  
Waltgaud  
Laidrad

#### **Abbots**

Fridugisius  
Engilbert  
Adalung  
Irmin

#### **Counts**

Walatho  
Rihwin  
Meginher  
Edo  
Otoif  
Ercangar  
Stephen  
Gerold  
Unruoc  
Bero  
Barchard  
Hildigern  
Meginhard  
Roccolf  
Hatto

His son Lewis, who by the designs of Providence succeeded him, inspected the aforesaid document, and carried out these arrangements with the greatest devotion immediately after his death.



# Nennius: History of the Britons

## I.—THE PROLOGUE.

§1. Nennius, the lowly minister and servant of the servants of God, by the grace of God, disciple of St. Elbotus, to all the followers of truth sendeth health.

Be it known to your charity, that being dull in intellect and rude of speech, I have presumed to deliver these things in the Latin tongue, not trusting to my own learning, which is little or none at all, but partly from traditions of our ancestors, partly from writings and monuments of the ancient inhabitants of Britain, partly from the annals of the Romans, and the chronicles of the sacred fathers, Isidore, Hieronymus, Prosper, Eusebius, and from the histories of the Scots and Saxons, although our enemies, not following my own inclinations, but, to the best of my ability, obeying the commands of my seniors; I have lispingly put together this history from various sources, and have endeavoured, from shame, to deliver down to posterity the few remaining ears of corn about past transactions, that they might not be trodden under foot, seeing that an ample crop has been snatched away already by the hostile reapers of foreign nations. For many things have been in my way, and I, to this day, have hardly been able to understand, even superficially, as was necessary, the sayings of other men; much less was I able in my own strength, but like a barbarian, have I murdered and defiled the language of others. But I bore about with me an inward wound, and I was indignant, that the name of my own people, formerly famous and distinguished, should sink into oblivion, and like smoke be dissipated. But since, however, I had rather myself be the historian of the Britons than nobody, although so many are to be found who might much more satisfactorily discharge the labour thus imposed on me; I humbly entreat my readers, whose ears I may offend by the inelegance of my words, that they will fulfil the wish of my seniors, and grant me the easy task of listening with candour to my history. For zealous efforts very often fail: but bold enthusiasm, were it in its power, would not suffer me to fail. May, therefore, candour be shown where the inelegance of my words is insufficient, and may the truth of this history, which my rustic tongue has ventured, as a kind of plough, to trace out in furrows, lose none of its influence from that cause, in the ears of my hearers. For it is better to drink a wholesome draught of truth from a humble vessel, than poison mixed with honey from a golden goblet.

§2. And do not be loath, diligent reader, to winnow my chaff, and lay up the wheat in the storehouse of your memory: for truth regards not who is the speaker, nor in what manner it is spoken, but that the thing be true; and she does not despise the jewel which she has rescued from the mud, but she adds it to her former treasures.

For I yield to those who are greater and more eloquent than myself, who, kindled with generous ardour, have endeavoured by Roman eloquence to smooth the jarring elements of their tongue, if they have left unshaken any pillar of history which I wished to see remain. This history therefore has been compiled from a wish to benefit my inferiors, not from envy of those who are superior to me, in the 858th year of our Lord's incarnation, and in the 24th year of Mervin, king of the Britons, and I hope that the prayers of my betters will be offered up for me in recompence of my labour. But this is sufficient by way of preface. I shall obediently accomplish the rest to the utmost of my power.

## II.—THE APOLOGY OF NENNIUS.

Here begins the apology of Nennius, the historiographer of the Britons, of the race of the Britons.

§3. I, Nennius, disciple of St. Elbotus, have endeavoured to write some extracts which the dulness of the British nation had cast away, because teachers had no knowledge, nor gave any information in their books about this island of Britain. But I have got together all that I could find as well from the annals of the Romans as from the chronicles of the sacred fathers, Hieronymus, Eusebius, Isidorus, Prosper, and from the annals of the Scots and Saxons, and from our ancient traditions. Many teachers and scribes have attempted to write this, but somehow or other have abandoned it from its difficulty, either on account of frequent deaths, or the often recurring calamities of war. I pray that every reader who shall read this book, may pardon me, for having attempted, like a chattering jay, or like some weak witness, to write these things, after they had failed. I yield to him who knows more of these things than I do.

## III.—THE HISTORY.

§4, 5. From Adam to the flood, are two thousand and forty-two years. From the flood to Abraham, nine hundred and forty-two. From Abraham to Moses, six hundred. From Moses to Solomon, and the first building of the temple, four hundred and forty-eight. From Solomon to the rebuilding of the temple, which was under Darius, king of the Persians, six hundred and twelve years are computed. From Darius to the ministry of our Lord Jesus Christ, and to the fifteenth year of the emperor Tiberius, are five hundred and forty-eight years. So that from Adam to the ministry of Christ and the fifteenth year of the emperor Tiberius, are five thousand two hundred and twenty-eight years. From the passion of Christ are completed nine hundred and forty-six; from his incarnation, nine hundred and seventy-six: being the fifth year of Edmund, king of the Angles.

§6. The first age of the world is from Adam to Noah; the second from Noah to Abraham; the third from Abraham to David; the fourth from David to Daniel; the fifth to John the Baptist; the sixth from John to the judgment, when our Lord Jesus Christ will come to judge the living and the dead, and the world by fire.

The first Julius. The second Claudius. The third Severus. The fourth Carinus. The fifth Constantius. The sixth Maximus. The seventh Maximianus. The eighth another Severus Æquantius. The ninth Constantius.

Here beginneth the history of the Britons, edited by Mark the anchorite, a holy bishop of that people.

§7. The island of Britain derives its name from Brutus, a Roman consul. Taken from the south-west point it inclines a little towards the west, and to its northern extremity measures eight hundred miles, and is in breadth two hundred. It contains thirty-three cities, viz.

1. Cair ebrauc (*York*).
2. Cair ceint (*Canterbury*).
3. Cair gurcroc (*Anglesey?*)
4. Cair guorthegeirn.
5. Cair custeint (*Carnarvon*).
6. Cair guoranegon (*Worcester*).
7. Cair segeint (*Silchester*).
8. Cair guin truis (*Norwich, or Winwick*).
9. Cair merdin (*Caermarthen*).
10. Cair peris (*Porchester*).

11. Cair lion (*Caerleon-upon-Usk*).
12. Cair menciipit (*Verulam*).
13. Cair caratauc (*Catterick*).
14. Cair ceri (*Cirencester*).
15. Cair gloui (*Gloucester*).
16. Cair luilid (*Carlisle*).
17. Cair grant (*Grantchester*, now *Cambridge*).
18. Cair daun (*Doncaster*), or Cair dauri (*Dorchester*).
19. Cair britoc (*Bristol*).
20. Cair meguaid (*Meivod*).
21. Cair mauguid (*Manchester*).
22. Cair ligion (*Chester*).
23. Cair guent (*Winchester*, or *Caerwent*, in *Monmouthshire*).
24. Cair collon (*Colchester*, or *St. Colon*, *Cornwall*).
25. Cair londein (*London*).
26. Cair guorcon (*Worren*, or *Woran*, in *Pembrokeshire*).
27. Cair lerion (*Leicester*).
28. Cair draithou (*Drayton*).
29. Cair pensavelcoit (*Pevensey*, in *Sussex*).
30. Cair teim (*Teyn-Grace*, in *Devonshire*).
31. Cair Urnahe (*Wroxeter*, in *Shropshire*).
32. Cair colemon (*Oarnalet*, in *Somersetshire*).
33. Cair loit coit (*Lincoln*).

These are the names of the ancient cities of the island of Britain. It has also a vast many promontories, and castles innumerable, built of brick and stone. Its inhabitants consist of four different people; the Scots, the Picts, the Saxons, and the ancient Britons.

§8. Three considerable islands belong to it; one, on the south, opposite the Armorican shore, called Wight; another between Ireland and Britain, called Eubonia or Man; and another directly north, beyond the Picts, named Orkney; and hence it was anciently a proverbial expression, in reference to its kings and rulers, "He reigned over Britain and its three islands."

§9. It is fertilized by several rivers, which traverse it in all directions, to the east and west, to the south and north; but there are two pre-eminently distinguished among the rest, the Thames and the Severn, which formerly, like the two arms of Britain, bore the ships employed in the conveyance of the riches acquired by commerce. The Britons were once very populous, and exercised extensive dominion from sea to sea.

§10. Respecting the period when this island became inhabited subsequently to the flood, I have seen two distinct relations. According to the annals of the Roman history, the Britons deduce their origin both from the Greeks and Romans. On the side of the mother, from Lavinia, the daughter of Latinus, king of Italy, and of the race of Silvanus, the son of Inachus, the son of Dardanus; who was the son of Saturn, king of the Greeks, and who, having possessed himself of a part of Asia, built the city of Troy. Dardanus was the father of Troius, who was the father of Priam and Anchises; Anchises was the father of Æneas, who was the father of Ascanius and Silvius; and this Silvius was the son of Æneas and Lavinia, the daughter of the king of Italy. From the sons of Æneas and Lavinia descended Romulus and Remus, who were the sons of the holy queen Rhea, and the founders of Rome. Brutus was consul when he conquered Spain, and reduced that country to a Roman province. He afterwards subdued the island of Britain, whose inhabitants were the descendants of the Romans, from Silvius Posthumus. He was called *Posthumus* because he was born after the death of Æneas his father; and his mother Lavinia concealed herself during her pregnancy; he was called *Silvius*, because he was born in a wood. Hence the Roman kings were called Silvan, and the Britons who sprang from him; but they were called Britons from Brutus, and rose from the family of Brutus.

Æneas, after the Trojan war, arrived with his son in Italy; and having vanquished Turnus, married Lavinia, the daughter of king Latinus, who was the son of Faunas, the son of Picus, the son of Saturn. After the death of Latinus, Æneas obtained the kingdom of the Romans, and Lavinia brought forth a son, who was named Silvius. Ascanius founded Alba, and afterwards married. And Lavinia bore to Æneas a son, named Silvius; but Ascanius married a wife, who conceived and became pregnant. And Æneas, having been informed that his daughter-in-law was pregnant, ordered his son to send his magician to examine his wife, whether the child conceived were male or female. The magician came and examined the wife and pronounced it to be a son, who should become the most valiant among the Italians, and the most beloved of

all men. In consequence of this prediction, the magician was put to death by Ascanius; but it happened that the mother of the child dying at its birth, he was named Brutus; and after a certain interval, agreeably to what the magician had foretold, whilst he was playing with some others he shot his father with an arrow, not intentionally but by accident. He was, for this cause, expelled from Italy, and came to the islands of the Tyrrhene sea, when he was exiled on account of the death of Turnus, slain by Æneas. He then went among the Gauls, and built the city of the Turones, called Turnis. At length he came to this island, named from him Britannia, dwelt there, and filled it with his own descendants, and it has been inhabited from that time to the present period.

§11. Æneas reigned over the Latins three years; Ascanius thirty-three years; after whom Silvius reigned twelve years, and Posthumus thirty-nine years: the latter, from whom the kings of Alba are called Silvan, was brother to Brutus, who governed Britain at the time Eli the high-priest judged Israel, and when the ark of the covenant was taken by a foreign people. But Posthumus his brother reigned among the Latins.

§12. After an interval of not less than eight hundred years, came the Picts, and occupied the Orkney Islands: whence they laid waste many regions, and seized those on the left hand side of Britain, where they still remain, keeping possession of a third part of Britain to this day.

§13. Long after this, the Scots arrived in Ireland from Spain. The first that came was Partholomus, with a thousand men and women; these increased to four thousand; but a mortality coming suddenly upon them, they all perished in one week. The second was Nimech, the son of ..., who, according to report, after having been at sea a year and a half, and having his ships shattered, arrived at a port in Ireland, and continuing there several years, returned at length with his followers to Spain. After these came three sons of a Spanish soldier with thirty ships, each of which contained thirty wives; and having remained there during the space of a year, there appeared to them, in the middle of the sea, a tower of glass, the summit of which seemed covered with men, to whom they often spoke, but received no answer. At length they determined to besiege the tower; and after a year's preparation, advanced towards it, with the whole number of their ships, and all the women, one ship only excepted, which had been wrecked, and in which were thirty men, and as many women; but when all had disembarked on the shore which surrounded the tower, the sea opened and swallowed them up. Ireland, however, was peopled, to the present period, from the family remaining in the vessel which was wrecked. Afterwards, others came from Spain, and possessed themselves of various parts of Britain.

§14. Last of all came one Hoctor, who continued there, and whose descendants remain there to this day. Istoreth, the son of Istorinus, with his followers, held Dalrieta; Buile had the island Eubonia, and other adjacent places. The sons of Liethali obtained the country of the Dimetæ, where is a city called Menavia, and the province Guiher and Cetgueli, which they held till they were expelled from every part of Britain, by Cunedda and his sons.

§15. According to the most learned among the Scots, if any one desires to learn what I am now going to state, Ireland was a desert, and uninhabited, when the children of Israel crossed the Red Sea, in which, as we read in the Book of the Law, the Egyptians who followed them were drowned. At that period, there lived among this people, with a numerous family, a Scythian of noble birth, who had been banished from his country, and did not go to pursue the people of God. The Egyptians who were left, seeing the destruction of the great men of their nation, and fearing lest he should possess himself of their territory, took counsel together, and expelled him. Thus reduced, he wandered forty-two years in Africa, and arrived, with his family, at the altars of the Philistines, by the Lake of Osiers. Then passing between Rusicada and the hilly country of Syria, they travelled by the river Malva through Mauritania as far as the Pillars of Hercules; and crossing the Tyrrhene Sea, landed in Spain, where they continued many years, having greatly increased and multiplied. Thence, a thousand and two years after the Egyptians were lost in the Red Sea, they passed into Ireland, and the district of Dalrieta. At that period, Brutus, who first exercised the consular office, reigned over the Romans;

and the state, which before was governed by regal power, was afterwards ruled, during four hundred and forty-seven years, by consuls, tribunes of the people, and dictators.

The Britons came to Britain in the third age of the world; and in the fourth, the Scots took possession of Ireland.

The Britons who, suspecting no hostilities, were unprovided with the means of defence, were unanimously and incessantly attacked, both by the Scots from the west, and by the Picts from the north. A long interval after this, the Romans obtained the empire of the world.

§16. From the first arrival of the Saxons into Britain, to the fourth year of king Merminus are computed four hundred and twenty-eight years; from the nativity of our Lord to the coming of St. Patrick among the Scots, four hundred and five years; from the death of St. Patrick to that of St. Bridget, forty years; and from the birth of Columcille to the death of St. Bridget four years.

§17. I have learned another account of this Brutus from the ancient books of our ancestors. After the deluge, the three sons of Noah severally occupied three different parts of the earth: Shem extended his borders into Asia, Ham into Africa, and Japheth into Europe.

The first man that dwelt in Europe was Alanus, with his three sons, Hisicion, Armenon, and Neugio. Hisicion had four sons, Francus, Romanus, Alamanus, and Brutus. Armenon had five sons, Gothus, Valagothus, Cibidus, Burgundus, and Longobardus. Neugio had three sons, Vandalus, Saxo, and Boganus. From Hisicion arose four nations—the Franks, the Latins, the Germans, and Britons: from Armenon, the Gothi, Valagothi, Cibidi, Burgundi, and Longobardi: from Neugio, the Bogari, Vandali, Saxones, and Tarinegi. The whole of Europe was subdivided into these tribes.

Alanus is said to have been the son of Fethuir; Fethuir the son of Ogomuin, who was the son of Thoi; Thoi was the son of Boibus, Boibus of Semion, Semion of Mair, Mair of Ecthactus, Ecthactus of Aurthack, Aurthack of Ethec, Ethec of Ooth, Ooth of Aber, Aber of Ra, Ra of Esraa, Esraa of Hisrau, Hisrau of Bath, Bath of Jobath, Jobath of Joham, Joham of Japheth, Japheth of Noah, Noah of Lamech, Lamech of Mathusalem, Mathusalem of Enoch, Enoch of Jared, Jared of Malalehel, Malalehel of Cainan, Cainan of Enos, Enos of Seth, Seth of Adam, and Adam was formed by the living God. We have obtained this information respecting the original inhabitants of Britain from ancient tradition.

§18. The Britons were thus called from Brutus: Brutus was the son of Hisicion, Hisicion was the son of Alanus, Alanus was the son of Rhea Silvia, Rhea Silvia was the daughter of Numa Pompilius, Numa was the son of Ascanius, Ascanius of Eneas, Eneas of Anchises, Anchises of Troius, Troius of Dardanus, Dardanus of Flisa, Flisa of Juuin, Juuin of Japheth; but Japheth had seven sons; from the first, named Gomer, descended the Galli; from the second, Magog, the Scythi and Gothi; from the third, Madian, the Medi; from the fourth, Juuan, the Greeks; from the fifth, Tubal, arose the Hebrei, Hispani, and Itali; from the sixth, Mosoch, sprung the Cappadoce; and from the seventh, named Tiras, descended the Thracæ: these are the sons of Japheth, the son of Noah, the son of Lamech.

§19. The Romans having obtained the dominion of the world, sent legates or deputies to the Britons to demand of them hostages and tribute, which they received from all other countries and islands; but they, fierce, disdainful, and haughty, treated the legation with contempt.

Then Julius Cæsar, the first who had acquired absolute power at Rome, highly incensed against the Britons, sailed with sixty vessels to the mouth of the Thames, where they suffered shipwreck whilst he fought against Dolobellus, (the proconsul of the British king, who was called Belinus, and who was the son of Minocanus who governed all the islands of the Tyrrhene Sea), and thus Julius Cæsar returned home without victory, having had his soldiers slain, and his ships shattered.

§20. But after three years he again appeared with a large army, and three hundred ships, at the mouth of the Thames, where he renewed hostilities. In this attempt many of his soldiers and horses were killed; for the same consul had placed iron pikes in the shallow part of the river, and this having been effected with so much skill and secrecy as to escape the notice of the Roman soldiers, did

them considerable injury; thus Cæsar was once more compelled to return without peace or victory. The Romans were, therefore, a third time sent against the Britons; and under the command of Julius, defeated them near a place called Trinovantum [London], forty-seven years before the birth of Christ, and five thousand two hundred and twelve years from the creation.

Julius was the first exercising supreme power over the Romans who invaded Britain: in honour of him the Romans decreed the fifth month to be called after his name. He was assassinated in the Curia, in the ides of March, and Octavius Augustus succeeded to the empire of the world. He was the only emperor who received tribute from the Britons, according to the following verse of Virgil:

“Purpurea intexti tollunt aulæa Britanni.”

§21. The second after him, who came into Britain, was the emperor Claudius, who reigned forty-seven years after the birth of Christ. He carried with him war and devastation; and, though not without loss of men, he at length conquered Britain. He next sailed to the Orkneys, which he likewise conquered, and afterwards rendered tributary. No tribute was in his time received from the Britons; but it was paid to British emperors. He reigned thirteen years and eight months. His monument is to be seen at Moguntia (among the Lombards), where he died in his way to Rome.

§22. After the birth of Christ, one hundred and sixty-seven years, king Lucius, with all the chiefs of the British people, received baptism, in consequence of a legation sent by the Roman emperors and pope Evaristus.

§23. Severus was the third emperor who passed the sea to Britain, where, to protect the provinces recovered from barbaric incursions, he ordered a wall and a rampart to be made between the Britons, the Scots, and the Picts, extending across the island from sea to sea, in length one hundred and thirty-three miles: and it is called in the British language, Gwal. Moreover, he ordered it to be made between the Britons, and the Picts and Scots; for the Scots from the west, and the Picts from the north, unanimously made war against the Britons; but were at peace among themselves. Not long after Severus dies in Britain.

§24. The fourth was the emperor and tyrant, Carausius, who, incensed at the murder of Severus, passed into Britain, and attended by the leaders of the Roman people, severely avenged upon the chiefs and rulers of the Britons, the cause of Severus.

§25. The fifth was Constantius the father of Constantine the Great. He died in Britain; his sepulchre, as it appears by the inscription on his tomb, is still seen near the city named Cair segont (near Carnarvon). Upon the pavement of the above-mentioned city he sowed three seeds of gold, silver, and brass, that no poor person might ever be found in it. It is also called Minmantan.

§26. Maximianus was the sixth emperor that ruled in Britain. It was in his time that consuls began, and that the appellation of Cæsar was discontinued: at this period also, St. Martin became celebrated for his virtues and miracles, and held a conversation with him.

§27. The seventh emperor was Maximus. He withdrew from Britain with all his military force, slew Gratian, the king of the Romans, and obtained the sovereignty of all Europe. Unwilling to send back his warlike companions to their wives, children, and possessions in Britain, he conferred upon them numerous districts from the lake on the summit of Mons Jovis, to the city called Cant Guic, and to the western Tumulus, that is, to Cruc Occident. These are the Armoric Britons, and they remain there to the present day. In consequence of their absence, Britain being overcome by foreign nations, the lawful heirs were cast out, till God interposed with his assistance. We are informed by the tradition of our ancestors that seven emperors went into Britain, though the Romans affirm there were nine.

The eighth was another Severus, who lived occasionally in Britain, and sometimes at Rome, where he died.

The ninth was Constantius who reigned sixteen years in Britain, and, according to report, was treacherously murdered in the seventeenth year of his reign.

§28. Thus, agreeably to the account given by the Britons, the Romans governed them four hundred and nine years.

After this, the Britons despised the authority of the Romans, equally refusing to pay them tribute, or to receive their kings; nor durst the Romans any longer attempt the government of a country, the natives of which massacred their deputies.

§29. We must now return to the tyrant Maximus. Gratian, with his brother Valentinian, reigned seven years. Ambrose, bishop of Milan, was then eminent for his skill in the dogmata of the Catholics. Valentinianus and Theodosius reigned eight years. At that time a synod was held at Constantinople, attended by three hundred and fifty of the fathers, and in which all heresies were condemned. Jerome, the presbyter of Bethlehem, was then universally celebrated. Whilst Gratian exercised supreme dominion over the world, Maximus, in a sedition of the soldiers, was saluted emperor in Britain, and soon after crossed the sea to Gaul. At Paris, by the treachery of Mellobaudes, his master of the horse, Gratian was defeated, and fleeing to Lyons, was taken and put to death; Maximus afterwards associated his son Victor in the government.

Martin, distinguished for his great virtues, was at this period bishop of Tours. After a considerable space of time, Maximus was divested of royal power by the consuls Valentinianus and Theodosius, and sentenced to be beheaded at the third milestone from Aquileia: in the same year also his son Victor was killed in Gaul by Arbogastes, five thousand six hundred and ninety years from the creation of the world.

§30. Thrice were the Roman deputies put to death by the Britons, and yet these, when harassed by the incursions of the barbarous nations, viz. of the Scots and Picts, earnestly solicited the aid of the Romans. To give effect to their entreaties, ambassadors were sent, who made their entrance with impressions of deep sorrow, having their heads covered with dust, and carrying rich presents to expiate the murder of the deputies. They were favourably received by the consuls, and swore submission to the Roman yoke, with whatever severity it might be imposed.

The Romans, therefore, came with a powerful army to the assistance of the Britons; and having appointed over them a ruler, and settled the government, returned to Rome: and this took place alternately during the space of three hundred and forty-eight years. The Britons, however, from the oppression of the empire, again massacred the Roman deputies, and again petitioned for succour. Once more the Romans undertook the government of the Britons, and assisted them in repelling their neighbours; and, after having exhausted the country of its gold, silver, brass, honey, and costly vestments, and having besides received rich gifts, they returned in great triumph to Rome.

§31. After the above-said war between the Britons and Romans, the assassination of their rulers, and the victory of Maximus, who slew Gratian, and the termination of the Roman power in Britain, they were in alarm forty years.

Vortigern then reigned in Britain. In his time, the natives had cause of dread, not only from the inroads of the Scots and Picts, but also from the Romans, and their apprehensions of Ambrosius.

In the meantime, three vessels, exiled from Germany, arrived in Britain. They were commanded by Horsa and Hengist, brothers, and sons of Wihtgils. Wihtgils was the son of Witta; Witta of Wecta; Wecta of Woden; Woden of Frithowald; Frithowald of Frithuwulf; Frithuwulf of Finn; Finn of Godwulf; Godwulf of Geat, who, as they say, was the son of a god, not of the omnipotent God and our Lord Jesus Christ (who before the beginning of the world, was with the Father and the Holy Spirit, co-eternal and of the same substance, and who, in compassion to human nature, disdained not to assume the form of a servant), but the offspring of one of their idols, and whom, blinded by some demon, they worshipped according to the custom of the heathen. Vortigern received them as friends, and delivered up to them the island which is in their language called Thanet, and, by the Britons, Ruym. Gratianus Æquantius at that time reigned in Rome. The Saxons were received by Vortigern, four hundred and forty-seven years after the passion of Christ, and, according to the tradition of our ancestors, from the period of their first arrival in Britain, to the first year of the reign of king Edmund, five hundred and forty-two years; and to that in which we now write, which is the fifth of his reign, five hundred and forty-seven years.

§32. At that time St. Germanus, distinguished for his numerous virtues, came to preach in Britain: by his ministry many were saved; but many likewise died unconverted. Of the various miracles which God enabled him to perform, I shall here mention only a few: I shall first advert to that concerning an iniquitous and tyrannical king, named Benlli. The holy man, informed of his wicked conduct, hastened to visit him, for the purpose of remonstrating with him. When the man of God, with his attendants, arrived at the gate of the city, they were respectfully received by the keeper of it, who came out and saluted them. Him they commissioned to communicate their intention to the king, who returned a harsh answer, declaring, with an oath, that although they remained there a year, they should not enter the city. While waiting for an answer, the evening came on, and they knew not where to go. At length, came one of the king's servants, who bowing himself before the man of God, announced the words of the tyrant, inviting them, at the same time, to his own house, to which they went, and were kindly received. It happened, however, that he had no cattle, except one cow and a calf, the latter of which, urged by generous hospitality to his guests, he killed, dressed, and set before them. But holy St. Germanus ordered his companions not to break a bone of the calf; and, the next morning, it was found alive uninjured, and standing by its mother.

§33. Early the same day, they again went to the gate of the city, to solicit audience of the wicked king; and, whilst engaged in fervent prayer they were waiting for admission, a man, covered with sweat, came out, and prostrated himself before them. Then St. Germanus, addressing him, said, "Dost thou believe in the Holy Trinity?" To which the man having replied, "I do believe," he baptized, and kissed him, saying, "Go in peace; within this hour thou shalt die: the angels of God are waiting for thee in the air; with them thou shalt ascend to that God in whom thou hast believed." He, overjoyed, entered the city, and being met by the prefect, was seized, bound, and conducted before the tyrant, who having passed sentence upon him, he was immediately put to death; for it was a law of this wicked king, that whoever was not at his labour before sun-rising should be beheaded in the citadel. In the meantime, St. Germanus, with his attendants, waited the whole day before the gate, without obtaining admission to the tyrant.

§34. The man above-mentioned, however, remained with them. "Take care," said St. Germanus to him, "that none of your friends remain this night within these walls." Upon this he hastily entered the city, brought out his nine sons, and with them retired to the house where he had exercised such generous hospitality. Here St. Germanus ordered them to continue, fasting; and when the gates were shut, "Watch," said he, "and whatever shall happen in the citadel, turn not thither your eyes; but pray without ceasing, and invoke the protection of the true God." And, behold, early in the night, fire fell from heaven, and burned the city, together with all those who were with the tyrant, so that not one escaped; and that citadel has never been rebuilt even to this day.

§35. The following day, the hospitable man who had been converted by the preaching of St. Germanus, was baptized, with his sons, and all the inhabitants of that part of the country; and St. Germanus blessed him, saying, "a king shall not be wanting of thy seed for ever." The name of this person is Catel Drunluc: "from henceforward thou shalt be a king all the days of thy life." Thus was fulfilled the prophecy of the Psalmist: "He raiseth up the poor out of the dust, and lifteth up the needy out of the dunghill." And agreeably to the prediction of St. Germanus, from a servant he became a king: all his sons were kings, and from their offspring the whole country of Powys has been governed to this day.

§36. After the Saxons had continued some time in the island of Thanet, Vortigern promised to supply them with clothing and provision, on condition they would engage to fight against the enemies of his country. But the barbarians having greatly increased in number, the Britons became incapable of fulfilling their engagement; and when the Saxons, according to the promise they had received, claimed a supply of provisions and clothing, the Britons replied, "Your number is increased; your assistance is now unnecessary; you may, therefore, return home, for we can no longer support you;" and hereupon they began to devise means of break-

ing the peace between them.

§37. But Hengist, in whom united craft and penetration, perceiving he had to act with an ignorant king, and a fluctuating people, incapable of opposing much resistance, replied to Vortigern, "We are, indeed, few in number; but, if you will give us leave, we will send to our country for an additional number of forces, with whom we will fight for you and your subjects." Vortigern assenting to this proposal, messengers were despatched to Scythia, where selecting a number of warlike troops, they returned with sixteen vessels, bringing with them the beautiful daughter of Hengist. And now the Saxon chief prepared an entertainment, to which he invited the king, his officers, and Ceretic, his interpreter, having previously enjoined his daughter to serve them so profusely with wine and ale, that they might soon become intoxicated. This plan succeeded; and Vortigern, at the instigation of the devil, and enamoured with the beauty of the damsel, demanded her, through the medium of his interpreter, of the father, promising to give for her whatever he should ask. Then Hengist, who had already consulted with the elders who attended him of the Oghul race, demanded for his daughter the province, called in English, Centland, in British, Ceint, (Kent.) This cession was made without the knowledge of the king, Guoyrancgonus, who then reigned in Kent, and who experienced no inconsiderable share of grief, from seeing his kingdom thus clandestinely, fraudulently, and imprudently resigned to foreigners. Thus the maid was delivered up to the king, who slept with her, and loved her exceedingly.

§38. Hengist, after this, said to Vortigern, "I will be to you both a father and an adviser; despise not my counsels, and you shall have no reason to fear being conquered by any man or any nation whatever; for the people of my country are strong, warlike, and robust: if you approve, I will send for my son and his brother, both valiant men, who at my invitation will fight against the Scots, and you can give them the countries in the north, near the wall called *Gual*." The incautious sovereign having assented to this, Octa and Ebusa arrived with forty ships. In these they sailed round the country of the Picts, laid waste the Orkneys, and took possession of many regions, even to the Pictish confines.

But Hengist continued, by degrees, sending for ships from his own country, so that some islands whence they came were left without inhabitants; and whilst his people were increasing in power and number, they came to the above-named province of Kent.

§39. In the meantime, Vortigern, as if desirous of adding to the evils he had already occasioned, married his own daughter, by whom he had a son. When this was made known to St. Germanus, he came, with all the British clergy, to reprove him: and whilst a numerous assembly of the ecclesiastics and laity were in consultation, the weak king ordered his daughter to appear before them, and in the presence of all to present her son to St. Germanus, and declare that he was the father of the child. The immodest woman obeyed; and St. Germanus, taking the child, said, "I will be a father to you, my son; nor will I dismiss you till a razor, scissors, and comb, are given to me, and it is allowed you to give them to your carnal father." The child obeyed St. Germanus, and, going to his father Vortigern, said to him, "Thou art my father; shave and cut the hair of my head." The king blushed, and was silent; and, without replying to the child, arose in great anger, and fled from the presence of St. Germanus, execrated and condemned by the whole synod.

§40. But soon after, calling together his twelve wise men, to consult what was to be done, they said to him, "Retire to the remote boundaries of your kingdom; there build and fortify a city to defend yourself, for the people you have received are treacherous; they are seeking to subdue you by stratagem, and, even during your life, to seize upon all the countries subject to your power, how much more will they attempt, after your death!" The king, pleased with this advice, departed with his wise men, and travelled through many parts of his territories, in search of a place convenient for the purpose of building a citadel. Having, to no purpose, travelled far and wide, they came at length to a province called Guenet; and having surveyed the mountains of Heremus, they discovered, on the summit of one of them, a situation, adapted to the construction of a citadel. Upon this, the wise men said to

the king, "Build here a city; for, in this place, it will ever be secure against the barbarians." Then the king sent for artificers, carpenters, stone-masons, and collected all the materials requisite to building; but the whole of these disappeared in one night, so that nothing remained of what had been provided for the constructing of the citadel. Materials were, therefore, from all parts, procured a second and third time, and again vanished as before, leaving and rendering every effort ineffectual. Vortigern inquired of his wise men the cause of this opposition to his undertaking, and of so much useless expense of labour? They replied, "You must find a child born without a father, put him to death, and sprinkle with his blood the ground on which the citadel is to be built, or you will never accomplish your purpose."

§41. In consequence of this reply, the king sent messengers throughout Britain, in search of a child born without a father. After having inquired in all the provinces, they came to the field of Ælecti, in the district of Glevesing, where a party of boys were playing at ball. And two of them quarrelling, one said to the other, "O boy without a father, no good will ever happen to you." Upon this, the messengers diligently inquired of the mother and the other boys, whether he had had a father? Which his mother denied, saying, "In what manner he was conceived I know not, for I have never had intercourse with any man;" and then she solemnly affirmed that he had no mortal father. The boy was, therefore, led away, and conducted before Vortigern the king.

§42. A meeting took place the next day for the purpose of putting him to death. Then the boy said to the king, "Why have your servants brought me hither?" "That you may be put to death," replied the king, "and that the ground on which my citadel is to stand, may be sprinkled with your blood, without which I shall be unable to build it." "Who," said the boy, "instructed you to do this?" "My wise men," answered the king. "Order them hither," returned the boy; this being complied with, he thus questioned them: "By what means was it revealed to you that this citadel could not be built, unless the spot were previously sprinkled with my blood? Speak without disguise, and declare who discovered me to you;" then turning to the king, "I will soon," said he, "unfold to you every thing; but I desire to question your wise men, and wish them to disclose to you what is hidden under this pavement:" they acknowledging their ignorance, "there is," said he, "a pool; come and dig:" they did so, and found the pool. "Now," continued he, "tell me what is in it;" but they were ashamed, and made no reply. "I," said the boy, "can discover it to you: there are two vases in the pool;" they examined, and found it so: continuing his questions, "What is in the vases?" they were silent: "there is a tent in them," said the boy; "separate them, and you shall find it so;" this being done by the king's command, there was found in them a folded tent. The boy, going on with his questions, asked the wise men what was in it? But they not knowing what to reply, "There are," said he, "two serpents, one white and the other red; unfold the tent;" they obeyed, and two sleeping serpents were discovered; "consider attentively," said the boy, "what they are doing." The serpents began to struggle with each other; and the white one, raising himself up, threw down the other into the middle of the tent, and sometimes drove him to the edge of it; and this was repeated thrice. At length the red one, apparently the weaker of the two, recovering his strength, expelled the white one from the tent; and the latter being pursued through the pool by the red one, disappeared. Then the boy, asking the wise men what was signified by this wonderful omen, and they expressing their ignorance, he said to the king, "I will now unfold to you the meaning of this mystery. The pool is the emblem of this world, and the tent that of your kingdom: the two serpents are two dragons; the red serpent is your dragon, but the white serpent is the dragon of the people who occupy several provinces and districts of Britain, even almost from sea to sea: at length, however, our people shall rise and drive away the Saxon race from beyond the sea, whence they originally came; but do you depart from this place, where you are not permitted to erect a citadel; I, to whom fate has allotted this mansion, shall remain here; whilst to you it is incumbent to seek other provinces, where you may build a fortress." "What is your name?" asked the king; "I am called Ambrose (in British Embresguletic)," returned the boy; and in answer to the king's question, "What is your origin?" he

replied, "A Roman consul was my father."

Then the king assigned him that city, with all the western provinces of Britain; and departing with his wise men to the sinistral district, he arrived in the region named Gueneri, where he built a city which, according to his name, was called Cair Guorthegirn.

§43. At length Vortimer, the son of Vortigern, valiantly fought against Hengist, Horsa, and his people; drove them to the isle of Thanet, and thrice enclosed them within it, and beset them on the western side.

The Saxons now despatched deputies to Germany to solicit large reinforcements, and an additional number of ships: having obtained these, they fought against the kings and princes of Britain, and sometimes extended their boundaries by victory, and sometimes were conquered and driven back.

§44. Four times did Vortimer valorously encounter the enemy; the first has been mentioned, the second was upon the river Darent, the third at the Ford, in their language called Epsford, though in ours Set thirgabail, there Horsa fell, and Catigern, the son of Vortigern; the fourth battle he fought, was near the stone on the shore of the Gallic sea, where the Saxons being defeated, fled to their ships.

After a short interval Vortimer died; before his decease, anxious for the future prosperity of his country, he charged his friends to inter his body at the entrance of the Saxon port, viz. upon the rock where the Saxons first landed; "for though," said he, "they may inhabit other parts of Britain, yet if you follow my commands, they will never remain in this island." They imprudently disobeyed this last injunction, and neglected to bury him where he had appointed.

§45. After this the barbarians became firmly incorporated, and were assisted by foreign pagans; for Vortigern was their friend, on account of the daughter of Hengist, whom he so much loved, that no one durst fight against him—in the meantime they soothed the imprudent king, and whilst practising every appearance of fondness, were plotting with his enemies. And let him that reads understand, that the Saxons were victorious, and ruled Britain, not from their superior prowess, but on account of the great sins of the Britons: God so permitting it.

For what wise man will resist the wholesome counsel of God? The Almighty is the King of kings, and the Lord of lords, ruling and judging every one, according to his own pleasure.

After the death of Vortimer, Hengist being strengthened by new accessions, collected his ships, and calling his leaders together, consulted by what stratagem they might overcome Vortigern and his army; with insidious intention they sent messengers to the king, with offers of peace and perpetual friendship; unsuspecting of treachery, the monarch, after advising with his elders, accepted the proposals.

§46. Hengist, under pretence of ratifying the treaty, prepared an entertainment, to which he invited the king, the nobles, and military officers, in number about three hundred; speciously concealing his wicked intention, he ordered three hundred Saxons to conceal each a knife under his feet, and to mix with the Britons; "and when," said he, "they are sufficiently inebriated, &c. cry out, 'Nimed eure Saxes;' then let each draw his knife, and kill his man; but spare the king, on account of his marriage with my daughter, for it is better that he should be ransomed than killed."

The king with his company, appeared at the feast; and mixing with the Saxons, who, whilst they spoke peace with their tongues, cherished treachery in their hearts, each man was placed next his enemy.

After they had eaten and drunk, and were much intoxicated, Hengist suddenly vociferated, "Nimed eure Saxes!" and instantly his adherents drew their knives, and rushing upon the Britons, each slew him that sat next to him, and there was slain three hundred of the nobles of Vortigern. The king being a captive, purchased his redemption, by delivering up the three provinces of East, South, and Middle Sex, besides other districts at the option of his betrayers.

§47. St. Germanus admonished Vortigern to turn to the true God, and abstain from all unlawful intercourse with his daughter;

but the unhappy wretch fled for refuge to the province Guorthegirnaim, so called from his own name, where he concealed himself with his wives: but St. Germanus followed him with all the British clergy, and upon a rock prayed for his sins during forty days and forty nights.

The blessed man was unanimously chosen commander against the Saxons. And then, not by the clang of trumpets, but by praying, singing hallelujah, and by the cries of the army to God, the enemies were routed, and driven even to the sea.

Again Vortigern ignominiously flew from St. Germanus to the kingdom of the Dimetæ, where, on the river Towy, he built a castle, which he named Cair Guoothergirn. The saint, as usual, followed him there, and with his clergy fasted and prayed to the Lord three days, and as many nights. On the third night, at the third hour, fire fell suddenly from heaven, and totally burned the castle. Vortigern, the daughter of Hengist, his other wives, and all the inhabitants, both men and women, miserably perished: such was the end of this unhappy king, as we find written in the life of St. Germanus.

§48. Others assure us, that being hated by all the people of Britain, for having received the Saxons, and being publicly charged by St. Germanus and the clergy in the sight of God, he betook himself to flight; and, that deserted and a wanderer, he sought a place of refuge, till broken hearted, he made an ignominious end.

Some accounts state, that the earth opened and swallowed him up, on the night his castle was burned; as no remains were discovered the following morning, either of him, or of those who were burned with him.

He had three sons: the eldest was Vortimer, who, as we have seen, fought four times against the Saxons, and put them to flight; the second Categirn, who was slain in the same battle with Horsa; the third was Pascent, who reigned in the two provinces Builth and Guorthegirnaim, after the death of his father. These were granted him by Ambrosius, who was the great king among the kings of Britain. The fourth was Faustus, born of an incestuous marriage with his daughter, who was brought up and educated by St. Germanus. He built a large monastery on the banks of the river Renis, called after his name, and which remains to the present period.

§49. This is the genealogy of Vortigern, which goes back to Fernvail, who reigned in the kingdom of Guorthegirnaim, and was the son of Teudor; Teudor was the son of Pascent; Pascent of Guoidcant; Guoidcant of Moriud; Moriud of Eltat; Eltat of Eldoc; Eldoc of Paul; Paul of Meuprit; Meuprit of Braciat; Braciat of Pascent; Pascent of Guorthegirn; Guorthegirn of Guortheneu; Guortheneu of Guitaul; Guitaul of Guitolion; Guitolion of Gloui. Bonus, Paul, Mauron, Guotelin, were four brothers, who built Gloiuda, a great city upon the banks of the river Severn, and in British is called Cair Gloui, in Saxon, Gloucester. Enough has been said of Vortigern.

§50. St. Germanus, after his death, returned into his own country.

At that time, the Saxons greatly increased in Britain, both in strength and numbers. And Octa, after the death of his father Hengist, came from the sinistral part of the island to the kingdom of Kent, and from him have proceeded all the kings of that province, to the present period.

Then it was, that the magnanimous Arthur, with all the kings and military force of Britain, fought against the Saxons. And though there were many more noble than himself, yet he was twelve times chosen their commander, and was as often conqueror. The first battle in which he was engaged, was at the mouth of the river Gleni. The second, third, fourth, and fifth, were on another river, by the Britons called Douglas, in the region Linuis. The sixth, on the river Bassas. The seventh in the wood Celidon, which the Britons call Cat Coit Celidon. The eighth was near Gurnion castle, where Arthur bore the image of the Holy Virgin, mother of God, upon his shoulders, and through the power of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the holy Mary, put the Saxons to flight, and pursued them the whole day with great slaughter. The ninth was at the City of Legion, which is called Cair Lion. The tenth was on the banks of the river Trat Treuroit. The eleventh was on the moun-

tain Breguoin, which we call Cat Bregon. The twelfth was a most severe contest, when Arthur penetrated to the hill of Badon. In this engagement, nine hundred and forty fell by his hand alone, no one but the Lord affording him assistance. In all these engagements the Britons were successful. For no strength can avail against the will of the Almighty.

The more the Saxons were vanquished, the more they sought for new supplies of Saxons from Germany; so that kings, commanders, and military bands were invited over from almost every province. And this practice they continued till the reign of Ida, who was the son of Eoppa, he, of the Saxon race, was the first king in Bernicia, and in Cair Ebrauc (York).

When Gratian Æquantius was consul at Rome, because then the whole world was governed by the Roman consuls, the Saxons were received by Vortigern in the year of our Lord four hundred and forty-seven, and to the year in which we now write, five hundred and forty-seven. And whosoever shall read herein may receive instruction, the Lord Jesus Christ affording assistance, who, co-eternal with the Father and the Holy Ghost, lives and reigns for ever and ever. Amen.

In those days Saint Patrick was a captive among the Scots. His master's name was Milcho, to whom he was a swineherd for seven years. When he had attained the age of seventeen he gave him his liberty. By the divine impulse, he applied himself to reading of the Scriptures, and afterwards went to Rome; where, replenished with the Holy Spirit, he continued a great while, studying the sacred mysteries of those writings. During his continuance there, Palladius, the first bishop, was sent by pope Celestine to convert the Scots [the Irish]. But tempests and signs from God prevented his landing, for no one can arrive in any country, except it be allowed from above; altering therefore his course from Ireland, he came to Britain and died in the land of the Picts.

§51. The death of Palladius being known, the Roman patricians, Theodosius and Valentinian, then reigning, pope Celestine sent Patrick to convert the Scots to the faith of the Holy Trinity; Victor, the angel of God, accompanying, admonishing, and assisting him, and also the bishop Germanus.

Germanus then sent the ancient Segerus with him as a venerable and praiseworthy bishop, to king Amatheus, who lived near, and who had prescience of what was to happen; he was consecrated bishop in the reign of that king by the holy pontiff, assuming the name of Patrick, having hitherto been known by that of Maun; Auxilius, Isserninus, and other brothers were ordained with him to inferior degrees.

§52. Having distributed benedictions, and perfected all in the name of the Holy Trinity, he embarked on the sea which is between the Gauls and the Britons; and after a quick passage arrived in Britain, where he preached for some time. Every necessary preparation being made, and the angel giving him warning, he came to the Irish Sea. And having filled the ship with foreign gifts and spiritual treasures, by the permission of God he arrived in Ireland, where he baptized and preached.

§53. From the beginning of the world, to the fifth year of king Logiore, when the Irish were baptized, and faith in the unity of the individual Trinity was published to them, are five thousand three hundred and thirty years.

§54. Saint Patrick taught the gospel in foreign nations for the space of forty years. Endued with apostolical powers, he gave sight to the blind, cleansed the lepers, gave hearing to the deaf, cast out devils, raised nine from the dead, redeemed many captives of both sexes at his own charge, and set them free in the name of the Holy Trinity. He taught the servants of God, and he wrote three hundred and sixty-five canonical and other books relating to the catholic faith. He founded as many churches, and consecrated the same number of bishops, strengthening them with the Holy Ghost. He ordained three thousand presbyters; and converted and baptized twelve thousand persons in the province of Connaught. And, in one day baptized seven kings, who were the seven sons of Amalgaid. He continued fasting forty days and nights, on the summit of the mountain Eli, that is Cruachan-Aichle; and preferred three petitions to God for the Irish, that had embraced the faith. The Scots say, the first was, that he would receive every repenting sinner, even at the latest extremity of life; the second, that

they should never be exterminated by barbarians; and the third, that as Ireland will be overflowed with water, seven years before the coming of our Lord to judge the quick and the dead, the crimes of the people might be washed away through his intercession, and their souls purified at the last day. He gave the people his benediction from the upper part of the mountain, and going up higher, that he might pray for them; and that if it pleased God, he might see the effects of his labours, there appeared to him an innumerable flock of birds of many colours, signifying the number of holy persons of both sexes of the Irish nation, who should come to him as their apostle at the day of judgment, to be presented before the tribunal of Christ. After a life spent in the active exertion of good to mankind, St. Patrick, in a healthy old age, passed from this world to the Lord, and changing this life for a better, with the saints and elect of God he rejoices for evermore.

§55. Saint Patrick resembled Moses in four particulars. The angel spoke to him in the burning bush. He fasted forty days and forty nights upon the mountain. He attained the period of one hundred and twenty years. No one knows his sepulchre, nor where he was buried; sixteen years he was in captivity. In his twenty-fifth year, he was consecrated bishop by Saint Matheus, and he was eighty-five years the apostle of the Irish. It might be profitable to treat more at large of the life of this saint, but it is now time to conclude this epitome of his labours.

[Here endeth the life of the holy bishop, Saint Patrick.]

## GENEALOGY OF THE KINGS OF BERNICIA

§57. Woden begat Beldeg, who begat Beornec, who begat Gethbrond, who begat Aluson, who begat Ingwi, who begat Edibrith, who begat Esa, who begat Eoppa, who begat Ida. But Ida had twelve sons, Adda, Belric, Theodric, Ethelric, Theodhere, Osmer, and one queen, Bearnoch, Ealric. Ethelric begat Ethelfrid: the same is Ædfrid Flesaur. For he also had seven sons, Eanfrid, Oswald, Oswin, Oswy, Oswudu, Oslac, Offa. Oswy begat Alfrid, Elfwin, and Egfrid. Egfrid is he who made war against his cousin Brudei, king of the Picts, and he fell therein with all the strength of his army, and the Picts with their king gained the victory; and the Saxons never again reduced the Picts so as to exact tribute from them. Since the time of this war it is called Gueithlin Garan.

But Oswy had two wives, Riemmelth, the daughter of Royth, son of Rum; and Eanfled, the daughter of Edwin, son of Alla.

## THE GENEALOGY OF THE KINGS OF KENT.

§58. Hengist begat Octa, who begat Ossa, who begat Eormenric, who begat Ethelbert, who begat Eadbald, who begat Ercombert, who begat Egbert.

## THE ORIGIN OF THE KINGS OF EAST-ANGLIA.

§59. Woden begat Casser, who begat Titinon, who begat Trigil, who begat Rodmunt, who begat Rippa, who begat Guillem Guercha, who was the first king of the East Angles. Guercha begat Uffa, who begat Tytillus, who begat Eni, who begat Edric, who begat Aldwulf, who begat Elric.

## THE GENEALOGY OF THE MERCIANS.

§60. Woden begat Guedolgeat, who begat Gueagon, who begat Guithleg, who begat Guermund, who begat Ossa, who begat Ongen, who begat Eamer, who begat Pubba. This Pubba had twelve sons, of whom two are better known to me than the others, that is Penda and Eawa. Eadlit is the son of Pantha, Penda, son of Pubba, Ealbald, son of Alguing, son of Eawa, son of Penda, son of Pubba. Egfert, son of Offa, son of Thingferth, son of Enwulf, son of Ossulf, son of Eawa, son of Pubba.

## THE KINGS OF THE DEIRI.

§61. Woden begat Beldeg, Brond begat Siggar, who begat Sibald, who begat Zegulf, who begat Soemil, who first separated Deur from Berneich (*Deira from Bernicia*.) Soemil begat Sguerthing, who begat Giuglis, who begat Ulfree, who begat Iffi, who begat Ulli, Edwin, Osfrid, and Eanfrid. There were two sons of Edwin,

who fell with him in battle at Meicen, and the kingdom was never renewed in his family, because not one of his race escaped from that war; but all were slain with him by the army of Catguolaunus, king of the Guenedota. Oswy begat Egfrid, the same is Ailguin, who begat Oslach, who begat Alhun, who begat Adlsing, who begat Echun, who begat Oslaph. Ida begat Eadric, who begat Ecgulf, who begat Leodwald, who begat Eata, the same is Glinmaur, who begat Eadbert and Egbert, who was the first bishop of their nation.

Ida, the son of Eoppa, possessed countries on the left-hand side of Britain, *i.e.* of the Humbrian sea, and reigned twelve years, and united Dynguyth Guarth-Berneich.

§62. Then Dutigirn at that time fought bravely against the nation of the Angles. At that time, Talhaiarn Cataguen was famed for poetry, and Neirin, and Taliesin and Bluchbard, and Cian, who is called Guenith Guaut, were all famous at the same time in British poetry.

The great king, Mailcun, reigned among the Britons, *i.e.* in the district of Guenedota, because his great-great-grandfather, Cunedda, with his twelve sons, had come before from the left-hand part, *i.e.* from the country which is called Manau Gustodin, one hundred and forty-six years before Mailcun reigned, and expelled the Scots with much slaughter from those countries, and they never returned again to inhabit them.

§63. Adda, son of Ida, reigned eight years; Ethelric, son of Adda, reigned four years. Theodoric, son of Ida, reigned seven years. Freothwulf reigned six years. In whose time the kingdom of Kent, by the mission of Gregory, received baptism. Hussa reigned seven years. Against him fought four kings, Urien, and Ryderthen, and Guallauc, and Morcant. Theodoric fought bravely, together with his sons, against that Urien. But at that time sometimes the enemy and sometimes our countrymen were defeated, and he shut them up three days and three nights in the island of Metcaut; and whilst he was on an expedition he was murdered, at the instance of Morcant, out of envy, because he possessed so much superiority over all the kings in military science. Eadfered Flesairs reigned twelve years in Bernicia, and twelve others in Deira, and gave to his wife Bebbra, the town of Dynguoaroy, which from her is called Bebbanburg.

Edwin, son of Alla, reigned seventeen years, seized on Elmete, and expelled Cerdic, its king. Eanfled, his daughter, received baptism, on the twelfth day after Pentecost, with all her followers, both men and women. The following Easter Edwin himself received baptism, and twelve thousand of his subjects with him. If any one wishes to know who baptized them, it was Rum Map Urbgen: he was engaged forty days in baptizing all classes of the Saxons, and by his preaching many believed on Christ.

§64. Oswald son of Ethelfrid, reigned nine years; the same is Oswald Llauiguin; he slew Catgublaun (Cadwalla), king of Guenedot, in the battle of Catscaul, with much loss to his own army. Oswy, son of Ethelfrid, reigned twenty-eight years and six months. During his reign, there was a dreadful mortality among his subjects, when Catgualart (Cadwallader) was king among the Britons, succeeding his father, and he himself died amongst the rest. He slew Penda in the field of Gai, and now took place the slaughter of Gai Campi, and the kings of the Britons, who went out with Penda on the expedition as far as the city of Judeu, were slain.

§65. Then Oswy restored all the wealth, which was with him in the city, to Penda; who distributed it among the kings of the Britons, that is, Albert Judeu. But Catgabail alone, king of Guenedot, rising up in the night, escaped, together with his army, wherefore he was called Catgabail Catguommed. Egfrid, son of Oswy, reigned nine years. In his time the holy bishop Cuthbert died in the island of Medcaut. It was he who made war against the Picts, and was by them slain.

Penda, son of Pybba, reigned ten years; he first separated the kingdom of Mercia from that of the North-men, and slew by treachery Anna, king of the East Anglians, and St. Oswald, king of the North-men. He fought the battle of Cocboy, in which fell Eawa, son of Pybba, his brother, king of the Mercians, and Oswald, king of the North-men, and he gained the victory by diabolical agency. He was not baptized, and never believed in God.

§66. From the beginning of the world to Constantinus and Rufus, are found to be five thousand six hundred and fifty-eight years.

Also from the two consuls, Rufus and Rubelius, to the consul Stilicho, are three hundred and seventy-three years.

Also from Stilicho to Valentinian, son of Placida, and the reign of Vortigern, are twenty-eight years.

And from the reign of Vortigern to the quarrel between Guitolinus and Ambrosius, are twelve years, which is Guoloppum, that is Catgwaloph. Vortigern reigned in Britain when Theodosius and Valentinian were consuls, and in the fourth year of his reign the Saxons came to Britain, in the consulship of Felix and Taurus, in the four hundredth year from the incarnation of our Lord Jesus Christ.

From the year in which the Saxons came into Britain, and were received by Vortigern, to the time of Decius and Valerian, are sixty-nine years.



# Ælfric: Homilies

## PREFACE

I Ælfric, monk and mass-priest, although more weakly than for such orders is fitting, was sent, in king Æthelred's day, from bishop Ælfeah, Æthelwold's successor, to a minster which is called Cernel, at the prayer of Æthelmaer the thane, whose birth and goodness are known everywhere. Then it occurred to my mind, I trust through God's grace, that I would turn this book from the Latin language into the English tongue; not from confidence of great learning, but because I have seen and heard of much error in many English books, which unlearned men, through their simplicity, have esteemed as great wisdom: and I regretted that they knew not nor had not the evangelical doctrines among their writings, those men only excepted who knew Latin, and those books excepted which king Ælfred wisely turned from Latin into English, which are to be had. For this cause I presumed, trusting in God, to undertake this task, and also because men have need of good instruction, especially at this time, which is the ending of this world, and there will be many calamities among mankind before the end cometh, according to what our Lord in his gospel said to his disciples, "Then shall be such tribulations as have never been from the beginning of the world. Many false Christs shall come in my name, saying, 'I am Christ,' and shall work many signs and wonders, to deceive mankind; and also the elect, if it may be. And unless Almighty God shorten those days, all mankind will perish; but for his elect he will shorten those days." Everyone may the more easily withstand the future temptation, through God's support, if he is strengthened by book learning, for they shall be preserved who continue in faith to the end. Many tribulations and hardships shall come on this world before its end, and those are the proclaimers of everlasting perdition to evil men, who afterwards for their crimes suffer eternally in the swart hell. Then Antichrist shall come, who is human man and true devil, as our Saviour is truly man and God in one person. And the visible devil shall then work innumerable miracles, and say that he himself is God, and will compel mankind to his heresy: but his time will not be long, for God's anger will destroy him, and this world will afterwards be ended. Christ our Lord healed the weak and diseased, and the devil, who is called Antichrist, which is interpreted, Opposition-Christ, weakens and enfeebles the hale, and heals no one from diseases, save those alone whom he himself had previously injured. He and his disciples injure men's bodies secretly through the devil's power, and heal them openly in the sight of men: but he may not heal those whom God himself had before afflicted. He compels, through wickedness, men to swerve from the faith of their Creator to his leasings, who is the author of all leasing and wickedness. Almighty God permits the impious Antichrist to work signs, and miracles, and persecution, for three years and a half; for in that time there will be so much wickedness and perversity among mankind, that they will be well worthy of devilish persecution, to the eternal perdition of those who incline unto him, and to the eternal joy of those who by faith resist him. God also permits that his chosen servants be cleansed from all sins through great persecutions, as gold is tried in fire. The devil slays those who withstand him, and then, with holy martyrdom, they go to the kingdom of heaven. Those who believe in his leasings, those he honours, and they shall have afterwards eternal torment for reward of their sin. The impious one will cause fire to come from above, as it were from heaven, in sight of men, as if he were God

Almighty, who rules over heaven and earth; but Christians must then be mindful how the devil did, when he prayed to God that he might tempt Job; he made fire to come from above, as if from heaven, and burned all his sheep out in the field, and the shepherds also, save one who should announce it to him. The devil sent not fire from heaven, though it came from above; for he himself was not in heaven, after that he, for his pride, had been cast out. Nor also hath the cruel Antichrist the power to send down heavenly fire, though he, through the devil's craft, may so pretend. It will now be wiser that everyone know this, and know his belief, lest anyone have to await great misery. Our Lord commanded his disciples that they should instruct and teach all people the things which he had himself taught to them; but of those there are too few who will well teach and well exemplify. The Lord also cried, through his prophet Ezechiel, "If thou warnest not the unrighteous, and exhortest him not, so that he turn from his wickedness and live, then shall the wicked die in his iniquity, and I will require from thee his blood," that is, his perdition. "But if thou warnest the wicked, and he will not turn from his wickedness, thou shalt release thy soul with that admonition, and the wicked shall die in his unrighteousness." Again the Almighty spake to the prophet Isaiah, "Cry and cease thou not, raise thy voice as a trumpet, and declare to my people their crimes, and to the family of Jacob their sins." From such commands it appeared to me that I should not be guiltless before God, if I would not declare to other men, by tongue or by writings, the evangelical truth, which he himself spake, and afterwards to holy teachers revealed. Very many I know in this country more learned than I am, but God manifests his wonders through whom he will. As an almighty worker he works his work through his chosen, not because he has need of our aid, but that we may earn eternal life by the performance of his work. Paul the apostle said, "We are God's assistants," and yet we do nothing for God without the assistance of God. Now I desire and beseech, in God's name, if anyone will transcribe this book, that he carefully correct it by the copy, lest we be blamed through careless writers. He does great evil who writes false, unless he correct it; it is as though he turn true doctrine to false error; therefore should everyone make that straight which he before bent crooked, if he will be guiltless at God's doom. *Quid necesse est in hoc codice capitula ordinare, cum prædiximus quod xl. sententias in se contineat? excepto quod Æthelwerdus dux vellet habere xl. quattuor in suo libro.*

*HERE BEGINNETH THE BOOK OF CATHOLIC SERMONS IN ENGLISH, TO BE RECITED IN CHURCH DURING THE YEAR.*

## SERMON ON THE BEGINNING OF CREATION, TO THE PEOPLE, WHENEVER YOU WILL.

There is one origin of all things, that is God Almighty. He is beginning and end: he is beginning, because he was ever; he is end without any ending, because he is ever unended. He is King of all kings, and Lord of all lords. He holdeth with his might heavens, and earth, and all creatures, without toil, and he beholdeth the depths which are under this earth. He weigheth all hills with one hand, and no thing may withstand his will. No creature may perfectly search out nor understand concerning God: greater affinity have angels to God than men, and yet they may not perfectly

understand concerning God. He created those creatures that he would; through his wisdom he wrought all things, and through his will he ended them all with life. This Trinity is one God, that is, the Father, and his Wisdom, of himself ever produced; and the Will of them both, that is, the Holy Ghost: he is not born, but he goeth alike from the Father and from the Son. These three persons are one Almighty God, who wrought the heavens, and the earth, and all creatures. He created ten hosts of angels, that is angels and archangels, throni, dominationes, principatus, potestates, virtutes, cherubim, seraphim. Here are nine hosts of angels: they have no body, but they are all spirits, very strong, and mighty, and beautiful, formed with great fairness, to the praise and glory of their Creator. The tenth host rebelled and turned to evil. God created them all good, and let them have their own discretion, whether they would love and follow their Creator, or would forsake him. Now the prince of the tenth host was formed very fair and beauteous, so that he was called 'Light-bearing' (Lucifer). Then he began to wax proud by reason of the comeliness that he had, and said in his heart that he would and easily might be equal to his Creator, and sit in the north part of heaven's kingdom, and have power and sway against God Almighty. Then he confirmed this resolve with the host over which he ruled, and they all bowed to that resolve. When they all had confirmed this resolve among themselves, God's anger came over them all, and they were all changed from the fair form in which they were created to loathly devils. And very rightly it so befell him, when he would in pride be better than he was created, and said that he might be equal to Almighty God. Then became he and all his associates more wicked and worse than any other creatures; and while he meditated how he might share power with God, the Almighty Creator prepared hell-torment for him and his associates, and drove them all from the joy of heaven's kingdom, and caused them to fall into the eternal fire that was prepared for them for their pride. Then forthwith the nine hosts that were left bowed to their Creator with all humbleness, and resigned their purpose to his will. Then the Almighty God confirmed and established the nine hosts of angels, so that they never might or would afterwards swerve from his will; nor can they now perpetrate any sin, but they are ever meditating only how they may obey God and be acceptable to him. So might also the others who fell have done if they had been willing; seeing that God had made them of the beauteous nature of angels, and let them have their own will, and would never have inclined nor forced them in any way to that evil counsel; for the evil counsel never came from God's conception, but came from the devil's, as we before said.

Now many a man will think and inquire, whence the devil came? be it, therefore, known to him that God created as a great angel him who is now the devil: but God did not create him as the devil: but when he was wholly fordone and guilty towards God, through his great haughtiness and enmity, then became he changed to the devil, who before was created a great angel. Then would God supply and make good the loss that had been suffered in the heavenly host, and said that he would make man of earth, so that the earthly man should prosper, and merit with meekness those dwellings in the kingdom of heaven which the devil through his pride had forfeited. And God then wrought a man of clay, and blew spirit into him, and animated him, and he became a man formed with soul and body; and God bestowed on him the name of Adam, and he was for some time standing alone. God then brought him into Paradise, and established him there, and said unto him, "Of all the things which are in Paradise thou mayest eat, and they shall all be committed to thee, save one tree which stands in the middle of Paradise: touch thou not the fruit of this tree; for thou shalt be mortal if thou eatest the fruit of this tree." Why would God forbid him so little a thing, when he had committed to him other things so great? But how could Adam know what he was, unless he were obedient in some thing to his Lord? as if God had said to him, "Thou knowest not that I am thy Lord, and that thou art my servant, unless thou dost that which I command, and forgoest that which I forbid thee. But what may it be that thou shalt forgo? I say unto thee, forgo thou the fruit of one tree, and with that easy obedience thou shalt merit the joys of heaven, and the place from which the devil fell through disobedience.

But if thou breakest this little commandment, thou shalt perish by death." And then was Adam so wise that God led to him the cattle, and brute race, and bird race, when he had created them; and Adam made names for them all; and so as he named them are they yet called. Then said God, "It is not fitting that this man be alone, and have no help; now let us make him a mate for help and comfort." And God then caused Adam to sleep, and as he slept, he took a rib from his side, and of that rib wrought a woman, and asked Adam how she should be called. Then said Adam, "She is bone of my bone, and flesh of my flesh; be her name Virago, that is **female**; because she is taken from her husband." Then Adam afterwards bestowed on her another name, Eva, that is **life**; because she is the mother of all living.

All creatures, heavens and angels, sun and moon, stars and earth, all beasts and birds, the sea and all fishes, and all creatures, God created and wrought in six days; and on the seventh day he ended his work, and ceased, and hallowed the seventh day, because on that day he ended his work. And he beheld then all his works that he had wrought, and they were all exceedingly good. All things he wrought without any matter. He said, "Let there be light," and instantly there was light. He said again, "Let there be heaven," and instantly heaven was made, as he with his wisdom and his will had appointed it. He said again, and bade the earth bring forth all living cattle, and he then created of earth all the race of cattle, and the brute race, all those which go on four feet; in like manner of water he created fishes and birds, and gave the power of swimming to the fishes, and flight to the birds; but he gave no soul to any beast, nor to any fish; but their blood is their life, and as soon as they are dead they are totally ended. When he had made the man Adam, he did not say, "Let man be made," but he said, "Let us make man in our likeness," and he then made man with his hands, and blew into him a soul; therefore is man better, if he grow up in good, than all the beasts are; because they will all come to naught, and man is in one part eternal, that is in the soul; that will never end. The body is mortal through Adam's sin, but, nevertheless, God will raise again the body to eternity on doomsday. Now the heretics say that the devil created some creatures, but they lie; he can create no creatures, for he is not a creator, but is a loathsome fiend, and with leasing he will deceive and fordo the unwary; but he may not compel any man to any crime, unless the man voluntarily incline to his teaching. Whatsoever among things created seems pernicious and is injurious to men, is all for our sins and evil deserts.

When the devil understood that Adam and Eve were created, that they might with meekness and obedience merit the dwelling in the kingdom of heaven from which he had fallen for his haughtiness, then he felt great anger and envy towards those persons, and meditated how he might fordo them. He came then in a serpent's form to the two persons, first to the woman, and said to her, "Why has God forbidden you the fruit of this tree, which stands in the middle of Paradise?" Then said the woman, "God forbade us the fruit of the tree and said, that we should perish by death, if we tasted its fruit." Then said the devil, "It is not as thou sayest, but God knows full well, if ye eat of that tree that your eyes will then be opened, and ye can see and know both good and evil, and ye will be like to angels." They were not created blind, but God created them so simple-minded that they knew nothing evil, neither by sight, nor by speech, nor by deed. But the woman was seduced by the devil's counsel, and took of the fruit of the tree, and ate, and gave to her consort, and he ate. Then they both became mortal, and knew both good and evil; and they were naked, and thereat they were ashamed. Then came God and asked why he had broken his commandment? and drove them both from Paradise, and said, "Because thou wast obedient to the words of thy wife, and despisedst my commandment, thou shalt get thee food with hardships, and the earth, which is accursed through thy deed, shall give thee thorns and brambles. Thou art taken from earth, and thou shalt to earth return. Thou art dust, and thou shalt turn to dust." God then wrought for them garments of skins, and they were clothed with the skins.

The dead skins betokened that they were then mortal who might have been immortal, if they had held that easy command of God. Neither Adam nor all mankind that have since come from

him needed ever to have tasted of death, if that tree could have stood untouched, and no one had tasted of it; but Adam and his offspring would have propagated at set times, as the clean beasts now do, and afterwards, without death, have gone to eternal life. It was not ordained him from God, nor was he compelled to break God's commandment; for God left him free, and gave him his own choice, whether he would be obedient, or whether he would be disobedient. Then was he to the devil obedient, and to God disobedient, and was delivered, he and all mankind, after this life, to hell-torment, with the devil who seduced him. But God knew, however, that he had been seduced, and meditated how he might again be merciful to him and all mankind.

With two things had God endowed this man's soul; that is immortality and with happiness. Then through the devil's treachery and Adam's guilt we lost the happiness of our soul, but we lost not the immortality: that is eternal and never ends, though the body ends, which shall again, through God's might, arise to everlasting duration. Adam then was continuing in this life with toil, and he and his wife begat children, both sons and daughters; and he lived nine hundred and thirty years, and then died, as had been promised him for that sin; and his soul went to hell.

Now some men will inquire, whence came his soul? whether from the father or from the mother? We say, from neither of them; but the same God who created Adam with his hands, createth every man's body in his mother's womb: and the same who blew into Adam's body, and gave him a soul, that same giveth a soul and life to children in their mother's womb, when they are created; and he letteth them have their own will, when they are grown up, as Adam had.

Then there was rapidly a great increase of people, and very many were turned to evil, and exasperated God with various crimes, and above all with fornication. Then was God so exasperated through the wicked deeds of men that he said, that he repented that he had ever created mankind. Nevertheless, there was one man righteous before God, who was called Noah. Then said God to him, "I will destroy all mankind with water, for their sins, but I will preserve thee alone, and thy wife, and thy three sons, Shem, and Ham, and Japhet, and their three wives; because thou art righteous and acceptable unto me. Make thee now an ark, three hundred fathoms long, and fifty fathoms wide, and thirty fathoms high: roof it all, and smear all the seams with tar, and then go in with thy family. I will gather in to thee of beast-kind and of bird-kind mates of each, that they may hereafter be for foster. I will send a flood over all the earth." He did as God bade him, and God shut them within the ark, and sent rain from heaven forty days together, and opened, to meet it, all the well-springs and water-torrents of the great deep. The flood then waxed and bare up the ark, and it rose above all the hills. Then was everything living drowned, save those who were within the ark, by whom was again established all the earth. Then God promised that he would never again destroy all mankind with water, and said to Noah and to his sons: "I will set my covenant betwixt me and you for this promise: that is, when I overspread the heavens with clouds, then shall be shown my rainbow betwixt the clouds, then will I be mindful of my covenant, that I will not henceforth drown mankind with water." Noah lived in all his life, before the flood and after the flood, nine hundred and fifty years, and then he departed.

Then for some time after the flood there was fear of God among mankind, and there was one language among them all. Then said they among themselves that they would make a city, and a tower within that city, so high that its roof should mount up to heaven: and they began to work. Then came God thereto, when they were most busily working, and gave to every man who was there a separate speech. Then were there as many languages as there were men, and none of them knew what other said. And they then ceased from the building, and went divers ways over all the earth.

Then afterwards mankind was deceived by the devil, and turned from God's belief, so that they wrought them images, some of gold, some of silver, some also of stones, some of wood, and devised names for them; the names of those men who were giants, and evil-doing. Afterwards when they were dead then said the living that they were gods, and worshipped them, and offered sacrifices to them; and the devils then came to their images, and

dwelt therein, and spake to men as though they were gods; and the deceived human race fell on their knees to those images, and said, "Ye are our gods, and we place our belief and our hope in you." Then sprang up this error through all the earth, and the true Creator, who alone is God, was despised and dishonoured. There was, nevertheless, one family which had never bent to any idol, but had ever worshipped the true God. That family sprang from Noah's eldest son, who was called Shem: he lived six hundred years, and his son was called Arphaxad, who lived three hundred and thirty-three years, and his son was called Salah, who lived four hundred and thirty-three years, when he begat a son who was called Eber, from whom sprang the Hebrew people, whom God loved: and from that race came all the patriarchs and prophets, those who announced Christ's advent to this life; that he would be man before the end of this world, for our redemption, he who ever was God with the supreme Father. And for this race God gave and established a law, and he led them over the sea with dry feet, and he fed them forty years with heavenly bread, and wrought many miracles among the people; because he would choose him a mother from this race.

Then at last, when the time came that God had foreseen, he sent his angel Gabriel to a maiden of that race, who was called Mary. Then came the angel to her, and greeted her with God's words, and announced to her, that God's Son should be born of her, without communion of man. And she believed his words, and became with child. When her time was come she brought forth, and continued a maiden. That child is twice born: he is born of the Father in heaven, without any mother, and again, when he became man, he was born of the pure virgin Mary, without any earthly father. God the Father made mankind and all creatures through the Son; and again, when we were fordone, he sent that same Son for our redemption. The holy mother Mary then nourished that child with great veneration, and it waxed, as other children do, without any sin.

He was born without sins, and his life was all without sins. But he wrought no miracles openly ere that he had been thirty years in a state of man: then afterwards he chose to him disciples; first twelve, whom we call apostles, that is messengers: after that he chose seventy-two, who are denominated disciples, that is learners. Then he wrought many miracles, that men might believe that he was God's Child. He turned water to wine, and went over the sea with dry feet, and he stilled the winds by his behest, and he gave to blind men sight, and to the halt and lame a right gait, and to lepers smoothness and health to their bodies; to the dumb he gave power of speech, and hearing to the deaf; to the possessed of devils and the mad he gave sense, and drove away the devils, and every disease he healed; dead men he raised from their sepulchres to life; and taught the people to which he came with great wisdom; and said, that no man might be saved, except he rightly believe in God, and be baptized, and adorn his faith with good works; he eschewed all injustice and all leasings, and taught righteousness and truth.

Then the Jewish people showed great envy of his doctrine, and meditated how they might put him to death. Now was one of the twelve of Christ's companions, who was called Judas, seduced by the instigation of the devil, and he went to the Jewish people, and consulted with them how he might betray Christ unto them. Though all people were gathered together they all might not destroy him, if he himself willed it not; therefore he came to us because he would suffer death for us, and so, by his own death, redeem all mankind who believe from hell's torment. He would not take us forcibly from the devil's power, unless he had forfeited it; but he forfeited it entirely when he whetted and instigated the hearts of the Jewish men to the slaying of Christ. Then Christ consented that the bloodthirsty ones should take him, and bind, and, hung on a cross, slay him. Verily then two believing men honourably buried him; and Christ, in that time, went to hell, and overcame the devil, and took from him Adam and Eve, and their offspring, that portion which had previously been most acceptable to him, and led them to their bodies, and arose from death with that great host on the third day of his passion: then came to his apostles, and comforted them, and for a space of forty days so-journed with them, and repeated the same doctrine which he had

before taught them, and bade them go over all the earth, preaching baptism and true faith. Then, on the fortieth day of his resurrection, the Lord ascended to heaven in sight of them all, with the same body in which he had suffered, and sitteth on the right hand of his Father, and governeth all creatures. He hath opened to righteous men the entrance to his kingdom, and those who wholly despise his commandments shall be cast down into hell. Verily he shall come at the end of this world with great majesty, in clouds, and all those who have ever received a soul shall arise from death towards him; and he will then deliver the wicked to the devil, into the eternal fire of hell-torment; the righteous he will lead with him into the kingdom of heaven, in which they shall rule to all eternity.

Men most beloved, consider this discourse, and with great care eschew unrighteousness, and merit with good works the eternal life with God, who alone ruleth to eternity. Amen.

## DECEMBER XXV. SERMON ON THE NATIVITY OF OUR LORD.

We will, for the confirmation of your faith, relate to you the nativity of our Saviour, according to the order of the gospel: how he on this present day was born in true humanity in divine nature.

Luke the Evangelist wrote in the book of Christ, that at that time the Roman emperor Octavianus made proclamation that all the world should be set down in writing. This enrolment was set forth from Cyrenius, the governor of Syria—that every man in general should declare his birth and his possession in the city to which he belonged. Then Joseph, the foster-father of Christ, went from the land of Galilee, from the city of Nazareth, to the Jewish city, which was of David, and was called Bethlehem, because he was of the tribe of David, and would acknowledge with Mary her birth, who was then great with child. Then it came to pass, while they were sojourning in the city of Bethlehem, that her time was fulfilled that she should bring forth, and she brought forth then her firstborn son, and wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid the child in their asses' bin, because there was no room in the inn. And there were shepherds in the country watching over their flock; and lo, the angel of God stood before them, and God's brightness shone on them, and they were much afraid. Then said the angel of God to the shepherds, "Fear not, lo, I announce to you great joy, which shall come to all people; for now to-day is born to you a Saviour, Christ, in the city of David. Ye shall see this token, ye shall find the child wrapped in swaddling clothes, and laid in a bin." Then suddenly, after the angel's speech, there was seen a great multitude of the heavenly host, praising God and singing, "Gloria in excelsis Deo, et in terra pax hominibus bonæ voluntatis," that is in our tongue, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace to men who are of good will." And the angels then withdrew from their sight to heaven. The shepherds then spake among themselves, "Let us go to Bethlehem, and see the word that God hath manifested unto us." They came then quickly, and found Mary, and Joseph, and the child laid in a bin, as the angel had announced to them. But the shepherds understood the word that had been said to them concerning the child, and all wondered that heard it, and also at that which the shepherds said unto them. But Mary held all these words, pondering them in her heart. Then the shepherds returned glorifying and praising God for all the things which they had heard and seen, as had been said to them by the angel.

My dearest brethren, our Saviour, the Son of God, co-eternal with, and equal to his Father, who was ever with him without beginning, vouchsafed that he would on this present day, for the redemption of the world, be corporally born of the Virgin Mary. He is Prince and Author of all things good and of peace, and he sent before his birth unwonted peace, for never was there such peace before that period in the world, as there was at the time of his birth; so that all the world was subjected to the empire of one man, and all mankind paid royal tribute to him alone. Verily in such great peace was Christ born, who is our peace, because he united angels and men to one family through his incarnation. He was born in the days of the emperor who was called Octavianus, who extended the Roman empire to that degree that all the world

bowed to him, and he was, therefore, named Augustus, that is, **Increasing his empire**. The name befits the heavenly King Christ, who was born in his time, who increased his heavenly empire, and replenished with mankind the loss which the falling devil had caused in the host of angels. Not only did he simply supply its loss, but also greatly increased it. Verily as great a number of mankind cometh, through Christ's incarnation, to the hosts of angels, as there remained of holy angels in heaven after the devil's fall. The emperor's decree, which commanded all the world to be inscribed, betokened manifestly the deed of the heavenly King, who came into the world that he might gather his chosen from all nations, and write their names in everlasting bliss. This decree sprang from the governor Cyrenius—Cyrenius is interpreted **Heir**, and he betokened Christ, who is the true heir of the eternal Father; and he granteth us to be heirs with him, and partakers of his glory. All nations then went that each separately might declare concerning himself, in the city to which he belonged. As at that time, according to the emperor's proclamation, each one singly, in their cities, declared concerning himself, so also now do our teachers make known to us Christ's proclamation, that we gather us to his holy congregation, and therein, with devout mind, pay to him the tribute of our faith, that our names may be written in the book of life with his chosen.

The Lord was born in the city which is named Bethlehem, because it was so before prophesied in these words, "Thou Bethlehem, land of Judah, thou art not meanest of cities among the Jewish princes, for of thee shall come the guide that shall govern the people of Israel." Christ would be born on journey, that he might be concealed from his persecutors. Bethlehem is interpreted **Bread house**, and in it was Christ, the true bread, brought forth, who saith of himself, "I am the vital bread, which descended from heaven, and he who eateth of this bread shall not die to eternity." This holy bread we taste when we with faith go to house; because the holy housel is spiritually Christ's body; and through that we are redeemed from eternal death. Mary brought forth her firstborn son on this present day, and wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and, for want of room, laid him in a bin. That child is not called her firstborn child because she afterwards brought forth another, but because Christ is the firstborn of many spiritual brothers. All christian men are his spiritual brothers, and he is the firstborn, in grace and in godliness only-begotten of the Almighty Father. He was wrapped in mean swaddling clothes, that he might give us the immortal garment which we lost by the first created man's transgression. The Almighty Son of God, whom the heavens could not contain, was laid in a narrow bin, that he might redeem us from the narrowness of hell. Mary was there a stranger, as the gospel tells us; and through the concourse of people the inn was greatly crowded.

The Son of God was crowded in his inn, that he might give us a spacious dwelling in the kingdom of heaven, if we obey his will. He asks nothing of us as reward for his toil, except our soul's health, that we may prepare ourselves for him pure and uncorrupted in bliss and everlasting joy. The shepherds that watched over their flock at Christ's birth, betokened the holy teachers in God's church, who are the spiritual shepherds of faithful souls: and the angel announced Christ's birth to the herdsmen, because to the spiritual shepherds, that is, teachers, is chiefly revealed concerning Christ's humanity, through book-learning; and they shall sedulously preach to those placed under them, that which is manifested to them, as the shepherds proclaimed the heavenly vision. It becometh the teacher to be ever watchful over God's flock, that the invisible wolf scatter not the sheep.

Oftentimes, in the ancient law, angels appeared to men, but it is not written that they came with light, for that honour was reserved for the greatness of this day, that they should manifest themselves with heavenly light, when that true light sprang up in darkness to the right thinkers, the merciful and righteous Lord. The angel said to the shepherds, "Be ye not afraid, lo, I announce to you great joy, which shall come to all people, for to-day is born a Saviour Christ in the city of David." Verily he announced great joy, which shall never end; for Christ's nativity gladdened the inhabitants of heaven, and of earth, and of hell. The angel said, "Now to-day is born to you a Saviour Christ, in the city of David:" rightly he

said **to-day**, and not to-night, for Christ is the true day who scattered with his advent all the ignorance of the ancient night, and illumined all the world with his grace. The sign which the angel said to the shepherds we ought ever to hold in our remembrance, and to thank the Saviour that he so humbled himself that he was the partaker of our mortality, with human flesh invested, and wrapt in mean swaddling clothes. Then suddenly, after the angel's speech, was seen a great multitude of the heavenly host, praising God and singing, "Be glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace to men who are of good will." An angel announced to the shepherds the heavenly King's nativity, and suddenly appeared many thousand angels, lest the preeminence of one angel should seem too inadequate for so great an announcement: and they all together, with melodious song, God's glory celebrated, and to good men announced peace, manifestly showing that through his birth men shall be inclined to the peace of one faith, and to the glory of divine praise. They sung, "Be glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace to men, to those who are of good will." These words manifest that where the peace of God dwelleth, there is good will. But mankind had discord with angels before the Lord's nativity; because we were through sins estranged from God; then were we accounted estranged also from his angels: but after that the heavenly King assumed our earthly body, his angels turned to peace with us; and those whom they had before despised as mean they now honour as their companions. But in the ancient law, Lot, and Joshua, and certain others who saw angels, bowed before them, and prayed to them, and the angels allowed it: but when John the Evangelist, in the New Testament, would pray to the angel who spake to him, the angel forbade him, and said, "See that thou do not this deed; I am thy fellow-servant, and of thy brethren: pray to God only." Angels permitted, before the advent of the Lord, mortal men to fall down before them, and after his advent forbade it; because they saw that their Creator had assumed that nature which they had before accounted mean, and durst not despise it in us, when they honour it above themselves in the heavenly King. Nor despise they the fellowship of men, when falling down they pray to the human God. Now we are accounted citizens of God, and like to angels; let us, therefore, take care that sins do not separate us from this great dignity. Verily men are called gods; preserve, therefore, thou man, thy dignity of a god against sins, since God became man for thee.

The shepherds then spake among themselves, after the departure of the angels, "Let us go to Bethlehem, and see the word which is come to pass, and that God hath revealed unto us." O how rightly they acknowledged the holy faith with these words, "In the beginning was the word, and the word was with God, and that word was God"! A word is the manifestation of wisdom, and the Word, that is Wisdom, is begotten of the Almighty Father, without beginning; for he was ever God of God, Wisdom of the wise Father. He is not made, for he is God, and not a creature; for the Almighty Father created all creatures through that Wisdom, and endowed them all with life through the Holy Ghost. Our human nature could not see Christ in that divine nativity; but that same Word became flesh and dwelt in us, that we might see him. The Word was not turned to flesh, but it was invested with human flesh. As every man existeth in soul and in body one man, so also Christ existeth in divine nature and human nature, in one person one Christ. They said, "Let us see the word that is come to pass," because they could not see it before it was incarnate, and become man. Nevertheless, the divine nature is not mingled with the human nature, nor is there any separation. We might tell unto you a little simile, if it were not too mean; Look now on an egg, how the white is not mingled with the yolk, and yet it is one egg. Nor also is Christ's divinity confounded with human nature, but he continueth to all eternity in one person undivided.

Then came the shepherds quickly, and found Mary, and Joseph, and the child laid in the bin. Mary was, by God's direction, betrothed to the righteous Joseph, for the greater security; because it was thus customary among the Jewish people, according to the law of Moses, that if any woman had a child, save in lawful wedlock, she should be slain with stones. But God sent his angel to Joseph, when Mary was pregnant, and commanded that he should have care of her, and be the child's foster-father. Then it seemed

to the Jews that Joseph was father of the child, but he was not; because the Almighty Creator had no need to be born of woman; but he took human nature from the womb of Mary, and left her a virgin undefiled, but hallowed through his birth. She knew no society of man, and she brought forth without pain, and continued in maidenhood. The shepherds saw and recognized the child, as had to them been told. (There is no happiness without knowledge of God, as Christ himself said, when he committed us to his Father, "That is eternal life that they acknowledge Thee, the true God, and him whom thou hast sent, the Saviour Christ.") Now all who heard that wondered greatly thereat, and at what the shepherds said. But Mary held all these words, pondering them in her heart. She would not publish Christ's mystery, but waited until he himself, when it pleased him, should divulge it. She knew God's law, and in the book of the prophets had read, that a virgin should give birth to God. Then she greatly rejoiced that she might be it. It was prophesied that he should be born in the city of Bethlehem, and she greatly wondered that, according to that prophecy, she was there delivered. She remembered that a prophet had said, "The ox knows his master, and the ass his master's bin." Then saw she the child lying in the bin, where the ox and the ass usually seek food. God's archangel Gabriel had announced to Mary the Saviour's coming into her womb, and she then saw that his announcement was truly fulfilled. Such words Mary held, pondering them in her heart. And the shepherds returned glorifying and praising God for all those things which they had heard and seen, as had been told unto them.

The memory of these three shepherds is preserved one mile to the east of Bethlehem, and manifested in God's church to those who visit the place. We should imitate these shepherds, and glorify and praise our Lord for all those things which he hath done for love of us, for our redemption and eternal bliss, to whom be glory and praise with the Almighty Father, in unity of the Holy Ghost, world without end. Amen.

## DECEMBER XXVI. THE PASSION OF THE BLESSED STEPHEN, PROTOMARTYR.

We read in the book which is called The Acts of the Apostles, that the apostles ordained seven deacons in the congregation which, from among the Jewish people, had turned to Christ's faith, after his passion, and resurrection from death, and ascension to heaven. Of these deacons the first was STEPHEN, to whom we do honour on this day. He was of great faith, and filled with the Holy Ghost. The six others were called by these names; Stephen was the first, the second Philip, the third Prochorus, the fourth Nicanor, the fifth Timothy, the sixth Parmenas, the seventh Nicolas. They chose these seven, and set them in the presence of the apostles, and they then, with prayers and blessings, were ordained deacons. The preaching of God waxed then daily, and the number of christian men was greatly multiplied in Jerusalem. Then was the blessed Stephen filled with God's grace, and with great strength, and he wrought miracles and great signs among the people. Then arose some of the unbelieving Jews, and would with their error quell the blessed martyr's doctrine; but they could not withstand his wisdom, nor the Holy Ghost, who spake through him. Then they set false witnesses, who belied him, and said that he spake blasphemous words of Moses and of God. The people were then greatly excited, and the elders, and the Jewish scribes, and they seized Stephen, and drew him to their council, and the false witnesses said of him, "This man ceaseth not to speak blasphemous words against this holy place, and God's law. We heard him say that Christ shall destroy this place, and change the usages which Moses hath taught us." Then looked on him they who sate in the council, and saw his countenance like the face of an angel. Then said the chief priest to the blessed martyr, "Is it as they say?" Then would the holy man Stephen rectify their unbelieving hearts with the example and remembrance of their forefathers, and, with all love, incline them to the way of truth. He began then to relate to them concerning the patriarch Abraham, how the God of heaven chose him for associate, and promised him, that all nations should

be blessed in his offspring, for his obedience. In like manner, in a long narrative, he renewed before them the memory of the other patriarchs; and how Moses, through God's might, wonderfully led their forefathers over the Red Sea, and how they afterwards were forty days in the waste, daily fed with heavenly food; and how God led them to the Jewish country, and wholly destroyed before their sight all the heathen nations; and of David the great king's greatness, and of Solomon's glory, who the great temple raised to God. At last he said, "Ye withstand the Holy Ghost with stiff neck and unbelieving heart; ye are betrayers and murderers, and the righteous Christ ye enviously slew; ye have received a law by the disposition of angels, and ye have held it not." Then were the Jews greatly disturbed in their heart, and gnashed their teeth against him. But the holy Stephen was filled with the Holy Ghost, and looked towards heaven, and saw the glory of God, and Jesus standing on the right of his Father; and he said, "Behold, I see the heavens open, and the Son of man standing at the right hand of God." Then the Jews, crying with a loud voice, held their ears, and with one accord rushed on him, and seized him, and led him out of the city to be stoned. The false witnesses then laid their coats before the feet of a young man who was called SAUL. They then began to stone with hard stones the blessed Stephen; and he cried, and said, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." And he bowed his knees, crying with a loud voice, "My Lord, place not thou these deeds to them as sin." And he then with that word departed to the Almighty Saviour, whom he had seen standing high in heaven.

The wise Augustine spake touching this text, and inquired, why the holy martyr Stephen said that he saw the Son of man standing at God's right hand, and would not say the Son of God; when it seemed worthier of Christ to be called the Son of God than the Son of man? But it was fitting that Jesus should be so manifested in heaven, and so announced on earth. All the malice of the Jews arose in this, Why the Lord Christ, who, after the flesh, is truly the Son of man, should also be called the Son of God; for the holy writ hath very properly mentioned the Son of man standing at the right hand of God, to shame the disbelief of the Jews. Christ was manifested in heaven to his blessed martyr Stephen, who was slain by the unbelievers on earth; and the heavenly truth gave testimony of him, whom earthly wickedness had shamefully calumniated. Who can rightly be called the Son of man, save Christ only, when every man besides him is the son of two persons? The blessed Stephen saw Christ standing, because he was his support in the spiritual fight of his martyrdom. Verily we confess in our creed that the Lord sits at the right hand of his Father. A seat is befitting to a judge, and standing to one helping or fighting. Now our creed acknowledges Christ's seat, because he is the true Judge of the living and the dead: and the blessed martyr Stephen saw him standing, because he was his helper, as we before said. The death of all the chosen saints is precious in the sight of God; yet it seems, if any difference may be between martyrs, that he is the most exalted who suffered martyrdom next to God. Now Stephen was ordained deacon at the hands of the apostles; but he preceded them in the kingdom of heaven by a triumphant death; and so he who was lower in order was first in suffering; and he who was a disciple in condition was the earliest to be a doctor in martyrdom. That death verily which Jesus vouchsafed to suffer for men, Stephen gave first of men to Jesus. He is called protomartyr, that is the first witness, because he first after Christ's passion suffered martyrdom. Stephen is a Greek name, which is in Latin, **Coronatus**, and which we express in English by, **Glory-crowned**, because he has the eternal crown of glory, as his name foretold to him. The lying witnesses, who had falsely accused him, began first to stone him; because the law of Moses taught, that whosoever accused another to death should throw the first stone against him whom he had before slain with his tongue. The cruel Jews raging stoned the holy one, and he cried and said, "Lord, place thou not these deeds to them as sin."

Understand now, my brethren, the great love of this blessed man. He was placed in death, and yet he prayed with true love for his slayers; and amid the falling of the stones, when any might forget his dearest friends, he commended his foes to God, thus saying, "Lord, place thou not these deeds to them as sin." He was more afflicted on account of their sins than of his own wounds,

more for their wickedness than his own death; and rightly more, seeing that eternal death followed their wickedness, and eternal life followed his death. Saul held the garments of the false witnesses, and zealously instigated their minds to the stoning. But Stephen with bended knees besought the Lord that he would redeem Saul. Stephen's prayer was heard, and Saul was redeemed. The pious one was heard, and the impious justified.

By this deed is shown how greatly avails the prayer of true love. Verily the church of God would not have had Paul as a teacher, if the holy martyr Stephen had not thus prayed. Behold, Paul now rejoices with Stephen in the kingdom of heaven; with Stephen he enjoys the brightness of Christ, and with him he rules. Whither Stephen preceded, stoned with the stones of Saul, thither Paul followed, aided by the prayers of Stephen. Paul is not there defiled through Stephen's murder, but Stephen rejoices in the fellowship of Paul, because true love rejoices in them both. True love overcame the cruelty of the Jews to Stephen, and the same love covered over the greatness of his sins in Paul, and it in both of them together earned the kingdom of heaven. Verily true love is the fountain and origin of all goodness, and noble fortitude, and the way that leads to heaven. He who journeys in true love cannot err nor fear: it directs, and shields, and leads. Through true love was the holy martyr rendered so courageous that he boldly reproveth the disbelief of the Jews, and he continued tranquil amid the great stones, and benevolently prayed for the stoners, and, in addition thereto, entered the heavenly hall living, and crowned with glory.

My brethren, let us in some degree imitate so great a teacher's faith, and so great a martyr's love. Let us love our brothers in God's church with such affection as that with which this martyr loved his foes. Be mindful what Truth itself has promised in the holy gospel, and what pledge it has given us. Jesus said, "If ye forgive those men who sin against you, then will your heavenly Father forgive you your sins: but if ye will not forgive, your Father will not forgive you your sins." Ye hear now, my brethren, that it stands, through God's grace, at our own option how we shall be judged before God. He said, "If ye forgive, ye shall be forgiven." Let no man deceive himself: verily if any one hate a man in this world, whatever good he may have done, he loses it all; for the apostle Paul speaks not falsely, who says, "Though I spend all my wealth in food for the poor, and though I give my own body to be slain, so that I burn in martyrdom, if I have not true love, it profiteth me nothing." Concerning the same the evangelist John said, "He who loveth not his brother continueth in death." Again he said, "Every one who hateth his brother is a murderer." We are all brothers who believe in God, and we all say, "Pater noster qui es in cœlis," that is, "Our Father who art in heaven." Let no man presume on kinship without true love. Let no man trust in alms-deeds, or in prayers, without the aforesaid love; for so long as he holds black malice in his heart, he cannot in any way delight the merciful God. But if he desire that God be merciful to him, let him listen to good counsel, not from my mouth, but from that of Christ himself: he said, "If thou offerest thy gift at God's altar, and thou there rememberest that thy brother hath something against thee, leave forthwith the gift before the altar, and go first to thy brother, and reconcile thee to him, and when thou comest again to the altar, offer then thy gift." But if thou hast injured thy christian brother, then hath he something against thee, and thou shalt, according to God's teaching, gladden him, ere thou offerest thy gift. But if the christian man, who is thy brother, hath in aught done thee evil, that thou shalt mercifully forgive. Our spiritual gifts are our prayers, and hymn, and housel-hallowing, and every other gift that we offer to God, which we should give to God with peaceful heart and brotherly love. Now will some man say against this text, I cannot love my foe, whom I see daily bloodthirsty against me. O thou man, thou seest what thy brother hath done to thee, but thou seest not what thou hast done to God. When thou doest heavier sins hast perpetrated against God, why wilt thou not forgive one man little offences, that the Almighty God may forgive thee great sins? Now again thou wilt say, It is a great hardship for me to love my foe, and to pray for him who meditates harm against me. We will not gainsay that it is a great hardship; but if it is difficult in this world, it turns to a great reward in the one to come. Verily by love of thy foe thou art the friend of God, and not only art

thou his friend, but thou art also a child of God, by the condition that thou love thy foe; as Christ himself hath said, "Love your enemies, do good to those who hate you, that ye be your Father's children, who is in heaven." Many hardships and contumelies any one would easily endure that he might be accounted the child of some powerful man, and his heir to transitory possessions: bear now patiently, for the everlasting honour of being accounted children of God, and his heirs in heavenly riches, that which the other would undergo for a frail matter.

We tell you God's law; hold it if ye will. If we kept it in silence, we should not be secure. Love of Christ compels us ever to stimulate the good, that they continue in goodness; and we admonish the wicked that they may quickly turn from their wickedness. Let not the righteous be heedless at his beginning, nor the wicked despair through his unrighteousness. Let the good man dread lest he fall; the wicked take care that he stand. Let him who is wicked imitate the conversion of Paul; let him who is good persist in goodness with Stephen; for no beginning is praiseworthy without a good ending. All praise will be sung at the end.

My brethren, yesterday our Lord vouchsafed to visit this world in true human nature: now to-day the noble champion Stephen, quitting his bodily dwelling, went triumphant to heaven. Christ descended clothed with flesh; Stephen ascended, through his blood with glory crowned. Yesterday angels sung, "Glory to God in the highest;" now to-day they received Stephen rejoicing in their fellowship, with whom he glorieth and rejoiceth to all eternity. Amen.

## DECEMBER XXVII. THE ASSUMPTION OF SAINT JOHN THE APOSTLE.

John the Evangelist, Christ's darling, was on this day, through God's visitation, taken to the joy of the kingdom of heaven. He was the son of Christ's maternal aunt, and he loved him particularly, not so much for the consanguinity, as for the purity of his uncorrupted chastity. He was in chastity chosen to God, and he ever continued in undefiled chastity. It is read in historic narratives that he would marry, and Christ was invited to his nuptials. Then it befell that at the nuptials wine was wanting. Jesus then bade the serving men fill six stone vessels with pure water, and he with his blessing turned the water to noble wine. This is the first miracle that he openly wrought in his state of man. Now John was so stimulated by that miracle, that he forthwith left his bride in maidenhood, and ever afterwards followed the Lord, and was by him inwardly beloved, because he had withdrawn himself from fleshly lusts. Verily to this beloved disciple Jesus intrusted his mother, when, suspended on the cross, he redeemed mankind, that his pure life might take care of the pure virgin Mary, and that she might continue ministering to her sister's son.

Some time after, after Christ's ascension to heaven, a cruel emperor reigned in the Roman empire, after Nero, who was called Domitian, a persecutor of the christians. He commanded a vat to be filled with boiling oil, and the great evangelist to be thrust therein; but he, through God's protection, went uninjured from that hot bath. Afterwards, when the cruel one might not suppress the preaching of the blessed apostle, he sent him into exile to an island that is called Patmos, that he there, through sharpness of hunger, might perish. But the Almighty Saviour did not leave his beloved apostle to neglect, but revealed to him, in that exile, the revelation of things to come, concerning which he wrote the book which is called APOCALYPSE: and the cruel Domitian was slain in the same year by the hand of his senators; and they all unanimously resolved that all his decrees should be annulled. Then was Nerva, a very honourable man, chosen for emperor. With his consent the apostle returned with great worship, he who with contumely had been sent into banishment. Men and women ran to meet him, rejoicing and saying, "Blessed is he who cometh in the name of God."

As the apostle John was entering the city of Ephesus, there was borne towards him the corpse of a widow to be buried; her name was Drusiana. She was of great faith, and gave much in alms,

and the poor, whom she had bountifully fed, sad, with weeping, followed the corpse. Then the apostle bade them set down the bier, and said, "My Lord, Jesus Christ! Raise thee, Drusiana; arise, and return home, and prepare refecton for us in thy house." Drusiana then arose as if from sleep awakened, and, mindful of the apostle's command, returned home.

On the second day the apostle going in the street, observed where a philosopher was accompanying two brothers, who had turned all their parents' treasure into precious gems, and would crush them in the sight of all the people as a spectacle, in contempt as it were of worldly riches. It was common at that time for those who would sedulously learn philosophy, to change their property for gems, and break them in pieces; or for a wedge of gold, and throw it into the sea; lest the contemplation of those riches should hinder them at their study. Then the apostle called the philosopher Gratton to him, and said, "It is foolish that any one should despise worldly riches for praise of men, and be condemned at God's doom. Vain is the medicine that cannot heal the sick; as also is vain the doctrine that healeth not the sins and vices of the soul. Verily my teacher, Christ, enjoined a youth who desired eternal life, in these words, That he should sell all his wealth, and distribute the value to the poor, if he would be perfect; and he should afterwards have his treasure in heaven, and, in addition thereto, eternal life." The philosopher Gratton him answered, "These jewels are crushed for idle vaunt; but if thy teacher is the true God, join the fragments to soundness, that their value may benefit the poor." John then gathered the fragments of the jewels, and looked to heaven, thus saying, "Lord Jesus, to thee no thing is difficult; thou didst restore this crushed world for thy faithful, through sign of the holy rood; restore now these precious gems, by thy angels' hands, that these ignorant men may acknowledge thy powers, and in thee believe." Lo, then suddenly the gems became sound, so that even no sign of their former broken condition was seen. Then the philosopher Gratton, together with the youths, fell forthwith at the feet of John, believing in God. The apostle baptized him with all his family, and he began openly to preach God's faith. The two brothers, Atticus and Eugenius, gave their gems, and distributed all their wealth to the poor, and followed the apostle, and a great multitude of believers also joined themselves to him.

Then on a certain time the apostle came to the city of Pergamus, where the before-mentioned youths formerly dwelt, and saw their servants decorated with fine linen, and shining in worldly splendour. Then were they pierced through with the devil's darts, and sad in mind, that they in poverty should go with one miserable cloak, and their servants be shining in worldly splendour. Then perceived the apostle the diabolical wiles, and said, "I see that your mind and your countenance are changed, because ye have distributed your riches to the poor, and followed my Lord's doctrine: go now therefore to the wood, and hew a burthen of rods, and bring them to me." They did as he had commanded, and he in God's name blessed the green rods, and they were turned to red gold. Again the apostle said, "Go now to the sea-strand, and fetch me pebble-stones." They did so, and John by God's majesty blessed them, and they were turned to precious gems. Then said the apostle, "Go to the smithy, and try this gold and these gems." They went, and came again, thus saying, "All the goldsmiths say that they have never before seen such pure and such red gold: also the jewellers say that they have never before met with such precious gems." Then said the apostle to them, "Take this gold and these gems, and go and buy landed property, seeing that ye have lost heavenly riches. Buy yourselves purple kirtles, that ye for a little while may shine as the rose, that ye may speedily fade. Be flourishing and rich for a season, that ye may be poor for ever. What, may not the Almighty Ruler so act that he make his servants powerful before the world, abounding in wealth, and incomparably to shine? But he has placed warfare for the believing souls, that they may believe in order to possess the eternal riches, they who for his name despise temporary possessions. Ye healed the sick in the name of Jesus, ye drove out devils, ye gave sight to the blind, and cured every disease. Behold, now this gift is withdrawn from you, and ye are become poor wretches, ye who were great and strong. The devils stood in so great awe of you, that at

your behest they forsook the possessed demoniacs; now ye yourselves dread devils. The heavenly possessions are common to us all. Naked we were born, and naked we depart. The brightness of the sun, and the light of the moon, and of all the stars are common to the high and the low. Rain-showers and the church-door, baptism and forgiveness of sins, partaking of the housel and God's visitation, are common to all, poor and rich: but the unhappy covetous wishes to have more than suffices him, though he enjoys not freedom from care in his abundance. The covetous hath one body and divers garments; he hath one belly and a thousand men's sustenance; but that which he, through the vice of avarice, cannot give to any other, he hoardeth, and knoweth not for whom, as the prophet said, 'Vainly is every man troubled who hoardeth, and knoweth not for whom he gathereth.' Verily he is not lord of those possessions, when he cannot distribute them, but he is the slave of those possessions, when he wholly serveth them; and in addition thereto, diseases of his body increase, so that he may not enjoy food or drink. He cares night and day that his money be preserved; he attends greedily to his gain, his rent, his buildings; he bereaves the indigent, he follows his lusts and his pleasure; then suddenly departs he from this world, naked and charged with crimes, bearing with him his sins alone; therefore shall he suffer punishment everlasting."

Behold, while the apostle was speaking this lecture, a certain widow bare her son to be buried, who had been married thirty days before. The afflicted mother, together with the mourners, wailing prostrated herself at the holy apostle's feet, praying that he would, in God's name, rear up her son, as he did the widow Drusiana. John then, pitying the grief of the mother and the mourners, prostrated his body on the earth, in long prayer, and at length rising up, again with up-raised hands prayed a long time. Having done thus thrice, he bade them unwrap the corpse of the youth, and said, "O thou youth, who through thy flesh's lust hast early lost thy soul; O thou youth, thou knewest not thy Creator; thou knewest not the Saviour of men; thou knewest not the true friend, and hast therefore fallen on the worst enemy. Now I have shed my tears, and earnestly prayed for thy sensuality, that thou mayest from death arise, and to these two brothers, Atticus and Eugenius, declare how great glory they have lost, and what punishment they have earned." On this the youth Stacteus arose, and fell at the feet of John, and began to chide the brothers who had been perverted, thus saying, "I saw the angels who had charge of you sadly weeping, and the accursed fiend rejoicing in your destruction. For you was the kingdom of heaven ready, and shining structures filled with repasts, and with eternal light: these ye have lost through heedlessness, and have got for yourselves dark dwellings filled with serpents, and with crackling flames, full of unspeakable torments and horrible stench; in which groaning and howling cease not day nor night: pray, therefore, with inward heart, this apostle of God, your teacher, that he raise you from eternal perdition, as he hath raised me from death, and that he your souls, which are now blotted from the living book, lead back to God's grace and mercy."

The youth then, Stacteus, who had risen from death, together with the brothers, prostrated himself in the footsteps of John, and the people with them, all unanimously praying that he would intercede with God for them. The apostle then commanded the two brothers that they for thirty days in penitence should sacrifice to God by penance, and in that space should earnestly pray that the golden rods might be turned again to their former nature, and the gems to their worthlessness. After thirty days' space, when they could not by their prayers restore the gold and the gems to their nature, they came with weeping to the apostle, thus saying, "Ever hast thou taught mercy, and that one should have mercy on another; and if one have mercy on another, how much more will God show mercy to and pity men, his handiwork! The sin which we have committed with covetous eyes, we now with weeping eyes repent." Then answered the apostle, "Bear the rods to the wood, and the stones to the sea-strand: they shall be restored to their nature." When they had done this they again received God's grace, so that they drove out devils, and healed the blind and the sick, and performed many miracles, in the Lord's name, as they before had done.

The apostle then converted to God all the country of Asia, which is accounted the half part of the world; and wrote the fourth book of Christ, which treats most of Christ's divinity. The other three evangelists, Matthew, Mark, Luke, wrote rather of Christ's human state. Then there sprung up heretics in God's church, who said that Christ was not before he was born of Mary. Thereupon all the diocesan bishops besought the holy apostle to compose the fourth book, and extinguish the audacity of the heretics. John then ordered a general fast of three days; and after the fast he was so greatly filled with the spirit of God, that he excelled all God's angels and all creatures with his exalted mind, and began the evangelical memorial with these words, "In principio erat verbum," etc., that is in English, "In the beginning was the word, and the word was with God, and the word was God; this was in the beginning with God; all things are made through him, and without him nothing is created." And so forth, in all the evangelical memorial, he made known many things concerning Christ's divinity, how he eternally without beginning was begotten of his Father, and reigneth with him in unity of the Holy Ghost, ever without end. He wrote few things of his human nature, because the three other evangelists had composed their books abundantly concerning that.

It happened at a certain time, that the idolaters, who were yet unbelieving, said that they would force the apostle to their heathenship: whereupon the apostle said to the idolaters, "Go all together to God's church, and call all of you to your gods that, through their might, the church may fall down; then will I turn to your heathenship. But if the power of your god may not cast down the holy church, I will cast down your temple, through the might of the Almighty God, and I will crush your idol; and it shall then seem right that ye cease from your error, and believe in the true God, who alone is Almighty." The idolaters assented to this proposal, and John with kind words exhorted the people to go out from the devil's temple; and with clear voice cried before them all, "In the name of God let this temple fall down with all the idols that dwell within it, that this multitude may know that this idolatry is the worship of the devil." Behold then, the temple fell suddenly to the ground, with all its idols turned to dust. On that same day twelve thousand heathens were turned to belief in Christ, and hal- lowed with baptism.

But the chief idolater still refused with great perverseness, and said that he would not believe unless John drank poison, and through God's might overcame the deadly drink. Then said the apostle, "Though thou give me poison, through God's name it shall not hurt me." Then said the idolater Aristodemus, "Thou shalt first see another drink it, and instantly die, that so at least thy heart may fear the death-bearing drink." John answered him, "If thou wilt believe in God, I will fearless receive this drink." Then Aristodemus went to the prefect, and took from his prison two thieves, and gave them the poison before all the people, in the presence of John; and they immediately after the drink died. Then the idolater gave the venomous drink also to the apostle, and he having armed his mouth and all his body with the sign of the rood, and exorcised the poison in God's name, with bold heart drank it all. Aristodemus then and the people beheld the apostle three hours of the day, and saw him having a glad countenance, without paleness and fear: and they all cried, "There is one true God, whom John worshippeth." Then said the idolater to the apostle, "Yet I doubt; but if thou, in the name of thy God, wilt raise up these dead thieves, then will my heart be cleansed from every doubt." Then said John, "Aristodemus, take my tunic, and lay it on the corpses of the dead men, and say, 'The apostle of Jesus Christ hath sent me to you, that ye in his name may arise from death, and that every man may know that death and life minister to my Saviour.'" He then, at the apostle's command, bare his tunic, and laid it on the two dead ones, and they forthwith rose up whole. When the idolater saw that, he prostrated himself at the feet of John, and then went to the prefect, and announced to him those miracles with a loud voice. Then they both sought the apostle, praying for his compassion: whereupon the apostle enjoined them a fast of seven days, and afterwards baptized them; and after their baptism they cast down all their idols, and with the aid of their kinsmen, and with all art, raised a great church to God in honour of the apostle.



When the apostle was ninety-nine years old the Lord Christ appeared to him with the other apostles, whom he had taken from this life, and said, "John, come to me; it is time that thou with thy brethren shouldst feast at my banquet." John then arose, and went towards Jesus. But he said to him, "Lo, on Sunday, the day of my resurrection, thou shalt come to me:" and after those words the Lord returned to heaven. The apostle greatly rejoiced in that promise, and at sunrise early rising came to the church, and from cock-crowing until the third hour, taught God's law, and sang mass to them, and said, that the Saviour had called him to heaven on that day. He then ordered his grave to be dug opposite the altar, and the dust to be removed; and he went quick and whole into his grave, and with outstretched hands cried to God, "Lord Christ, I thank thee that thou hast invited me to thy banquet: thou knowest that with all my heart I have desired thee. Oft have I prayed thee that I might go to thee, but thou saidst that I should abide, that I might gain more people to thee. Thou hast preserved my body against every pollution, and thou hast ever illumined my soul, and hast nowhere forsaken me. Thou hast set in my mouth the word of thy truth, and I have written down the lore which I heard from thy mouth, and the wonders which I saw thee work. Now I commit to thee, Lord! thy children, those which thy church, maiden and mother, through water and the Holy Ghost have gained to thee. Receive me to my brothers with whom thou camest and invitedst me. Open towards me the gate of life, that the princes of darkness may not find me. Thou art Christ, Son of the living God, who, at thy Father's behest, hast saved the world, and hast sent us the Holy Ghost. Thee we praise and thank for thy manifold benefits throughout the world eternal. Amen."

After this prayer a heavenly light appeared above the apostle, within the grave, shining for an hour so bright, that no man's sight might look on the rays of light; and with that light he gave up his spirit to the Lord, who had invited him to his kingdom. He departed as joyfully from the pain of death, from this present life, as he was exempt from bodily defilement. Verily his grave was afterwards found filled with manna. Manna the heavenly meat was called which for forty years fed the people of Israel in the wilderness. Now this food was found in the grave of John, and nothing else, and the meat is growing in it to this present day. Many miracles have there been manifested, and sick healed, and released from all calamities through the apostle's intercession. This hath the Lord Christ granted unto him, to whom is glory and honour with the Father and the Holy Ghost, ever without end. Amen.

## DECEMBER XXVIII. THE NATIVITY OF THE INNOCENTS.

Now to-day God's church throughout all the globe celebrates the festival of the blessed children whom the cruel Herod, on account of the birth of Christ, slew in impious persecution, as the evangelical narrative manifestly makes known to us.

Matthew wrote, in the first book of Christ, in these words, of the birth-time of Jesus, and said, "When Jesus was born in the Judean Bethlehem, in the days of Herod the king, behold there came from the east part of the earth three astrologers to the city of Jerusalem, thus inquiring, Where is the King of the Jewish people, who is born? Verily we saw his star in the east part, and we come in order that we may worship him. Now king Herod hearing this was greatly troubled, and all the citizens together with him. He then assembled all the chief bishops and scribes of the people, and inquired where the birthplace of Christ might be. They said, In the Judean Bethlehem. Thus verily it is written by the prophet Micah, Ah thou Bethlehem, Judean land, thou art in no wise meanest of cities among the Jewish princes: of thee shall come the Ruler who shall rule and govern the people of Israel. Then Herod called the three astrologers in separate discourse, and diligently questioned them at what time the star had first appeared to them, and sent them to Bethlehem, thus saying, Go instantly, and inquire concerning the child, and when ye find it, let me know, that I may worship him. After the king's speech the astrologers went, and lo, the star which they had seen in the east part glided before them, till it stood over the inn in which the child was staying. They saw the star and greatly rejoiced. They then went in, and found the

child with Mary his mother, and falling down they worshipped him. They opened their cases of treasure and offered him gifts, gold, and frankincense, and myrrh. Then God warned them in a dream, and commanded, that they should not return to the cruel king Herod, but should turn through another way, and so come to their own country. Lo, God's angel appeared to Joseph, the child's foster-father, in a dream, saying, 'Arise, and take this child with the mother, and flee to the land of Egypt, and be there until I speak to thee again: for it will come to pass that Herod will devise how he may fardo the child.' Joseph then arose by night, and conveyed the child together with the mother to the land of Egypt, and there staid until Herod departed; that the prophecy might be fulfilled which of old thus spake of that journey, From the land of Egypt I have called my son."

Now chroniclers say that in the meanwhile Herod was accused to the Roman emperor, who at that time ruled all the earth. He therefore went, by the emperor's command, to Rome, that he might clear himself, if he could. He cleared himself very cunningly, as he was so sagacious, that the emperor sent him back with great honour to the Jewish kingdom. When he came home he remembered what he had intended concerning the child, and saw that he had been deceived by the astrologers, and was exceedingly irritated. He then sent his executioners, and slew all the male children that were in the city of Bethlehem, and in all its boundaries, from the child of two years to that of one day, according to the time which he had inquired of the astrologers. Then was fulfilled the prophecy of Jeremiah, who thus prophesied, "A voice is heard on high, great weeping and wailing: Rachel wept for her children, and would not be comforted, because they are not."

On the twelfth day of Christ's birth the three astrologers came to Herod, and informed him concerning the child that was born; and when they had discovered his birthplace, they went to the child, and would not return to the cruel murderer, as he had commanded. He might not then avoid the emperor's command, and therefore, through his long journey, the slaughter of the children was delayed more than he had intended; and they were on this present day gloriously martyred; not, however, in the year that Christ was born, but after the course of two years after the return of the cruel tyrant.

He was not of noble birth, nor did he belong to the royal race; but by artifices and deception he attained to the kingly dignity; as Moses wrote concerning him, That the royal Jewish race should not decay until Christ himself came. Now Christ came at the time that the royal family was decayed, and the stranger Herod ruled the kingdom. Then was he greatly afraid and terrified lest his kingdom should fall through the coming of the true king. He called therefore the astrologers in separate converse, and diligently questioned them at what time they first saw the star; for he feared, as it came to pass, that they would not return to him. He therefore commanded all the children of that district, from the age of two years to that of one day, to be slain, that the one might not escape whom he sought. But he was unmindful of the holy scripture, which says, "No wisdom nor any counsel is aught against God."

The treacherous Herod said to the astrologers, "Go, and diligently inquire concerning the child, and let me know, that I may worship him." But he manifested afterwards his guileful artifice, how he would have done, if he had found him, when he destroyed all those of equal age, for the persecution of him alone. Needlessly he machinated against Christ: he came not because he would acquire for himself his earthly kingdom, or any other king's by violence; but he came because he would give his heavenly kingdom to believing men. He came not that he might be exalted on a pompous throne, but that he might with contumely be nailed hanging on a cross. Nevertheless, he would avoid the machination of the cruel tyrant by flight, not because he fled from death, who of his own will visited the world for the purpose of suffering; but it would have been too early, if he had been slain in the child's cradle, for his advent would then, as it were, be hidden from mankind; God's angel, therefore, prevented the impious counsel, and bade the foster-father convey the heavenly Prince forthwith from the country.

Christ despised not his young champions, though he was not

bodily present at their slaughter; but he sent them from this miserable life to his eternal kingdom. Blessed they were born that they might for his sake suffer death. Happy is their age, which could not yet acknowledge Christ, and might for Christ suffer. They were witnesses of Jesus, though they yet knew him not. They were not ripened for slaughter, yet they blessedly died to life. Blessed was their birth, because they found everlasting life at the entrance of this present life. They were snatched from their mothers' breasts, but they were instantly committed to the bosoms of angels. The wicked persecutor could not by any service so greatly favour those little ones, so greatly as he favoured them by the fierce hate of persecution. They are called blossoms of martyrs, because they were as blossoms springing up in the midst of the chill of infidelity, consumed, as it were, by the frost of persecution. Blessed are the wombs which bare them, and the breasts that such have sucked. Verily the mothers suffered through their children's martyrdom; the sword that pierced their children's limbs entered the hearts of the mothers, and it is needful that they be partakers of the eternal reward, when they were companions of the suffering. They were slain while little and witless, but they shall arise at the common doom in full growth, and with heavenly wisdom. We shall all come to one age at the common resurrection, although we now in various age depart from this world.

The gospel says, that Rachel wept for her children, and would not be comforted, because they are not. Jacob the patriarch's wife was called Rachel, and she betokened God's church, which weeps for her ghostly children; but it will not so be comforted, that they again return to temporal strife, who once by a triumphant death have overcome the world, and escaped from its miseries to be crowned with glory with Christ.

But the impious Herod did not enjoy his kingdom in long healthfulness, for without delay the divine vengeance came upon him, which afflicted him with manifold misery, and also manifested in what torments he must after death eternally suffer. An unspeakable disease seized him; his body burned without with a lasting heat, and all within he was inflamed and bursten. He had great craving for food, but yet with no viands could he satisfy his voracity, and fearfully rotted away, and dolefully fetched sighs, so that he could with difficulty breathe. Dropsy came on him, beneath the girdle, to that degree that his members swarmed with vermin, and stinking venom ever flowed from his swollen feet. Unbearable palsies spread over his whole body, and incredible inflation afflicted his entrails. Stinking vapour proceeded from his mouth, so that hardly any leech could approach him. Many of the leeches he slew; he said that they might heal him and would not. Constant sleeplessness afflicted him, so that he passed the whole night without sleep; and if he dozed a little, nightly phantoms immediately tormented him, so that he repented of his sleep. As he with violent longing desired his life, he commanded to be conveyed over the river Jordan, where there were hot baths, which were said to be salutary to diseased bodies. It then seemed good to his leeches that they should bathe him in lukewarm oil. But when he was led to this bathing, the body was all relaxed, so that his eyes turned to the likeness of dead men's, and he lay speechless, without sense. When he came to, he commanded to be borne to the city of Jericho.

When he was hopeless of life he called to him all the Jewish elders from every city, and ordered them to be confined in prison, and sent for his sister Salome and her husband Alexander, and said, "I know that this Jewish people will greatly rejoice at my death; but I may have an honourable funeral attendance of a mourning multitude, if ye will obey my commands. As soon as I depart, slay all the Jewish elders whom I have confined in prison, then will their relations be compelled to mourn, who will rejoice at my departure." He then appointed his soldiers to that slaughter, and commanded fifty shillings as reward to be given to each of them, that they might not withdraw their hands from the shedding of blood. When he was tormented with intense agony he wickedly commanded his own son Antipater to be killed, in addition to the two whom he had killed previously. At last, when he was sensible of his death's approach, he commanded them to reach him his knife to shred an apple, and violently stabbed himself, so that it quaked in him. Such was the death of Herod, who

wickedly machinated on the coming of the heavenly Prince, and impiously killed the innocent little ones, his equals in age.

Lo, then, God's angel, after the death of Herod, appeared to Joseph in a dream, in the land of Egypt, thus saying, "Arise, and take the child together with his mother, and go again to the land of Israel; for they are dead, who machinated against the child's life." He then arose, as the angel had commanded him, and conveyed the child with the mother to the land of Israel. Then Joseph learned that Archelaus reigned in Judea after Herod his father, and he durst not approach his presence. Then again he was admonished in a dream that he should go to Galilee, because the country there was not quite so near to the king, though it was in his kingdom. The child then dwelt in the city which is called Nazareth, that the prophecy might be fulfilled, which said, that he should be called a Nazarene. The angel said to Joseph, "They are dead who machinated against the child's life." With that word he manifested that more of the Jewish elders meditated the slaying of Christ; but it befell them very rightly, that they with their impious lord all perished.

We will not longer extend this narrative, lest it may seem tedious to you, but will pray for the intercession of these innocent martyrs for you. They are those who follow Christ in white garments, whithersoever he goeth; and they stand before his throne, without any impurity, having their palm-twigs in hand, and sing the new hymn in honour of the Almighty, who liveth and ruleth ever without end. Amen.

## JANUARY I. THE OCTAVES AND CIRCUMCISION OF OUR LORD.

The evangelist Luke concluded the gospel of this day with few words, but they are filled with a manifold power of the heavenly mysteries. He said, "Postquam consummati sunt dies octo ut circumcideretur puer, vocatum est nomen ejus Jesus, quod vocatum est ab angelo, priusquam in utero conciperetur." That is in our tongue, "After that the eight days were accomplished from the Lord's birth, that he should be circumcised, his name was called Jesus, that is **Saviour**, by which name he was called by the angel before he was conceived in the womb."

The patriarch Abraham was the first man circumcised by God's command. Abraham spake with God, and God held converse most with him after Noah's flood, and said, "I am the Lord Almighty; walk before me and be perfect. And I will set my covenant betwixt me and thee, and I will exceedingly multiply thee, and thou shalt be the father of many nations. Kings shall spring from thee, and I will set my covenant betwixt me and thee, and thy offspring after thee, that I am the God of thee and of thy offspring." Abraham prostrated himself with all his limbs to the earth, and God said to him, "Hold thou my covenant, and thy offspring after thee in their tribes. This is my covenant, which ye shall hold betwixt me and you; that every male child in your tribe shall be circumcised: be that a sign betwixt me and you. Let every male child, when it is eight nights old, be circumcised, both the noble-born and the slave; and he who neglecteth this, his soul shall perish, because he hath disregarded my covenant. Now be thou henceforth called not Abram, but Abraham, because I will establish thee as the father of many nations. Nor be thy wife called Sarai, but be called Sarah; and I will bless her, and of her I will give thee a son whom thou shalt call Isaac; and I will set my covenant with him and his offspring for everlasting duration. And after this speech the Almighty went up." On the same day Abraham was circumcised, and all his household, and afterwards his son Isaac, on the eighth day from his birth.

Abraham's name was at first spoken with five letters, 'Abram,' that is **High father**; but God increased his name with two letters, and called him Abraham, that is **Father of many nations**: for God said that he had appointed him for father of many nations. His wife was called Sarai, which is interpreted, **My chief**; but God called her afterwards Sarah, that is **Chief**; that she might not be exclusively called her family's chief, but absolutely chief; which is to be understood, mother of all believing women. An hundred years old was Abraham, and his consort ninety, before they had a child between them. When a child came to them, it came so much

with God's providence and blessing, that God promised blessing to all mankind through his kin. Then Abraham's kin ever held God's covenant; and the leader Moses, and all the tribe of Israel, circumcised their children on the eighth day, and gave them names, until Christ was born in human nature, who established baptism, and changed the token of the old law to spiritual righteousness.

It is probable that some of you know not what circumcision is. God commanded Abraham, that he and his offspring should hold his covenant; that there might be some sign on their bodies to show that they believed in God, and commanded him to take a sharp-edged flint, and cut off a part of the foreskin. And that token was then as great among believing men as is now the holy baptism, excepting only that no man could go to God's kingdom, before He came who should confirm the old law, and afterwards, by his presence, turn it to a spiritual sense: but every holy man abode in Abraham's dwelling, without torments, although in hell, until the Redeemer came, who overcame the old devil, and led his chosen to the kingdom of heaven.

The same Saviour, who now awfully and salutarily cries in his gospel, "Unless anyone be born again of water and the Holy Ghost, he cannot go to the kingdom of heaven," the same cried of old, through the old law, "Whatever male child shall not be circumcised in the foreskin of his flesh, his soul shall perish, because he hath disregarded my covenant." This sign stood among God's people until Christ himself came, and he himself was subject to the holy law that he had established, that he might release those who had necessarily been subjected to the old law. He said that he came not to overthrow, but to fulfil the old law. Then on the eighth day from his birth he was bodily circumcised, as he himself had before taught, and thereby manifested that the old law was holy and good in its time for those who were obedient to it. It was usual that the parents should give a name to the child on the eighth day, with circumcision, but they durst not give any other name to Christ than what the archangel had fixed on for him, before he was conceived in his mother's womb, that is, JESUS, and in our tongue, SAVIOUR, because he shall save his people from their sins.

It is not now allowed to christian men to observe circumcision bodily, but, nevertheless, no man is truly a christian, unless he observe circumcision in spiritual conduct. What does the amputation of the foreskin betoken but decrease of lust? This discourse might easily be concealed from the laymen, were it not for its spiritual signification. To unlearned men it seems foolish to hear; but if it seems foolish to him, let him chide God, who established it, not us, who say it. But let everyone know for certain, unless he diminish his fleshly lusts and wantonness, that he holds not his christianity with right observance. Of this matter ye have often heard, but to us your displeasure is more tolerable than the anger of Almighty God, if we announce not his commandments. If ye will live according to human reason, then are ye spiritually circumcised; but if ye will be subjected to your libidinousness, then will ye be as the prophet said, "Man, when he was in dignity understood it not; he is, therefore, compared with the foolish beasts, and is become like unto them."

Therefore has God given reason to men that they might acknowledge their Creator, and by observance of his commandments, merit eternal life. Verily the wicked man is more miserable than any beast, because the beast has no soul, nor will ever be quickened again, nor suffer future punishments. But we, who are created after God's likeness, and have an unperishable soul, we shall arise from death, and render to God an account of all our thoughts, and words, and works. Therefore we should not merely be circumcised in one member, but should constantly diminish foul libidinousness, and turn our eyes from evil seeing, and ears from evil hearing; our mouth from leasing speeches, hand from wicked deeds; our footsteps from the deadly path, our hearts from guile. If we are thus circumcised from sins, then will a new name be given us, as the prophet Isaiah said, "God will call his servants by other names." Again, the same prophet said, "Thou shall be called by a new name, which the mouth of God hath named." That new name is 'Christianus,' that is, **Christian**. We are all from Christ called christians, but we should adorn that honourable name with exalted morals, that we be not false christians. If we

observe this spiritual circumcision in our morals, then are we of Abraham's kin, in true faith; as the apostle of the gentiles, Paul, said to the faithful, "If ye are Christ's, then are ye of Abraham's seed, and heirs according to the promise." Peter the apostle also exhorted faithful women to humility and modesty, thus saying, "As Sarah obeyed Abraham and called him lord, whose daughters ye are, well doing and not fearing any affliction."

The eighth day, on which the child was circumcised, betokened the eighth age of this world, in which we shall arise from death, parted from every earthly corruption and pollution of our body. The stone knife, which circumcised the child, betokened the stone of which the apostle said, "The stone verily was Christ." He said **was**, meaning a type, not in substance. Through belief, and hope, and true love of Christ, are pious hearts cleansed, by daily circumcision, from their sins, and through his grace enlightened.

We have often heard that men call this day the day of the year, as if this day were first in the circuit of the year; but we find no explanation in christian books, why this day is accounted the beginning of the year. The old Romans, in heathen days, begun the circuit of the year on this day; and the Hebrew nations on the vernal equinox; the Greeks on the summer solstice; and the Egyptians begun their year at harvest. Now our calendar begins, according to the Roman institution, on this day, not for any religious reason, but from old custom. Some of our service-books begin on the Lord's Advent; but not on that account is that the beginning of the year, nor is it with any reason placed on this day; though our calendars, in this place, repeat it. Most rightly it has been thought that the beginning of the year should be observed on the day that the Almighty Creator placed the sun, and the moon, and the stars, and the beginning of all the seasons; that is on the day that the Hebrew people begin the calculation of their year; as the leader Moses has written in the books of laws. Verily God said to Moses concerning that month, "This month is the beginning of months, and it is first of the months of the year." Now the Hebrew people held the first day of the year on the vernal equinox, because on that day the yearly seasons were set.

The eighteenth day of the month that we call March, which ye call Hlyda, was the first day of this world. On that day God made light, and morning, and evening. Then three days went forth without any measure of times; for the heavenly bodies were not created before the fourth day. On the fourth day the Almighty fixed all the heavenly bodies, and the yearly seasons, and commanded that they should be for a sign, for days, and for years. Now the Hebrews begin their year on the day when all the seasons were appointed, that is on the fourth day of the world's creation, and the doctor Beda reckons, with great discretion, that that day is the twenty-first of March, the day which we celebrate in honour of the holy man Benedict, for his great excellencies. Aye, the earth also makes known by her plants, which then return to life, that the time at which they were created is the most correct beginning of the year.

Now foolish men practise manifold divinations on this day, with great error, after heathen custom, against their christianity, as if they could prolong their life or their health, while they provoke the Almighty Creator. Many are also possessed with such great error, that they regulate their journeying by the moon, and their acts according to days, and will not undertake anything on Monday, because of the beginning of the week; though Monday is not the first day in the week, but is the second. Sunday is the first in creation, in order, and in dignity. Some foolish men also say, that there are some kinds of animals which one should not bless; and say that they decline by blessing, and by cursing thrive, and so enjoy God's grace to their injury, without blessing, with the devil's malediction. Every blessing is of God, and curse of the devil. God created all creatures, and the devil can create no creatures, for he is an inciter to evil, and worker of falsehood, author of sins, and deceiver of souls.

The creatures that are thought monstrous have been created for punishment of evil deeds. Holy men often dwelt in the waste among fierce wolves and lions, among all the beast kind and the worm kind, and nothing might harm them; but they tore the horned serpents with their naked hands, and the great snakes they easily slew, without any hurt, through God's might.

Woe to the man who uses God's creatures, without his blessing, with diabolical charms, when the apostle of the gentiles, Paul, has said, "Whatsoever ye do in word or in work, do always in the name of the Lord, thanking the Almighty Father through his Son." That man's christianity is naught, who passes his life in diabolical charms; he is in appearance a christian man, and is a miserable heathen; as the same apostle said of such, "I believe that I laboured in vain when I inclined you to God, now ye observe days and months with vain auguries."

Every bodily creature in the creation which the earth produces, is, however, according to nature, fuller and stronger in full moon than in decrease. Thus trees also, if they are felled in full moon, are harder and more lasting for building, and especially if they are made sapless. This is no charm, but is a natural thing from their creation. The sea too agrees wonderfully with the course of the moon; they are always companions in their increase and waning. And as the moon rises daily four points later, so also the sea flows always four points later.

Let us set our hope and our happiness in the providence of the Almighty Creator, who hath placed all creatures in three things; that is in measure, and in number, and in weight. Be to him glory and praise ever to eternity. Amen.

## JANUARY VI. THE EPIPHANY OF THE LORD.

Most beloved men, a few days ago we read over this gospel before you, which belongs to the service of this day, for the interpretation of the evangelical narrative; but we did not touch on the exposition further than belonged to the dignity of that day: we will now again run over the same evangelical narrative, and expound it with regard to the present festival.

Matthew the Evangelist said, "Cum natus esset Jesus in Bethlehem Judeæ, in diebus Herodis regis, ecce Magi ab oriente venerunt Hierosolimam, dicentes, Ubi est qui natus est Rex Judæorum?" et reliqua. "When Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judæa, in the days of Herod the king, behold there came from the east part of the world three astrologers to the city of Jerusalem, thus inquiring, Where is the King of the Jews, who is born?" etc.

This day is called the Epiphany of the Lord, that is the day of God's manifestation. On this day Christ was manifested to the three kings, who, with threefold offerings, sought him from the eastern part of the world. Again, after a course of years, he was, at his baptism, manifested to the world, when the Holy Ghost, in likeness of a dove, rested upon him, and the voice of the Father sounded loudly from heaven, thus saying, "This is my beloved Son who well pleaseth me; obey him." On this day also he turned water to noble wine, and thereby manifested that he is the true Creator who could change his creatures. For these three reasons this festival is called the MANIFESTATION OF GOD. On the first day of his birth he was manifested to three shepherds in the Jewish country, through the announcement of the angel. On the same day he was made known to the three astrologers in the East, through the bright star: for on this day they came with their offerings. It was fitting that the discreet angel should make him known to those discreet Jews, who knew God's law, and that he should be manifested to the heathens, who knew not the divine purpose, not through a voice, but by a sign.

The Jewish shepherds betokened the spiritual shepherds, that is the apostles, whom Christ chose from the Jewish people, as shepherds for us and teachers. The astrologers, who were continuing in heathenism, betokened all heathen people who should be turned to God through the teaching of the apostles, who were of the Jewish nation. For the psalmist wrote concerning Christ, that he is the corner-stone which joins the two walls together, because he united his chosen of the Jewish people and the faithful of the heathen, as two walls, to one church; concerning which Paul the apostle said, "Jesus at his advent announced peace to us who were far off, and peace to those who were at hand. He is our peace, who hath made both one, abolishing all our former enmities in himself." The Jews who believed in Christ were nearer to him locally, and also through knowledge of the old law: we were very remote, both locally and through ignorance; but he gathered us

with one faith to the high corner-stone, that is to the unity of his church.

The eastern astrologers saw a new bright star, not in heaven among other stars, but it was solitary between heaven and earth. Then understood they that the wondrous star indicated the birth of the true King in the country over which it glided; and they therefore came to the kingdom of Juda, and greatly terrified the impious king Herod by their announcement; for earthly wickedness was without doubt confounded, when the heavenly greatness was disclosed.

It is manifest that the astrologers knew Christ to be a true man, when they inquired, "Where is he who is born?" They knew him to be a true king, when they said, "King of Juda." They worshipped him as true God, when they said, "We come that we may adore him." Easily might God have directed them by the star to the city in which the child was, as he had manifested his birth by the rising of that star; but he would that the Jewish scribes should read the prophecy concerning him, and so manifest his birth-place, that they might be saved if, with the astrologers, they would worship Christ: but if they would not, that they might by that manifestation be condemned. The astrologers went and worshipped, and the Jewish scribes remained behind, who had through book-knowledge pointed out the birth-place.

All creatures acknowledged their Creator's advent, save only the impious Jews. The heavens acknowledged their Creator, when they at his nativity displayed a new star. The sea acknowledged him, when Christ in his might with dry footsteps passed over its waves. The sun acknowledged him, when at his passion he hid his beams from mid-day till the ninth hour. The stones acknowledged him, when at his death they burst in pieces. The earth acknowledged him, when it all trembled at his resurrection. Hell acknowledged him, when it unwillingly released its captives. And yet the hard-hearted Jews would not for all those signs acknowledge the true Creator, whom the dumb creation knew, and by tokens manifested. They were not, however, all equally unbelieving, but of their race there were both prophets and apostles, and many thousands of believing men.

When the astrologers went to the king the star became invisible to them; and afterwards, when they went to the child, they again saw the star, which then led them to the house in which he was staying. It did not glide before them all the way, but after they came to the Jewish country it was their guide until it stopt above Christ's inn.

Herod betokens the devil; and he who inclines from God to the devil loses God's grace, that is the enlightening of his understanding, as the astrologers lost the star when they went to the cruel king. But if he afterwards resolutely forsake the devil, then will he again have found the grace of the Holy Ghost, which enlightens his heart and leads to Christ.

We are also to know, that there were some heretics who said, that every man is born according to the position of the stars, and that by their course his destiny befalls him, and advanced in support of their error, that a new star sprang up when the Lord was corporally born, and said that that star was his destiny. Let this error depart from believing hearts, that there is any destiny excepting the Almighty Creator, who provides for every man life by his merits. Man is not created for the stars, but the stars are created as a light by night for men. When the star glided, and led the astrologers, and pointed out to them the Child's inn, it showed that it was Christ's creature, and rightly ministered to its Creator: but it was not his destiny. Again we beseech that no believing man defile his faith with this error. Verily Rebekah, Isaac's wife, brought forth twins, Jacob and Esau, at one time, so that Jacob held his elder brother Esau by the foot at his birth; yet were they not alike in character, nor in the actions of their life. Holy writ indeed says that God loved Jacob, and hated Esau; not by destiny, but for various acts. It happens very often that the queen and the slave bring forth at one time, and yet the prince, through his birth, grows up for the lofty throne, and the son of the slave continues all his life in servitude.

Now foolish men often say that they must live according to destiny, as if God compels them to evil deeds! But we will overthrow the idle leasing of these foolish men with the deepness of the di-

vine writings. The Almighty Creator created angels by his divine power, and in his great righteousness gave them their own choice, that they might continue in eternal happiness through obedience, and might also lose that happiness, not through destiny, but for disobedience. His great righteousness would not compel them to either, but gave them their own choice; for that is righteousness, that to every one be allowed his own choice. For his righteousness would be rendered vain, if he forcibly subjected them to his service, or if he impelled them to evil. Then some angels abused their own choice, and through pride transformed themselves to accursed devils.

Again, when the glorious Creator made mankind, he gave to Adam and Eve their own choice, whether they, through obedience, would for ever, without death, continue in happiness, with all their offspring, or whether, through disobedience, they would become mortal. But when they transgressed God's command, and obeyed the instruction of the accursed devil, then they became mortal, and guilty through their own choice, they and all their offspring; and although mercy should never after be shown to mankind, more than to the devils, nevertheless, the righteousness would be infinite. But the great mercy of our Lord hath redeemed us through his humanity, if we with all our heart will obey his commandments. Verily those who now, through their own choice, and the devil's instigation, forsake God, God will abandon them also to eternal perdition.

The Almighty Father well knew, before he created his creatures, what was to come to pass. He knew with certainty the number both of chosen angels and of chosen men, and also of the haughty spirits and impious men, who through their impiety perish. But he predestined no one to evil, for he himself is all goodness; nor destined he any one to perdition, for he is true life. He predestined the elect for eternal life, because he knew that they would be such, through his grace and their own obedience. He would not predestine the wicked to his kingdom, because he knew that they would be such, through their own transgression and perversity. Hold this fast in your hearts, that the Almighty and the Righteous God compels no man to sin, but he knows, nevertheless, beforehand who will sin through their own will. Why then shall he not justly avenge that evil which he abominates? He loves every good and righteousness, for he is by nature good and righteous; and he hates all those who work unrighteousness, and fordoes those who speak leasing. Verily those who believe in God are directed by the Holy Ghost. The turning to God is not of ourselves, but by God's grace, as the apostle says, "Through God's grace we are held in faith."

Those who believe not through their own choice perish, not through destiny, for destiny is nothing but a false imagination; for nothing takes place by destiny, but all things are ordered by the doom of God, who said through his prophet, "I try the hearts of men, and their loins, and give to everyone according to his course, and according to his own invention." Let no man ascribe his evil deeds to God, but ascribe them first to the devil, who deceived mankind, and to Adam's transgression; but above all to himself, that evil pleases him and good pleases him not.

It often, however, happens that the offspring are condemned through the wicked deeds of their forefathers, if they imitate them in evil. But if the offspring are righteous, then will they live in their righteousness, and will not in the least bear their parents' sins. Let no man be so impious that he curse Adam or Eve, who now reign with God in heaven, but let him rather merit God's mercy, so that he turn his own choice to the obedience and commandments of his Creator; for no man will be saved, but through the grace of Jesus Christ: that grace he prepared and preordained to last for ever, before the foundation of the world.

My brothers, ye have now heard concerning the false imagination, which vain men call destiny: let us now resume the exposition of the gospel, where we previously left it. The astrologers went into the child's inn, and found him with his mother. They then, with outstretched bodies, worshipped Christ, and opened their coffers, and offered to him threefold gifts, gold, and frankincense, and myrrh. Gold befits a king; frankincense belongs to God's service; with myrrh the corpses of the dead are prepared that they may not soon rot. These three astrologers worshipped

Christ, and offered to him significant gifts. The gold betokened that he is a true King. The frankincense that he is true God. The myrrh that he was then mortal; but he now continues immortal to eternity.

There were some heretics who believed that he was God, but they in no wise believed that he anywhere reigned: they offered frankincense to Christ spiritually, and would not offer him gold. Again, there were other heretics who believed that he was a true King, but they denied that he was God: these, without doubt, offered gold to him, and would not offer frankincense. Some heretics acknowledged that he was true God and true King, and denied that he assumed mortal flesh: these brought him gold and frankincense, and would not bring the myrrh of the assumed mortality.

My brothers, let us offer to our Lord gold in acknowledgment that he is a true King, and rules everywhere. Let us offer to him frankincense, because we believe that he ever was God, who at that time appeared man. Let us bring him myrrh, because we believe that he was mortal in our flesh, who is impossible in his divine nature. He was mortal in human nature before his passion, but he is henceforth immortal, as we all shall be after the universal resurrection.

We have said concerning these threefold gifts, how they apply to Christ: we wish also to say how they, in a moral sense, apply to us. By gold is wisdom betokened, as Solomon said, "A desirable gold-treasure lieth in the wise man's mouth." With frankincense is manifested holy prayer, concerning which the psalmist sang, "Lord, be my prayer sent forth like burning frankincense in thy sight." By myrrh is typified the mortality of our flesh, concerning which the holy congregation says, "My hands dropt myrrh." To the born King we bring gold, if we are shining in his sight with the brightness of heavenly wisdom. Frankincense we bring him, if we, by diligence of holy prayers, kindle our thoughts on the altar of our heart, so that we may, through heavenly desire, give forth a sweetish savour. Myrrh we offer him, if through continence we quell the lusts of the flesh. Myrrh, as we have before said, acts so that dead flesh does not easily rot. Verily the dead flesh rots flagitiously, when the mortal body is subservient to overflowing lust, as the prophet said by one, "The beasts rotted in their dung." Then the beasts rot in their dung, when fleshly men end their days in the stench of their lust. But if we offer myrrh to God spiritually, then will our mortal body be preserved through continence from the stench of lust.

The astrologers pointed out to us something great by returning another way to their country. For our country is Paradise, to which we cannot return by the way we came. The first-created man and all his offspring were driven from the joy of Paradise, through disobedience, and for eating the forbidden food, and through pride, when he would be better than the Almighty Creator had created him. But it is greatly needful to us that we should, by another way, avoid the treacherous devil, that we may happily come to our country, for which we were created.

We should, by obedience, and continence, and humility, unanimately proceed to our home, and with holy virtues require the country, which we lost through sins. Rightly was the treacherous Herod deceived by the astrologers, and came not to Christ; because he sought him with a guileful purpose. He betokened the false hypocrites, who in outward show seek God, and never find him. He is to be sought with a true heart, and steadfast mind, who liveth and ruleth with the Father and the Holy Ghost, for ever and ever. Amen.

## THE THIRD SUNDAY AFTER THE LORD'S EPIPHANY.

*Cum descendisset Jesus de monte secutæ sunt eum turbæ multæ: et reliquæ.*

Matthew, the blessed Evangelist, wrote in this evangelical lecture, that "Jesus came down from a mountain, and a great multitude followed him. Behold, there came a leprous man, and fell down before Jesus, thus saying, Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst cleanse me. Jesus stretched forth his hand, and touched him, and said, I will; and be thou cleansed. Then immediately was his leprosy all cleansed, and he was healed. Then said Jesus to him, Take

care that thou say it to no man; but go to God's temple, and show thyself to the priest, and offer thy gift, as Moses commanded for a witness to them."

The doctor Haymo says in exposition of this, that the mountain from which Jesus descended betokened the kingdom of heaven, from which the Almighty Son of God came down, when he assumed our nature, and became incarnate as a human being, in order that he might redeem mankind from the power of the devil. He was invisible and impassible in his nature; then he became visible in our nature, and passible. The great multitude which followed him betokened those faithful christians, who follow the Lord with the steps of their moral virtues. Verily we follow Christ's foot-traces, if, with good works, we imitate his examples. "Behold, there came a leprous man, and fell down before Jesus, thus saying, Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst cleanse me. Jesus stretched forth his hand, and touched him, and said, I will; and be thou cleansed. Then immediately was his leprosy all cleansed, and he was healed."

In this deed is manifested God's might, and his humility. The law of Moses forbade to touch any leper, but the humble Christ would not despise him, though he was loathsome; and also manifested that he was lord of the old law, and not its slave. In his might he could have healed him with his word, without touching; but he manifested that his touch is very salutary to believers. The leper was a believer, when he cried, "Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst cleanse me." Jesus answered, "I will; and be thou cleansed." Verily God's behest is act, as the psalmist said, "He said it, and creatures were made. He commanded, and they were created."

In a spiritual sense this leper betokened all mankind, which was foully leprous with divers sins in the inward man; but it inclined to the belief of Christ, and wisely conceived that it could not receive a cleansing of the soul, save through the Lord, who wrought no sin, nor was any guile found in his mouth. Loathsome is the body of the leper with many ulcers and tumours, and with divers scabs; but the inward man, that is the soul, is much more loathsome, if it be seized with divers sins. We should rightly believe in Christ, that he may heal our soul from the ulcers of sins; and we should steadfastly implore his will to that fulfilment. His hand betokens his might and his incarnation. As Christ by the touch of his hands healed the leper, so also he redeemed us from the sins of our souls by the assumption of our flesh; as the prophet Isaiah said, "Verily he took away our diseases, and our pains he himself bare."

When he forbade the healed leper not to make it known to any man, he thereby gave us an example that we should not publish our good deeds, but we should shun, with inward heart, vain pride, if we do some little good. Verily we shall be requited with no other reward, if we do good for pride, than with hell-torment; because pride is a deadly sin.

The old law commanded that every leper should go to the priest, and that the priest should separate him from men, if he really were leprous. If he were not manifestly leprous, he should then, by his judgement, be accounted clean. If the priest accounted him leprous, and God's might afterwards healed him, that he should then, with a gift, thank God for his cleansing. So also should he, who is leprous within with deadly sins, go to God's priest, and open his secret to the ghostly leech, and, by his counsel and aid, heal by penance the wounds of his soul. Some men imagine that it will suffice for a complete cure, if, with compunction of heart, they confess their sins to God alone, and that they need not confess to any priest, if they cease from evil: but if their opinion were true, the Lord would not have sent him, whom he himself had healed, with any gift to the priest. For the same example he also sent Paul, whom he himself had spoken to from heaven, to the priest Ananias, thus saying, "Go into the city, and there shall be told thee what it befitteth thee to do."

The priest made not the man leprous or unleprous, but he judged that he should be separated from the society of men, if his leprosy were growing worse, or should continue among men, if his leprosy were growing better. So should the ghostly priest do: he should cure God's people, and separate, and excommunicate from christian men him who is so leprous with sinful practices that he infects others with his wickedness; concerning which the apostle Paul said, "Remove the evil man from you, lest one un-

sound sheep infect all the flock." If his leprosy be amending, that is, if he cease from evil, and, through dread of God, correct his ways, let him have a dwelling among christian men, until he be full sound in his conditions.

The evangelist said, that "After this the Lord went to a city which is called Capernaum; then a certain centurion approached him, praying and saying, Lord, my servant lieth at home bedridden, and is grievously tormented. The Lord answered him, I will come and heal him. Then the centurion answered, and said, Lord, I am not worthy that thou shouldst enter under my roof; but say thy word, and my servant shall be healed. I am a man placed under authority, having soldiers under me; and I say to this, Go thou, and he goeth; to another, Come thou, and he cometh; to my servant, Do this, and he doeth. Then Jesus, when he heard this, wondered, and said to the multitude following, Verily I say unto you, I have not found so great faith in the people of Israel. I say to you in sooth, that many shall come from the east and the west, and shall rest with the patriarch Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, in the kingdom of heaven. The rich children shall be cast into utter darkness, there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth. Then again said Jesus to the centurion, Go home, and bid thee as thou hast believed. And the servant was healed from that hour."

The centurion approached Jesus not by halves, but fully. He approached with great faith, and with true humility, and wisdom, and true love. Great faith he had, when he said, "Lord, say thy word, and my servant shall be healed." But he manifested great humility, when he said, "Lord, I am not worthy that thou shouldst enter under my roof." He had great wisdom, when he understood that Christ is everywhere present, through his divine nature, who went bodily visible among men. He was not void of true love, when he besought the Lord for the health of his servant. Many other men besought the Lord, some for their own health, some for their children's, some for their dear friends'; but this officer prayed with true love for the health of his servant, for that makes no distinction with regard to family relationship. The Lord saw the manifold goodness of this officer, and said, "I will come and heal thy servant."

John the Evangelist wrote that "An under-king came to Christ, and besought him that he would go home with him and heal his son; for he lay at the point of death. Then said Jesus to the under-king, Return home, thy son liveth. He believed the speech of Jesus, and went home. Then came his servants towards him, and informed him that his son was well. He then inquired at what hour he recovered. They said, Yesterday, after mid-day, the fever left him. Then the father knew that it was the hour at which Jesus said to him, Go home, thy son liveth. The king then believed in God, and all his family."

The Lord would not, invited, go bodily to the king's sick son, but absent healed him by his word; and he was ready, uninvited, to go bodily with the centurion. Everyone well knows that a king has greater power than any centurion, but the Almighty Son of God manifested by that deed, that we should not honour the rich for their riches, but for human nature; nor should we despise the indigent for their indigence; but that we should honour God's image in them. The humble Son of God was ready to visit the servant by his presence, and he healed the prince with his behest; on which the prophet said, "The Lord supreme beholdeth the humble, and knoweth the proud from afar."

The Lord wondered at the centurion's faith, not because he knew it not before, who knows all things, but he to whom he was wonderful manifested to men his faith with praise. Whence came the officer's faith but of Christ's gift, who afterwards praised him in these words? "Verily I say unto you, I have not found so great faith in the people of Israel." This was not said of the patriarchs or prophets, but of the present people, who were not yet of so great faith.

Mary and Martha were two sisters of great faith in God: they said to Christ, "Lord, if thou hadst been present, our brother would not have died." This officer said to Christ, "Say thy word, and my servant shall be whole. I am a man placed under authority, having soldiers under me; and I say to this, Go thou, and he goeth; to another, Come thou, and he cometh; to my servant, Do this, and he doeth. How much more canst thou, who art Almighty God,

through thy behest, execute whatsoever thou wilt!" The Lord said, "I say to you in sooth, that many shall come from the east and the west, and shall rest with the patriarch Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, in the kingdom of heaven." These words are pleasant to hear, and they greatly gladden our minds, that many shall come from the east part of the world, and from the west part, to the kingdom of heaven, and rule with the patriarchs in everlasting joy.

By the two parts, the east and the west, are betokened the four corners of the whole world, from which God's chosen shall be gathered from every people to the dwelling of the patriarchs and of all the saints. By the east part may be betokened those who in youth incline to God; because in the east part is the day's beginning. By the west part are betokened those who in age turn to God's service; because in the west part the day ends.

The following sentence is very awful, "The rich children shall be cast into utter darkness, there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth." The rich children are the Jewish, over whom God ruled, by the old law; but they rejected Christ, and despised his doctrine; and he casts them into utter darkness, where there is weeping and gnashing of teeth. Many rich men, however, thrive to God, if they are righteous and merciful. The patriarch Abraham was a rich man, and David the great king, and Zaccheus, who gave half his riches to the poor, and with the half part compensated fourfold for what he had before wrongfully gained. These rich and their like come by good conversion to the everlasting kingdom, which will never fail them.

They are called children of God who love him more than this world; and those are called rich children who plant the root of their hearts in this present life more than in Christ: such shall be cast into darkness. The gospel says, "Into utter darkness." Utter darkness is the blindness of the body without. Inward darkness is the darkness of the mind within. He who in this present life is blinded within, so that he has no understanding, nor heed of God's commandments, he will then be blinded without, and deprived of every light; because he had before spent his life without remembrance of God. The miserable guilty ones shall suffer torment in everlasting fire, and yet that swart fire shall give them no light. Worms shall tear their bodies with fiery teeth, as Christ said in his gospel, "There their worm shall never die, nor their fire be quenched." There shall be associated in one torment, those who in life were united in evil deeds, so that murderers shall eternally be tortured together; and adulterers with adulterers, the rapacious with the rapacious, robbers with robbers, perjurers with perjurers, in the broad flame, without any ending, shall perish. There shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth; for their eyes shall be tormented in the great burning, and their teeth shall afterwards quake in the intense cold. If any one doubt of the universal resurrection, let him understand this divine saying, That there shall be a true resurrection, where there shall be weeping eyes and gnashing teeth.

The Lord said to the centurion, "Go home, and betide thee as thou hast believed; and his servant was healed from that hour." By this is to be understood how greatly a christian man's own faith profiteth him, when that of another man profiteth him so greatly. Verily, for the centurion's faith was the bedridden healed. Faith is of all virtues first; without it no man may be pleasing to God; and the righteous lives by his faith. Let us believe in the Holy Trinity, and in true Unity, that the Almighty Father, and his Son, that is his wisdom, and the Holy Ghost who is the love and will of them both, that they are three in person and in name, and one God, in one Godhead ever continuing, without beginning and end. Amen.

## FEBRUARY II. ON THE PURIFICATION OF ST. MARY.

*Postquam impleti sunt dies purificationis Mariæ, etc.*

God commanded in the old law, and bade the leader Moses write it among other commandments, that every woman who had borne a child should wait forty days after the birth, so that she should come neither into God's temple, nor into a bed with her husband, before that space of time which we have said: that is forty days, if it were a male child; but if it were a maiden child, then she should abstain from entering God's house for eighty days, and

also from her husband; and after that space go with a gift to God's house, and bear forth the child with the gift, and afterwards, with God's blessing, approach her consort. This was established regarding women.

Now was, nevertheless, the holy maiden MARY, Christ's mother, mindful of God's commands, and she went on this day to God's house with a gift, and brought the child that she had given birth to, Jesus Christ, to be presented to God's temple.

There was there, in the city of Jerusalem, a man of God, and his name was Simeon; he was very righteous, and had great fear of God, and he awaited the comfort which was promised to the people of Israel, that is the advent of Christ. The Holy Ghost was dwelling in Simeon, and he knew full well that the Son of Almighty God would come to men, and assume human nature. Then was this man very desirous of the advent of Jesus, and prayed daily to God in his prayers, that he might see Christ ere he tasted of death. Then, because he had so great desire of Christ's advent, there came to him an answer from the Holy Ghost, that he should not taste of death ere he had seen Christ. And he was then glad at the promise, and came to God's temple, through admonition of the Holy Ghost. And the holy Mary came then to the temple with the child, and the old man Simeon went towards the child, and saw Jesus, and well knew that he was the Son of God, the Redeemer of all the world. He took him in his arms with great feeling, and bare him into the temple, and fervently thanked God that he was allowed to see him. He then said, "My Lord, thou lettest me now go in peace from this life, according to thy word; for mine eyes have seen thy Healing One, which thou hast prepared before the face of all people; a light for the revelation of the gentiles, and a glory to thy people Israel."

It is written in the book of Christ, and elsewhere in other books, that many prophets and righteous men were desirous of seeing the advent of Christ, but it was not granted to them: but it was granted to this old man; for of him it is written, that he said daily in his prayers, "Ah! when will the Saviour come? When will he be born? When may I see him? May I live until I see him?" And then, for this desire, an answer came to him, that he should not see death before he had seen Christ.

Mary, Christ's mother, bare the child, and the old Simeon went towards her, and knew the child through revelation, and took it in his arms and bare it into the temple. He bare the child, and the child bare him. How did the child bear him? The old Simeon bare in his arms him who preserves and rules over all things. Little he there appeared, yet was he, nevertheless, very great and infinite. Little he appeared, because he would fetch the little and bring them up to his kingdom. Who are the little ones that he would raise up to his kingdom? They are the humble. Christ sought not the proud, those who are great in their own imagination, but those who are little and humble in their hearts, these shall come to God's kingdom; but thither may no pride ascend. The devil was there, who became proud, but his pride cast him into the depth of hell; therefore our weakness may not ascend thither, if it be proud, when the angel might not be there when he became proud.

God, in the old law, commanded his people, that they should offer to him every firstborn male child, or redeem it with five shillings. Of their cattle also, to bring whatever was firstborn to God's house, and there offer it to God. But if it were an unclean beast, then should the master slay it, or give to God another clean beast. We need not now hold these commands bodily, but spiritually. When in our mind something good is brought forth and we turn it to action, then should we account that as God's grace, and consign it to God. Our evil thoughts or actions we should redeem with five shillings; that is, we should repent of our wickedness with our five senses, which are, sight, and hearing, and taste, and smell, and touch. So also as the unclean beasts betoken our unclean thoughts and actions, these we should always kill or exchange for pure; that is, we should always destroy our impurity and our wickedness, and forsake evil, and do good.

The blessed Mary then offered her gift to God with the child, as it was appointed in God's law. It was so appointed in the old law, by God's behest, that those who could accomplish it, should bring a yearling lamb with their child, as a gift to God, and a pigeon or a turtle-dove. But if any woman were so needy that she could not

get those things, then she should bring two young pigeons, or two turtle-doves.

These smaller gifts, that is, the birds, which were the gifts of indigent persons, were offered for Christ. The Almighty Son of God was very mindful of our needs in all things; not only would he for us become man when he was God, but he would also be poor for us when he was rich, that he might give us part in his kingdom and community in his Godhead. A lamb betokens innocence and the greater goodness; but if we are so poor that we cannot offer to God the greater goodness, then should we bring him two turtle-doves or two young pigeons; that is, a twofold affection of awe and love. In two ways is a man affected: first, he dreads hell-torment, and bewails his sins; afterwards he again feels love to God; then he begins to murmur, and it seems to him too long when he shall be taken from the afflictions of this life, and brought to everlasting rest.

Little was a lamb, or two turtle-doves to bring to God; but he regards not a man's gift so much as he regards his heart. God hath no need of our gifts; all things are his, heaven, and earth, and sea, and all the things which dwell in them: but he gave to men earthly things for use, and commanded them with those earthly things to acknowledge him who first gave them, not for His need, but for need of mankind. If thou acknowledgest thy Lord with thy possessions, according to thy ability, it forwards thyself to eternal life; if thou forgettest him, it harms thyself and not God, and thou lovest the everlasting meed. God desires the goodness of thy mind, and not of thy possessions. If thou doest aught for the praise of God with devout mind, then thou manifestest the goodness of thy mind by that deed; but if thou wilt do no good for the honour of God, then thou, by that offence, manifestest thy wickedness, and that wickedness shall fordo thee with God.

In the old law it is in several places mentioned, that God frequently commanded birds to be offered to him in sacrifice, for the betokening which they betoken. Now it is not allowed to any man to hold the old law bodily, but let everyone hold it spiritually. Pigeons are very innocent and gentle birds, and they love unity, and fly flockwise. Let the christian man also do so; let him be innocent, and gentle, and love unity and fellowship among christian men; then offers he to God spiritually the young pigeons. The turtle-doves betoken purity: they are so created, that if one of them lose the other, the living one never seeks to itself another mate. But if the christian man does so for love of God, then offers he the turtle-doves in the best manner. These two birds sing not like other birds, but they murmur; for they betoken the groaning of holy men in this life, as Christ said to his apostles, "Ye will be sad in this life, but your sadness will be turned to everlasting bliss." And again he said, "Blessed are they who bewail their sins, for they shall be comforted."

The old man Simeon, of whom we erewhile spoke, desired not that he might hear Christ speak, for he knew him to be the Son of God, though he, in his state of humanity, was yet without speech. He could have spoken, had he been willing; and he was as wise when he was one day old as he was when he was thirty years; and he would abide the time of his growth in human nature, as is natural in mankind. Simeon then said, "Lord, thou wilt let me now depart in peace from this life, for mine eyes have seen thy Healing One." The Healing One of whom he spake is our Saviour Christ, who came to heal our wounds, that is, our sins. Simeon then said, "Whom thou hast prepared before the sight of all people." All men saw him not bodily, but he is announced to all men, let him believe who will. He who believes in him, sees him now with his faith, and in the eternal life with his eyes. Simeon yet said, "He is a light for the enlightening of the gentiles, and a glory to thy people Israel." All these words concerning the child, Simeon spake to the heavenly Father, who sent him to men. He is the true light who scattered the darkness of this life, as he himself said in his gospel, "I am the light of all the world; he who followeth me shall not come into darkness, but he shall have the light of life." As light scatters darkness, so also love and faith of Christ scatter all vices and sins from our heart; and he is the glory and bliss of all believing people.

Then the holy maiden Mary, and Joseph, the child's foster-father, wondered at the words which the old Simeon uttered concerning the child. And Simeon then gave him his blessing, and

prophesied yet more concerning the child, and said, "This child is set for the fall of many men, and for the rising of many, and for a sign, and which shall be spoken against." So as those men who believe in Christ will be saved by his coming, so also those who will not believe in Christ will be doubly condemned. Simply they are guilty through Adam's sin, and doubly they will be condemned, when they deny Christ's coming, and will not believe in the true Saviour. Christ came for the fall of unbelieving men, and for the rising of the faithful; and also to every believing man was Christ's coming both a fall and a rising. But how? He came because he would cast down every evil, and rear up every good. Now he casts down vices in us, and rears up virtues. He casts down pride, and rears up humility. He casts down libidinousness, and rears up chastity. And all wickedness he casts down in his chosen men, and rears up all goodness. Good cannot be built up unless evil be previously cast down. "Christ came for a sign, and which shall be spoken against." His birth is a wonderful sign, because he was born of a maiden, as no other is; and against that unbelieving men spake, and would not believe. And, likewise, his resurrection from death, and his ascension to heaven, and all the wonders which he wrought—all these were signs, and the unbelieving spake against them, and the faithful believed.

Then said the old Simeon to the blessed Mary, "His sword shall pierce through thy soul." The sword betokened Christ's passion. The blessed Mary was not slain nor martyred bodily, but spiritually. When she saw her child taken, and iron nails driven through his hands and through his feet, and his side afterwards wounded with a spear, then was his suffering her suffering; and she was then more than a martyr, for her mind's suffering was greater than her body's would have been, had she been martyred. The old Simeon said not that Christ's sword should pierce through Mary's body, but her soul. Christ's sword is here set, as we said, for his passion. Though Mary believed that Christ would arise from death, her child's suffering went, nevertheless, very deeply into her heart.

When Simeon had prophesied this prophecy concerning Christ, then came there a widow, who was called Anna. "She had lived with her husband seven years; and had afterwards been a widow eighty-four years, and served God with fastings, and prayers, and with chastity; and was in all that time dwelling within God's temple; and came then to the child, and prophesied concerning him, and confessed to God." Rightly was so holy a woman worthy to prophesy concerning Christ, since she had so long served God in chastity. Behold, ye women, and understand how it is written concerning her. Seven years she had lived with her husband, and was afterwards continuing in widowhood eighty-four years; so living as the apostle taught. He, the apostle Paul, said, "The widow who liveth in luxuries, she liveth not, but she is dead." This Anna, of whom we speak, loved not luxuries, but loved fasts. She loved not idle discourses, but occupied herself in prayers. She went not wandering through the land, but remained patiently within God's temple. If it happen to a woman to lose her husband, let her take example by this widow.

There are three states which bare witness of Christ: that is maidenhood, and widowhood, and lawful matrimony. A maiden is the mother of Christ, and in maidenhood John the Baptist continued, who testified of Christ, and many others besides him. This Anna, of whom we before spake, was a widow. Zacharias, the father of John, was a married man; both he and his wife prophesied concerning Christ. These three states are agreeable to God, if men righteously live in them. Maidenhood is both in men and in women. Those have right maidenhood who from childhood continue in chastity, and despise in themselves all lust, both of body and mind, through God's succour. Then shall they have from God a hundredfold meed in the everlasting life. Widows are those who, after the death of their consorts, live in chastity for love of God: they shall have a sixtyfold meed from God for their tribulation. Those who rightly hold their marriage vow, and at permitted times, and for procreation of children, have carnal intercourse, shall have a thirtyfold meed for their discretion. He who will satiate his libidinousness as often as he lists, shall be compared with the beasts and not with men. Concerning this the apostle Paul taught, "Let those who have wives be as though they had none." For they shall atone for all their evil lusts voluntarily in this life, or



involuntarily after this life; and they shall come afterwards to the everlasting life with more difficulty. Those men who are without a lawful consort, and run from one to other, shall have no part and no blessing with Christ, unless they desist and make atonement. Let us now resume the gospel where we previously left it.

The blessed Mary, and Joseph, the child's foster-father, returned to the city of Nazareth with the child; "and the child grew, and was strengthened, and filled with wisdom, and God's grace was dwelling within him." He grew and was strengthened in human nature, but he required no growth and no strengthening in his divine nature. He ate, and drank, and slept, and grew in years, and was, nevertheless, all his life without sins. He would not have seemed a man, if he had not lived the life of a man. He was filled with wisdom, because he is himself wisdom, and in him dwelleth all fullness of the divine nature: God's grace dwelt bodily within him. A great grace was that of his human nature, that he was the Son of God and God himself, as soon as he began to be man. He was ever God begotten of the Father, and dwelling with the Father and with the Holy Ghost: these three one God indivisible; three in persons, and one God in one Godhead, and in one nature ever continuing. The Son only assumed human nature, and had a beginning, who was ever. He was a child, and grew in human nature, and voluntarily suffered death, and arose from death with the body in which he before had suffered, and ascended to heaven, and continueth now for ever in divine nature and in human nature, one Christ, both God and man, immortal, who before his passion was mortal. He suffered, but henceforth he will never suffer again, but will ever be without end, as eternal in his human nature as he is in his divine nature.

Be it known also to everyone that it is appointed in the ecclesiastical observances, that we on this day bear our lights to church, and let them there be blessed: and that we should go afterwards with the light among God's houses, and sing the hymn that is thereto appointed. Though some men cannot sing, they can, nevertheless, bear the light in their hands; for on this day was Christ, the true Light, borne to the temple, who redeemed us from darkness and bringeth us to the Eternal Light, who liveth and ruleth ever without end. Amen.

## SHROVE SUNDAY.

*Adsumpsit Jesus XII. discipulos suos: et reliqua.*

It is here read in this gospel, which we now have heard from the deacon's mouth, that "Jesus took his twelve disciples apart, and said to them, Behold, we shall go to the city of Jerusalem, and then shall be fulfilled all the things that have been written of me by the prophets. I shall be betrayed to the Gentiles, and they shall mock and scourge me, and afterwards slay me, and I shall arise from death on the third day. But his disciples knew not the meaning of these words. Then it came to pass that they came near to a city which is called Jericho, and there sat a certain blind man by the way; and when he heard the passing of the people with Jesus, he asked who was passing there. They said to him that Jesus was passing. Then he began to cry, and said, Jesus, Son of David, have pity on me. The men, who were going before Jesus, chided the blind man, that he might be silent. He cried then much louder, Jesus, Son of David, have pity on me. Jesus then stood, and bade them lead the blind man to him. When he came near Jesus asked him, What wilt thou that I shall do unto thee? He said, Lord, that I may see. And Jesus said to him, Look now: thy faith hath healed thee. And he immediately saw, and followed Jesus, and glorified him. Then all the people who saw that miracle glorified God with great fervour."

The beginning of this gospel touched our Saviour's passion, though he did not suffer at this time; but he would from afar and long before make known his passion to his disciples, that they might not be too much terrified by his passion, when the time came that he would suffer. Their mind was terrified by Christ's saying, but he again cheered them by the words which he spake, "I will arise from death on the third day." He would then strengthen and confirm their faith with miracles. And they came then to the place where the blind man sat by the way, and Christ healed him before the sight of all the multitude, to the end that, with that mir-

acle, he might bring them to belief. But the miracles which Christ wrought manifested one thing by power, and another thing they betokened by mystery. He wrought those miracles indeed through divine power, and with those miracles confirmed the people's faith; but yet there was another hidden thing in those miracles, in a spiritual sense. The one blind man betokened all mankind, who were blinded through Adam's sin, and thrust from the joy of Paradise, and brought to this life, which is compared to a prison. Now we are shut out from the heavenly light, and we may not, in this life, enjoy the light eternal; nor know we of it more than so much as, through Christ's teaching, we read in books. This world, though it may sometimes seem gay, yet is no more like the world eternal, than is some prison to the light day. All mankind, as we before said, was blinded with lack of faith and error; but through Christ's advent we were drawn from our errors, and enlightened by faith. We have now the light in our mind, that is Christ's faith; and we have a hope of the joy of everlasting life, though we yet bodily dwell in our prison.

The blind man sat at the city which is called Jericho. Jericho is interpreted and called **moon**. The moon both waxes and wanes: for a half month it is waxing, for a half it is waning. Now the moon betokeneth our mortal life and the decay of our mortality. At the one end men are born, at the other they depart. When Christ came to the city of Jericho, which betokeneth the moon, the blind man received sight. That is, when Christ came to our mortality, and assumed our human nature, mankind was enlightened, and received sight. He sat by the way; and Christ said in his gospel, "I am the way, and truth, and life." The man who knows nothing of the eternal light is blind; but if he believes in Jesus, then sits he by the way. If he will not pray for the light eternal, then sits he blind by the way, without prayer. He who rightly believes in Christ, and fervently prays for his soul's enlightening, he sits by the way praying. Whosoever is sensible of his mind's blindness, let him cry with inward heart, as the blind man cried, "Jesus, Son of David, have pity on me."

The multitude that went before Jesus chided the blind man, and bade him be still. The multitude betokens our evil desires and vices, which call to us and occupy our hearts, so that we cannot pray so fervently as we ought. It happens frequently when a man is desirous to withdraw from evil and atone for his sins, and with his whole mind turn to God, that his old misdeeds, which he had previously committed, will then come and afflict his mind, and will still his voice, that he may not cry to God. But what did the blind man, when the people would still him? He called so much the louder, until Jesus heard his voice and healed him. So should we do also, if the devil trouble us with manifold thoughts and temptations: we should call louder and louder to Jesus, that he drive the evil temptations from our hearts, and that he enlighten our mind with his grace. But if we continue praying, then may we with our cry incline Jesus to stand, who was before passing on, and to hear our cry, and enlighten our hearts with good and pure thoughts. Evil thoughts cannot harm us, if they are not pleasing to us; but the more the devil terrifies us with evil thoughts, so much the better shall we be, and dearer to God, if we despise the devil and all his temptations through God's assistance.

What is Jesus's standing, or what is his passing? He passed through his human nature, and he stood through the divine nature. He passed through human nature, so that he was born, and passed from place to place, and suffered death, and from death arose, and ascended to heaven. This is his passing. He stands through his divine nature; because he is, by his power, everywhere present, and needs not go from place to place; because he is in every place through his divine nature. When he was passing he heard the blind man's cry; and when he stood he gave him sight; because through his human nature he bewails the blindness of our minds, and through his divine nature he gives us light, and enlightens our blindness. He said to the blind man, "What wilt thou that I do to thee?" Thinkest thou that he knew not what the blind man desired, he who could heal him? But he would that the blind man should pray; for he exhorts everyone very urgently to prayers: for though he says, in another place, "Your heavenly Father knoweth what ye require, before ye pray to him for anything," yet the good God desires that we should fervently pray to

him; because by prayers is our heart stimulated and turned to God.

Then said the blind man, "Sir, do that I may see." The blind man prayed neither for gold, nor silver, nor any worldly things, but prayed for his sight. For naught he accounted it to pray for anything but sight; because, though the blind may have something, he cannot without light see that which he has. Let us then imitate this man who was healed by Christ, both in body and in soul: let us pray, not for deceitful riches, nor transitory honours; but let us pray to our Lord for light: not for that light which will be ended, which will be driven away by the night, that which is common to us and to the brutes; but let us pray for that light which we can see with angels only, which shall never be ended. To that light verily our faith shall bring us, as Christ said to the blind man, "Look now: thy faith hath healed thee."

Now some unbelieving man will ask, How may I desire the spiritual light which I cannot see? Now to that man I say, that the things which he understands and may comprehend, he understands those things not through his body, but through his soul; yet no man sees his soul in this life. It is invisible, but, nevertheless, it guides the visible body. The body, which is visible, has life from the soul, which is invisible. If that which is invisible depart, then will the visible fall down; because it before stood not of itself. The life of the body is the soul, and the life of the soul is God. If the soul depart, the mouth cannot cry, though it gape; nor the eye see, though it be open; nor will any limb do anything, if the body be soulless. So also the soul, if God, for its sins, forsake it, it will do nothing good. No man may do anything good without God's support. The sinful soul will not be wholly turned to naught, though it be rendered dead to good; but it will be dead to every excellence and happiness, and will be preserved to eternal death, where it will be ever continuing in torments, and yet will never perish.

How canst thou now doubt of the eternal light, though it be invisible, when thou hast life from an invisible soul, and thou doubtest not that thou hast a soul, though thou canst not see it? The blind man, when he could see, followed Jesus. That man sees and follows God, who can understand God, and does good works. That man sees and will not follow God, who understands God, and will not do good works. But let us understand God, and do good works: let us behold whither Christ goes, and follow him; that is, that we should meditate on what he teaches, and what is pleasing to him, and that with works fulfil, as he himself said, "He who will serve me, let him follow me;" that is, let him imitate me, and shun every evil, and love every good, as I do. Christ gained for himself in this life neither land nor riches, as he of himself said, "The beasts have holes, and the birds have nests, where they rest, and I have not where I may lay down my head." He had as much as he recked of, and lived on the possessions of other men, he who owned all things.

We read in the book of Christ that the people resolved concerning him, that they would seize him, and set him up for king, that he might be their temporal head, as he was divinely. When Christ perceived the people's will he fled alone to a mountain, and his companions went to the sea, and Jesus was up on land. Then by night Jesus went on the water with dry feet, until he came to his disciples, where they were in a ship. He fled from worldly honour, when he was chosen king; but he fled not from reproach and scorn, when the Jews would hang him on a cross. He would not encircle his head with a golden crown, but with one of thorns, as it was done at his passion. He would not reign for a while in this life, who rules eternally in heaven. This world is not our country, but is our place of exile; therefore should we not set our hope in this deceitful life, but should hasten with good deserts to our country, for which we were created, that is, to the kingdom of heaven.

Verily it is written, "Whosoever will be a friend of this world, he shall be accounted a foe of God." Christ said in some place, that "The way is very narrow and steep which leads to the kingdom of heaven; and it is very wide and smooth which leads to hell-torment." The way which leads to the kingdom of heaven is narrow and steep, in order that we should with difficulty gain our country. If we desire to obtain it, we should love mercy, and chastity, and truth, and righteousness, and humility, and have true love to God and to men, and give alms according to our means, and be moderate in our food, and observe all other holy things. These

things we cannot do without difficulties; but if we do them, then may we with those labours, through God's support, ascend the steep way which leads us to eternal life. The way which leads to perdition is broad and smooth, because wicked lusts bring a man to perdition. It is very soft to him and no labour to satiate his libidinousness and drunkenness, and practise covetousness and pride, and rob the weak, and do whatsoever he lists: but those evil practices and others such lead him without labour to eternal torments, unless before his end he desist from evil and do good. Foolish is the wayfaring man who takes the smooth way that misleads him, and forsakes the steep which brings him to the city. So also shall we be truly inconsiderate, if we love brief voluptuousness and transitory pleasures so greatly that they bring us to eternal torments. But let us take the more difficult way, that we may here for some time labour, in order to be eternally without labour. Easily might Christ, had he been willing, have continued in this life without hardships, and gone to his everlasting kingdom without suffering, and without death; but he would not. Concerning which Peter the apostle said, "Christ suffered for us, and gave us an example, that we should follow his footsteps;" that is, that we should suffer something for love of Christ, and for our sins. Well suffers the man, and acceptably to God, who strives against wickedness, and promotes goodness, as he best may. He who will suffer nothing in this life, shall suffer against his will in the life to come.

Now is a pure and holy time drawing nigh, in which we should atone for our remissness: let, therefore, every christian man come to his confessor, and confess his secret sins, and amend by the teaching of his instructor; and let everyone stimulate another to good by good example, that all people may say of us, as was said of the blind man when his eyes were enlightened; that is, All people who saw that miracle praised God, who liveth and reigneth ever without end. Amen.

## THE FIRST SUNDAY IN LENT.

*Ductus est Jesus in desertum a Spiritu: et reliqua.*

I would expound to you this gospel which has just now been read before you, but I fear that ye cannot understand the great depth of this gospel as it is fitting. Now I pray you to be patient in your thoughts till, with God's assistance, we can read over the text.

"Jesus was led by the Holy Ghost to a waste, in order that he might be tempted by the devil: and he there fasted forty days and forty nights, so that he tasted neither food nor drink in all that time: but he then hungered. Then the tempter approached, and said to him, If thou art the Son of God, say to these stones that they be turned to loaves. Then Jesus answered, and said, It is written, Man liveth not by bread alone, but liveth by all the words that go from the mouth of God. Then the devil took him, and set him upon the summit of the lofty temple, and said, If thou art the Son of God, fall now down: it is written, that angels are commanded concerning thee, that they shall lift thee in their hands, that thou may not dash thy foot on a stone. Then said Jesus again to him, It is written, Tempt not thy Lord. Then the devil took him again, and set him upon a very high mountain, and showed him all the wealth and glory of the world, and said to him, All these things will I give thee, if thou wilt fall at my feet, and adore me. Then said Jesus to him, Go thou behind, Satan! It is written, Everyone shall adore his Lord alone, and him alone serve. Then the devil left him, and angels came to him, and ministered unto him."

The Holy Ghost led Jesus to the waste, that he might there be tempted. Now everyone will wonder how the devil durst approach Jesus to tempt him: but he durst not tempt Jesus, if it had not been allowed him. Jesus came to mankind because he would overcome all our temptations by his temptations, and overcome our eternal death with his temporary death. Now he was so humble that he permitted the devil to tempt him, and he permitted wicked men to slay him. The devil is the head of all unrighteous men, and evil men are his limbs: now God permitted the head to tempt him, and the limbs to crucify him.

To the devil it was a great doubt, What Christ were? His life was not ordered like the lives of other men. Christ ate not with avidity, nor did he drink with excess, nor did his eyes pass wan-

dering amid various pleasures. Then the devil meditated what he were; whether he were the Son of God, who had been promised to mankind. He said then in his thoughts, that he would prove what he were. When Christ was fasting forty days and forty nights together, in all that time the devil did not say to him that he should eat, because he saw that he hungered not. Afterwards, when Christ hungered after so long a time, then verily the devil weened that he was not God, and said to him, "Why hungerest thou? If thou art the Son of God, turn these stones to loaves, and eat."

Easily might God, who turned water to wine, and he who wrought all creatures from nothing, easily might he have turned the stones to loaves: but he would do nothing by the devil's direction; but said to him in answer, "Man liveth not by bread alone, but liveth by the words which go from the mouth of God." As man's body lives by bread, so shall his soul live by the words of God, that is, by God's doctrine, which, through wise men, he has set in books. If the body has not food, or cannot eat food, then it decays and dies: so likewise the soul, if it has not the holy doctrine, it will be perishable and powerless. By the holy doctrine it will be strong, and stimulated to God's will.

Then was the devil **once** overcome by Christ. "And he then took him and bare him up on the temple, and set him on the summit, and said to him, If thou art the Son of God, dart down; for it is commanded to angels concerning thee, that they shall raise thee on their hands, that thou may not dash thy foot against a stone." Here the devil began to expound the holy scriptures, and he lied in his exposition; because he is false, and there is no truth in him; but he is the father of all leasing. It was not written of Christ what he there said, but was written of holy men: they require the support of angels in this life, that the devil may not tempt them so much as he would. So benevolent is God to mankind, that he has set his angels over us as guardians, that they may not allow the fierce devils to fardo us. They may tempt us, but they cannot compel us to any evil, unless we ourselves do it of our own will, through the evil instigation of the devil. We shall not be perfect unless we be tempted: through temptation we shall thrive, if we ever resist the devil and all his precepts; and if we draw nigh to our Lord with faith, and love, and good works; if we anywhere slide down, arise forthwith, and earnestly mend what shall there be broken.

Christ said to the devil, "No one shall tempt his Lord." It would have been a very proud deed if Christ had cast himself down, though he easily might, without injury of his limbs, have cast himself down, who bowed the high arch of heaven; but he would do nothing in pride, because pride is a deadly sin; so he would not cast himself down, because he would shun pride; but said, "No one shall tempt his Lord." That man tempts his Lord, who, with foolish confidence and with pride, will do something in the name of God, or who will foolishly and without need pray to God for some miracle. Then was the devil, by Christ's patience, overcome **a second time**.

"Then he took him again, and bare him up on a mountain, and showed him all the riches of the world and its glory, and said to him, All these things will I give thee, if thou wilt fall at my feet, and adore me." Presumptuously spake the devil here, as he before spake, when he was in heaven, when he would share the heavenly kingdom with his Creator, and be equal to God; but his presumption then cast him down into hell; and now also his presumption humbled him, when he, through Christ's passion, let mankind out of his power. He said, "These things will I give thee." It seemed to him that he possessed all the world; because no man withstood him before Christ came who subdued him.

It is written in holy books, "Earth and all its fullness, and all the globe and those who dwell on it, all are God's possessions," and not the devil's. Nevertheless, Christ said in his gospel concerning the devil, that he was the prince of the world, and he should be driven out. He is the prince of those men who love this world, and set all their hope in this life, and despise their Creator. All creatures, sun, and moon, and all stars, land, and sea, and cattle, all serve their Creator; because they perform their course after God's direction. Wicked man alone, when he despises the commandments of God, and fulfils the devil's will, either through covetousness, or through leasing, or through anger, or through other sins, then is he the

devil's thrall, then is he acceptable to the devil, and despises him who created him.

"Christ then said to the devil, Go thou behind, Satan! It is written, Man shall adore his Lord, and serve him alone." *Quidam dicunt non dixisse Salvatorem, "Satane, vade retro," sed tantum "Vade": sed tamen in rectoribus et vetustioribus exemplaribus habetur, "Vade retro Satanas," sicut interpretatio ipsius nominis declarat; nam diabolus Deorsum ruens interpretatur. Apostolo igitur Petro dicitur a Christo, "Vade retro me," id est, Sequere me. Diabolo non dicitur, Vade retro me, sed "Vade retro," sicut jam diximus, et sic scripsit beatus Hieronymus, in una epistola. He said to the devil, "Go thou behind." The name of devil is interpreted, **Falling down**. He fell down, and he went behind from the beginning of his enterprize, when he was cut off from heavenly bliss; he went behind again through Christ's advent; he shall go behind on doomsday, when he shall be shut up in hell in eternal fire, he and all his associates; and they never afterwards may burst out.*

It is written in the old law that no man shall worship any idol, nor anything, save God alone; because no creature is worthy of that honour, save him alone who is the Creator of all things: him only should we worship; he alone is true Lord and true God. We pray for their intercessions to holy men, that they may mediate for us with their Lord and our Lord; still we do not worship them as we do God, nor would they permit it; as the angel said to John the apostle, when he would fall at his feet: he said, "Do thou it not, that thou bowest to me. I am God's servant, as thou and thy brethren: worship God alone."

"Then the devil left Christ, and angels came to him, and ministered to him." He was tempted as a man, and after the temptation holy angels came to him, and ministered to him as to their Creator. Unless the devil had seen that Christ was a man, he would not have tempted him; and unless he had been true God, the angels would not have ministered to him. Great was our Saviour's meekness and his patience in this deed. He might with one word have sunk the devil into the deep abyss; but he manifested not his might, but answered the devil with the holy scriptures, and gave us an example by his patience, that, as often as we suffer anything from perverse men, we should turn our mind to God's precepts rather than to any vengeance.

In three ways is temptation of the devil: that is in instigation, in pleasure, in consent. The devil instigates us to evil, but we should shun it, and take no pleasure in the instigation: but if our mind takes pleasure, then should we at least withstand, so that there be no consent to evil work. Instigation to evil is of the devil; but a man's mind is often bent to pleasure, sometimes also it lapses into consent; seeing that we are born of sinful flesh. Not in this wise was Jesus tempted; because he was born of a virgin without sin, and that there was nothing perverse in him. He might have been tempted by instigation, but no pleasure touched his mind. There was also no consent, because there was no pleasure; therefore was the devil's temptation all without, and nothing within. Uncertain came the devil to Christ, and uncertain he went away; seeing that Jesus manifested not his power to him, but overcame him patiently by the holy scriptures.

The old devil tempted our father Adam in three ways: that is with greediness, with vain-glory, and with covetousness; and then he was overcome, because he consented to the devil in all those three temptations. Through greediness he was overcome, when, by the devil's instruction, he ate the forbidden apple. Through vain-glory he was overcome, when he believed the devil's words, when he said, "Ye shall be as great as angels, if ye eat of that tree." And they then believed his leasing, and would in their vain-glory be better than they had been created: then became they worse. With covetousness he was overcome, when the devil said to him, "And ye shall have the power to distinguish good from evil." Covetousness is not alone in money, but is also in the desire of great dignity.

With the same three things with which the devil overcame the first-created man, Christ overcame and prostrated him. Through greediness the devil tempted Christ, when he said, "Say to these stones that they be turned to loaves, and eat." Through vain-glory he tempted him, when he would instigate him to dart down from

the temple's summit. Through covetousness he tempted him, when, with leasing, he promised him the wealth of all the world, if he would fall at his feet. But the devil was overcome by Christ by the same means with which he had of yore overcome Adam; so that he departed from our hearts made captive by the entrance at which he had entered and made us captives.

We have heard in this gospel that our Lord fasted forty days and forty nights together. When he had fasted so long he manifested the great power of his godhead, by which he might, in all this present life, without earthly food, have lived, if he had been willing. Afterwards, when he was hungry, he manifested that he was a true man, and therefore required food. Moses the leader fasted also forty days and forty nights, that he might receive God's law; but he fasted not through his own power, but through God's. The prophet Elijah also fasted as long through God's power, and was afterwards, without death, taken from this life.

Now this fast is appointed to be held by all Christian men in the course of every year; but we must also on each day eat our food with abstinence, of those meats which are permitted. Why is this fast computed for forty days? In every year there are reckoned three hundred and sixty-five days; now, if we tithe these yearly days, then will there be six and thirty tithing-days, and from this day to the holy Easter-day are two and forty days: take then the six Sundays from that number, then there will be six and thirty days of the year's tithing-days reckoned for our abstinence.

As God's law enjoins us that we should of all the things which accrue to us from our yearly tillage give the tithe to God, so should we likewise on these tithing-days tithe our body with abstinence to the praise of God. We should prepare ourselves in all things as God's servants, according to the apostle's teaching, with great patience, and with holy vigils, with fasts, and with chastity of mind and body; for it is less perilous for a Christian man to eat flesh, than at this holy tide to have intercourse with woman. Set aside all quarrels and every dispute, and hold this tide with peace and with true love; for no fast will be acceptable to God without peace. And do as God taught, break thy loaf, and give the second portion to an hungry man, and lead into thy house the poor, and miserable strangers, and comfort them with thy possessions. When thou seest one naked, clothe him, and despise not thy own flesh. The man who fasts without alms does as though he spares his food, and afterwards eats that which he had previously forgone in his abstinence; but God condemns such fasting. But if thou wilt fast to God's contentment, then help poor men with the portion which thou withdrawest from thyself, and also with more, if it be thy pleasure. Avoid idle discourse and foolish pleasures, and bewail your sins; for Christ said, "Woe to you who now laugh, ye shall mourn and weep." Again he said, "Blessed are they who now weep, for they shall be comforted."

We live diversely for twelve months: now we shall at this time repair our heedlessness, and live to God, we who at other times have lived for ourselves. And whatsoever good we do, let us do it without pride and vain praise. The man who does any good for pride, to his own praise, will have no reward with God, but will have his punishment. But let us do as God hath taught, that our good works may be so known to men that they may see our goodness, and glorify and praise our Heavenly Father, God Almighty, who requites an hundredfold whatsoever we do to poor men for love of him who liveth and reigneth ever without end to eternity. Amen.

## MIDLENT SUNDAY.

*Abiit Jesus trans mare Galilee: et reliqua.*

"Jesus went over the sea of Galilee, which is called of Tiberias, and a great multitude followed him, because they had seen the miracles which he had wrought on the diseased men. Then Jesus went up into a mountain, and there sat with his disciples, and the holy Easter-tide was then very nigh. Jesus then looked up, and saw that there was a great multitude coming, and said to one of his disciples, who was called Philip, With what can we buy bread for this people? This he said to prove the disciple: himself knew what he would do. Then Philip answered, Though two hundred pennyworth of bread were bought, yet could not every one of

them get a morsel. Then said one of his disciples, who was called Andrew, Peter's brother, Here beareth a lad five barley loaves, and two fishes, but what is that for so great a multitude? Then said Jesus, Make the people sit. And there was much grass on the place pleasant to sit on: and they then all sat, about five thousand men. Then Jesus took the five loaves, and blessed, and brake, and divided them among those sitting: in like manner also he divided the fishes; and they all had enough. When they all were full, Jesus said to his disciples, Gather the remainder, and let it not be lost. And they gathered the fragments, and filled twelve baskets with the remainder. The people, who saw this miracle, said that Christ was the true prophet who was to come to this world."

The sea which Jesus passed over betokeneth this present world, which Christ came to and passed over; that is he came to this world in human nature, and passed over this life; he came to death, and from death arose; and went up on a mountain, and there sat with his disciples, for he ascended to heaven, and there sits now with his saints. Rightly is the sea compared to this world, for it is sometimes serene and pleasant to navigate on, sometimes also very rough and terrible to be on. So is this world; sometimes it is desirable and pleasant to dwell in, sometimes also it is very rugged, and mingled with divers things, so that it is too often very unpleasant to inhabit. Sometimes we are hale, sometimes sick; now joyful, and again in great affliction; therefore is this life, as we before said, compared to the sea.

When Jesus was sitting on the mountain, he lifted up his eyes, and saw that there was a great multitude coming. All those who come to him, that is those who incline to the right faith, Jesus sees, and on them he has pity, and enlightens their understanding with his grace, that they may come to him without error, and to these he gives ghostly food, that they may not faint by the way. When he asked Philip, whence they could buy bread for the people, he showed Philip's ignorance. Well Christ knew what he would do, and he knew that Philip knew not. Then said Andrew, that a lad there bare five barley loaves and two fishes. Then said Jesus, "Make the people sit," and so on, as we have before repeated it to you. Jesus saw the hungry people, and he compassionately fed them, both by his goodness and by his might. What could his goodness alone have done, unless there had been might with that goodness? His disciples would also have fed the people, but they had not wherewithal. Jesus had the good will to nourish them, and the power to execute it.

God hath wrought many miracles and daily works; but those miracles are much weakened in the sight of men, because they are very usual. A greater miracle it is that God Almighty every day feeds all the world, and directs the good, than that miracle was, that he filled five thousand men with five loaves: but men wondered at this, not because it was a greater miracle, but because it was unusual. Who now gives fruit to our fields, and multiplies the harvest from a few grains of corn, but he who multiplied the five loaves? The might was there in Christ's hands, and the five loaves were, as it were, seed, not sown in the earth, but multiplied by him who created the earth.

This miracle is very great, and deep in its significations. Often some one sees fair characters written, then praises he the writer and the characters, but knows not what they mean. He who understands the art of writing praises their fairness, and reads the characters, and comprehends their meaning. In one way we look at a picture, and in another at characters. Nothing more is necessary for a picture than that you see and praise it: but it is not enough to look at characters without, at the same time, reading them, and understanding their signification. So also it is with regard to the miracle which God wrought with the five loaves: it is not enough that we wonder at the miracle, or praise God on account of it, without also understanding its spiritual sense.

The five loaves which the lad bare, betoken the five books which the leader Moses appointed in the old law. The lad who bare them, and tasted not of them, was the Jewish people, who read the five books, and knew therein no spiritual signification, before Christ came, and opened the books, and disclosed their spiritual sense to his disciples, and they afterwards to all christian people. We cannot now enumerate to you all the five books, but we will tell you that God himself dictated them, and that Moses

wrote them, for the guidance and instruction of the ancient people of Israel, and of us also in a spiritual sense. These books were written concerning Christ, but the spiritual sense was hidden from the people, until Christ came himself to men, and opened the secrets of the books, according to the spiritual sense.

Alii evangelistæ ferunt, quia panes et pisces Dominus discipulis distribuisset, discipuli autem ministraverunt turbis. He brake the five loaves and gave to his disciples, and bade them bear them to the people; for he taught them the heavenly lore: and they went throughout all the world, and preached, as Christ himself had taught. When he had broken the loaves then were they multiplied, and grew in his hands; for the five books were spiritually devised, and wise doctors expounded them, and founded on those books many other books; and we with the doctrine of those books are daily spiritually fed.

The loaves were of barley. Barley is very difficult to prepare, and, nevertheless, feeds a man when it is prepared. So was the old law very difficult and obscure to understand; but, nevertheless, when we come to the flour, that is to the signification, then it feeds and strengthens our mind with the hidden lore. There were five loaves, and there were five thousand men fed; because the Jewish people was subject to God's law, which stood written in five books. When Christ asked Philip, and proved him, as we before read, by that asking he betokened the people's ignorance, who were under that law, and knew not the spiritual sense which was concealed in that law.

The two fishes betokened the Psalms and the sayings of the prophets. The one of these announced and proclaimed Christ's advent with psalm-singing, and the other with prophecy, as if they were meat to the five barley loaves, that is, to the five legal books. The people, who were there fed, sat on the grass. The grass betokened fleshly desire, as the prophet said, "Every flesh is grass, and the glory of the flesh is as the blossom of plants." Now should everyone who will sit at God's refection, and partake of spiritual instruction, tread and press down the grass, that is, he should overpower his fleshly lusts, and ever dispose his body to the service of God.

There were counted at that refection five thousand males; because those men who belong to the spiritual refection should be manfully made, as the apostle said; he said, "Be watchful, and stand on faith, and undertake manfully, and be bold." Though if a woman be manly by nature, and strong to God's will, she will be counted among the men who sit at the table of God. Thousand is a perfect number, and no number extends beyond it. With that number is betokened the perfection of those men who nourish their souls with God's precepts.

"Jesus then bade the remainder to be gathered, that it might not be lost; and they filled twelve baskets with the fragments." The remainder of the refection, that is the depth of the doctrine, which secular men may not understand, that should our teachers gather, that it may not be lost, and preserve in their scrips, that is, in their hearts, and have ever ready to draw forth the wisdom and doctrine both of the old law and of the new. They gathered then twelve baskets full of the fragments. The twelvefold number betokened the twelve apostles; because they received the mysteries of the doctrine, which the lay folk could not understand.

"The people, who saw that miracle, said of Christ, that he was the true prophet who was to come." In one sense they said the truth: he was a prophet, for he knew all future things, and also prophesied many things which will, without doubt, be fulfilled. He is a prophet, and he is the prophecy of all prophets, for all the prophets have prophesied of him, and Christ has fulfilled the prophecies of them all. The people saw the miracle, and they greatly wondered at it. That miracle is recorded, and we have heard it. What their eyes did in them, that does our faith in us. They saw it, and we believe it, who saw it not; and we are therefore accounted the better, as Jesus, in another place, said of us, "Blessed are they who see me not, and, nevertheless, believe in me, and celebrate my miracles."

The people said of Christ, that he was a true prophet. Now we say of Christ, that he is Son of the Living God, who was to come to redeem the whole world from the power of the devil, and from hell-torment. The people knew not of those benefits,

that they might have said that he was God, but they said that he was a prophet. We say now, with full belief, that Christ is a true prophet, and Prophet of all prophets, and that he is truly Son of the Almighty God, as mighty as his Father, with whom he liveth and reigneth in unity of the Holy Ghost, ever without end to eternity. Amen.

## MARCH XXV. THE ANNUNCIATION OF ST. MARY.

*Missus est Gabriel Angelus: et reliqua.*

Our Almighty Creator, who created all creatures, without any matter through his wisdom, and through his will animated them, he created mankind that they might with obedience and humility merit those heavenly honours which the devil through pride had forfeited. Then was man deceived by the devil's wiles, so that he brake the command of his Creator, and was, with all his offspring, delivered to the devil into hell-torment. Then, nevertheless, the Almighty God was grieved for the miseries of all mankind, and he meditated how he might redeem his handiwork from the power of the devil; for he took pity on man, because he had been deceived by the wiles of the devil. But he had no pity for the devil's fall, because he had not been misled by any instigation, but had himself devised the presumption through which he fell; and he therefore, to all eternity, dwelleth in perdition, a bloodthirsty devil.

Then from the beginning of mankind the Almighty God made known, sometimes by signs, sometimes by prophecies, that he would redeem mankind through him with whom he had made all creatures, through his own Son. Now there were very many prophecies recorded in the holy writings, before the Son of God assumed human nature. Some were prophesied of the blessed Mary. One of these prophecies is of Isaiah, who wrote, among his prophecies, thus saying, "Behold, a virgin shall conceive, and bring forth a son, and his name shall be called Emanuel," that is interpreted in our tongue, **God is with us**. Also Ezechiel the prophet saw in his prophecy a closed gate in the house of God, and an angel said to him, "This gate shall be opened to no man, for the Lord only will go in by that gate, and again go out, and it shall be shut for ever." That closed gate in the house of God betokened the holy maidenhood of the blessed Mary. The Lord, of all lords Lord, that is Christ, entered her womb, and through her was brought forth in human nature, and that gate is shut for ever; that is, Mary was a virgin before the birth, and a virgin at the birth, and a virgin after the birth.

The prophecies of the birth of Christ and the virginity of the blessed Mary are recorded very frequently in the old law, and he who searches will there find them in great abundance. Also the apostle Paul said, "When the fullness of times came, then God sent his Son for the redemption of mankind." The glorious mission was on this day fulfilled, as the book of Christ shows us, thus saying, "The archangel of God, Gabriel, was sent from God to the Galilean city Nazareth, to the maiden who was called Mary, and she sprang from the race of David, the great king, and she was wedded to the righteous Joseph," etc.

The beginning of our redemption we heard in this daily lecture, through which we have cast off pernicious age, and are accounted among the children of God, through Christ's incarnation. A very fitting beginning of human redemption was that when the angel was sent from God to the virgin, to announce the birth of God through her; because the first cause of man's perdition was when the devil sent another devil, in likeness of a serpent, to the first-created woman Eve, for the purpose of deceiving her. Death and perdition befell us through a woman, and afterwards life and salvation came to us through a woman.

The archangel, who announced the birth of Christ, was called Gabriel, which is interpreted, **God's strength**, which he announced was to come, and which the psalmist praised in these words, "The Lord is strong and mighty in battle." In the battle, without doubt, in which Jesus overcame the devil, and took from him the world.

"Mary was wedded to the righteous Joseph." Why would God be born of a wedded virgin? For a great reason, and also of necessity. The Jewish people, at that time, held God's law: the old

law directed, that every woman who had a child out of lawful wedlock should be stoned. Now, therefore, if Mary had been unmarried, and had a child, the Jewish people, according to God's law, would have stoned her with stones. Therefore was she, by the providence of God, married to that righteous man, and everyone imagined that he was the child's father, but he was not. But when Joseph understood that Mary was with child, he was sad, and would not approach her, but thought that he would privily dismiss her. While Joseph was meditating this God's angel came to him, and commanded him, that he should have care both of the mother and of the child, and said, that the child was of no man begotten, but was of the Holy Ghost. Yet is the Holy Ghost not the father of Christ, but he is named to the accomplishment of Christ's humanity; for he is the Will and Love of the Father and of the Son. Now the humanity was effected through the Great Will, and is, nevertheless, the indivisible work of the Three. They are three in persons, Father, and Son, and Holy Ghost, and one God indivisible, in one Godhead. Joseph then, as the angel had commanded him, had care both of Mary and of the child, and was her witness that she was a virgin; and was Christ's foster-father, and with his support and comfort served him in everything in his human state.

The angel greeted Mary, and said, that she was filled with God's grace, and that God was with her, and she was blessed among women. Verily she was filled with God's grace, for it was permitted her to bear him who instituted all grace and all truth. God was with her, for he was shut in her womb who compasses the whole earth with one hand. And she was blessed among women, for she, without female example, with the beauty of maidenhood, was mother of the Almighty God.

The angel encouraged her with his words, and said to her, "Behold thou shalt conceive, and thou shalt bear a Son." Acknowledge now, through these words, a true man, born of a maiden body. His name was Jesus, that is **Saviour**, for he shall save all those who rightly believe in him. "He shall be great, and he shall be called the Son of the Highest." Believe now, through these words, that he is true God of true God, and co-eternal with his Father, of whom he was ever begotten without beginning. Christ held David's throne, not bodily but spiritually, for he is king of all kings, and ruleth over his chosen people, both over the people of Israel and over all other nations which abide in the right faith; and Christ will bring them all to his eternal kingdom. Israel is interpreted, **Seeing God**, and Jacob is interpreted, **Withering**. Now those men who see God in their mind, through faith, and those who wither up sins, they belong to God's kingdom, which shall never fail.

Then said Mary to the angel, "How may that be that I have a child, for I have known no man? I had resolved to end my life in maidenhood: how can it then be that I, without connexion with man, shall bring forth?" Then answered the angel to the virgin, "The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee, and the power of the Highest shall overshadow thee." Through the efficacy of the Holy Ghost, as we before said, Christ was born in human nature; and Mary his mother was overshadowed by the power of the Holy Ghost. How was she overshadowed? She was so overshadowed that she was purified from, and shielded against all sins, by the power of the Holy Ghost, and with heavenly grace filled and hallowed.

The angel said, "The holy thing that shall be born of thee shall be called the Son of God." Verily all men are, as the prophet said, conceived in iniquity and born in sins, but our Saviour alone was conceived without iniquity, and born without sins; and he was holy as soon as he became man, and perfect God, the Son of the Almighty God, in one person man and God. Then said Mary to the angel, "I am God's handmaid; let it betide me according to thy word." Great humility dwelt in her mind, when she thus cried. She said not, I am the mother of God, or, I am queen of the whole world, but said, "I am God's handmaid," as the holy writ admonishes us, thus saying, "When thou art great, humble thyself in all things, and thou shalt find grace and reward with God." She said to the angel, "Let it betide me according to thy word:" that is, Be it as thou sayst, that the Son of the Almighty God enter my womb, and receive human substance from me, and proceed from me, for the redemption of the world, as a bridegroom from his bride-bed.

Thus did our Saviour enter the womb of Mary on this day, which is called *Annunciatio Sanctæ Mariæ*, which is interpreted, *THE ANNUNCIATION-DAY OF MARY*; on which day the archangel Gabriel announced to the pure virgin the advent of God to men through her, and she believed the angel's announcement, and so with faith received God into her womb, and bare him until midwinter's mass-day, and then brought him forth in true human nature, who was ever dwelling in divine nature with his Father and the Holy Ghost, those three one God indivisible.

Now saith the evangelist, that Mary, after the annunciation of the angel, went to her cousin Elizabeth, who was the wife of Zacharias. They were both righteous, and held God's commandments blamelessly. They were both childless, till they were worn-out persons. But the same angel Gabriel came to Zacharias six months before he came to Mary, and announced that he should have a son by his aged wife, John the Baptist. But he believed not the annunciation of the angel. The angel then said to him, "Since thou wilt not believe my words, be thou dumb till the child shall be born." And he was dumb during all that time for his disbelief. "Now came the blessed Mary to his house, and greeted his wife Elizabeth, her cousin. When the woman heard the virgin's greeting, the child John rejoiced in his mother's womb, and the mother was filled with the Holy Ghost, and she cried to Mary with a loud voice, and said, Thou art blessed among women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb. How hath it befallen me, that the mother of my Lord should come to me? Lo, when the voice of thy greeting sounded in mine ears, my child rejoiced in my womb, and leaped towards his Lord, whom thou bearest in thy womb."

The child could not yet with words greet his Lord, but he greeted him with a rejoicing mind. She said, "Blessed art thou, Mary, for thou hast believed the words that were announced to thee from God, and it shall be accomplished so as it hath been declared to thee." Then forthwith Mary sang the hymn which we sing in God's church at every evensong, "Magnificat anima mea Dominum," and so forth to the end. That is "My soul magnifieth the Lord," etc. It will be tedious for us to expound all this hymn, but we will shortly run over its most obscure words. "God hath cast the mighty from their seat:" these are the proud, who lift themselves above their degree. "And he hath exalted the humble;" as Christ himself said in his gospel, "Everyone who exalteth himself shall be humbled; and he who humbleth himself shall be exalted."

"God filleth the hungry with his good things;" as he himself said, "Blessed are they who are hungry and desirous of righteousness, for they shall be filled with righteousness." "He hath sent the rich empty away." Those are the rich, who with pride love earthly riches more than heavenly. Many rich men thrive to God, those who do as it is written, "The rich man's wealth is his soul's redemption." His wealth is his soul's redemption, if he with those transitory treasures buy for himself eternal life, and heavenly wealth with God. If he neglect this, and place his hope in earthly wealth, then will God send him away void and empty, from everlasting good.

"God hath received his servant Israel." By that name are betokened all those who obey God with true humility, whom he receives into his company. "As he spake to our fathers, Abraham and his offspring for ever" God promised the patriarch Abraham, that in his race all mankind should be blessed. From the race of Abraham sprang the blessed Mary, and from Mary came Christ, according to his human nature, and through Christ shall all the faithful be blessed. We are not of Abraham's race after the flesh, but spiritually, as the apostle Paul said, "Verily if ye are christians, then are ye of Abraham's offspring, and heirs according to the promise." The last words of this hymn are "For ever;" because our promise, which God hath promised to us, continueth for ever and ever without end.

Let us now pray the blessed and happy Virgin Mary, that she intercede for us to her own Son and Creator, Jesus Christ, who governs all things with the Father and the Holy Ghost, ever to eternity. Amen.

## FOR PALM SUNDAY.

*Cum adpropinquasset Jesus Hierosolymis, et venisset Bethfage ad montem Oliveti: et reliqua.*

Christ's passion has just been read before us, but we will first say to you how he came to the city of Jerusalem, and approached his own death, and would not by flight avoid his passion.

"Jesus went to the city of Jerusalem, and when he approached the mount of Olives, he sent two of his disciples, thus saying, Go to the town which is before you, and ye shall straightways find an ass tied and its foal also: untie them, and lead them to me," etc.

It was known to the people that Christ a little before had raised Lazarus from death, who had lain stinking four nights in the grave: then those, who were believing, came to meet Christ with the honours which we have already mentioned. Some also who believed not came, with no honours, but with great wrath, as John the Evangelist said, That "the chief priests of the people consulted among themselves how they should slay Lazarus, whom Christ had raised from the dead; because many men of the people believed in Jesus, by reason of the dead man's rising." We will now proceed to the exposition of this text.

The two disciples whom Christ sent after the ass betokened the teachers whom God sends to instruct mankind. They were two, because of the character which a teacher should have. He should have learning, that he may with wisdom instruct God's people in true belief, and he should, by good works, give good example to the people, and so, with those two things, that is, with learning and good example, ever incline the lay folk to God's will.

The tied ass and its foal betoken two people, that is, the Jewish and the heathen: I say, heathen, because all mankind was yet continuing in heathenism, save only the Jews, who observed the old law at that time. They were tied; for all mankind was bound with sins, as the prophet said, "Every man is bound with the ropes of his sins." Then God sent his apostles and their successors to bound mankind, and bade untie, and lead them to him. How untied they the ass and the foal? They preached to the people right belief and God's commandments, and also by many miracles confirmed their preaching. The people then inclined from the service of the devil to the worship of Christ, and were freed from all sins, through holy baptism, and led to Christ.

An ass is a foolish beast, and unclean, and stupid, compared with other beasts, and strong for burthens. So were men, before Christ's advent, foolish and unclean, while they ministered to idols, and divers sins, and bowed to the images, which they themselves had wrought, and said to them, "Thou art my God." And whatsoever burthen the devil set on them they bare. But when Christ came to mankind, then turned he our foolishness to reason, and our uncleanness to pure morals. The tamed ass betokened the Jewish people, who were tamed under the old law. The wild foal betokened all other people, who were heathen and untamed; but they became tamed and believing when Christ sent his disciples over the whole earth, thus saying, "Go over all the earth, and teach all nations, and baptize them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost; and command that they hold all the precepts which I have taught you."

The master of the asses asked, why they untied his asses? In like manner the chief men of every people would perversely oppose the preaching of God. But when they saw that the preachers, through God's might, healed the halt and the blind, and gave speech to the dumb, and also raised the dead to life, then could they not withstand those miracles, but all at last inclined to God. Christ's disciples said, "The Lord hath need of the asses, and sends for them." They did not say Our Lord, nor Thy Lord, but simply, The Lord; for Christ is Lord of all lords, both of men and of all creatures. They said, "He sends for them." We are exhorted and invited to God's kingdom, but we are not forced. When we are invited, then are we untied; and when we are left to our own election, then is it as though we are sent for. It is God's mercy that we are untied; but if we live rightly, that will be both God's grace and our own zeal. We should constantly pray for the Lord's support; seeing that our own election has no success, unless it be promoted by the Almighty.

Christ did not command them to lead to him a proud steed adorned with golden trappings, but the mean ass he chose to bear him; for he ever taught humility, and in himself gave the example, and thus said, "Learn of me, who am meek and very humble, and ye shall find rest for your souls." This was prophesied of Christ, and all the things which he did before he was born as man.

Sion is a hill, and it is interpreted, **A place of contemplation**; and Jerusalem, **Sight of peace**. The daughter of Sion is the congregation of believing men, who belong to the heavenly Jerusalem, in which is ever a **sight of peace**, without any strife, to which Jesus will bring us, if we follow him.

Christ's disciples laid their garments upon the ass, because he would not ride on a naked ass. Garments betoken works of righteousness, as the prophet said, "Lord, thy priests are clothed with righteousness." The naked ass is saddled with garments, when the simple man is equipped to the hand of God with the exhortations and examples of wise instructors; and he then bears Christ, as the apostle said, "Ye are bought with great price; glorify therefore, and bear God on your bodies." We bear God on our bodies, because we are a temple and shrine of the Holy Ghost, if we guard ourselves against foul sins: of which the same apostle said very awfully, "He who defiles the temple of God, God will fordo him." He who is not a temple of God is a temple of the devil, and bears a very heavy burthen on his back.

We will say to you a parable. No man may make himself a king, for the people have the option to choose him for king who is agreeable to them: but after that he has been hallowed as king, he has power over the people, and they may not shake his yoke from their necks. In like manner every man has his own choice, before he sins, whether he will follow the devil's will, or withstand it. Then if he bind himself with the works of the devil, he cannot by his own power unbind himself, unless the Almighty God unbind him with the strong hand of his mercy. Of his own will and his own heedlessness he is bound, but through God's mercy he will be unbound, if he afterwards merit his liberation of God.

The people who cast their garments under the feet of the ass, are the martyrs, who for Christ's faith gave their own bodies to torments. Some were burnt in fire, some drowned in the sea, and slain with divers tortures; and gave us an example, that we should not, for any persecutions or hardships, forsake our faith, and incline from Christ, any more than they did. Many a man is accounted a christian in peace, who would very quickly deny Christ, if he were sentenced to that to which the martyrs were sentenced: but his christianity is not praiseworthy. But that man's christianity is praiseworthy, who will not, for any persecution, incline from Christ, neither for sword, nor for fire, nor for water, nor for hunger, nor for bonds; but ever holds his faith with the praises of God to his life's end.

Those who hewed branches of trees, and with them prepared Christ's way, are the teachers in God's church, who cull the sayings of the apostles and their successors, and with them direct God's people to the faith of Christ, that they may be prepared for his way.

The people who walked before Christ, and those who followed him, all sung "Osanna Filio David," that is, in our tongue, "Hail, Son of David." Those who walked before Christ, are the patriarchs and prophets, who were before Christ's incarnation; and those who went after him, are those who inclined to Christ after his birth, and daily incline to him: and all these sing one hymn; because we and they all hold one faith, as Peter the apostle said, when he spake of the patriarchs, "We believe that we shall be saved by Christ's grace, as well as they."

They said, "Son of David," because Christ is, according to his human nature, of the great race of David. Of that race was the blessed Mary his mother. They sung, "Blessed is he who is come in the name of God." Jesus came in the name of God, for the Heavenly Father sent him for our redemption; and in all the miracles which he wrought, he praised and glorified his Father's name. "Hail, Son of David, in the highest." The Saviour's advent and his passion were salutary both to men and angels; because we increase their host which the fallen devil had diminished; concerning which the apostle Paul said, "That all heavenly and earthly things should be re-established in Christ."

## EASTER SUNDAY.

Jesus was staying in the temple from this day till now on Thursday, and both with doctrine and with miracles stimulated the people to truth and to right faith. Then the chief men became envious of his doctrine, and machinated with great deliberation how they might bring him to death. Death could not have approached him, if he himself had not willed it, but he came to men because he would be obedient to his Father till death, and redeem mankind from eternal death by his temporary death. Yet did he not compel the Jewish people to slay him, but the devil instigated them to the work, and God consented to it, for the redemption of all believing mankind.

We have often said, and yet say, that the justice of Christ is so great, that he would not forcibly have taken mankind from the devil, unless he had forfeited them. He forfeited them when he instigated the people to the slaying of Christ, the Almighty God; and then through his innocent death we were redeemed from eternal death, if we do not destroy ourselves. Then it befell the cruel devil as it does the greedy fish, which sees the bait, and sees not the hook which sticks in the bait; then is greedy after the bait and swallows up the hook with the bait. So it was with the devil: he saw the humanity in Christ, and not the divinity; he then instigated the Jewish people to slay him, and then felt the hook of Christ's divinity, by which he was choked to death, and deprived of all mankind who believe in God.

Christ's passion did not take place on this day, but the four evangelists recorded his sufferings in four narratives: one we read now to-day, and the others in this week. The Jews took him on Friday evening, and held him that night, and on the morrow fixed him on a cross with four nails, and with a spear wounded him. And then about the ninth hour, when he departed, there came two believing men, Joseph and Nicodemus, and buried his corpse before evening in a new tomb, enwrapt in precious garments. And his corpse lay in the sepulchre the Saturday night and Sunday night; and the Divinity was during that while in hell, and bound the old devil, and took from him Adam, the first-created man, and his wife Eve, and all those of their race who had before given pleasure to God. Then was the devil sensible of the hook which he had before greedily swallowed. And Christ arose from death on the Easter-Sunday, which will now be in seven days, of which it is more fitting then to speak more fully than it is now: but let us now speak of the dignity of this day.

The custom exists in God's church, by its doctors established, that everywhere in God's congregation the priest should bless palm-twigs on this day, and distribute them so blessed to the people; and God's servants should then sing the hymn which the Jewish people sang before Christ, when he was approaching to his passion. We imitate the faithful of that people with this deed, for they bare palm-twigs with hymn before Jesus. Now we should hold our palm until the singer begins the offering-song, and then offer to God the palm for its betokening. Palm betokens victory. Victorious was Christ when he overcame the great devil and rescued us: and we should also be victorious through God's might, so that we overcome our evil practices, and all sins, and the devil, and adorn ourselves with good works, and at the end of our life deliver the palm to God, that is, our victory, and thank him fervently, that we, through his succour, have overcome the devil, so that he could not deceive us.

The death of sinful men is evil and miserable, because they pass from this short life to everlasting torments: and the death of righteous men is precious, for when they end this life of tribulation they will be brought to the life eternal, and then will their end be as a beginning; for they will not be dead, but will be turned from death to life. The body, which is the garment of the soul, will await the great doom, and though it be rotted to dust, God will raise it, and will bring together soul and body to eternal life; and then will Christ's promise be fulfilled, who thus said, "Then shall the righteous shine as the sun in their Father's kingdom," who liveth and ruleth ever without end to eternity. Amen.

Church customs forbid any sermon to be said on the three still days.

Ye have often heard concerning the Saviour's resurrection, how he on this day arose from death; but we will remind you, that it may not pass from your memory.

"When Christ was buried, the Jews said to their governor Pilate, O Sir, the deceiver, who hath here been slain, said oftentimes, while he was living, that he would arise from death on the third day," etc.

We say now, if any one had stolen his corpse, he would not have stript him, for theft loves no delay. Christ appeared on the same day to Peter and to two others his disciples, and comforted them. "Then at last Jesus came to his disciples, where they were assembled, and said to them, Peace be unto you; it is I, be ye not afraid. Then they were afraid, and weened it were a ghost. Then said he to them, Why are ye afraid, and think divers things of me? Behold my hands and my feet, that were pierced with nails. Grasp and behold: if I were a ghost, I should not have flesh and bones," etc.

Jesus then frequently appeared to his disciples, and directed them to doctrine and to faith, how they should teach all mankind; and on the fortieth day of his resurrection he ascended bodily to heaven to his Father. But we have now said much more of the tenour of the book of Christ than this present day's gospel requires for the confirmation of your faith. We will now give you the explanation of this day's gospel, according to the exposition of the holy pope Gregory.

My dearest brothers, ye have heard that the holy women, who followed the Lord in life, came with precious ointment to his sepulchre, and him whom they had loved in life they would when dead serve with human devotion. But this deed betokens something to be done in God's church. We who believe in the resurrection of Christ come assuredly to his sepulchre with precious ointment, if we are filled with the breath of holy virtues, and if we with the fame of good works seek our Lord. The women who brought the ointment saw angels; for they see the heavenly angels, who with the breath of good works yearn after the upward journey. The angel rolled the lid from the tomb; not that he would make way for Christ's departure, but he would manifest to men that he was risen. He who came mortal to this world, born of the closed womb of the virgin, he, without doubt, might, when he arose immortal, though in a closed tomb, depart from the world. The angel sat on the right side of the sepulchre. The right hand betokens the eternal life, and the left this present life. Rightly sat the angel on the right hand, for he manifested that Jesus had surmounted the corruptions of this present life, and was then dwelling immortal in eternity. The messenger was clad in a shining garment, because he announced the happiness of this festival-tide, and our glories. But we ask, ours or the angels? We say verily, both ours and theirs. The resurrection of Jesus is our festival-tide, for by his resurrection he led us to the immortality for which we were created. His resurrection was bliss to the angels, because God fills up their number when he brings us to heaven.

The angel cheered the women, thus saying, "Be ye not afraid:" as if he had said thus, Let those fear who love not the advent of angels; let those be terrified who are beset with fleshly lusts, and have no joy in the host of angels. Why fear ye, ye who see your companions? "His countenance was like lightning, and his raiment as white as snow." Verily in lightning is terror, and in snow the mildness of brightness. Rightly was the messenger of Christ's resurrection so figured; for when he himself shall come to the great doom, he will be very awful to the sinful, and very mild to the righteous. He said, "Ye seek Jesus: he is risen: he is not here." He was not then bodily in the sepulchre, who is everywhere through his divine power. There lay the garment behind in which he had been wrapt, for he recked not of an earthly garment, after he had arisen from death. Though a dead man be wrapt in a garment, that garment does not the sooner rise again with the man, but he will be clad with the heavenly garment after his resurrection.

It is well said of Jesus, that he would meet his companions in Galilee. Galilee is interpreted, **Passing over**. Jesus passed over from passion to resurrection, from death to life, from torment to glory. And if we pass from sins to holy virtues, then may we see



Jesus after our passage from this life. For there are two lives: the one we know, the other was unknown to us before Christ's advent. The one life is mortal, the other immortal. But Jesus came and assumed the one life, and made manifest the other. The one life he manifested by his death, and the other by his resurrection. If he to us mortal men had promised resurrection and life eternal, and yet had not been willing to manifest them in himself, who would have believed in his promises? But when he would become man, then he also voluntarily humbled himself to death, and he arose from death through his divine power, and manifested in himself that which he had promised to us.

Now will some man say in his thoughts, 'Easily might he arise from death, because he is God: death could not hold him captive.' Let the man who imagines this hear an answer to his imagination. Christ departed at that time alone, but he arose not from death alone, but arose with a great host. The evangelist Matthew wrote in the book of Christ, that many holy men, who had died in the old law, arose with Christ; and all wise doctors have said that they have effected their resurrection to eternal life, as we all shall do at the end of this world. Those doctors said, that the raised men would not truly have been witnesses of Christ's resurrection, if they had not been raised for ever. Now are extinguished all infidelities, so that no man may despair of his own resurrection, when the evangelist wrote that many arose with Christ, who were simple men, although Christ be God.

Now said the expounder Gregory, that it came to his mind, how the Jews cried out concerning Christ, when he was fastened on the cross. They said, "If he be the king of Israel, then let him now descend from the cross, and we will believe in him." If he had then descended from the cross, and would not have borne their mockery, he had certainly not given us any example of his patience: but he remained a while, and bare their mockery, and had patience. But he who would not break from the cross, arose from the sepulchre. A greater miracle it was, that he arose from death, than that he living should have broken from the cross. A greater miracle it was, that he brake death in pieces, through his resurrection, than that he should have preserved his life by descending from the cross. But when they saw that he descended not from the cross, for their mockery, but thereon awaited death, they believed that he was vanquished and his name extinguished: but it so fell out, that from death his name sprang forth over the whole earth. Then was their joy turned to the greatest pain; for their sorrow shall be endless.

The strong Samson betokened these things, who had enmity to the people called Philistines. Then it befell that he came to their city which was called Gaza: whereupon the Philistines were very joyful, and surrounded the city. But the strong Samson arose at midnight, and took the city gates, and bare them up on a hill, in derision of his foes. The strong Samson betokened Christ, the city of Gaza betokened hell, and the Philistines were a token of the Jewish people, who beset the sepulchre of Christ. But Samson would not go empty-handed from the city, but he bare the gates up to the hill; for our Saviour Christ brake the gates of hell, and delivered Adam, and Eve, and his chosen of their kin, and joyfully from death arose, and they with him, and ascended to heaven. The wicked he left behind to eternal torments. And now is the gate of hell shut to righteous men, and ever open to the unrighteous.

Unhappy was the Jewish people, that they were so unbelieving. All creatures acknowledged their Creator, save only the Jews. Heaven acknowledged the birth of Christ; for when he was born a new star was seen. The sea acknowledged Christ, when he went with dry feet on its waves. Earth acknowledged him, when it all trembled at Christ's resurrection. The sun acknowledged him, when it was darkened at Christ's passion from mid-day to the ninth hour. The stones acknowledged him, when they burst asunder at their Creator's departure. Hell acknowledged Christ, when it let forth its captives, through the harrowing of Jesus. And yet the hardhearted Jews, through all these signs, would not incline with faith to the merciful Jesus, who will help all men who believe in him. But let us believe that God the Father was ever without beginning, and that the Son was ever begotten of the Father; for he is the Wisdom and Power through which the Father hath created all creatures; and they were all quickened by the Holy Ghost

who is the Will and Love of the Father and of the Son; these three one God indivisible, existing in one Godhead, all equally powerful; for whatsoever is less and less powerful, that is not God. But the Father sent the Son for our redemption, and he alone assumed human nature, and suffered death of his own will, and arose from death on this day, and ascended to heaven on the fortieth day after his resurrection, before the sight of many men, and ruleth with the Almighty Father and the Holy Ghost, now and ever to eternity. Amen.

## THE FIRST SUNDAY AFTER EASTER.

*Cum esset sero die illo una sabbatorum: et reliqua.*

"After the resurrection of Jesus his disciples were shut in a house for dread of the Jews," etc.

Now says the evangelist John, that Jesus wrought many other miracles in the sight of his disciples, which have not been recorded in the book of Christ. These miracles are written to the end that ye may believe that Jesus is the Son of God, and that ye may have eternal life through that belief.

Now the pope Gregory, expounding this gospel, says, that everyone wonders how Jesus came in to his apostles, and yet the doors were shut. But again St. Gregory says, that Christ's body came in, the doors being closed, which was born of the Virgin Mary, of a closed womb. What wonder is it, that Jesus with an everlasting body came in, the doors being closed, who with a mortal body was born of the closed womb of the virgin?

We read in the book which is called The Acts of the Apostles, that the chief men of the Jewish people brought Christ's apostles into prison: then by night God's angel came to them, and led them out of the prison, and on the morrow the prison stood fast shut up. God can do all things: therefore we should wonder at his might, and also believe. He showed the body to be touched which he had brought in, the doors being closed. His body was tangible, and, nevertheless, incorruptible; he showed himself tangible and incorruptible, for his body was of the same nature that it before was, but was yet of another glory.

Jesus said to them, "Peace be among you." For peace Christ came to men, and peace he enjoined and taught, and nothing is to him acceptable which is done without peace. "As my Father sent me so I send you. The Father loveth the Son, but yet he sendeth him to suffering for the redemption of men." Christ also loved his apostles, and yet he established them not as kings, nor as governors, nor in worldly bliss; but he sent them over all the earth, to preach baptism and the faith which he himself had taught. They preached until the wicked slew them, and they went triumphant to their Lord.

Christ blew on the apostles, and said, "Receive the Holy Ghost." Twice came the Holy Ghost over the apostles; once now, and again another time at Christ's ascension. Christ blew the Holy Ghost over the apostles, while yet continuing on earth, for a token that every christian man should love his neighbour as himself. Again, after he had ascended to heaven, he sent the Holy Ghost in semblance of fire over the apostles, to the end that we should love God above all other things. The Holy Ghost is one, though he came twice over the apostles. So there is also one love, and two commandments, that we should love God and men. But we should learn in men how we may come to the love of God, as John the apostle said, "He who loveth not his brother, whom he seeth, how can he love God, whom he seeth not bodily?" Before that time the Holy Ghost was dwelling in the apostles, but they were not stimulated to that degree, that they could boldly preach God's faith, as they could afterwards, through the grace of the Holy Ghost. They sat, for fear of the Jewish people, shut in a house; but after they were filled with the Holy Ghost, they were so encouraged, and so bold, that they freely proclaimed the name of God to fierce and bloodthirsty kings.

Christ said to the apostles, "Those men's sins which ye forgive, they shall be forgiven; and those from whom ye withdraw forgiveness, from them it shall be withdrawn." This power Christ gave to the apostles and to all bishops, if they righteously hold it. But if the bishop act by his own will, and will bind the innocent, and loose the guilty, then loses he the power which God gave him. To those

men he shall grant forgiveness of sins, whom he sees that they are stimulated by God's grace, and to those he shall be obdurate who have no repentance of their misdeeds. Christ raised from death the stinking Lazarus, and when he was quickened, he said to his disciples, "Loose his bands, that he may go." They loosed the bands of the requicken'd man, whom Christ had raised to life. Therefore should our teachers unbind from their sins those whom Christ quickens by stimulation. Every sinful man who conceals his sins, lies dead in the sepulchre; but if he confess his sins through stimulation, then he goes from the sepulchre, as Lazarus did, when Christ bade him arise: then shall the teacher unbind him from the eternal punishment, as the apostles bodily unbound Lazarus. But the layman shall stand in awe of the bishop's word, though he be guiltless; lest he become guilty through pride.

It happened to the apostle Thomas not unprovidentially, that he was unbelieving of Christ's resurrection, but it happened by the providence of God; for through his touching we are believing. Of greater benefit to us was his doubt than the faith of the other apostles; for when he was brought to belief by that touching, doubt was thereby taken from us. Easily might Christ have arisen from death without scars, but he held the scars, because he would thereby confirm the doubtful. He said to Thomas, "Thou believest, because thou hast seen me." He saw the body and the scars, and he believed that he was God, who had raised the body from death. Greatly gladden us the words which here follow, "Blessed are they who have not seen me, and yet believe in me." By that saying are betokened all those who have not seen Christ in the body, and, nevertheless, hold him in their mind through faith. For he believes in God, who by works practises that which he believes. He who acknowledges that he knows God, and performs evil works, denies God by those works. Faith without good works is dead. These are the words of the apostles, receive them with careful mind.

We will speak concerning the resurrection. Now there are some men who have doubt of the resurrection, and when they see the bones of dead men, they say, How can these bones be again quickened? as if they speak wisely! But we say against them, that God is Almighty, and can do all that he will. He wrought heaven and earth and all creatures without matter. Now it seems that it is somewhat easier to him to raise the dead from the dust, than it was to him to make all creatures from naught: but truly to him are all things alike easy, and nothing difficult. He wrought Adam of loam. Now we cannot investigate how of that loam he made flesh and blood, bones and skin, hair and nails. Men often see that of one little kernel comes a great tree, but in the kernel we can see neither root, nor rind, nor boughs, nor leaves: but the same God who draws forth from the kernel tree, and fruits, and leaves, may from dust raise flesh and bones, sinews and hair, as he said in his gospel, "There shall not be lost to you one hair of your head."

The apostle Paul said, that we should arise from death at the age that Christ was when he suffered, that is about three and thirty years. Though a child depart, or a worn-out man, they will, nevertheless, come to the age we before said; yet will everyone have his own growth, which he had in this life, or should have had, if he had awaited it. If any one be maimed, or limbless in this life, he will be as it is written, that "All those who belong to God's kingdom, shall have neither blemish nor hurt on their bodies." What shall we suppose concerning those others who depart to everlasting perdition, whether they are maimed or limbless, when they are dwelling in eternal torment?

It will then be as Christ said, that "No man taketh to wife, nor woman to husband, nor family is begotten, nor taste they of death, but will be like unto the angels, when they dwell with angels." No libidinousness will give them pleasure, nor will they ever perpetrate sins. No sorrow nor pain will be there, nor no affliction, but there will be perfect peace and continual bliss, and there will be known both those who were known before and those who were unknown, dwelling in brotherly love with God ever to eternity. Amen.

## THE SECOND SUNDAY AFTER EASTER.

*Dixit Jesus discipulis suis, Ego sum pastor bonus: et reliqua.*

This gospel, which has now been read, says, that Jesus said of himself, "I am the good shepherd: the good shepherd giveth his own life for his sheep. The hireling, who is not the right shepherd, seeth the wolf coming, and he forsaketh the sheep and fleeth; and the wolf teareth one, and scattereth the others," etc.

Christ is good by nature, and in sooth there is nothing good, save God only. If any creature is good, then is its goodness of the Creator, who is supremely good. He said, "The good shepherd giveth his own life for his sheep." Our Redeemer is the good shepherd, and we christian men are his sheep, and he gave his own life for our redemption. He did as he exhorted, and he thereby manifested what he enjoined. A good shepherd was Peter, and good was Paul, and good were the apostles, who gave their lives for God's people and for the right faith; but their goodness was of the head, which is Christ, who is their head, and they are his limbs.

Every bishop and every teacher is placed as a shepherd over God's people, that they may shield the people against the wolf. The wolf is the devil, who lies in ambush about God's church, and watches how he may fordo the souls of christian men with sins. Then shall the shepherd, that is, the bishop or other teacher, withstand the fierce wolf with doctrine and with prayers. With doctrine he shall teach them, that they may know what the devil teaches for men's perdition, and what God commands to be observed for the attainment of everlasting life. He shall pray for them, that God may preserve the strong and heal the weak. He is to be accounted strong who withstands the precepts of the devil; he is weak who falls into sins. But the teacher will be guiltless, if he direct the people with doctrine, and mediate for them with God. These two things he shall do for the people, and also help others with his own; and if it so happen, give his own life for the saving of the people.

"The hireling fleeth when he seeth the wolf." He is a hireling and not a shepherd, who is engaged in worldly things, and loves dignity and perishable rewards, and has no inward love for God's sheep. He takes heed of treasures, and rejoices in dignity, and has his reward in this life, and will be cut off from the everlasting reward. Thou knowest not who is a hireling, who a shepherd, before the wolf comes; but the wolf makes manifest in what manner he watches the sheep. The wolf comes to the sheep, and some he devours, some he scatters, when the fierce devil instigates christian men, some to adultery, some he inflames to covetousness, some he lifts up to pride, some through anger he divides, and with divers temptations spiritually slays: for the hireling is excited neither by care nor love, but flees, because he considers worldly advantages, and leaves unheeded the loss of the sheep. He flees not with body, but with mind. He flees because he saw iniquity and held silence. He flees because he is a hireling and not a shepherd, as though it were so said, He cannot stand against the perils of the sheep, who guardeth not the sheep with love, but provideth for himself; that is, he loves worldly gain, and not God's folk.

The unrighteous powerful man also is a wolf, who robs christians, and oppresses the humble with his power: for the hireling, or the mercenary, dares not withstand his unrighteousness lest he lose his dignity, and the worldly gain which he loves more than christian men. Concerning this the prophet Ezechiel wrote, thus saying, "Ye shepherds, hear the word of God: My sheep are scattered through your heedlessness, and are devoured. Ye care for your own sustenance, and not for that of the sheep; therefore I will require the sheep at your hands, and I will cause you to depart from the fold, and I will deliver my flock from you. I myself will gather my sheep that were scattered, and I will feed them in an abundant pasture: that which was lost I will seek and bring again; that which was maimed I will heal; the sick I will strengthen, and feed the strong, and I will pasture them in judgement and in righteousness."

These words spake God through the prophet Ezechiel, concerning teachers and concerning his people. Ye should be zealous for your own need (though it so happen that the teacher be heedless), and do as Christ taught, "If the teacher teach well, and give evil example, do as he teacheth, and not according to his example." Jesus says of himself, "I am a good shepherd, and I know my sheep, and they know me." That is, I love them, and they love me. He who loves not truth, he yet knows not God. But consider whether

ye are God's sheep, whether ye yet know him, whether ye with truth love him. He said, "As my Father knoweth me, I also know him, and I give my own life for my sheep." He knows his Father through himself, and we know him through him. With that love with which he would die for mankind, he manifested how greatly he loves his Father. He said, "I have other sheep which are not of this fold, and those I shall bring, and they will hear my voice, and there shall be one fold and one shepherd."

This he spake in the land of Juda: there was a fold of men who believed in God in that nation. The other sheep are those of all other countries who incline to God; and Christ will bring them all to one fold in eternal life. Many are the shepherds under Christ, and yet he alone is Shepherd of them all, who liveth and ruleth with the Father and with the Holy Ghost ever to eternity. Amen.

## ON THE GREATER LITANY.

These days are called LITANIÆ, that is, PRAYER-DAYS. On these days we should pray for abundance of our earthly fruits, and health for ourselves, and peace, and, what is yet more, forgiveness of our sins.

We read in books, that this observance was established at the time when there happened in a city, which is called Vienna, a great earthquake, and churches and houses fell, and there came wild bears and wolves, and devoured a large portion of the people, and the king's palace was burnt with heavenly fire. Then the bishop Mamertus commanded a fast of three days, and the affliction ceased; and the custom of the fast continues everywhere in the faithful church.

They took the example of the fast from the people of Nineveh. That people was very sinful: then would God destroy them, but they appeased him through their penitence. God spake to a prophet who was called Jonah. "Go to the city of Nineveh, and announce there the words which I say to thee. Then was the prophet afraid, and would flee from God's presence, but he could not. He went to the sea, and entered a ship. When the shipmen came out to sea, God sent to them a great wind and tempest, so that they were hopeless of their lives. They therefore cast their wares overboard, and the prophet lay and slept. They then cast lots among them, and prayed that God would manifest to them whence that affliction came upon them. Then the prophet's lot came up. They asked him who he was, or how he would go? He said that he was a servant of God, who created sea and land, and that he would flee from God's presence. They said, How shall we do regarding thee? He answered, Cast me overboard, then will this affliction cease. They then did so, and the tempest was stilled, and they offered their gifts to God, and went on their course."

God then prepared a whale, and it swallowed up the prophet, and bare him to the land to which he should go, and there vomited him out. Then again came the word of God to the prophet, and said, "Arise now, and go to the great city Nineveh, and preach as I before said to thee." He went and preached, that God's anger was about to descend on them, if they would not incline to God. Then, the king arose from his throne, and cast off his precious robes, and put sackcloth on his body, and ashes upon his head, and commanded that every man should so do; and that both men and sucking children and also the cattle should not taste of anything within three days. Then through that conversion, that they desisted from evil, and through that strict fast, God had mercy on them, and would not destroy them, as he had before, for their crimes, burnt the inhabitants of the two cities, Sodom and Gomorrah, with heavenly fire.

We also on these days should offer up our prayers, and follow our relics out and in, and with fervour praise Almighty God. We will now expound to you this gospel which has just been read: "Quis vestrum habebit amicum": et reliqua. "Jesus said to his disciples, Which of you who hath a friend, and goeth to him at midnight, and saith," etc.

Saint Augustine expounded this gospel, and said, that the night betokened the ignorance of this world. This world is filled with ignorance. Now therefore should everyone arise from that ignorance, and go to his friend, that is, he should incline to Christ with all fervour, and pray for the three loaves, that is, belief in the Holy

Trinity. The Almighty Father is God, and his Son is Almighty God, and the Holy Ghost is Almighty God; not three Gods, but they all one Almighty God indivisible. When thou comest to those three loaves, that is, to an understanding of the Holy Trinity, then hast thou, in that belief, life and food for thy soul, and mayest therewith feed another stranger also, that is, thou mayest teach the faith to another friend who shall ask it of thee. He said a 'stranger,' because we are all strangers in this life, and our country is not here; but we are here as wayfaring men; one comes, another goes; this is born, the other departs and yields up his seat to him. Now therefore should everyone desire faith in the Holy Trinity, for that faith will bring him to everlasting life.

We will again speak more concerning faith, because the exposition of this gospel has a good deduction. The master of the family, who was gone to rest with his children, is Christ, who sits in heaven with his apostles, and with martyrs, and with all the saints whom he fetched in this life. We should call to Christ, and pray for the three loaves. Though he do not forthwith grant them to us, we should not on that account desist from prayer. He delays, and yet will give. He delays, that we may be desirous, and dearly hold the grace of God. Whatsoever a man gets easily is not so precious as that which is gotten with difficulty. Jesus said, "If he continue knocking, the master of the family will arise, because of the other's importunity, and grant him what he asks, not for friendship, but for his clamour." He said, "Not for friendship," because no man were worthy either of that faith, or of eternal life, if God's mercy were not the greater towards mankind. We should knock, and call to Christ, because he will give to us, as he himself said, "Ask, and it shall be given to you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened to you." To everyone who fervently asks, and ceases not from prayer, God will grant everlasting life.

He then said another parable. "What father will give his child a stone, if he ask for bread? or a serpent, if he ask for a fish? or a scorpion, if he ask for an egg?" God is our Father through his mercy, and the fish betokens faith, and the egg holy hope, the bread true love. These three things God gives to his chosen; for no man can have God's kingdom, unless he have these three things. He must rightly believe, and have hope in God, and true love to God and to men, if he will come to God's kingdom. The fish betokens faith, because its nature is, that the more it is tossed by the waves, the stronger it is, and the more vigorously it strikes. In like manner the believing man, the more he is afflicted for his faith, the stronger will be his faith, wherever it is sound. If it sink under persecution, it is then not faith, but is hypocrisy. The egg betokens hope, seeing that birds teem not like other animals, but first it is an egg, and the mother then with hope cherishes the egg to a young bird. In like manner our hope comes not yet to that which it hopes, but is, as it were, an egg. When it has that which is promised it, it is a bird. Bread betokens true love, which of all virtues is greatest, as bread is of all food the principal. Faith is a great virtue, and a great virtue is true hope; yet love excels them, forasmuch as it is ever to eternity, and the other two will end. We now believe in God, and we hope in him: but after we come to his kingdom, as he has promised us, then will faith be ended, for we shall then see what we now believe. Our hope will also be ended, because we shall be in possession of what we had previously hoped for; but love will never decay: therefore is it the most excellent of them.

The serpent is placed in the gospel in opposition to the fish. In a serpent's form the devil deceived Adam; and he is now ever striving against our faith: but our protection is in the hand of our Father. The scorpion, which is set in opposition to the egg, is venomous, and stings with its tail to death. Those things which we see in this life are perishable; those which we see not, and which are promised to us are eternal: stretch thereto thy hope, and wait until thou have them. Look not behind; dread the scorpion which envenoms with its tail. The man looks behind, who despairs of God's mercy; then is his hope envenomed by the scorpion's tail. But we should both in difficulties, and in chances and in mischances, say as the prophet said, "I will praise the Lord at every time." Betide us good in body, betide us evil, we ought ever to thank God, and bless his name; then will our hope be preserved from the scorpion's sting.

A stone is set in opposition to bread, because hardness of mind is contrary to true love. Hardhearted is the man who will not through love promote the welfare of others where he can. The gospel says, "If ye can, who are evil, give to your children what is good, how much more will your Heavenly Father give a good spirit to those asking him?" What are the good things that men give to their children? Transitory goods, such as the gospel touched on, bread, and fish, and an egg. These things are good in their degree, because the earthly body requires food. Now ye, prudent men, will not give your children a serpent for a fish, nor also will your Heavenly Father give us the devil's unbelief, if we pray to him to give us true faith. And thou wilt not give thy child a scorpion for an egg, nor also will God give us despair for hope. And thou wilt not give thy child a stone for bread, nor also will God give us hardheartedness for true love. But the good Heavenly Father will give us faith, and hope, and true love, and will cause us to have a good spirit, that is, good will.

We have to consider the words which he said, "Ye who are evil." We are evil, but we have a good Father. We have heard our name, "Ye who are evil." But who is our Father? The Almighty God. And of what men is he the Father? It is manifestly said, of evil men. And of what kind is the Father? Of whom it is said, "No one is good save God only." He who ever is good will bring us who are evil to be good men, if we will eschew evil and do good. The man Adam was created good, but by his own election and the instigation of the devil, he and all his offspring became evil. He who is sinful is evil, and there is no man in life without some sin. But our good Father will cleanse and heal us, as the prophet said, "Lord, heal me, and I shall be healed; preserve thou me, and I shall be preserved."

Let him who desires to be good call to him who ever is good, that he make him good. A man has gold, that is good in its kind: he has land and riches, they are good. But the man is not good through these things, unless he do good with them, as the prophet said, "He distributed his wealth, and divided it among the poor, and his righteousness continueth for ever." He diminished his money, and increased his righteousness. He diminished that which he must leave, and that will be increased which he shall have to eternity. Thou praisest the merchant who gets gold for lead, and wilt not praise him who gets righteousness and the kingdom of heaven for perishable money. The rich and the poor are wayfarers in this world. The rich now bears the heavy burthen of his treasures, and the poor goes empty. The rich bears more provisions for his journey than he requires, the other bears an empty scrip. Therefore should the rich share his burthen with the poor; then will he lessen the burthen of his sins, and help the poor. We are all God's poor; let us therefore acknowledge the poor who ask of us, that God may acknowledge us, when we ask our needs of him. Who are those that ask of us? Men poor, and feeble, and mortal. Of whom ask they? Of men poor, and feeble, and mortal. Except the possessions, alike are those who ask and those of whom they ask. How canst thou for shame ask anything of God, if thou refuse to thy fellow that which thou canst most easily grant him? But the rich looks on his purple garments, and says, "The wretch with his rags is not my fellow." But the apostle Paul beards him with these words, "We brought nothing to this world, nor may we take with us anything hence."

If a rich woman, and a poor one bring forth together, let them go away; thou knowest not which is the rich woman's child, which the poor one's. Again, if we open the graves of dead men, thou knowest not which are the rich man's bones, which the poor one's. But covetousness is of all evil things the root, and those who follow covetousness swerve from God's faith, and fall into divers temptations, and pernicious lusts, which sink them into perdition. It is one thing, that a man be rich, if his parents have bequeathed him possessions; another thing, if any one become rich through covetousness. The covetousness of the latter is accused before God, not the other's wealth, if his heart be not inflamed with covetousness. For such men the apostle Paul enjoined, "Enjoin the rich that they be not proud, and that they hope not in their uncertain wealth; but let them be rich in good works, and give to God's poor with bountiful spirit, and God will requite them an hundredfold for whatsoever they do for the poor for love of him."

The rich and the poor are needful to each other. The wealthy is

made for the poor, and the poor for the wealthy. It is incumbent on the affluent, that he scatter and distribute; on the indigent it is incumbent, that he pray for the distributor. The poor is the way that leads us to the kingdom of God. The poor gives to the rich more than he receives from him. The rich gives him bread that will be turned to ordure, and the poor gives to the rich everlasting life: yet not he, but Christ, who thus said, "That which ye do for the poor in my name, that ye do for myself," who liveth and reigneth with the Father and the Holy Ghost ever without end. Amen.

## TUESDAY. ON THE LORD'S PRAYER.

Jesus Christ, after he came to this life, and was grown to manhood, when he was thirty years old in his human nature, began to work miracles, and chose the twelve disciples whom we call apostles. These were afterwards always with him, and he taught them all the wisdom which stands in holy books, and through them established all christianity. Then said they to Jesus, "Sir, teach us how we may pray." Jesus answered, and thus said, "Pray in these words to my Father and your Father, God Almighty: Pater noster, that is in English, Thou, our Father, which art in heaven, hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Be thy will on earth as in heaven. Give us to-day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them who trespass against us. And lead thou us not into temptation. But deliver us from evil. So be it."

God, the Father Almighty, has one Son naturally, and many adoptively. Christ is the Son of God, seeing that the Father begot him of himself without any mother. The Father has no body, nor begot he his Son in that wise which men do: but his Wisdom, with which he wrought all creatures, is his Son, who is ever of the Father and with the Father, God of God, as mighty as the Father. We men are children of God, because he made us; and afterwards, when we were undone, he sent his own Son for our redemption. Now are we children of God, and Christ is our brother, if we will duly obey the Father, and with all our mind worship him. Christ is our head, and we are his limbs: he is invested with our humanity, and he has our body, which he received of the holy maiden Mary; therefore may we manifestly cry to him, as to our brother, if we so observe our brotherhood as he has taught us; that is, that we should not allow the devil with any evil practices to seduce us from the brotherhood of Christ.

Verily the man who imitates the devil is a child of the devil, not by nature nor by creation, but by that imitation and evil deserts. And the man who makes himself acceptable to God is a child of God, not naturally, but by creation and by good deserts, as Christ said in his gospel, "He who doeth the will of my Father who is in heaven, he is my brother, and my mother, and my sister." Now therefore all christian men, whether high or low, noble or ignoble, and the lord, and the slave, are all brothers, and have all one Father in heaven. The wealthy is not better on that account than the needy. As boldly may the slave call God his Father as the king. We all are alike before God, unless any one excel another in good works. The rich for his wealth is not to despise the poor; for the poor is before God often better than the rich. God is our Father, therefore should we all be brothers in God, and hold the brotherly bond unbroken; that is, true peace, so that each of us love other as himself, and command to no one that which he would not another should command to him. He who observes this is a child of God, and Christ, and all holy persons who thrive to God, are his brothers and his sisters.

We say, "Pater noster qui es in coelis," that is, "Our Father which art in heaven;" for God the Father is in heaven, and he is everywhere, as he himself said, "I fill with myself heaven and earth." And again, the holy gospel says thus concerning him, "Heaven is his throne, and earth is his footstool." We turn eastward when we pray, because from thence the heaven rises; not as though his dwelling be particularly in the east part, and that he forsakes the west or other parts, who is everywhere present, not through the space of the place, but by the presence of his majesty. When we turn our face to the east part, where the heaven rises, which rises over all bodily things, then should our mind be thereby admonished that it turn to the highest and first nature, that is, God. We should also know that the sinful is called earth, and the righteous

is called heaven; for in righteous men is a dwelling-place of God, and the good man is a temple of the Holy Ghost. So also, on the other hand, the wicked man is a temple of the devil, and an habitation of the devil: therefore there is as great a difference between good and evil men as there is between heaven and earth.

In the Pater noster are seven prayers. In the first two words are no prayers, but praises: that is, "Our Father which art in heaven." The first prayer is, "Sanctificetur nomen tuum:" that is, "Hallowed be thy name." This is not to be so understood as if the name of God were not sufficiently holy, who ever was holy, and ever will be, and who blesses and hallows us all: but these words are thus to be understood, that his name be hallowed in us, and that he grant us that we may bless his name with our mouth, and give us the thought that we may understand that nothing is so holy as his name.

The second prayer is, "Adveniat regnum tuum:" that is, in our tongue, "Thy kingdom come." Ever was God's kingdom, and ever will be: but it is so to be understood, that his kingdom be over us, and he reign in us, and that we with all obedience be subject to him, and that our kingdom be realized and fulfilled to us, as Christ has promised to us, that he would give us an eternal kingdom, thus saying, "Come, ye blessed of my Father, and possess the kingdom that was prepared for you from the beginning of the world." This will be our kingdom, if we now will merit it; and we shall be God's kingdom, when Christ delivers us to his Father on doomsday, as the holy writ says, "Cum tradiderit regnum Patri suo:" that is, "When he shall deliver the kingdom to his Father." What is the kingdom that he shall deliver to his Father, but those holy persons, both men and women, which he redeemed from hell-torment by his own death? These he will deliver to his own Father at the end of this world, and they will then be God's kingdom, and will reign with God for ever, both with soul and with body, and will then be like unto angels.

The third prayer is, "Fiat voluntas tua sicut in cœlo et in terra:" that is, "Thy will be done on earth as in heaven." That is, As the angels in heaven obey thee, and in every way attach themselves to thee, so also may men, who are on earth and formed of earth, be obedient to thy will, and with all fervour attach themselves to thee. In those men verily God's will is done, who work according to God's will. Our soul is heavenly, and our body is earthly. Now, with these words, we also pray that God's will be done both in our soul and in our body, that both may obey him, and that he may preserve and shield both our soul and our body from the temptations of the devil.

The fourth prayer is, "Panem nostrum quotidianum da nobis hodie:" that is, in our tongue, "Give us to-day our daily bread." This is to be understood in three senses: that he give us food for our body, and give ghostly bread to our soul. The ghostly bread is the commandment of God, on which we should daily meditate, and with works fulfil; for as the body lives by bodily meats, so shall the soul live by the precepts of God, and by ghostly meditations. The body quickly wastes away and decays, if its sustenance is withdrawn from it; in like manner the soul perishes, if it has not ghostly sustenance, that is, God's commandments, on which it shall thrive and be cherished. The ghostly bread is also the holy housel, with which we confirm our belief; and through partaking of the holy housel our sins will be forgiven us, and we shall be strengthened against the temptations of the devil. Therefore should we frequently cleanse and confirm our soul with ghostly refectation. Yet may not he who is polluted with deadly sins dare to partake of God's housel, unless he first atone for his sins: if he do otherwise, he will partake of it to his own injury. The bread, as we said, betokens three things. One is sustenance of the body; the second, of the soul; the third is the partaking of the holy housel. For these three things we should pray daily to the Lord.

The fifth prayer is, "Et dimitte nobis debita nostra, sicut et nos dimittimus debitoribus nostris:" that is, "Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those men who trespass against us." We should do as we promise in these words, that is, we should be merciful to each other, and, for the great love of God, forgive those men who trespass against us, that God Almighty may forgive us our sins. But if we will not forgive the little trespasses of those men who have angered us, then will not God forgive us our great and many

sins: as Christ himself said, "When ye stand at your prayers, forgive whatever ye have in your mind against any man, and your Father, which is in heaven, will forgive you your sins. But if ye will not, with inward heart, forgive those who anger you, then your Father, which is in heaven, will not forgive you your sins; but he will command you to be bound and set in prison, that is, in hell-torment; and there the devil will torture you, until ye shall have suffered for all your trespasses, until ye come to one farthing." It is, however, taught, according to the book of God, that wise men should institute correction for foolish men, so that they lay aside their folly and their evil practices, and should, nevertheless, love the man as their own brother.

The sixth prayer is, "Et ne nos inducas in tentationem:" that is, "Permit not, thou, O God, that we be led into temptation." One thing is temptation, another thing is trial. God tempts no man, but, nevertheless, no man comes to the kingdom of God, unless he has been tried: therefore we should not pray that God try us not, but we should pray to God to shield us, so that we sink not under trial. The devil may try every man, whether he be aught or naught; whether he love God with inward heart, or act with hypocrisy. As a man tries gold in the fire, so God tries the mind of man in divers trials, whether he be steadfast. God knows full well, how it befalls in trial; but yet a man will have no great honour, unless he have been tried. By trial he shall flourish, if he withstand temptations. If he fall, let him rise again: that is, if he sin, let him earnestly atone for it, and cease therefrom afterwards; for no atonement will avail, if there be not cessation. The man who frequently sins and frequently atones, angers God; and the more he sins the more he will be subject to the devil, and God will then forsake him, and he will go as the devil shall direct him, as a shattered ship at sea, which goes as the wind drives it. The good man the more he is tried the more cheerful he will be, and the nearer to God, until with full honour he shall go from this life to the life eternal. And the evil man, the oftener he sinks under trial, the more wicked he will be, and the nearer to the devil, until he goes from this life to eternal torment, if he would not cease previously, when he could and might. God therefore often awaits the evil man, and leaves him time, that he may cease from his wicked deeds, and before his end turn his mind to God, if he will. But if he will not, that he be, without any exculpation, very justly be thrust into the hand of the devil. Therefore is it now better for christian men, that with hardships and toil they earn the everlasting kingdom and eternal bliss with God and with all his saints, than that they by softness and evil lusts earn eternal tortures with all the devils in hell-torment.

The seventh prayer is, "Sed libera nos a malo:" that is, "But deliver us from evil:" deliver us from the devil and from all his wiles. God loves us, and the devil hates us. God feeds and comforts us, and the devil will slay us if he may; but he will be prevented through the protection of God, if we will not fordo ourselves with evil practices. Therefore should we eschew and despise the vicious devil with all his devices, for there behoves him nothing for us, and we should love and follow our Lord, who will lead us to everlasting life.

In the Pater noster there are, as we before said, seven prayers. The first three prayers are begun by us in this world, but they will ever be unended in the world to come. The hallowing of the great name of God began with us men when Christ became incarnate with our humanity; but the same hallowing will continue to eternity, because in the life eternal we shall ever bless and praise the name of God. And God reigns now, and his kingdom stands for ever, without end, and the will of God will be fulfilled in this life by good men: the same will continue to all eternity. The other four prayers belong to this life, and with this life end.

In this life we require bread, and instruction, and partaking of the housel. In the life to come we require no earthly food, for we shall then be nourished with heavenly meats. Here we require instruction and wisdom. In the heavenly life all will be full wise, and in ghostly lore full skilled, those who now, through the precepts of wise men, are obedient to the commandments of God. And here we require to partake of the holy housel for our amendment, for in the heavenly dwelling we shall have the body of Christ with us, with which he reigns to eternity.

In this world we pray for forgiveness of our sins, and not in that to come. The man who will not repent of his sins in this life, will obtain no forgiveness in that to come. And in this life we pray God to shield us against the temptations of the devil, and to deliver us from evil. In the life eternal there will be no temptation and no evil; for there will come no devil nor evil man who may trouble or hurt us. There will be in concord soul and body, which now in this life strive with each other. There will be no sickness, no toil, no lack of any goodness, but Christ will be with us all, and will do all things for us, without reproach, with all alacrity.

Christ instituted this prayer, and so confined it within a few words, that all our needs, both ghostly and bodily, are therein included; and this prayer he instituted for all christian men in common. He says not in that prayer, 'My Father, which art in heaven,' but says, "Our Father;" and so forth all the words which follow speak universally of all christian men. Herein is manifested how much God loves unity and concord among his people. According to the book of God all christian men should be so united as though they were one man: wo therefore to the man who breaks that unity asunder. So as we have in one body many limbs, and they all obey one head, so also we many christian men should obey Christ in unity; for he is our head, and we are his limbs. We may see in our own bodies how each limb serves another. The feet bear the whole body, and the eyes lead the feet, and the hands prepare the sustenance. Soon will the head lie down, if the feet bear it not; and soon will all the limbs perish together, if the hands put not the sustenance to the mouth. In like manner the rich man, who sits on his high seat, will soon discontinue his feasting, if the servants discontinue their toils. Let the rich be mindful that of all the good things which God has lent him, he shall render an account how he employed them.

He is thy hand or thy foot, who supplieth thy wants. He is thine eye who teacheth thee wisdom, and bringeth thee into the right way. He who protecteth thee as a father is, as it were, thy head. As the head requireth the other members, so these members require the head. If one limb be diseased, all the others suffer with that one. So also should we, if one of our fellows be in any distress, all lament his evil, and meditate concerning its reparation, if we can repair it. And in all things we should hold peace and unity, if we will have the great distinction of being children of God, who is in heaven, in which he ruleth with all his saints, through all ages, to eternity. Amen.

## WEDNESDAY. OF THE CATHOLIC FAITH.

Every christian man should by right know both his Pater noster and his Creed. With the Pater noster he should pray, with the Creed he should confirm his faith. We have spoken concerning the Pater noster, we will now declare to you the faith which stands in the Creed, according to the wise Augustine's exposition of the Holy Trinity.

There is one Creator of all things, visible and invisible; and we should all believe in him, for he is true and God alone Almighty, who never either began or had beginning; but he is himself beginning, and he to all creatures gave beginning and origin, that they might be, and that they might have their own nature, so as it seemed good to the divine dispensation. Angels he created, which are spirits, and have no body. Men he created with spirit and with body. Cattle and other beasts, fishes and birds he created in flesh without soul. To men he gave an upright gait; the cattle he let go bending downwards. To men he gave bread for sustenance, and to the cattle grass.

Now, brethren, ye may understand, if ye will, that there are two things: one is the Creator, the other is the creature. He is the Creator who created and made all things of naught. That is a creature which the true Creator created. These are, first, heaven, and the angels which dwell in heaven; and then this earth with all those which inhabit it, and sea with all those that swim in it. Now all these things are named by one name, creature. They were not always existing, but God created them. The creatures are many. The Creator, who created them all, is one, who alone is Almighty God. He was ever, and ever he will continue in himself and through

himself. If he had begun and had origin, without doubt he could not be Almighty God; for the creature that began and is created, has no divinity; therefore every substance that is not God is a creature; and that which is not a creature is God.

God exists in Trinity indivisible, and in unity of one Godhead, for the Father is one, the Son is one, the Holy Ghost is one; and yet of these three there is one Godhead, and like glory, and co-eternal majesty. The Father is Almighty God, the Son is Almighty God, the Holy Ghost is Almighty God; but yet there are not three Almighty Gods, but one Almighty God. They are three in persons and in name, and one in Godhead. Three, because the Father will be ever Father, and the Son will be ever Son, and the Holy Ghost will be ever Holy Ghost; and neither of them will ever change from what he is. Ye have now heard concerning the Holy Trinity; ye shall also hear concerning the true Unity.

Verily the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost, have one Godhead, and one nature, and one work. The Father created nothing nor creates, without the Son, or without the Holy Ghost. Nor does one of them anything without the others; but they have all one work, and one counsel, and one will. The Father was ever, and the Son was ever, and the Holy Ghost was ever One Almighty God. He is the Father, who was neither born of nor created by any other. He is called Father, because he has a Son, whom he begot of himself, without any mother. The Father is God of no God. The Son is God of God the Father. The Holy Ghost is God proceeding from the Father and from the Son. These words are shortly said, and it is needful for you that we more plainly expound them.

What is the Father? The Almighty Creator, not created nor born, but he himself begot a Child coeternal with himself. What is the Son? He is the Wisdom of the Father, and his Word, and his Might, through whom the Father created and disposed all things. The Son is neither made nor created, but he is begotten. He is begotten, and yet he is coeval and coeternal with his Father. It is not with his birth as it is with our birth. When a man begets a son, and his child is born, the father is greater and the son less. Why so? Because when the son waxes the father grows old. Thou findest not among men father and son alike. But I will give thee an example, whereby thou mayest the better understand the birth of God. Fire begets brightness of itself, and the brightness is coeval with the fire. The fire is not of the brightness, but the brightness is of the fire. The fire begets the brightness, and it is never without the brightness. Now thou hearest that the brightness is as old as the fire of which it comes; allow therefore that God might beget a Child as old and as eternal as he himself is. Let him who can understand that our Saviour Christ is in the Godhead as old as his Father, thank God therefore and rejoice. He who cannot understand it shall believe it, that he may understand it; for the word of the prophet may not be rendered void, who thus spake, "Unless ye believe it ye cannot understand it." Ye have now heard that the Son is of the Father without any beginning; for he is the Wisdom of the Father, and he was ever with the Father, and ever will be.

Let us now hear concerning the Holy Ghost, what he is. He is the Will and the true Love of the Father and of the Son, through whom all things are quickened and preserved, concerning whom it is thus said, "The Spirit of God filleth all the circumference of earth, and he holdeth all things, and he hath knowledge of every speech." He is not made, nor created, nor begotten, but he is proceeding, that is going from, the Father and from the Son, with whom he is equal and coeternal. The Holy Ghost is not a son, for he is not begotten, but he proceeds from the Father and from the Son; for he is the Will and Love of them both. Christ spake of him thus in his gospel, "The Spirit of comfort whom I will send unto you, the Spirit of truth, which proceedeth from my Father, will bear testimony concerning me." That is, He is my witness that I am the Son of God. And the right faith also teaches us, that we should believe in the Holy Ghost: he is the quickening God, who proceeds from the Father and from the Son. How proceeds he from him? The Son is the Wisdom of the Father, ever of the Father; and the Holy Ghost is the Will of them both, ever of them both. There is therefore one Father, who is ever Father; and one Son, who is ever Son; and one Holy Ghost, who is ever Holy Ghost.

Ever was the Father, without beginning; and ever was the Son with the Father, for he is the Wisdom of the Father; ever was the

Holy Ghost, who is the Will and Love of them both. The Father is of no other, for he was ever. The Son is begotten of the Father, for he was ever in the bosom of the Father, for he is his Wisdom, and he is of the Father all that he is. Ever was the Holy Ghost, for he is, as we before said, the Will and true Love of the Father and of the Son; for will and love betoken one thing: that which thou wilt thou lovest; and that which thou wilt not, thou lovest not.

The sun which shines over us is a bodily creature, and has, nevertheless, three properties in itself: one is the bodily substance, that is the sun's orb; the second is the beam or brightness ever of the sun, which illumines all the earth; the third is the heat, which with the beam comes to us. The beam is ever of the sun, and ever with it; and the Son of Almighty God is ever of the Father begotten, and ever with him existing, of whom the apostle said, that he was the brightness of his Father's glory. The heat of the sun proceeds from it and from its beam; and the Holy Ghost proceeds ever from the Father and from the Son equally; of whom it is thus written, "There is no one who may hide himself from his heat."

Father, and Son, and Holy Ghost, may not be named together, but yet they are nowhere separated. The Almighty God is not threefold, but is Trinity. The Father is God, and the Son is God, and the Holy Ghost is God: not three Gods, but they all three one Almighty God. The Father is also Wisdom of no other wisdom. The Son is Wisdom of the wise Father. The Holy Ghost is Wisdom. But yet they are all together one Wisdom. Again, the Father is true Love, and the Son is true Love, and the Holy Ghost is true Love; and they all together one God and one true Love. In like manner the Father is ghost and holy, and the Son is ghost and holy undoubtedly; nevertheless the Holy Ghost is specially called Holy Ghost, that which they all three are in common.

There is so great likeness in this Holy Trinity, that the Father is no greater than the Son in the Godhead; nor is the Son greater than the Holy Ghost; nor is one of them less than the whole Trinity. Wheresoever one of them is, there they are all three, ever one God indivisible. No one of them is greater than other, nor one less than other, nor one before other, nor one after other; for whatsoever is less than God, that is not God; that which is later has beginning, but God has no beginning. The Father alone is not Trinity, nor is the Son Trinity, nor the Holy Ghost Trinity, but these three persons are one God in one Godhead. When thou hearest the Father named, then thou wilt understand that he has a Son. Again, when thou sayest, Son, thou knowest, without doubt, that he has a Father. Again, we believe that the Holy Ghost is the Spirit both of the Father and of the Son.

Let no man deceive himself so as to say or to believe that there are three Gods, or that any person in the Holy Trinity is less mighty than other. Each of the three is God, yet they are all one God; for they all have one nature, and one Godhead, and one substance, and one counsel, and one work, and one majesty, and like glory, and coeternal rule. But the Son alone was incarnate and born to man of the holy maiden Mary. The Father was not invested with human nature, but yet he sent his Son for our redemption, and was ever with him, both in life and in passion, and at his resurrection, and at his ascension. Also all the church of God confesses, according to true faith, that Christ was born of the pure maiden Mary, and of the Holy Ghost. Yet is not the Holy Ghost the Father of Christ; never shall any christian man believe that: but the Holy Ghost is the Will of the Father and of the Son; therefore is it very rightly written in our belief, that Christ's humanity was accomplished by the Holy Ghost.

Behold the sun with attention, in which there is, as we before said, heat and brightness; but the heat dries, and the brightness gives light. The heat does one thing, and the brightness another; and though they cannot be separated, the heating, nevertheless, belongs to the heat, and the giving light to the brightness. In like manner Christ alone assumed human nature, and not the Father, nor the Holy Ghost: they were, nevertheless, ever with him in all his works and in all his course.

We speak of God, mortals of the Immortal, feeble of the Almighty, miserable beings of the Merciful; but who may worthily speak of that which is unspeakable? He is without measure, because he is everywhere. He is without number, for he is ever. He is without weight, for he holds all creatures without toil; and

he disposed them all in three things, that is in measure, and in number, and in weight. But know ye that no man can speak fully concerning God, when we cannot even investigate or reckon the creatures which he has created. Who by words can tell the ornaments of heaven? Or who the fruitfulness of earth? Or who shall adequately praise the circuit of all the seasons? Or who all other things, when we cannot even fully comprehend with our sight the bodily things on which we look? Behold thou seest the man before thee, but at the time thou seest his face, thou seest not his back. So also if thou lookest at a cloth, thou canst not see it all together, but turnest it about, that thou mayest see it all. What wonder is it, if the Almighty God is unspeakable and incomprehensible, who is everywhere all, and nowhere divided?

Now some shallow-thinking man will inquire, how God can be everywhere at once, and nowhere divided. Behold this sun, how high he ascends, and how he sends his beams over all the world, and how he enlightens all this earth which mankind inhabit. As soon as he rises up at early morn, he shines on Jerusalem, and on Rome, and on this country, and on all countries at once; and yet he is a creature, and goes by God's direction. How much ampler then is God's presence, and his might, and his visitation everywhere! Him nothing withstands, neither stone wall nor broad barrier, as they withstand the sun. To him nothing is hidden or unknown. Thou seest a man's face, but God seeth his heart. The spirit of God tries the hearts of all men; and those who believe in him and love him he purifies and gladdens with his visitation, and the hearts of unbelieving men he passes by and shuns.

Let everyone also know that every man has three things in himself indivisible and working together, as God said when he first created man. He said, "Let us make man in our own likeness." And he then made Adam in his own likeness. In which part has man the likeness of God in him? In the soul, not in the body. The soul of man has in its nature a likeness to the Holy Trinity; for it has in it three things, these are memory, and understanding, and will. By the memory a man thinks on the things which he has heard, or seen, or learned. By the understanding he comprehends all the things which he hears or sees. Of the will come thoughts, and words, and works, both evil and good. There is one soul, and one life, and one substance, which has these three things in it working together inseparably; for where memory is there is understanding and will, and they are ever together. Yet is none of these three the soul, but the soul through the memory reminds, through the understanding comprehends, through the will it wills whatsoever it likes; and it is, nevertheless, one soul and one life. It has therefore God's likeness in itself, because it has three things in it inseparably working. Yet is the man one man, and not a trinity: but God, Father and Son and Holy Ghost, exists in a trinity of persons and in the unity of one Godhead. Man exists not in trinity as God, but he has, nevertheless, the likeness of God in his soul, by reason of the three things of which we have before spoken.

There was a heretic called Arius, who disputed with a bishop who was named Alexander, a wise and orthodox man. The heretic said, that Christ the Son of God could not be equal to his Father, nor so mighty as he; and said, that the Father was before the Son, and took example from men, how every son is younger than his father in this life. Then said the holy bishop Alexander in opposition to him, "God was ever, and ever was his Wisdom of him begotten, and the Wisdom is his Son, as mighty as his Father." Then the heretic got the emperor's support to his heresy, and proclaimed a synod against the bishop, and would bend all the people to his heresies. Then the bishop watched one night in God's church, and cried to his Lord, and thus said, "Thou Almighty God, judge right judgement between me and Arius." On the morrow they came to the synod. The heretic then said to his companions, that he would go forth for his need. When he came to the place and sat, all his entrails came out, while he was sitting, and he sat there dead. Thus God manifested that he was as void in his inside as he had before been in his belief. He would make Christ less than he is, and diminish the dignity of his Godhead; when a death was given him as ignominious as he was well worthy of.

There was another heretic who was called Sabellius. He said, that the Father was, whenever he would, Father; and again, when he would, he was Son; and again, when he would, was Holy Ghost;

and was therefore one God. Then this heretic also perished with his heresy.

Now again, the Jewish people who slew Christ, as he himself would and permitted, say that they will believe in the Father, and not in the Son whom their forefathers slew. Their belief is naught, and they will therefore perish. For our redemption Christ permitted them to slay him. All mankind could not have done it, if he himself had not willed it; but the Holy Father created and made mankind through his Son, and he would afterwards through the same redeem us from hell-torment, when we were undone. Without any passion he might have had us, but that seemed to him unjust. But the devil undid himself, when he instigated the Jewish people to the slaying of Jesus, and we were redeemed by his innocent death from the eternal death.

We have the belief that Christ himself taught to his apostles, and they to all mankind; and that belief God has confirmed and established by many miracles. First Christ by himself healed dumb and deaf, halt and blind, mad and leprous, and raised the dead to life: after, by his apostles and other holy men, he wrought the same miracles. Now also in our time, everywhere where holy men rest, at their dead bones God works many miracles, because he will with those miracles confirm people's faith. God works not these miracles at any Jewish man's sepulchre, nor at any other heretic's, but at the sepulchres of orthodox men, who believed in the Holy Trinity, and in the true Unity of one Godhead.

Let everyone know also, that no man may be twice baptized; but if a man err after his baptism, we believe that he may be saved, if with weeping he repent of his sins, and, according to the teaching of his instructors, atone for them. We are to believe that the soul of every man is created by God, but yet it is not of God's own nature. The matter of a man's body is from the father and from the mother, but God creates the body from the matter, and sends a soul into the body. The soul is nowhere existing previously, but God creates it forthwith, and sets it in the body, and lets it have its own election, whether it shall sin, whether it shall eschew sins. Nevertheless it ever needs God's support, that it may eschew sins, and again come to its Creator through good deserts; for no man doeth anything good without God.

We are also to believe that every body which has received a soul shall arise at doomsday with the same body that he now has, and shall receive the reward of all his deeds: then will the good have eternal life with God, and he will give a meed to everyone according to his deserts. The sinful will be ever suffering in hell-torment, and their torment will also be measured to everyone according to his deserts. Let us therefore merit eternal life with God through this faith, and through good deserts, who existeth in Trinity One Almighty God ever to eternity. Amen.

## SERMON ON THE LORD'S ASCENSION.

*Primum quidem sermonem feci: et reliqua.*

Luke the Evangelist has informed us in this epistolary reading, thus saying, "Jesus, the Redeemer of the world, showed himself living to his disciples, after his passion and his resurrection, by many reproofs, for forty days, and spake to them concerning the kingdom of God, eating and drinking together with them: and commanded them that they should not depart from the city of Jerusalem, but that they should await there the promise of his Father which (he said) ye have heard from my mouth. For John the Baptist baptized with water, and ye shall be baptized with the Holy Ghost now after a few days. The assembly of his disciples therefore said unanimously, Beloved Lord, wilt thou now put an end to this world? He answered them, It is not for you to know the time or the moment which my Father hath appointed through his might: but ye shall receive the might of the Holy Ghost, and ye shall be my witnesses in Judea, and in all the world, unto the uttermost land. And he led them then out of the city up to a hill which is called the mount of Olives, and blessed them with uplifted hands. Then after that blessing he went to heaven, they looking on; and a heavenly cloud descended towards him, and took him from their sight."

"While they stood gazing up to heaven, they saw there two angels in white garments, thus saying, Ye Galilean men, why stand ye thus gazing towards heaven? Jesus, who is now taken from your sight to heaven, shall so come again as ye have seen that he ascended to heaven. They then returned to the city of Jerusalem with great joy, and went up on an upper flooring, and there stayed till Pentecost in prayers and in praises of God, until the Holy Ghost came to them, as the noble King had before promised them."

"In this fellowship were Peter and John, James and Andrew, Philip and Thomas, Bartholomew and Matthew, the other James and Simon, the other Judas and Mary the mother of Jesus, and several others, both men and women. The whole multitude was an hundred and twenty persons, unanimously continuing in prayers."

Jesus taught the holy lore to his disciples before his passion, and after his resurrection he was continuing among them these forty days, from the holy Easter-tide until this present day, and in many ways reproved and tried his disciples, and repeated that which he had before taught, for the perfection of doctrine and right faith. He ate and drank after his resurrection, not because he then had need of earthly food, but because he would manifest his true body. He ate through power, not for need. As fire consumes drops of water, so did the divine power of Christ consume the received meat. Verily after the universal resurrection our bodies will require no strengthening of earthly meats, for Jesus will supply all our needs with heavenly things, and we shall be enriched with glory, and mighty to execute whatsoever is pleasing to us, and we shall be full swift to go through all the immensities of the kingdom of God.

He promised to his disciples then and frequently that he would send to them the Holy Ghost, and thus said, "When he comes he will stimulate and direct you to all the things which I have said unto you." Then came the Holy Ghost in semblance of fire to the holy company on the eleventh day after Christ's ascension, and inflamed them all with innoxious fire, and they were filled with heavenly lore, and knew all worldly tongues, and fearlessly preached faith and baptism to the powerful and cruel.

The holy company asked Christ, whether he would at that time put an end to this world. He said to them in answer, "It is not for you to know the time which my Father hath through his power appointed." He said also in another place, "No man knoweth the day or the time of the ending of this world, nor the angels, nor any saint, save God only." Yet by the tokens which Christ mentioned, we see that the ending is very near at hand, though it be unknown to us.

The apostles were witnesses of Christ's works, for they preached his passion, and his resurrection, and ascension, first to the Jewish people, and afterwards their voice came to every land, and their words to the boundaries of the whole globe; for they recorded the miracles of Christ, and the books exist among christian people, both where the apostles bodily preached, and where they did not come.

All creatures serve their Creator. When Christ was born, heaven sent forth a new star, which announced the birth of God. Again, when he ascended to heaven, the heavenly cloud bowed down towards him, and received him: not that the cloud bare him, for he holds the throne of heaven, but he passed with the cloud from the sight of men. There were seen two angels in white garments. In like manner at his birth angels were seen; but the holy gospel has not explained how they were adorned; for God came to us very humble. At his ascension were seen angels adorned with white garments. Joy is betokened by white garments, for Christ departed hence with great joy and with great majesty. At his birth it seemed as though the Godhead were humbled, and at his ascension humanity was exalted and magnified. With his ascension is annulled the writ of our condemnation, and the sentence of our destruction is abrogated.

When Adam had sinned, the Almighty Ruler said to him, "Thou art earth, and thou shalt to earth return. Thou art dust, and thou shalt return to dust." Now to-day that same nature went incorruptible into the kingdom of heaven. The two angels said that Christ would come as he ascended, because at the great doom he will be seen in human form, that his slayers may recognize him whom they formerly put to death, and also that those who despised his precepts may then justly receive eternal punishment



with the devil. Holy writ says, "Tollatur impius ne videat gloriam Dei: "Be the sight of God's glory taken away from the impious." The impious will not see the glory of Christ, whom they had before despised in life, but they will then see him awful whom humble they had contemned.

Recumbentibus undecim discipulis: et reliqua. We have now read the narrative of Luke concerning Christ's ascension; we will now turn our consideration to the other evangelist Mark, who said in the present day's gospel, that Jesus appeared to his apostles, and chid them, because they would not at first believe his resurrection from death, when it was announced to them. Then said the Lord to his disciples, "Go over all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature: he who believeth and is baptized shall be saved; he who believeth not shall be damned. These signs shall follow those men who believe," etc. This gospel is here now simply said, but we will now unfold its mysteries to you, according to the exposition of Gregory.

The apostles' doubt as to the resurrection of Christ was not so much their lack of faith, but was our confirmation. Less have benefited us those who quickly believed than those who were doubting; for they beheld and touched the scars of Christ's wounds, and so drove out all doubts from our hearts. Jesus then reproved his disciples for their doubt, when he would bodily leave them, that they might be mindful of the words which he said to them on his way. He said, "Go over all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature." The gospel is for us to hear and exceedingly loving, that we may avoid hell-torment and cruel tortures through the incarnation of Jesus, and come to the host of angels through his humility. He said, "Preach to every creature:" but by that name is man alone betokened. Stones are creatures, but they have no life, nor have they sense. Grass and trees live without feeling; they live not by a soul, but by their greenness. Beasts live and have feeling without reason; they have no reason, because they are soulless. Angels live, and have sense, and use reason. Now man has something of all creatures. He has in common with the stones, that he is existing; he has in common with the trees, that he lives; with the beasts, that he has sense; with angels, that he understands. Man is therefore called 'every creature,' because he has something in common with every creature. The gospel is preached to every creature, when it is preached to man alone; for all earthly things are created for man alone, and they all have some likeness to man, as we before said.

"He who believeth, and is baptized, shall be saved; and he who believeth not shall be damned." That faith is true which gainsays not by wicked practices that which it believes; of which spake John the apostle; "He who saith that he knoweth God, and holdeth not his commandments, is a liar." Again, the apostle James says, "The faith which is without good works is dead." Again, he said, "What profiteth it thee that thou have faith, if thou hast not good works? Faith cannot save thee without works. The devils believe, but they tremble." The devils saw Christ in this life, in his human state, but they fell at his feet, and cried, and said, "Thou art the Son of God, therefore thou art come that thou mightest fordo us." The man who will not believe in God, nor has any awe of God, is worse than a devil. He who believes, and has awe, and, nevertheless, will not do good, is like unto a devil.

In quodam tractu, qui æstimatur Sancti Hilarii fuisse, sic invenimus scriptum, sicut Anglice hic interpretavimus, et ad testimonium ipsam Latinitatem posuimus: "Dæmones credunt et contremescunt; qui autem non credit, et non contremescit dæmonibus deterior est: qui autem credit, et contremescit, et veritatem operibus non agit, dæmonibus similis est." He who rightly believes, and rightly lives his life, and with awe of God practises good works to the end of his life, shall be saved, and shall have everlasting life with God, and with all his saints. The Lord said, these signs shall follow those who believe in him, "In my name they shall cast out devils; they shall speak with new tongues; they shall drive away serpents; and though they drink any deadly thing, it shall not hurt them; they shall set their hands over sick men, and it shall be well with them."

These wonders were needful at the beginning of christianity, for by these signs was the heathen folk inclined to faith. The man who plants trees or herbs, waters them so long until they have

taken root; when they are growing he ceases from watering: so also the Almighty God so long showed his miracles to the heathen folk, until they were believing; when faith had sprung up over all the world, then miracles ceased. But, nevertheless, God's church still works daily the same miracles spiritually which the apostles then wrought bodily. When the priest christens the child, then casts he out the devil from that child; for every heathen man is the devil's, but through the holy baptism he is God's, if he observe it. He who forsakes opprobrious speeches and calumnies, and injurious scoffings, and busies his mouth with the praises of God and with prayers, speaks then in new tongues. He who corrects thoughtlessness or impatience, and stills the bitterness of his heart, drives away serpents, for he extinguishes the evilnesses of his mind. He who is allured to fornication, but yet is not induced to its accomplishment, drinks a deadly drink, but it shall not hurt him, if with prayers he flees to God. If any-one be weakened in his purpose, and slothful for good living, then if any-one, with exhortation and examples of good works, strengthen and raise him up, it will be as though he set his hand over the sick and heal him.

The spiritual miracles are greater than the bodily ones were, for these miracles heal a man's soul, which is eternal, but the former signs healed the mortal body. The former miracles were wrought both by good men and by evil. Judas, who betrayed Christ, was evil, though he had previously wrought miracles in the name of God. Of such men Christ in another place said, "I say unto you, many will say to me on that great day, Lord, Lord, lo! have we not prophesied in thy name, and have driven devils out of mad men, and have performed great miracles in thy name? Then will I profess to them, I know you not: depart from me, ye unrighteous doers." My brothers, love not those miracles which may be common to the good and to the evil, but love those signs which are exclusively good men's, which are the signs of true love and of piety. The evil has not true love, nor is the good devoid of it. These signs are mysterious and not perilous, and they have so much the greater reward with God as their glory is less with men. The Omnipotent Lord, after these words, was taken to heaven, and sits on the right hand of his Father.

We read in the old law, that two men of God, Enoch and Elijah, were lifted up to heaven without death: but they await death, and will by no means escape from it. They are taken to the æthereal heaven, not to the ethereal, and continue in some secret dwelling-place with great strength of body and soul, until they shall return again, at the end of this world, against Antichrist, and shall receive death. Our Almighty Redeemer waited not for death, but he overcame it with his resurrection, and manifested his glory by his ascension to the highest throne.

We read of the prophet Elijah, that angels conveyed him in a heavenly chariot, because the infirmity of his nature required some supporter. Our Redeemer Christ was not conveyed in a chariot nor by angels' help; for he who wrought all things was borne by his own might over all creatures. The first-mentioned man, Enoch, was conveyed to the æthereal heaven, and Elijah was borne up in a chariot; but the Almighty Saviour was not conveyed nor borne, but he passed through the ethereal heaven by his own might.

We have to consider how chastity was cherished by the ministers who were thus conveyed, and by the ascending Jesus. Enoch was conveyed, who was begotten by coition, and who begot by coition. Elijah was conveyed in a chariot, who was begotten by coition, but he begot not by coition, for he continued during his life without a wife. Jesus ascended to heaven, who was not begotten by coition, nor did he himself beget; for he is the origin and beginning of all chastities, and to him chastity is a very amiable virtue, which he manifested when he chose him a maiden for mother. And all the holy company which followed him was living in chastity, as he says in one of his gospels, "He who comes to me, may not be my disciple, unless he hate his wife."

The evangelist Mark wrote in this gospel, that our Lord, after his ascension, sat on the right hand of his Father; and the first martyr, Stephen, said that he saw the heavens open, and Jesus standing on his Father's right. Now says the expounder, "That is rightly said, that he sat after his ascension, because a seat is befitting a judge." Christ is the true Judge, who will judge and de-

cide all things, now, and also on the last day. The martyr saw him standing, for he was his supporter in the suffering of his martyrdom, and through his grace he was rendered bold against the fierce persecutors, who cruelly stoned him.

The end of this gospel is, that Christ's apostles "went and preached everywhere, the Lord working with them, and confirming the word with signs following." The apostles, that is, God's preachers, went over all the world. Peter preached in Judea, Paul among the heathen folk, Andrew in Scythia, John in Asia, Bartholomew in India, Matthew in Ethiopia, and so each of them in his part, and the might of God was with them, for the efficacy of their preaching and of numberless signs; for Christ said, "Ye can do nothing without me." Again he said, "I will be with you on all days, until the ending of this world," who liveth and reigneth with the Almighty Father and the Holy Ghost ever to eternity. Amen.

## FOR THE HOLY DAY OF PENTECOST.

From the holy day of Easter are counted fifty days to this day, and this day is called Pentecost, that is, the fiftieth day of Easter-tide. This day was in the old law appointed and hallowed. God commanded Moses in Egypt, that he and all the people of Israel should offer, for every household, a lamb of one year to God, and mark with the blood the sign of the cross on their door-posts and lintels, as on that night God's angel went and slew in every house of the Egyptian folk the firstborn child and the dearest. And the people of Israel went on the same night from the nation, and God led them over the Red sea with dry feet. Pharaoh then hastened after them with a great army. When he came into the middle of the sea, the people of God were gone up, and God then sank Pharaoh and all his host. God then commanded Moses and the people that they should keep that tide with great reverence in the circuit of every year. The tide was then appointed to the people for Easter-tide, because God had saved them from their foes, and destroyed their persecutors. Then fifty days after this God appointed a law for the people, and the glory of God was seen on a hill which is called Sinai. There came a great light, and an awful sound, and blowing trumpets. Then God called Moses to him, and he was with God forty days, and wrote down the old law by God's direction. Then was the day called PENTECOST in the Old Testament.

The offered lamb betokened the slaying of Christ, who innocent was offered to his Father for our redemption. Now is his passion and his resurrection our Easter-tide, because he redeemed us from the thralldom of the devil, and our persecutors are sunk by the holy baptism, as Pharaoh was with his people in the Red sea. These fifty days from the day of Easter are all hallowed to one celebration, and this present day is our Pentecost, that is, the fiftieth day from Easter-day. On the old Pentecost God appointed a law to the people of Israel, and on this day the Holy Ghost came in semblance of fire to God's company; for as the lamb betokened the passion of Christ, so also the old law betokened the preaching of the gospel under the grace of God. There are three periods in this world: one is that which was without law; the second is that which was under the law; the third is now after the advent of Christ. This period is called 'under God's grace.' We are not without law, nor may we hold bodily the law of Moses, but God's grace directs us to his will, if we be mindful of Christ's commandments and of the precepts of the apostles.

It is related in this epistolary lesson, how the Holy Ghost on this day came to the faithful company of Christ's followers. Luke the Evangelist wrote in the book "The Acts of the Apostles," that "the holy company was living unanimously in prayers on an upper floor, after Christ's ascension, awaiting his behest; when, on this day, which is called Pentecost, there came suddenly a great sound from heaven, and filled all the upper flooring with fire, and there appeared above each of them as it were fiery tongues, and they were then all filled with the Holy Ghost, and begun to speak with divers tongues, according as the Holy Ghost taught them. Then there were gathered within the city of Jerusalem pious men of every nation dwelling under heaven; and the apostles spake to the gathering of people, and every of them recognized his own tongue."

"Then was the multitude greatly amazed, and with wonder said,

Lo, are not these which here speak Galileans? And each of us hath heard how they speak in our tongues, in which we were born! We have heard them declare the glories of God in our tongues. Lo, what should this be? Then said the Jews in mockery, These men are drunken with new wine. But Peter answered, It is the third hour; how might we at this time be drunken? But the saying of the prophet Joel is now fulfilled. God spake through the prophet's mouth, that he would send his spirit over human flesh, and the children of men shall prophesy, and I will give my foretokens from heaven above, and my signs on earth beneath. For know ye that Christ arose from death, and in our sight ascended to heaven, and sitteth on his Father's right, as David had prophesied concerning him, thus saying, The Lord said unto my Lord, Sit on my right until I lay thy foes under thy footstool. When the people heard this they were stimulated, and said to the apostles, Alas! what have we to do? Then Peter answered, Repent of your sins, and receive baptism in the name of Christ, and your sins shall be blotted out, and ye shall receive the Holy Ghost. They then received his doctrine, and there submitted to baptism on that day three thousand men. And they were all in unity with the apostles, and sold their possessions, and delivered the money to the apostles, and they distributed to each according to his need."

"Again, at another preaching, five thousand men believed in Christ, and all the believing multitude was as unanimous as if they all had one heart and one soul; not one of them had separate possessions, but their things were common to them all, nor was there any poor person among them. Those who had land-property sold it, and brought the worth to the feet of the apostles: they then distributed it to each according to his need."

"Then God wrought many signs among the people by the hands of the apostles, so that they placed the sick along the street where Peter passed, and as his shadow touched them, they were healed of all sicknesses. Then ran a great multitude from the neighbouring towns, and brought their sick and those possessed with devils, and they were all healed at the hands of the apostles. They set their hands on believing men, and they received the Holy Ghost."

"Then was a thane, called Ananias, and his wife Sapphira: they said between themselves, that they would incline to the fellowship of the apostles. They then resolved, that it would be safer to withhold a portion of the worth of their land, in case aught befell them. The thane then came with the money to the apostles. Then said Peter, Ananias, the devil hath cheated thy heart, and thou hast lied to the Holy Ghost. Why wouldst thou deceive in thine own? Thou hast not lied to men, but to God. When he had heard these words, he fell down and departed. When he was buried, his wife Sapphira came, and knew not how it had befallen her husband. Then Peter said, Tell me, sold ye thus much land? She answered, Yes, sir, so much. Again said Peter, Why have ye so done, that ye durst tempt God? She straightways fell down and departed, and they buried her by her husband. Then there was great fear in God's church, and on all those who heard of it."

The apostles afterwards, before they separated, set James, who was called Righteous, on the seat of Christ, according to God's instruction. He sat on that seat thirty years, and after him Simeon, the kinsman of Jesus. From that example monastic life arose with abstinence, so that they live in a monastery, according to the direction of their principal, in chastity, and their possessions are common to them all, as the apostles established it.

Ye heard a little before, in this lesson, that the Holy Ghost came over the apostles as fiery tongues, and gave them knowledge of all languages; for the humble company merited of God that which long of yore the proud host had lost. It happened after Noah's flood, that giants would raise up a city, and a tower so high, that its roof should ascend to heaven. There was then one language among all mankind, and the work was begun against the will of God. God therefore scattered them, so that he gave to each of the workmen an unknown language, and not one of them could understand another's speech. They then ceased from the building, and went divers ways over all the world; and there were afterwards as many languages as there were workmen. Now again, on this day, through the advent of the Holy Ghost, all languages became united and concordant; for all the holy company of Christ's followers were speaking in all languages; and also, what was more

wonderful, when one of them preached in one tongue, it seemed to everyone who heard the preaching as though he spake in his language, whether they were Hebrews, or Greeks, or Romans, or Egyptians, or of whatsoever nation they might be who heard that doctrine. In this fellowship their humility gained them this power, and the pride of the giants gained shame.

The Holy Ghost appeared over the apostles in semblance of fire, and over Christ, at his baptism, in likeness of a dove. Why over Christ in semblance of a dove? Why over the followers of Christ in likeness of fire? In books it is read concerning that kind of birds that its nature is very meek, and innocent, and peaceful. The Saviour is the Judge of all mankind, but he came not to judge mankind, as he himself said, but to save. If he then would have judged mankind, when he first came on earth, who would have been saved? But he would not by his advent condemn the sinful, but would gather them to his kingdom. He would first with gentleness direct us, that he might afterwards preserve us at his judgement. Therefore was the Holy Ghost seen in likeness of a dove above Christ, because he was living in this world in meekness, and innocence, and peacefulness. He cried not out, nor was he inclined to bitterness, nor did he stir up strife, but endured man's wickedness through his meekness. But he who at his first advent mitigated, for the conversion of the sinful, will deem stern doom to the reckless at his second advent.

The Holy Ghost was seen as fiery tongues above the apostles; for he effected that they were burning in God's will, and preaching of God's kingdom. They had fiery tongues when with love they preached the greatness of God, that the hearts of the heathen men, which were cold through infidelity and fleshly desires, might be kindled to the heavenly commands. If the Holy Ghost teach not a man's mind within, in vain will be the words of the preacher proclaimed without. It is the nature of fire to consume whatsoever is near to it: so shall the teacher do, who is inspired by the Holy Ghost, first extinguish every sin in himself, and afterwards in those under his care.

In likeness of a dove and in semblance of fire was the Spirit of God manifested; for he causes those to be meek in innocence, and burning in the will of God, whom he fills with his grace. Meekness is not pleasing to God without wisdom, nor wisdom without meekness; as it is said by the blessed Job, that he was meek and righteous. What is righteousness without meekness? Or what is meekness without righteousness? But the Holy Ghost, who teaches both righteousness and meekness, should be manifested both as fire and as a dove, for he causes the hearts of those men whom he enlightens with his grace to be meek through innocence, and kindled by love and wisdom. God is, as Paul said, a consuming fire. He is a fire unspeakable and invisible. Concerning that fire Jesus said, "I come because I would send fire on earth, and I will that it burn." He sent the Holy Ghost on earth, and he by his inspiration kindled the hearts of earthly men. Then burns the earth, when the earthly man's heart is kindled to love of God, which before was cold through fleshly lusts.

The Holy Ghost is not in his nature existing as he was seen, for he is invisible; but for the sign, as we before said, he appeared as a dove and as fire. He is called in the Greek tongue *Paraklitos*, that is, Comforting Spirit, because he comforts the sad, who repent of their sins, and gives them hope of forgiveness, and alleviates their sorrowful minds. He forgives sins, and he is the way to forgiveness of all sins. He gives his grace to whom he will. To one man he gives wisdom and eloquence, to one good knowledge, to one great faith, to one power to heal the sick, to one prophetic power, to one discrimination of good and evil spirits; to one he gives divers tongues, to one interpretation of divers sayings. The Holy Ghost does all these things, distributing to everyone as to him seems good; for he is the Almighty Worker, and as soon as he enlightens the mind of a man, he turns it from evil to good. He enlightened the heart of David, when in youth he loved the harp, and made him to be a psalmist. There was a cow-herd called Amos, whom the Holy Ghost turned to a great prophet. Peter was a fisher, whom the same Spirit of God turned to an apostle. Paul persecuted christian men, whom he chose for instructor of all nations. Matthew was a toll-gatherer, whom he turned to an evangelist. The apostles durst not preach the true faith, for fear of the

Jewish folk; but after that they were fired by the Holy Ghost, they despised all bodily tortures, and fearlessly preached the greatness of God.

The dignity of this day is to be celebrated, because Almighty God, that is the Holy Ghost, himself vouchsafed to visit the children of men at this time. At the birth of Christ the Almighty Son of God became human man, and on this day believing men became gods, as Christ said; "I said, Ye are gods, and ye are all children of the Highest." The chosen are children of God, and also gods, not naturally, but through grace of the Holy Ghost. One God is naturally in three persons, the Father, and his Son, that is, his Wisdom, and the Holy Ghost, who is the Love and Will of them both. Their nature is indivisible, ever existing in one Godhead. The same has, nevertheless, said of his chosen, "Ye are gods." Through Christ's humanity men were redeemed from the thralldom of the devil, and through the coming of the Holy Ghost human men were made gods. Christ received human nature at his advent, and men received God through visitation of the Holy Ghost. The man who has not in him the Spirit of God is not God's. Every man's works show what spirit directs him. The Spirit of God ever directs to holiness and goodness; the spirit of the devil directs to sins and deeds of wickedness.

The Holy Ghost came twice over the apostles. Christ blew the Holy Ghost on the apostles before his resurrection, thus saying, "Receive the Holy Ghost." Again, on this day, the Almighty Father and the Son sent the Spirit of both to the faithful company dwelling in this world. Jesus blew his Spirit on his disciples for a sign that they and all christian men should love their neighbours as themselves. He sent afterwards, as he had before promised, the Holy Ghost from heaven, to the end that we should love God above all other things. The Holy Ghost is one, though he came twice over the apostles. So also there is one love and two commandments, That we should love God and men. But we should learn by men how we may come to the love of God, as John the apostle said, "He who loveth not his brother, whom he seeth, how can he love God, whom he seeth not bodily?"

We celebrate the advent of the Holy Ghost with hymns for seven days, because he stimulates our mind with a sevenfold gift, that is, with wisdom and understanding, with counsel and strength, with knowledge and piety, and he fills us with awe of God. He who through good deserts attains to these sevenfold gifts of the Holy Ghost will have all honour. But he who will attain to this honour shall believe in the Holy Trinity, and in True Unity, that the Father, and his Son, and the Spirit of them both are three in persons, and one God indivisible, existing in one Godhead. This faith was betokened by the three thousand who first inclined to belief, after the advent of the Holy Ghost. As those three thousand were one company, so is the Holy Trinity one God. And that company was as unanimous as though they all had one heart and one soul; for of the Holy Trinity there is one Godhead, and one nature, and one will, and one work inseparable.

The faithful brought their money, and laid it at the feet of the apostles. By this is manifested that christian men should not set their delight in worldly treasure, but in God alone. The covetous who sets his delight in his gold-hoard, is, as the apostle said, "like unto him who practiseth idolatry."

They held the gold as worthless, because covetousness had no place in their hearts: they made their goods in common, that they might be in true peace without covetousness. They set their hands over believing men, and the Holy Ghost came to them through their bishoping. Bishops are of the same order in God's church, and hold that institution in their bishoping, so that they set their hands over baptized men, and pray the Almighty Ruler to send them the sevenfold gift of his Spirit, who liveth and reigneth ever without end. Amen.

## THE SECOND SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST.

*Homo quidam erat dives: et reliqua.*

The Sovereign Lord spake this parable to his disciples, thus saying, "There was a certain rich man adorned with purple and fine

linen, and daily lived sumptuously. A certain poor man lay at his gate, and his name was Lazarus, who was a leper," etc.

This gospel is now simply said. The holy pope Gregory has revealed to us the mystery of this text. He said, "The holy gospel did not express that the rich man was a robber, but that he was parsimonious, and exulted in his wealth." By this it is to be considered how he will be punished who bereaves another, when he is condemned to hell, who would not give his own for love of God. This man's parsimony and pride sank him into quick torment, because he had no compassion, so that with his treasure he might have redeemed his own soul. Now some men will imagine that there is no peril in precious garments, but if there were no sin, the holy gospel would not have so evidently manifested with respect to the rich man, that he was adorned with purple and with fine linen. No man heeds precious garments save for vain pride, verily that he may through his splendour be accounted before other men. The Lord in another place praised John the Baptist for the rudeness of his garment, because he was clothed with camel's hair, poorly and ruggedly.

When Jesus spake of the rich man he said, "There was a certain rich man." Again, of the poor man, "There was a certain poor man called Lazarus." It is known to you that a rich man is more known by name among his people than a poor one; nevertheless Jesus named not the wealthy man, but the needy one; because the names of humble men are known to him through election, but he knows not the proud through their rejection. Some excuse the rich man might have had for his parsimony, if the leprous beggar had not lain before his sight: the mind of the poor man would also have been easier, if he had not seen the rich man's wealth. Divers afflictions he endured, seeing that he had neither nourishment, nor health, nor garments, and saw the rich man, hale and sumptuously decorated, enjoying his luxuries. For the beggar his infirmity had been enough, though he had had food; and again, his indigence had been enough for him, although he had been healthful. But the manifold hardship was the cleansing of his soul, and the parsimony and pride of the rich man were his condemnation; because he saw the other's misery, and with inflated mind despised him. But when he was despised of men, the dogs approached, and licked his wounds. The licking of a dog heals wounds.

It then happened that the beggar died, and angels bare his soul to the dwelling of the patriarch Abraham; and the rich man's spirit after death was sunk into hell; and he then wished to have him for protector, to whom he would not before give his crumbs. He then bade Abraham with piteous voice, that Lazarus might moisten his tongue; but that little favour was not granted him, because Lazarus might not before in life gather the crumbs of his table. He particularly complained of his tongue, because it is usual that the wealthy in their feasting practise pernicious scoffing; therefore was his tongue, through righteous retribution, more harshly punished for his scoffing speech. The patriarch Abraham said to him, "My son, be thou mindful that thou receivedst riches in thy life, and Lazarus misery." This saying is rather to be feared than expounded. The rich man was requited with transitory prosperity, if he did aught of good; and the poor man was requited with misery, if he had perpetrated aught of evil. Then the wealthy man received his happiness in reward for short enjoyment, and the indigence of the needy one cleansed away his little sins. Poverty afflicted and purified him; his abundance enriched and deceived the other.

I pray you, men most beloved, despise not God's poor, though they perpetrate anything reprehensible; because their misery cleanses that which a little superfluity corrupts. Observe each one, for good often befalls the evil for life. The patriarch said to the wealthy man, "Betwixt us and you is fixed a great vapour; though any-one will pass from us to you, he cannot; nor also from you to us." With great eagerness the wicked desire to pass from the torment in which they suffer, but the fastening of the hellish enclosure never allows them to break out. Also the holy are so filled with their Creator's righteousness, that they in no wise lament the misery of the wicked; because they see the fordone ones as greatly estranged from them, as they are thrust away from their beloved Lord.

When the rich man became hopeless of his own deliverance,

the remembrance of his brothers entered into his mind; for the punishment of the wicked very often uselessly stimulates their minds to love, so that they then love their relatives, who before in life loved neither themselves nor their kinsmen. He loves not himself who binds himself with sins. He recognized Lazarus, whom he had before despised, and he remembered his brothers, whom he had left behind; for the needy one would not have been fully avenged on the rich, if he in his punishment had not recognized him; and again, his punishment would not have been complete in the fire, unless he had expected the same torments for his relatives.

The sinful will now sometimes see the chosen in glory, whom they in the world despised, that the affliction of their minds may be the greater: and the righteous will ever see the unrighteous suffering in their torments, that their bliss and love to their Lord may be the greater, who rescued them from the power of the devil, and from the wicked band. That spectacle will excite no terror to the righteous, nor will their glory wane; for there will be no sorrowing for the misery of the wicked, but their torments will turn to the greater bliss of the chosen, as in a picture a dark likeness is provided, that the white may appear the brighter. The chosen will constantly see their Creator's brightness, and therefore there is nothing in creation concealed from him.

The rich man would not in life hear the teacher Moses, or God's prophets: then he thought that his brothers would also despise them as he did, and desired therefore that Lazarus might warn them, so that they came not to his torment. The patriarch answered him, "If they despise the law of Moses and the preachings of the prophets, they will not believe, though one arose from death." Those who neglect the easy commandments of the old law, how will they obey the sublime commandments of Christ's doctrine, who arose from death?

I pray you, my brethren, that ye be mindful of Lazarus's rest and of the rich man's punishment, and do as Christ himself taught, "Gain to yourselves friends among God's poor, that they at your end may receive you into eternal dwelling-places." Many Lazaruses ye have now lying at your gates, begging for your superfluity. Though they are esteemed as vile, they will, nevertheless, be hereafter your interceders with the Almighty. Verily we ought to enjoin the poor to pray for us, because they will be our protectors, who, now begging, desire sustenance of us. We should not despise their vileness, for Christ himself is served through reception of the poor, as he himself said, "I was hungry, and ye fed me; I was thirsty, and ye gave me to drink; I was naked, and ye clothed me."

Now says the holy Gregory, there was a reverend monk in the country of Lycaonia, very pious, his name was Martyrius. He went by order of his abbot to some other monastery, on his errand, when he found a leper lying by the way all chapped, and having no power of his feet: he said he wished to reach his hut, if he could. Then the monk was grieved for the helplessness of the leper, and he wrapt him in his cloak and bare him towards his monastery. Then it was disclosed to his abbot whom he was bearing, and he cried with a loud voice, and said, "Run, run, and undo the gate of the monastery quickly, for our brother Martyrius bears Jesus on his back." When the monk had reached the gate of the monastery, he who seemed a leper quitted his neck, and appeared in the likeness of Christ. The monk then looked up, and beheld how he ascended to heaven. Then said Jesus, while ascending, "Martyrius, thou wast not ashamed of me on earth, nor will I be ashamed of thee in heaven." Then the abbot hastened towards the monk, and eagerly said, "My brother, where is he whom thou didst carry?" He said, "If I had known who he was, I would have lain at his feet. When I bore him I felt no heaviness of any burthen." How could he feel the heaviness of any weight, when he carried one who bore him? Now says the holy Gregory, Jesus verified the saying which he himself said, "That which ye do for the poor in my name, that ye do for myself."

What is there in human nature so glorious as the humanity of Christ, and what is esteemed more foul in human nature than the carcase of the leper, with tumours, and ulcers, and reeking stench? But he who is to be venerated above all creatures, vouchsafed to appear in that foul form, to the end that we might pity the misery of human beings, and according to our power comfort them,

for love of the merciful and humble Jesus; that he may grant us a dwelling in his kingdom to eternal life, who rescued us from the devil's thralldom; who reigneth to eternity with the Almighty Father and the Holy Ghost, those three existing in one Godhead, without beginning and end, ever to eternity. Amen.

## THE FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST.

The holy gospel tells us, that "publicans and sinners approached Jesus, and desired to hear his doctrine. Then the pharisees and the scribes of the Jewish people murmured, because Jesus received the sinful, and ate and drank with them. Then said Jesus to the Jewish scribes this parable, Which of you hath an hundred sheep," etc.

These words are obscure, but the expounder Gregory has opened to us the ghostly meaning. My dearest brothers, ye have heard in this evangelical lesson, that the sinful approached to the speech of Jesus, and also to his refection; and the Jewish scribes censured that with heat; but their censure was not from righteousness, but from envy. They were sick, though they observed it not. Then would the heavenly leech with a pleasant parable benevolently heal the swelling of their hearts, and thus said, "Which of you hath an hundred sheep, and if he lose one of the sheep, then leaveth he [not] the ninety and nine in the waste, and goeth seeking the one that he lost?" An hundredfold number is perfect, and the Almighty had an hundred sheep, when the host of angels and mankind were his possessions: but he lost one sheep, when the first-created man Adam through sin lost the food of Paradise. Then the Almighty Son of God left all the host of angels in heaven, and went to earth, and sought that one sheep that had escaped from him. When he had found it, he bare it on his shoulders to the flock rejoicing. When he assumed our human nature, and bare our sins, then was the wandering sheep brought back on his holy shoulders. The master of the sheep came home, having found his sheep; for Christ after his passion, whereby he redeemed mankind, arose from death, and ascended to heaven rejoicing.

He invited his friends and his neighbours. His friends are companies of angels, because they in their steadfastness constantly observe his will. They are also his neighbours, because they enjoy the glorious brightness of his sight in their presence. He said, "Rejoice with me, for I have found my lost sheep." He said not, 'Rejoice with the sheep,' but 'with me,' because our redemption is truly his joy; and when we are led to the heavenly dwelling-place, we then complete the great celebration of his gladness. He said, "I say unto you, there is more joy in heaven over one sinful man, if he rue his sins with repentance, than there is over ninety and nine righteous, who need no repentance." This is to be investigated, why there is more joy over a converted sinner, than over the innocent righteous.

We have frequently seen that those brethren, who have not fallen into deadly sins, are not altogether so careful to practise a hard course of life, as though they were careless because they had not perpetrated deadly sins; and that others who acknowledge the grievous sins that they have committed in youth, are pricked with great affliction. They despise permitted and visible things, and with weeping desire those invisible and heavenly. They despise and humble themselves in all things; and because through error they have departed from their Creator, they desire to repair the consequent injury with heavenly gains. Greater joy there will be in heaven over the converted sinner, through such endurances, than over a remiss one who is confident in himself, that he has perpetrated little and few sins, and at the same time cares but little about God's commandments and his soul's need. Greater love a general feels in battle for the soldier who after flight boldly overcomes his adversary, than for him who never took to flight, nor yet in any conflict performed any deed of valour. In like manner the husbandman loves the field which after thorns and brambles yields abundant fruits, more than he loves that which was not thorny nor is fruitful. There are, nevertheless, very many righteous guiltless of deadly sins, and yet practise as severe a course of life as though they were troubled with all sins. With these can no penitent sinner be compared, because they are righteous and repentant. By this is to be judged how greatly the righteous with

humble lamentation gladdens God, if the unrighteous with true penitence can gladden him.

The Lord yet said another parable concerning ten shillings, and of which one was lost and was found. That parable again betokens the nine hosts of angels. Instead of the tenth host mankind was created; for the tenth had been found guilty of pride, and thrust from heavenly bliss to hell torments. There are now nine companies, named, angeli, archangeli, virtutes, potestates, principatus, dominationes, throni, cherubim, seraphim. The tenth perished. Then was mankind created to supply the place of the lost company.

Angeli are interpreted, God's messengers; archangeli, high messengers; virtutes, powers, by which God works many miracles. Potestates are powers which have power over the accursed spirits, that they may not tempt the hearts of believing men so much as they desire. Principatus are authorities which have charge of the good angels, and they by their direction fulfil the divine mysteries. Dominationes are interpreted, lordships, because the other hosts of angels obey them with great subjection. Throni are thrones which are filled with such great grace of the Almighty Godhead, that the All-powerful God dwells on them, and through them decides his dooms. Cherubim are interpreted, fullness of knowledge or understanding: they are filled with so much the more understanding as they are nearer to their Creator through the worthiness of their deserts. Seraphim are interpreted burning, or inflaming: they are so much the more burning in love of God as they are associated with him; for there are no other angels between them and the Almighty God. They are burning, not in wise of fire, but with great love of the Powerful King. God's kingdom is composed of hosts of angels and of religious men, and we believe that of mankind as great a number will ascend to that sublime realm as there remained of holy spirits in heaven after the fall of the accursed spirits.

Nine hosts of angels were left, and the tenth perished. Now the multitude of religious men will be as great as was that of the steadfast angels; and we shall be annexed to their hosts, according to our deserts. Many faithful men there are who have little intellect to understand the deepness of God's lore, and will, nevertheless, with piety declare to other men concerning the glories of God, according to the measure of their intellect: these will be annexed to the angels, that is, to God's messengers. The chosen, who can investigate the mysteries of God, and preach with ghostly lore to others, will be numbered with the archangels, that is, with the high messengers. The holy, who work wonders in life, will be disposed among the heavenly powers who execute God's miracles. There are also some chosen men who drive out the accursed spirits from men possessed, by power of their prayers: whereto shall these be annexed except to the heavenly powers, who control the fiendlike tempters? Those chosen ones, who through high deserts excel their humbler brethren in authority, will have their portion also among the heavenly princes. Some there are so pious that they control with their authority all vices and sins in themselves, so that they are accounted gods through their exalted purity: of these the Almighty said to Moses, "I will set thee that thou be Pharaoh's god." These servants of God, who are in so great honour in the sight of the Almighty that they are accounted gods, to what order are they assigned, unless to the host which is called lordships? for to them other angels are subordinate.

In some chosen men, who live with great heedfulness in the present life, the grace of God's Spirit is so great, that he, sitting on their hearts as it were on a throne, decides and judges wondrously the deeds of other men. What are these but thrones of their Creator, on which abiding he judges men? True love is the completion of God's law, and he who in his moral conduct holds love of God and of men, will be rightly called cherubim; for all understanding and knowledge is contained in two words, namely, love of God and of men. Some servants of God are inflamed with so great a desire for the presence of their Creator, that they despise all worldly care, and with burning mind rise above all perishing honours, and with the great heat of heavenly love enkindle others, and with instructive speech confirm them. How may these be called but seraphim, when through the great heat of love of God they are before other mortals nearest to his presence?

Now says the blessed Gregory, "Woe to the soul that passes its life devoid of the holy virtues," which we have just shortly explained to you. But let the soul which is deprived of those excellences mourn, and desire that the bountiful Ruler will, through his grace, associate it to the lot of his chosen. All men have not like grace from God, for he gives ghostly honours to every one according to his endeavours. Let him who has less grace envy not those more excellent, because the holy companies of blessed angels are so ordered, that some in subordination obey others, and some with transcending dignity are set before others.

Great is the number of the holy spirits which dwell in God's kingdom, of whom the prophet Daniel said, "Thousand thousands ministered to the Heavenly Ruler, and ten thousand times hundredfold thousands dwelt with him." One thing is ministry, another is, co-dwelling. Those angels minister to God who announce his will to the world, and perform the things which are pleasing to him. The other hosts, that dwell with him, enjoy the closest contemplation of his Godhead, so that they on no account, sent forth, withdraw from his presence. But those who are sent to us so execute their Creator's behest without, that they, nevertheless, depart never from his divine joy; for God is everywhere, though the angel be local. The Almighty Ruler is not local, for he is in every place, and whithersoever the local angel flieth, he will be surrounded with His presence.

Some of them have especial grace from their Creator, and yet their dignity is common to all, and that which each one has in himself partially, he has in another host perfectly; of which the psalmist said, "Lord, thou who sittest above the cherubim, manifest thyself."

We said a little before in this lesson, that the throne of the Almighty was among the host which are called throni: but who may be happy, unless he have his Creator's dwelling in himself? Seraphim the spirits are called who are burning with love of the Lord, and yet all the heavenly power together is inflamed with his love. Cherubim is interpreted fullness of knowledge or understanding, and yet what angel is there in God's presence who knows not all things? But each of those hosts is therefore called by the name which betokens the gift that it has more perfectly received.

But let us cease a little from speaking of the mysteries of the heavenly inhabitants, and meditate on ourselves, and bewail with repentance our sins, that we, through the Lord's mercy, may, as he has promised us, attain to the heavenly dwelling. He said in some place, "In my Father's house are many dwellings," for if some be stronger in deserts, some more righteous, some adorned with greater holiness, none of them may be estranged from the great house, where everyone shall receive a dwelling according to his deserts.

The merciful Lord said, that there was great joy in heaven for one penitent; but the Same said through his prophet, "If the righteous turn from his righteousness, and impiously commit unrighteousness, all his righteousness I will forget; and if the impious repent of his impiety, and do righteousness, I will not remember any of his sins." To repentant men he is merciful, but to the procrastinating he promises not certain life till the morrow. No sinner ought therefore to procrastinate his own repentance, lest he by remissness lose the time of God's respite. Let every man meditate on his former deeds, and also on his present conduct, and fly to the merciful Judge with weeping, while he, who is righteous and merciful, awaits our bettering. He truly repents of his sins who repeats not his former deeds; concerning which Jesus said to the healed bedridden, "Behold, now thou art healed, sin not henceforth, lest something worse befall thee."

Believing men may have great trust and hope to the human God Christ, who is our Protector and Judge, who liveth and reigneth with the Father, in unity of the Holy Ghost, for ever and ever. Amen.

## JUNE XXIV. THE NATIVITY OF ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST.

The evangelist Luke wrote in the book of Christ concerning the birth of John the Baptist, thus saying, "There was a certain pi-

ous servant of God called Zacharias, his wife was called Elizabeth. They were both righteous before God, walking forth in his commandments and righteousnesses without blame. They had no child in common," etc.

"All his garment was woven of camel's hair, his food was coarse; he drank not drink of wine, nor of any mixed or prepared fluid: fruit fed him and wood-honey, and other common things.

"In the fifteenth year of the reign of the emperor Tiberius, the word of God came upon John, in the waste, and he went into the presence of people, and preached to the Jewish folk baptism for the forgiveness of sins, as it is written in the prophecy of Isaiah."

The baptism of Christ to come he preached to all believers, in which is forgiveness of sins through the Holy Ghost. John also, by God's direction, baptized those who came to him of the Jewish nations, but his baptism wrought no forgiveness of sin, for he was God's messenger, and not God. He announced to men the advent of Jesus with words, and His holy baptism with his own baptism, with which he baptized the sinless Son of God, who needed no forgiveness of sin.

Rightly does God's church honour this day, the birth-tide of the great Baptist, for the many wonders which happened at his birth. God's archangel Gabriel announced his birth to Zacharias his father, and his high honours, and his illustrious life. The child in his mother's womb knew the voice of Mary, the parent of God; and in the womb yet closed, betokened with prophetic joy the salutary advent of our Redeemer. At his birth he removed from his mother her barrenness, and his name unbound the tongue of his father, who by his own want of belief had been made dumb.

The holy church celebrates the birth-tide of three persons,—of Jesus, who is God and man, and of John his messenger, and of the blessed Mary his mother. Of other chosen persons, who, through martyrdom, or through other holy merits, have gone to the kingdom of God, we celebrate as their birth-tide their last day, which, after the fulfilment of all their labours, brought them forth victorious to eternal life; and the day on which they were born to this present life we let pass unheeded, because they came hither to hardships, and temptations, and divers perils. The day is memorable to the servants of God which sends his saints, after victory won, to eternal joy from all afflictions, and which is their true birth; not tearful as the first, but exulting in eternal life. But the birth-tide of Christ is to be celebrated with great care, through which came our redemption.

John is the ending of the old law and the beginning of the new, as Jesus said of him, "The old law and the prophets were till the coming of John." Afterwards began the gospel-preaching. Now, on account of his great holiness, his birth is honoured, as the archangel promised his father with these words, "Many shall rejoice in his birth-tide." Mary, the parent of God, is like to none other, for she is maiden and mother, and bare him who created her and all creatures: therefore is she well worthy that her birth should be honourably celebrated.

The relatives bestowed on the child the name of Zacharias, but the mother contradicted them by words, and the dumb father by writing; because the angel who had announced that he was to come, had, by God's direction, given him the name of JOHN. The dumb father could not have informed his wife how the angel had bestowed a name on his child, but by revelation of the Spirit of God the name was known to her. Zacharias is interpreted, 'Mindful of God;' and John, 'God's grace;' because he preached to men the grace of God, and that Christ was to come, who directs all the earth with his grace. He was sent before the Lord, as the day-star goes before the sun, as the beadle before the judge, as the Old Testament before the New; for the Old Law was as a shadow, and the New Testament is truth through the grace of Jesus.

They were children of the same year, Christ and John. On this day the barren mother brought forth the great prophet John, who is praised in these words by the mouth of Christ, "Among the children of men there hath not arisen a greater man than is John the Baptist."

On the mass-day of midwinter the holy maiden Mary brought forth the Heavenly Prince, who is not numbered with the children of men, because he is the Son of God in his Godhead, and the Son of God and of a maiden by his human nature. John fled from the

presence of people in his youth, and in the waste, with austere life-course, avoided sin. Jesus continued among the sinful pure from every sin. The crier inclined, at that time, a great body of the people of Israel to their Creator by his announcement. The Lord daily inclines souls without number of all nations to his faith, through enlightening of the Holy Ghost.

The holy gospel says of the Baptist, that he preceded Jesus in spirit and in power of the prophet Elias; because he was his forerunner at his first advent, as Elias will be at the second against Antichrist. It is not without signification that the birth of the crier was completed on the day when the worldly day is waning, and that it is waxing on the birth-tide of the Lord. This signification the same John revealed in these words, "It is befitting Christ that he wax, and me that I be waning." John was sooner known to men, through his illustrious life-course, than Christ was, for He manifested not his divine power, ere that he had been thirty years in human nature. Then it seemed to the people that he was a prophet, and that John was Christ. But Christ manifested himself by many great miracles, and his fame waxed through all the world, that he was true God, who before that had seemed a prophet. But John was waning in his fame, for he was acknowledged a prophet, and the proclaimer of the Heavenly Prince, who a little before had by uncertain supposition been accounted Christ. The waning day of his birth-tide betokens this waning, and the increasing day of the birth of Jesus signifies his increasing power according to his human nature.

Many prophets by their prophecy announced the Lord to come, some from afar some near, but John announced his advent by words, and also with his finger signified it, thus saying, "Look now! Behold here goeth the Lamb of God, who shall take away the sins of the world." Christ is named by many names. He is called Wisdom, because the Father wrought all things through him. He is called Word, because a word is the manifestation of wisdom. The evangelist John began the evangelical memorial with the Word, thus saying, "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God." He is called Lamb, from the innocence of the lamb's nature; and was guiltless, for our redemption, offered a living sacrifice to his Father in the manner of a lamb. He is called the Lion of the tribe of Judah, the Root of David, because, through his godly strength he overcame the great devil by the victory of his passion.

The holy Baptist of whom we are speaking, established a rigid life-course, both in raiment and in food, as we have mentioned a little before; for the Mighty Jesus was thus saying of him, "From the days of John the kingdom of God suffereth compulsion, and the violent seize it." It is known to every intelligent man, that the old law was easier than the Institute of Christ is, for in it there was no great continence nor the ghostly courses which Christ and his apostles afterwards established. One thing is the institute which the king ordains through his nobles or officials, another is his own edict in his presence. The holy church is in this place called God's kingdom, that is, all christian people, who shall with force and violence earn the heavenly kingdom. How can it be without violence and compulsion, that any one by chastity overcomes libidinous nature through God's grace? Or who shall still the frenzy of his mind with patience, without difficulty? or who shall exchange pride for true humility? or who drunkenness for soberness? or who covetousness for munificence, without violence? But he who, through God's support, so changes his ways with steadfastness, will then be made another man; another he will be in goodness, and the same in substance, and he will then by violence seize the heavenly kingdom.

There are two kinds of continence, one bodily, the other ghostly. One is, that everyone govern himself with moderation in food and in drink, and manfully remove from himself superfluous aliment. The second kind of continence is more precious and exalted, though the other is good, to guide the agitation of his mind with constant moderation, and fight daily against sins, and chastise himself with the sternness of ghostly correction, so that he restrain the fierce beast of the eight capital sins as it were with iron bonds. Precious is this continence and glorious suffering in the sight of God, to govern evil thoughts and sinful pleasures with our own sceptre, and to abstain from injurious speech and

perilous work, as from death-bearing meats. He who sedulously performs these things, seizes undoubtedly the promised kingdom with God and all his saints. Great violence it is through which human beings with humble merits obtain that heavenly joy, which the heavenly angels lost through pride.

It delights us to speak yet further of the holy man John, for his honour and our bettering. Of him the prophet Isaiah wrote, that he is "the voice of one crying in the waste, Prepare the way of God, make right his paths. Every valley shall be filled, and every hill shall be lowered, and all crookednesses shall be straightened, and sharpnesses smoothed." The prophet called himself a voice, because he preceded Christ, who is called the Word: not such a word as men speak, but he is the Wisdom of the Father, and a word is the manifestation of wisdom. The Word is Almighty God, the Son with his Father. In every word the voice is heard before the word is fully spoken. As the voice precedes the word, so did John precede Jesus on earth; for God the Father sent him before the sight of his Son, that he might prepare and make ready his way. But John cried these same words to men, "Prepare the way of God." The crier who announces right belief and good works, prepares the way for the coming God to the heart of the hearers.

The way of God is prepared in the heart of men, when they humbly hear the speech of Truth, and are ready to the commandments of Life; of whom Jesus said, "He who loveth me holdeth my commandment, and my Father loveth him, and we will come to him, and will dwell with him." His paths shall be straight, when, through good preaching, pure thoughts spring up in the mind of the listeners. Valleys betoken the humble, and hills the proud. At the Lord's advent valleys shall be filled, and hills lowered, as he himself said, "Everyone of them who exalteth himself shall be humbled, and he who humbleth himself shall be exalted." As water rushes from the hill and stands in the valley, so flees the Holy Ghost from the heart of proud men, and takes his dwelling in the humble, as the prophet said, "In whom resteth the Spirit of God but in the humble?" Crookednesses shall be straight, when the hearts of perverse men, which are agitated by the hooks of unrighteousness, are again made even by the ruling-rods of true righteousness. Sharpnesses shall be turned to smooth ways, when angry and ungentle minds turn to gentleness through infusion of the heavenly grace.

Tedious it would be for us to recount and for you to hear all the depths of the great Baptist's preaching; how with strong reproof and severe admonition he inclined the hard-hearted of the Jewish people to the way of life, and after his suffering announced Christ's advent to the inhabitants of hell, as he in life had with loud voice boldly preached their own redemption to mankind.

Let us now pray the Powerful Saviour, that he, through the mediation of the great Forerunner and Baptist, be merciful to us in the present life, and lead us to the life eternal, to whom be glory and praise with the Father and the Holy Ghost, ever to eternity. Amen.

## JUNE XXIX. THE PASSION OF THE APOSTLES PETER AND PAUL.

*Venit Jesus in partes Cæsareæ Philippi: et reliqua.*

Matthew the Evangelist wrote in the evangelical Testament, thus saying, "The Lord came to a district, which is called Cæsarea Philippi, and asked his disciples how men spake concerning him. They answered, Some men say that thou art John the Baptist; some men say that thou art Elias; some Jeremias, or some other prophet. Jesus then said, What say ye that I am? Peter answered him, Thou art Christ, Son of the living God. The Lord said to him in answer, Blessed art thou, Simon, son of a dove, for flesh and blood hath not revealed to thee this belief, but my Father who is in heaven. I say to thee, thou art of stone, and on this stone I will build my church, and the gates of hell may not aught against it. I will commit to thee the key of the kingdom of heaven, and whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth, that shall be bound in heaven; and whatsoever thou shalt unbind on earth, that shall be unbound in heaven."

Beda the expositor reveals to us the mystery of this reading, and says, that Philip the tetrarch built the city of Cæsarea, and, in honour of the emperor Tiberius, under whom he governed, de-

vised for the city the name of Cæsarea, and in memorial of himself added to the name, 'Philippi,' thus saying, 'Cæsarea Philippi,' as though the city were so named in honour of them both.

When Jesus drew near to the district, he asked, how the men of the world spake of him: not as though he knew not the speeches of men concerning him, but he would, by a true confession of the right belief, destroy the false imagination of erring men. His apostles answered him, "Some men say that thou art John the Baptist, some say that thou art Elias, some Jeremias, or one of the prophets." The Lord then asked, "What say ye that I am?" as if he had thus said, "Now the men of the world thus erroneously know me, how do ye, who are gods, know me?" The expositor said 'gods,' because the true God, who alone is Almighty, has granted that dignity to his chosen, that he calls them gods. The obedient Peter answered him, "Thou art Christ, Son of the living God." He said 'of the living God,' in distinction from the false gods, which the heathen nations, by various error deceived, worshipped.

Some of them believed in dead giants, and raised precious idols to them, and said that they were gods, on account of the great strength they had: yet were their lives very criminal and opprobrious; of whom the prophet said, "The idols of the heathen are of gold and of silver, men's handiwork: they have a dumb mouth and blind eyes, deaf ears and unhandling hands, feet without pace, body without life." Some of them believed in the sun, some in the moon, some in fire, and in many other creatures: they said that on account of their fairness they were gods.

Now Peter manifestly distinguished the true belief, when he said, "Thou art Christ, Son of the living God." He is the living God who has life and existence through himself, without beginning, and who created all creatures through his own Son, that is, his Wisdom, and to them all gave life through the Holy Ghost. In these three persons is one Godhead, and one nature, and one work indivisibly.

The Lord said to Peter, "Blessed art thou, son of a dove." The Holy Ghost appeared over Christ in likeness of a dove. Now Jesus called Peter the child of a dove, because he was filled with meekness and with the grace of the Holy Ghost. He said, "Neither flesh nor blood hath revealed unto thee this belief, but my Father who is in heaven." His fleshly condition is called flesh and blood. He had not that intelligence through parental love, but the Heavenly Father gave this belief into Peter's heart through the Holy Ghost.

The Lord said to Peter, "Thou art of stone." For the strength of his belief, and for the steadfastness of his profession he received that name, because he had attached himself with firm mind to Christ, who is called 'stone' by the apostle Paul. "And I will build my church upon this stone:" that is, on that faith which thou professest. All God's church is built on that stone, that is, upon Christ; for he is the foundation of all the fabrics of his own church. All God's churches are accounted as one congregation, and that is constructed of chosen men, not of dead stones; and all the building of those living stones is founded on Christ; for we, through that belief, are accounted his limbs, and he is the head of us all. He who builds not from that foundation, his work falls to great perdition.

Jesus said, "The gates of hell may not aught against my church." Sins and erroneous doctrine are the gates of hell, because they lead the sinful, as it were through a gate, into hell-torment. Many are the gates, but none of them can do aught against the holy church, which is built upon that fast stone, Christ; for the faithful man, through the protection of Christ, avoids the perils of diabolical temptations.

He said, "I will commit to thee the key of the kingdom of heaven." That key is not of gold nor of silver, nor forged of any substance, but is the power which Christ gave him, that no man shall come into God's kingdom, unless the holy Peter open to him the entrance. "And whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth, that shall be bound in heaven; and whatsoever thou shalt unbind on earth, that shall be unbound in heaven." This power he then gave to Peter and likewise afterwards, ere his ascension, to all his apostles, when he blew on them, thus saying, "Receive the Holy Ghost: the sins of those men which ye forgive shall be forgiven; and from those to whom ye refuse forgiveness, forgiveness shall be withdrawn."

The apostles will not bind any righteous man with their anathema, nor also mercifully unbind the sinful, unless he with true repentance return to the way of life. The same power has the Almighty granted to bishops and holy mass-priests, if they carefully hold it according to the evangelical volume. But the key is especially committed to Peter, that every people may with certainty know, that whosoever deviates from the unity of the faith which Peter then professed to Christ, to him will be granted neither forgiveness of sins nor entrance into the kingdom of heaven.

## OF THE PASSION OF THE APOSTLES PETER AND PAUL.

We will after this gospel relate to you the lives and end of those apostles in a short narrative, because their passion is everywhere fully set forth in the English tongue.

After the Lord's ascension Peter was preaching the faith to the nations which are called Galatia, Cappadocia, Bithynia, Asia, Italy. Afterwards, after a space of ten years, he returned to Rome, preaching the gospel; and in that city he set his episcopal seat, and there sat five and twenty years, teaching the Roman citizens the glories of God, with many miracles. His adversary in all his course was a certain magician, who was called Simon. This magician was filled with the accursed spirit to that degree, that he said that he was Christ, the Son of God, and with his magic corrupted the faith of the people.

Then it happened that the corpse of a widow's son was borne where Peter was preaching. He said to the people and to the magician, "Draw near to the bier, and believe that his preaching is true who raises the dead to life." Simon was hereupon emboldened by the spirit of the devil, and said, "As soon as I shall have raised the dead, kill my adversary Peter." The people answered him, "We will burn him alive." Simon then, through the devil's craft, made the corpse of the dead to move. The people then imagined that he was restored to life: but Peter cried above all, "If he be restored to life, let him speak to us, and stand up; let him taste food, and return home." The people then exclaimed with loud voice, "If Simon do this not, he shall undergo the punishment which he devised for thee." Simon at these words was angry, and was fleeing away, but the people with unmeasured reproach seized on him.

The apostle of God then drew near to the corpse with outstretched arms, thus praying, "Thou, beloved Lord, who hast sent us to preach thy faith, and hast promised us that we might, through thy name, drive away devils, and heal the sick, and raise up the dead, raise up now this lad, that this people may know that there is no God but thou alone, with thy Father and the Holy Ghost." After this prayer the dead rose up, and with bended knees said to Peter, "I saw Jesus Christ, and he sent his angels forth at thy prayer, that they might lead me to life." The people then crying with one voice said, "There is one God that Peter preaches:" and would burn the magician, but Peter forbade them, saying, that Jesus had taught them the rule, that they should requite evil with good.

Simon, when he had escaped from the people, tied a huge mastiff within the gate where Peter had his dwelling, that he might suddenly devour him. But Peter came and untied the mastiff with this injunction, "Run, and say to Simon, that he no longer with his magic deceive God's people, whom he bought with his own blood." And he forthwith hastened towards the magician, and put him to flight. Peter afterwards thus spake, "In the name of God I command thee that thou fasten no tooth on his body." The dog, when he might not hurt his body, tore his garments piecemeal from his back, and, howling like a wolf, drove him along the walls, in sight of the people. He then escaped from the dog, and for a long time after, for shame, was not seen in Rome.

After a time he got some one to speak of him to the emperor Nero, and it happened that the accursed persecutor associated the devil's minister in his friendship. When this had taken place, Christ appeared to Peter in a ghostly vision, and encouraged him with this incitement, "The magician Simon and the cruel Nero are filled with the spirit of the devil, and machinate against thee, but be thou not afraid; I will be with thee, and I will send my servant Paul for thy comfort, who shall enter into Rome to-morrow, and



ye shall fight in ghostly conflict against the magician, and shall cast him into the abyss of hell, and ye shall afterwards together come to my kingdom with the triumph of martyrdom."

Non passus est Paulus, quando victus Romam perductus est, sed post aliquot annos, quando sponte illuc iterum reversus est. This in sooth so happened. On the next day Paul came into the city, and each of them received the other with great joy, and they were together seven months preaching within the city the way of life to the people. People without number then inclined to christianity through the teaching of Peter; and also Livia the emperor's consort, and the wife of his chief officer, Agrippina, were so imbued with the faith, that they eschewed the intercourse of their husbands. Through the preaching of Paul the servants and domestics of the emperor believed, and after their baptism would not return to his family.

Simon the magician then wrought a brazen serpent, moving as if it were alive, and made the idols of the heathens laughing and moving; and he himself suddenly appeared up in the air. On the other hand Peter healed the blind, and the halt, and the possessed of devils, and raised up the dead, and said to the people that they should flee from the magic of the devil, lest they should be deceived by his wiles. This was then made known to the emperor, and he commanded the magician to be fetched to him, and also the apostles. Simon changed his appearance before the emperor, so that he suddenly seemed a boy, and afterwards a hoary man; sometimes in a woman's person, and again instantly in childhood.

When Nero saw that, he imagined that he was the Son of God. Peter said that he was God's adversary, and guilty of false magic, and said that he was certainly the devil in human substance. Simon said, "It is not fitting that thou, king, shouldst listen to the words of a false fisher; but I will no longer bear this contumely: I will now command my angels to avenge me on this fisher." Peter said, "I fear not thy accursed spirits, but they will become terrified through the faith of my Lord." Nero said, "Fearest thou not, Peter, the powers of Simon, who manifests to thee his divinity by miracles?" Peter said, "If he have divinity, then let him say what I think, or what I will do." Nero said, "Tell me, Peter, in speech apart, what thou thinkest." He then bent to the emperor's ear, and ordered a barley loaf to be privately brought to him; and he blessed the loaf, and brake, and wrapt it in his two sleeves, thus saying, "Say now, Simon, what I thought, or said, or did." He was then wroth, for he could not open Peter's secret, and caused by magic large dogs to come, and rush towards Peter; but Peter showed the blessed bread to the dogs, and they straightways vanished from their sight. He then said to the emperor, "Simon threatened me with his angels, now he sends dogs to me; because he has not divine angels, but has doglike." Nero said, "What is now, Simon? I ween we are overcome." Simon answered, "Thou good king, no one knows men's thoughts but God alone." Peter answered, "Undoubtedly thou liest that thou art God, now thou knowest not men's thoughts."

Nero then turned to Paul, and said, "Why sayest thou no word? Or who has taught thee? or what hast thou taught with thy preaching?" Paul answered him, "O sir, why shall I answer this lost adversary? If thou wilt obey his words, thou wilt injure thy soul, and also thy kingdom. Concerning my teaching, which thou askest, I will answer thee. Jesus, who while present taught Peter, the same by revelation taught me; and I have filled with the precepts of God from Jerusalem until I came to Illyricum. I taught that men should love and honour each other. I taught the rich not to exalt themselves, nor to place their hope in false wealth, but in God alone. I taught men of moderate means to be frugal in their food and clothing. I enjoined the poor to rejoice in their indigence. Fathers I exhorted to bring up their children in the fear of God. Children I enjoined to be obedient to the salutary admonitions of father and mother. I taught husbands to keep inviolate their wedlock, because that which a man punishes in an adulterous wife, God will avenge in an adulterous husband. I exhorted pious wives inwardly to love their husbands, and with awe obey them as masters. I taught masters to be kind to their servants; because they are brothers before God, the master and the servant. I commanded serving men faithfully and as God to serve their masters. I taught all believing men to worship one God Almighty and invisible. I learned not this lore of any earthly man, but Jesus

Christ spake to me from heaven, and sent me to preach his doctrine to all nations, thus saying, 'Go thou throughout the world, and I will be with thee, and whatsoever thou sayest or doest, I will justify it.'" The emperor was then astonished at these words.

Simon said, "Thou good king, thou understandest not the plot of these two men against me. I am the Truth, but these thwart me. Command now a high tower to be raised, that I may ascend it; for my angels will not come to me on earth among sinful men: and I will ascend to my father, and I will command my angels to fetch thee to my kingdom." Nero then said, "I will see if thou fulfillest these promises by deeds;" and then bade the tower be raised with great haste on the smooth field, and commanded all his people to come together to this spectacle. The magician then ascended the tower before all the people, and with outstretched arms began to fly in the air.

Paul said to Peter, "Brother, thou wast chosen of God before me, to thee it is fitting that thou cast down this minister of the devil with thy prayers; and I will also bend my knees to that prayer." Peter then looked towards the flying magician, thus saying, "I conjure you, accursed spirits, in the name of Christ, to forsake the magician whom ye bear betwixt you;" and the devils instantly forsook him, and he falling brake into four pieces. The four pieces clave to four stones, which are for witness of the apostolic triumph to this day. Peter's patience allowed the hellish fiends to bear him somehow up through the air, that in his fall he might descend the more violently; and that he, who menacingly a little before would fly with devilish wings, might suddenly lose his footing. It was befitting him to be raised up on high, that, in the sight of all the people, falling down, he might seek the earth.

Nero then commanded Peter and Paul to be held in bonds, and the pieces of Simon's carcase to be guarded by a watch: he weened that he could arise from death on the third day. Peter said, "This Simon will not be requicken before the general resurrection, but he is condemned to everlasting torments." Then God's adversary, Nero, with the counsel of his chief officer Agrippa, commanded Paul to be beheaded, and Peter hanged on a cross. Paul then, at the executioner's command, bowed his neck under the sword's edge, and Peter ascended the cross. While he was being led to the cross, he said to the executioners, "I beseech you, turn my head down, and stretch my feet towards heaven: I am not worthy to hang as my Lord. He descended from heaven for the redemption of the world, and therefore were his feet turned downwards. He now calls me to his kingdom; turn therefore my foot-soles to the heavenly way." And the executioners granted him this.

Then would the christian people slay the emperor, but Peter stilled them with these words: "My Lord a few days ago manifested to me that I should follow his footsteps with this suffering: now, my children, hinder not my way. My feet are now turned to the heavenly life. Rejoice with me; now to-day I shall receive the reward of my tribulation." He was then praying his Lord with these words: "My Saviour, I commit to thee thy sheep, which thou didst entrust to me: they will not lack a shepherd when they have thee." And with these words he gave up his ghost.

Together they went, Peter and Paul, on this day, triumphant to the heavenly dwelling, in the six and thirtieth year after Christ's passion, with whom they continue to eternity. Igitur Hieronymus et quique alii auctores testantur, quod in una die simul Petrus et Paulus martyrizati sunt.

Immediately after their passion there came beauteous men, and unknown to all the people: they said that they came from Jerusalem, that they might bury the bodies of the apostles; and so did with great honour, and said to the people, that they might greatly rejoice at having such patrons in their proximity.

Know ye also that this worst of kings, Nero, could not hold his realm after the death of these apostles. It befell that all the people together of the cruel emperor hated him, so that they resolved unanimously to bind and scourge him to death. When Nero heard of the people's counsel he was mortally afraid, and hastened in flight to the wood. Then the rumour sprang up that he continued so long in the wood, in cold and hunger, until wolves tore him in pieces.

It happened after that, that Greeks seized the bodies of the apostles, and would take them with them eastward. There then

was suddenly a great earthquake, and the Roman people hastened thither, and rescued the bodies, in the place which is called the Catacombs, and they preserved them there a year and a half, until the places were built in which they were afterwards laid, with glory and hymns. It is known among all nations that many wonders happened at the tombs of those apostles, through permission of Jesus, to whom be glory and praise ever to eternity. Amen.

## JUNE XXX. THE NATIVITY OF ST. PAUL THE APOSTLE.

The church of God celebrates this day in honour of the great Apostle PAUL, for he is called the teacher of all nations: though his martyrdom, for true doctrine, was accomplished with the blessed Peter's. He had from childhood been bred up in the old law, and by great diligence was therein deeply imbued. After Christ's passion, when the true faith had sprung up through the preaching of the apostles, he persecuted christian men through his ignorance, and set them in prison, and was also consenting to the slaying of the first martyr Stephen: it is not, however, read of him that he killed any man with his own hands.

"He took then letters of the high priests for the city of Damascus, that he might bind the christians that he found in the city, and lead them to Jerusalem. Then it happened on the journey that a great light came suddenly on him, and prostrated him on the earth, and he heard a voice from above thus saying, Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me? Evil will it be to thee to spurn against the goad. He then in great fright answered the voice, Who art thou, dear Lord? The calling of the divine voice answered him, I am Jesus whom thou persecutest: but arise now, and go forth to the city; there shall it be said unto thee what it becometh thee to do. He arose then with blinded eyes, and his companions led him thus blind to the city. And there abiding he tasted neither meat nor drink for a space of three days."

"There was then a servant of God within the city, his name was Ananias, to whom the Lord spake in these words, Ananias, arise, and go to my servant Saul, who is praying for my mercy with earnest mind. He answered the divine voice, My Saviour, how may I speak to him who is the persecutor of thy saints, through the power of the chief priests? The Lord said, Go as I have said to thee, for he is to me a chosen vessel, to bear my name to nations, and to kings, and to the children of Israel; and he shall suffer much for my name. Ananias went then to the chosen champion, and set his hands upon him with this greeting, Saul, my brother, Jesus, who spake to thee on the way, hath sent me to thee, that thou mayest see, and be filled with the Holy Ghost. Then with these words there fell as it were films from his eyes, and he straightways received sight, and submitted to baptism. He continued then some few days with the servants of God within the city, and with great boldness preached to the Jews, that Christ, whom they had denied, is the Son of Almighty God. They were greatly astonished, and said, What! is not this the cruel persecutor of christian men: how preacheth he the faith of Christ? But Saul increased much in strength, and shamed the Jews, with steadfastness verifying that Christ is the Son of God."

"Then after many days the Jews deliberated how they might kill the champion of God, and set wards at every gate of the city. Paul got knowledge of their machination, and the christians took him, and let him down over the wall in a basket. And he went again to Jerusalem, and announced himself to the holy fellowship of Christ's family, and made known to them how Jesus had spoken to him from heaven. After some time a voice came from the Holy Ghost, to the faithful company, thus saying, Send Paul and Barnabas to the work for which I have chosen them. The holy fellowship then, by God's command and election, sent them to teach all countries concerning the coming of Christ for the redemption of the world."

"Thus was Barnabas Paul's companion in preaching for a long time, when at last it seemed good to them to go apart, and they did so. Paul was then filled and comforted with the grace of the Holy Ghost, and went to many countries, sowing God's seed. In one city he was twelve months, in one two years, in one three, and appointed bishops, and mass-priests, and servants of God; he

went afterwards to another country, and did in like manner. But he sent back letters to those whom he before had taught, and so by those letters stimulated and confirmed them in the way of life."

We will now run over this reading with a short exposition, and explain any obscurity there may be contained in it. Paul persecuted christian men, not with hate, as the Jews did, but he was a partizan and defender of the old law with great steadfastness: he thought that the faith of Christ was an adversary to the old covenant: but Jesus who had established the old law by divers miracles, the same afterwards by his presence changed it to truth, according to its ghostly signification. Now Paul knew not the ghostly signification of that law, and was therefore its advocate, and a persecutor of the faith of Christ. God Almighty, who knows all things, saw his thoughts, that he did not persecute faithful men from rancour, but for the defence of the old law, and spake to him from heaven, thus saying, "Saul, why persecutest thou me? I am the Truth which thou defendest; cease from persecution: hurtful will it be to thee to spurn against the goad. If the ox spurneth against the goad, it hurteth himself; so also harmeth thee thy warfare against me." He said, "Why persecutest thou me?" because he is the head of christian men, and bewails whatsoever his limbs suffer on earth, as he said through his prophet, "He who toucheth you, it shall be to me as painful as if he touched the sight of my eye." He was prostrated, thus saying, "Who art thou, Lord?" His pride was prostrated, and true humility was raised up in him. He fell unrighteous, and was raised righteous. Falling he lost bodily sight, rising he received his mind's enlightening. Three days he continued without sight, because he had denied the resurrection of Christ on the third day.

Ananias signifies in the Hebrew tongue, **sheep**. The gentle sheep then baptized the impious Saul, and made him the pious Paul. He baptized the wolf and made him a lamb. He changed his name with his character; and he was then a true proclaimer of God's church, who had before afflicted it with fierce persecution. He would flee from the machination of the Jewish people, and consented to be let down in a basket over the wall: not because he would not suffer death for the faith of Christ, but because he would flee from immature death; for he had first to gain many a man to God by his great wisdom, and afterwards with great honour stretch out his neck to martyrdom. Much greater torments he suffered afterwards for Christ's name, than he had ordered for christian men before his conversion. Saul the impious scourged the christians, but after his conversion the pious Paul for the name of Christ was often scourged. Once he was stoned almost to death, so that his persecutors left him for dead, but in the morning he arose and went about his preaching. He was frequently in great peril, both by sea and by land, in the waste, among thieves, from hunger and from thirst, and from many watchings, from cold, and from nakedness, and from many prisons: he so hastened with his preaching, as though he would bring all mankind to God's kingdom: as well with precepts as with prayers and with letters, he ever stimulated to the will of God. He was led to heaven as far as the third flooring, and there he saw and heard God's secret, which he might not make known to any man. He bewailed with weeping the sins of other men, and to all the faithful he showed fatherly love. By his handicraft he toiled for his own and his companions' support, and in addition thereto there was nothing known in true piety which his instruction did not confirm. The other apostles lived, by God's command, by their teaching, free from danger; but, nevertheless, Paul alone, who by worldly craft was a tent-wright, would not receive the sustenance allowed, but by his own toil provided for his own and his companions' need. His precepts and his acts are to us inscrutable, but happy will he be who obeys his admonitions with diligence.

## GOSPEL.

*Dixit Simon Petrus ad Jesum: et reliqua.*

"He forsook all worldly things, and followed Jesus only," as this gospel says, which ye now at this service have heard.

"At that time Peter the apostle said to Jesus, Behold we have left all worldly things, and follow thee only: what wilt thou do for us in reward thereof?" etc.

Great trust revolved in the heart of Peter: he alone spake for the whole company, "We have forsaken all things." What did Peter forsake? He was a fisher, and by that craft provided for himself, and yet he spake with great boldness, "We have forsaken all things." But he and his brothers forsook much, when they forsook the will to possess. Though any one forsake great possessions, and forsake not avarice, he forsakes not all things. Peter forsook little things, scrip and net, but he forsook all things, when, for love of God, he would have nothing. He said, "We follow thee." It is not complete to forsake many possessions, unless a man follow God. For the heathen philosophers forsook many things, as Socrates did, who exchanged all his possessions for a wedge of gold, and then cast the wedge into the wide sea, that desire of possessions might not obstruct his will, and draw it from the worldly lore that he loved: but it profited him not so to do, because he did not follow God, but his own will, and had not therefore heavenly reward with the apostles, who, for love of Christ, despised all worldly things, and with obedience followed him.

Peter then asked, "What shall become of us? We have done as thou commandedst us, what wilt thou do for us in reward? Jesus answered, Verily I say unto you, that ye who follow me shall, at the regeneration, sit on twelve judgement-seats, when I shall sit on the seat of my majesty; and ye then shall judge the twelve tribes of Israel." He called the common resurrection, regeneration, at which our bodies will be regenerated to incorruption, that is to eternity. Twice we are born in this life: the first birth is fleshly, of father and of mother; the second birth is ghostly, when we are regenerated at the holy baptism, in which all our sins will be forgiven us, through grace of the Holy Ghost. The third birth is at the common resurrection, at which our bodies will be regenerated to incorruptible bodies.

At the resurrection the twelve apostles will sit with Christ on their judgement-seats, and will judge the twelve tribes of the people of Israel. This twelvefold number has great signification. If the twelve tribes only will be judged at the great doom, what then will the thirteenth tribe, Levi, do? What will do all the nations of the world? Thinkest thou that they will be sundered from the doom? But this twelvefold number is set for all mankind of all the orb, for the perfectness of its signification. There are twelve hours in the day, and twelve months in the year; there are twelve patriarchs, twelve prophets, twelve apostles; and this number has a greater import than the unlearned may understand. By this twelvefold number therefore the orb of the whole earth is now signified.

The apostles and all the chosen who imitated them will be judges on the great day with Christ. There will be four assemblages at the great doom, two of chosen men, and two of rejected. The first assemblage will be of the apostles and their imitators, who forsook all worldly things for the name of God: they will be the judges, and to them shall no judgement be judged. The second class will be of faithful men of this world: on them will doom be set, so that they will be sundered from the fellowship of the rejected, the Lord thus saying, "Come to me, ye blessed of my Father, and receive the kingdom which is prepared for you from the beginning of the world." One class will be of those rejected, who had knowledge of God, but did not cultivate their faith with God's commandments: these will be condemned. The other class is of those heathen men, who have had no knowledge of God: on these will be fulfilled the apostolic sentence, "Those who have sinned without God's law, shall perish also without any law." To these two classes the righteous Judge will then say, "Depart from me, ye accursed, into the everlasting fire, which is prepared for the devil and his accursed spirits."

The gospel says yet further, "Everyone who forsaketh, for my name, father or mother, brothers or sisters, wife or children, land or dwellings, shall be requited an hundredfold, and he shall have, in addition thereunto, everlasting life." An hundredfold number is perfect, and he who forsakes perishable things for the name of God, will receive from God ghostly meed an hundredfold. This saying is especially applicable to men of monastic order, who, for the joy of heaven's kingdom, forsake father, and mother, and fleshly relations. They receive many ghostly fathers and ghostly brothers, for all men of that order, who live after rule, are accounted as their fathers and brothers, and, in addition thereto,

they will be enriched with the reward of everlasting life. Those who, at God's behest, despise all worldly things, and have their subsistence in common, are perfect, and will be classed with the apostles. Others, who have not the merit of being able to forsake all their possessions together, let them then give, for the name of God, what portion it may please them, and they will be eternally rewarded an hundredfold for whatsoever they singly and temporarily distribute.

There is a great difference among converted men: some imitate the apostles, some imitate Judas the betrayer of Christ, some Ananias and Sapphira, some Gehazi. Those who, in imitation of the apostles, despise all transitory things for the sake of everlasting life, shall have praise and everlasting reward with Christ's apostles. He who, living among monks, guilefully deceives in the property of the monastery, will be the companion of Judas, who betrayed Christ, and will receive his punishment with the inmates of hell. He who with twofold thoughts turns to monastic life, and bestows one part of his property, holds one to himself, and has no trust in the Almighty, that he will provide for him food and garments and other needs, will receive the accursed sentence with Ananias and Sapphira, who deceived in their own property, and fell dying with sudden death before the apostles. He who in monastic life is ill-inclined, and years for the things which he had not in worldly life nor could obtain, without doubt to him approximates the leper Gehazi, the prophet's servant, and that which he suffered in body, this suffers in his soul. The servant followed the great prophet Elisha: then there came to him a rich man of the nation which is called Syria, his name was Naaman, and he was leprous. He came then to God's prophet, Elisha, in Judea, and he, through God's might, healed him from that disease. He then offered to the man of God, for his health, precious treasures. The prophet answered him, "God's might hath healed thee, not I. I will not receive thy money: thank God for thy health, and enjoy thy possessions." Naaman then returned with all his company to his own people.

Then was the prophet's servant, Gehazi, beguiled by avarice, and he ran off, the officer Naaman thus deceiving by words, "Now suddenly the sons of two prophets are come to my master: send him two garments and a pound." The officer answered him, "It will be mean to send him so little; but take four garments and two pounds." He then returned with the treasures, and concealed his journey from the prophet. The prophet asked him, "Whence comest thou, Gehazi?" He answered, "Sir, I was on no journey." The prophet said, "I saw through the Spirit of God, that the officer alighted from his chariot, and went towards thee, and thou tookest his treasures in money and in raiment. Have also henceforth with the treasures his leprosy, thou and all thy offspring for ever." And he turned from his sight stricken with snow-white leprosy.

Now it is therefore for monastic men to shun with great care these evil examples, and to imitate the apostles, that they, with them and with God, may have everlasting life. Amen.

## THE ELEVENTH SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST.

*Cum adpropinquaret Jesus Hierusalem: et reliqua.*

"On a time Jesus was going to Jerusalem: when he came near to the city and saw it, he wept over it," etc.

Gregory the expounder said, that Jesus bewailed the overthrow of the city, which happened after his passion, in vengeance of their crimes, because they would sinfully slay the heavenly Prince. He spake with weeping voice, not to the work-stones, nor to the building, but spake to the inhabitants, whom he bewailed with fatherly love, because he knew that their destruction was speedily to take place. A space of forty years the mercy of God left the cruel inhabitants for repentance of their crimes, but they cared for no penitence, but perpetrated greater crimes, so that they slew with stones Stephen, the first martyr of God, and beheaded James, the brother of John. The righteous James also they thrust from the temple, and slew, and raised persecution against the other apostles. The congregation of God which, after Christ's passion, was continuing in the city under the righteous James, went all together from the city to a village on the river Jordan; for God's command

had come to them, that they should go from the wicked place, ere the vengeance came. God knew then that the Jews cared for no penitence, but more and more increased their crimes: he therefore sent to them the Roman people, and they ruined them all.

Vespasian the emperor was called, who in those days ruled the kingdom of the whole world. He sent his son Titus to conquer the miserable Jews. It then so happened that they were assembled within the city of Jerusalem, six hundred thousand men, enclosed as it were in a prison; and they were surrounded without by the Roman army so long that many thousands were killed by hunger; and they could not bury them by reason of the number, but cast the corpses over the wall. Some, however, would bury them for the sake of kinship, but they soon died from weakness. If any one had provided any little sustenance for himself, robbers would suddenly rush on him, and pull the meat from his mouth. Some chewed their shoes, some their garments, some straw, for the great anguish of hot hunger. It is not fitting that we, in this holy gospel, recount all the shameful miseries which befell the besieged Jews before they would yield. The greater part of the wicked ones was then destroyed by the ignominious famine, and the Roman host slew the leavings of the famine, and razed the city to the ground, so that there remained not stone over stone, as Jesus had erewhile with weeping prophesied. Of boys who were within sixteen years of age, they sent ninety thousand to all nations in slavery, and in the country there remained nothing of the accursed race. The city was afterwards built in another place, and peopled with Saracens.

Jesus showed for what cause this dispersion of the city happened, when he said, "Because thou knewest not the time of thy visitation." He visited the inhabitants in his humanity, but they were not mindful of him, neither by love nor by fear. Of that heedlessness the prophet spake with lamenting voice, thus saying, "The stork and the swallow keep the time of their coming, and this people knew not the doom of God." The Lord said to the city, "If thou knewest what is to befall thee, then wouldst thou weep with me. Verily on this day thou dwellest in peace, for the vengeance to come are now hidden from thine eyes." The inhabitants were dwelling in worldly peace, while they were heedlessly subservient to fleshly lusts, and little thought of the miseries to come, which were yet hidden from them. If they had been foreknowing of that misery, they could not with heedless mind have enjoyed the prosperity of the present life.

The Lord drove the chapmen from the temple, thus saying, "It is written, that my house is a house of prayer, and ye have made it a den for thieves." The temple was hallowed to God, for his services, and songs of praise, and prayers of the faithful; but the covetous high-priests allowed chapping to be held therein. The Lord, when he saw that wickedness, made a scourge of ropes, and with beating hurried them all out. This dispersion betokened the future destruction by the Roman army, and the ruin happened chiefly through the sins of the high-priests, who, dwelling within the temple, with pretended holiness received the people's offerings, and persecuted those men who sought the temple without offerings. What was that temple but, as it were, a den of thieves, when the chief priests were filled with such covetousness, and allowed false bargains within the house of God? It is written in another gospel, that there sat moneyers, and there were oxen for sale, and sheep, and doves. In those days, according to the institute of the old law, they offered oxen, and sheep, and doves, in token of Christ's passion: then covetousness stimulated the priests to have such animals there for sale, that, if any one came from afar, and would offer his gift to God, he might have it ready at hand to buy. The Lord then drove such chapmen from the holy temple, because it was not raised for any trading, but for prayers.

"Then the blind and the halt drew near unto him, and he healed them, and was teaching the folk daily within the temple." The merciful Lord, who lets his sun shine over the righteous and unrighteous alike, and sends rains and earthly fruits to the good and evil, would not withdraw his instruction from the perverse Jews, because many were good among the evil, who were bettered by that instruction, although the perverse opposed it. He also confirmed his instruction by miracles, that the chosen might be the more believing; and the rejected shall have no excuse, because they neither by divine signs, nor by vital lore, would believe in the true

Saviour. Now the blessed Gregory says, that their desolation has some likeness to all perverse men, who exult in evil deeds, and rejoice in the worst things. Such men the merciful Lord bewails daily, who then the perishing townfolk with tears bemoaned. But if they knew the condemnation that hangs over them, they would themselves lament with sorrowing voice.

Verily this following sentence applies to the perishing soul, "On this day thou dwellest in peace, for the vengeance to come is now hidden from thine eyes." The perverse soul is indeed dwelling in peace in its day, when in transient time it rejoices, and is exalted with dignities, and in temporary enjoyments is immoderate, and is dissolved in fleshly lusts, and is awed by no fear of future punishment, but hides from itself the miseries following after; because if it reflect on them, then will worldly bliss be troubled by that reflection. It has then peace in its day, when it will not afflict the present mirth with any care for the future unhappiness, but goes with closed eyes to the penal fire. The soul which in this wise now lives, shall be afflicted when the righteous rejoice; and all the perishable things, which it now accounts as peace and bliss, shall then be turned for it to bitterness and strife; for it will have great contention with itself, why it would not before in life with any carefulness foresee the condemnation which it then is suffering. Concerning which it is written, "Blessed is the man who is ever fearing; and verily the hardened shall fall into evil." Again in another place holy writ admonishes, "In all thy works be thou mindful of thy last day, and in eternity thou wilt not sin."

The holy lesson says, "The time cometh that thy foes shall encompass thee with a leaguer, and shall straiten thee on every side, and shall prostrate thee to earth, together with thy children which are in thee." The foes of the soul are the hellish spirits which beset a man's departure, and with great tribulation will lead his soul, if it be sinful, to the fellowship of their own damnation. The devils show to the sinful soul its evil thoughts, and pernicious speeches, and wicked deeds, and with manifold reproaches afflict it, that on its departure it may know by what foes it is beset, and yet find no outlet whereby it may flee from the hostile spirits. To earth it shall be prostrated by a knowledge of its sins, when the body in which it lived shall be rotted to dust. Its children shall fall in death, when the unallowed thoughts, which it now gives birth to, shall, in the last vengeance, be wholly rendered vain, as the psalmist melodiously sang, "Trust not in princes, nor in the children of men, in whom there is no health. Their spirit departs, and they return to earth, and in that day all their thoughts perish."

Verily in the gospel it follows, "And they shall not leave in thee stone over stone." The perverse mind, when it heaps evil over evil, and perversity over perversity, what does it, but as though it lay stone over stone? But when the soul shall be led to its punishment, then will all the structure of its cogitation be overthrown; for it knew not the time of its visitation. In many ways the Almighty God visits the souls of men; sometimes with instruction, sometimes with miracles, sometimes with diseases; but if it neglect these visitations, it will be at its end delivered for eternal punishment to fiends, whom it had previously with deadly sins obeyed in life. Then shall those be its tormentors in hell-torment, who had before allured it by divers pleasures to those sins.

The Lord went into the temple, and with a scourge drove out the chapmen. The chapmen within the temple betokened unrighteous teachers in God's church. There were for sale oxen, and sheep, and doves, and there sat moneyers. The ox toils for his lord, and the teacher sells oxen in God's church, if he perform his lord's tillage, that is, if he preach the gospel to those under his care, for earthly gains, and not for godly love. With sheep he traffics, if he seek after the praises of foolish men in pious works. Of such Jesus said, "They have received the reward of their works;" that is the fame of idle praise, which was pleasing to them.

The teacher is a chapman of doves, who will not without money give for use of other men, the gift which God, without his deserts, has given to him; as Christ himself taught, "Without price ye have received the gift, give it to others without price." He who with assumed holiness toils for himself in God's church, and cares nothing for Christ's tillage, will undoubtedly be accounted a money-chapman. But Jesus will drive such chapmen from his house,

when, with condemnation, he shall separate them from the fellowship of his chosen.

"My house is a prayer-house, and ye have made it a den for thieves." It happens too often that the perverse come to great dignity in God's church, and they then, with their evilness, spiritually slay those placed under their care, whom they ought with their prayers to quicken. What are such but thieves? The mind of every believing man is a house of God, as the apostle said, "The temple of God is holy, which ye are." But the mind will be no prayer-house, but a den of thieves, if it lose the innocence and meekness of true holiness, and with perverse thoughts meditate harm to others.

"And he was teaching daily within the temple." Christ then taught the people in his presence, and he now daily teaches the minds of believing men with godly lore, by meditation, to eschew evil and perform good. It is not perfect for the believing man to cease from evil, unless he performs good. The blessed Gregory said, "My brothers, I would relate to you a little narrative, which may greatly edify your minds, if ye with heedfulness will hear it. There was a certain nobleman in the province of Valeria, who was called Chrysaurius, who was as much filled with sins as he was enriched with earthly riches. He was inflated with pride, and a slave to his fleshly lusts, and inflamed with excessive covetousness. But when God designed to put an end to his wickedness, he became sick, and brought to departure hence. Then at the very time that he should die, he looked up, and there stood about him swart spirits, and in a great company descended on him, that they might snatch his soul, on its departure, with them to the barriers of hell. He began then to tremble and grow pale, and incredibly to sweat, and with great cry to pray for a respite, and with troubled voice called his son Maximus, whom I afterwards saw as a monk, and said, My child, Maximus, help me; receive me in thy faith: I have not in any way been hurtful to thee. The son Maximus then, troubled with great sorrowing, came to him. He was then turning like a worm; he could not endure the dreadful sight of the accursed spirits. He turned himself to the wall, there they were present to him; he turned back again, there he found them. When he, so greatly afflicted, was hopeless of himself, he cried with a loud voice, and thus said, Grant me a respite till to-morrow, at least a respite till to-morrow: and with this cry the black fiends drew the soul from the body, and led it away." From this it is manifest, that the vision was shown to him for the bettering of other men, not for his own. Alas, what did it profit him, though, on his departure, he saw the swart spirits, when he might not have the respite which he desired? But let us be careful, that our time escape not from us in vanity, and we turn to good deeds, when death urges us to departure.

Thou, Almighty Lord, have mercy on us sinful, and so order our departure, that we, having atoned for our sins, may, after this perilous life, be associated with thy saints. To thee be praise and glory for ever and ever. Amen.

## AUGUST X. THE PASSION OF THE BLESSED MARTYR LAWRENCE.

In the time of Decius, the cruel emperor, the holy bishop Sixtus was dwelling in Rome. Then he suddenly commanded his counts to bring the bishop together with his priests before him. Sixtus then with fearless mind called to his priests, "My brothers, be ye not afraid, come, and let none of you dread short torments. The holy martyrs suffered many tortures, that they might fearless come to the glory-crown of everlasting life." His two deacons, Felicissimus and Agapetus, then answered, "Thou, our father, whither shall we go without thee?" On that night the bishop with his two deacons was quickly brought to the cruel persecutor. The emperor Decius said to him, "Offer thy gift to the immortal gods, and be thou the chief of the priests." The blessed Sixtus answered him, "I have ever offered and will yet offer my gift to the Almighty God, and his Son, Jesus Christ, and to the Holy Ghost, in pure and unpolluted sacrifice." Decius said, "Take heed for thyself and thy priests, and offer; for if thou dost not, thou shalt be an example to all others." But Sixtus answered, "A little before I said to thee, that I always offer to Almighty God." Decius then said to his soldiers, "Lead him to the temple of Mars, that he may offer to the

god Mars: if he will not offer, shut him in the prison Mamortinum." The soldiers led him to the temple, and urged him to offer his gift to the dead image. When he despised the emperor's command, and would not offer to the idol, they brought him with his two deacons into the dark prison.

Then among them came his archdeacon LAWRENCE, and spake to the holy bishop in these words, "Thou, my father, whither goest thou without thy child? Thou holy priest, whither hastenest thou without thy deacon? It was not thy wont to offer to God without thy deacon. What has displeased thee, my father, in me? Show thy power on thy child, and offer to God him whom thou hast trained up, that thou the less sorrowfully attain to the noble crown of glory." When the blessed Lawrence had, with these words and others more, lamented that he might not suffer with his teacher, the bishop answered, "My child, I forsake thee not, but thee befits a greater struggle in thy conflict. We, as old men, shall undergo the short course of a lighter conflict: but thou, a young man, wilt undergo a much more glorious triumph from this cruel king. My child, cease thy weeping: after three days thou wilt come to me triumphant to everlasting life. Take thou our church's treasures, and distribute to christian men, as it may seem good unto thee."

The archdeacon Lawrence then, at the bishop's command, went and distributed the church's treasures to priests, and poor strangers, and widows, to each according to his need. He came to a widow, whose name was Quiriaca, who had hidden in her dwelling priests and many lay christians. Then the blessed Lawrence washed the feet of them all, and healed the widow of a wearisome headache. A blind man also with weeping sought his feet, praying for his cure. Lawrence then marked the sign of the rood on the blind man's eyes, and he straightways saw brightly. The archdeacon heard yet of more christian men elsewhere, and before his passion visited them with ghostly peace and with foot-washing.

When he returned thence, his teacher Sixtus with his two deacons was led from the prison, before the emperor Decius. He was then exasperated against the holy bishop, thus saying, "Verily we have regard for thy age: obey our commands, and offer to the immortal gods." The holy bishop answered him, "Thou wretch, have regard for thyself, and make atonement for the blood of the saints which thou hast shed." The bloodthirsty executioner with wrathful mind said to his chief officer Valerianus, "If this audacious bishop be not slain, awe for us will be no longer formidable." Valerianus answered him, "Let his head be cut off. Order them again to the temple of the god, and if they will not pray to him with bended knees, and offer their gifts, let them suffer decapitation on the same place." The emperor's soldiers led him to the temple with his two deacons: then the bishop looked towards the temple, and thus said, "Thou dumb idol, through thee miserable men lose everlasting life: may the Almighty Son of God overthrow thee!" Then at that word a part of the temple burst asunder with a sudden fall. Lawrence then cried to the bishop, "Thou holy father, forsake me not, for I have distributed the church's treasures as thou commandedst." At this the soldiers seized him, for they heard him speak of the church's treasures. Sixtus then sank under the sword's edge, and his two deacons with him, Felicissimus and Agapetus, before the temple, on the sixth day of this month.

But Lawrence was afterwards brought to the emperor, and the fierce executioner asked him, "Where are the church's treasures which were committed to thee?" The blessed Lawrence answered him not a word. On the same day the foe of God committed the holy deacon to his chief officer Valerianus, with this command, "Exact the treasures with importunity, and make him bow to the immortal gods." The officer then committed him to his junior, whose name was Hippolytus, and he shut him in a prison with many others. He found in the prison a heathen man, who was blind through great weeping. He said to him, "Lucillus, if thou wilt believe in Jesus Christ, he will enlighten thine eyes." He answered, "I have ever desired to be baptized in the name of Christ." Lawrence said to him, "Believest thou with all thy heart?" He answered with weeping, "I believe in Jesus Christ, and renounce the false idols." Hippolytus with patience listened to their words. The blessed Lawrence then taught the blind man true belief in the Holy

Trinity, and baptized him. Lucillus, after the baptismal bath, cried with clear voice, "Blessed be the Eternal God, Jesus Christ, who has enlightened me through his deacon. I was blind with both eyes, now I clearly enjoy the light." Then there came many other blind with weeping to the blessed deacon, and he set his hand over their eyes, and they were enlightened.

The town-reeve, Hippolytus, said to the deacon, "Show me the church's treasures." Lawrence answered, "O thou Hippolytus, if thou wilt believe in God the Father, and in his Son Jesus Christ, I will show thee the treasures, and promise thee everlasting life." Hippolytus said, "If thou wilt indeed fulfil those words, I will do as thou exhortest me." Lawrence then hallowed a font, and baptized him. Verily Hippolytus, after the baptismal bath, cried with a clear voice, "I saw the souls of innocent men rejoicing in God." And he said with tears to the blessed deacon, "I beseech thee, in the name of Jesus, that all my household might be baptized." Lawrence granted him this with cheerful mind, and with glory baptized nineteen men and women of his family.

After this the chief officer sent, and commanded Hippolytus to lead Lawrence to the king's court. Hippolytus with humble speech made known that command to the blessed Lawrence. He said, "Let us go, for glory is prepared for me and for thee." They went quickly, and stood fearless before him. Then said Valerianus to the holy martyr, "Cast away now thy obstinacy, and give up the treasures." The martyr of God answered him, "On God's poor I have spent them, and they are the everlasting treasures which will never be diminished." The officer said, "Why playest thou with words? Offer thy gift to our gods, and forsake the magic in which thou trustest." Lawrence said, "For what reason does the devil compel you to urge christian men to thy worship? If it be right that we should pray to devils rather than to the Almighty God, judge which is worthy of that honour, he who is made, or he who created all things." The emperor then answered, "What is he who is made, or what is he who made?" God's martyr said, "The Almighty Father of our Saviour is the Creator of all creatures, and thou sayest that I shall pray to dumb stones, which are carved by the hands of men." The emperor was then wroth, and commanded the deacon to be unclothed in his sight, and cruelly scourged, and the emperor himself cried, "Insult not our gods." The blessed Lawrence said in torments, "Verily I thank my God, who has vouchsafed to number me with his holy; and thou, wretch, art afflicted in thy foolishness." Decius said to the executioners, "Raise him up, and manifest to his sight all the torture-tools." Then were quickly brought forth iron plates, and iron claws, and an iron bed, and leaden whips, and other leaded whips. Then said the emperor, "Offer thy gift to our gods, or thou shalt be tortured with all these torture-tools." The blessed deacon said, "Thou unblest, these luxuries I have ever desired; they will be to me a glory, and to thee a torment." The emperor said, "Declare to us all the wicked thy like, that this city may be cleansed; and do thou thyself offer to our gods, and trust thou in no wise to thy treasures." Then said the holy martyr, "Verily I trust, and I am careless for my treasures." Decius answered, "Thinkest thou then that thou wilt be redeemed by thy treasures from these torments?" and then in angry mood commanded the executioners to beat him with stout clubs. But Lawrence, during the beating, cried, "Thou wretch, know at least that I triumph regarding Christ's treasures, and I feel not thy torments." Decius said, "Lay the iron plates glowing hot to his side." The blessed martyr then was praying to his Lord, and said, "Saviour Christ, God of God, have mercy on thy servant, for, accused, I denied thee not; questioned, I acknowledged thee." Then the emperor commanded him to be raised, and said, "I see that thou, through thy magic, mockest these torments; nevertheless thou shalt not mock me. I swear by all the gods and goddesses, that thou shalt offer, or I will slay thee by divers tortures." Lawrence then boldly cried, "I, in the name of my Lord, in no wise fear thy torments, which are transitory: cease thou not from what thou hast begun."

Then was the emperor excited with violent fury, and commanded the holy deacon to be scourged a long time with leaden whips. Lawrence then cried, "Saviour Christ, thou who hast vouchsafed to be born a mortal man, and hast redeemed us from the devil's thralldom, receive my spirit." At the same time an answer came to him from heaven, thus saying, "Yet thou shalt have

much affliction in thy martyrdom." Decius then furious cried, "Roman men, heard ye the comfort of the devils to this impious, who dreads not our irritated gods, nor the devised torments? Stretch him, and, scourging with leaded whips, afflict him." Lawrence then, stretched on the cross, with laughing mouth thanked his Lord, "Lord God, Father of Jesus Christ, be thou blessed, who hast given us thy mercy; manifest now thy favour, that these standing about may know that thou comfortest thy servants." At that time one of the soldiers, whose name was Romanus, believed, and said to the martyr of God, "Lawrence, I see God's angel standing before thee with a hand-cloth, and wiping thy sweating limbs. I now beseech thee, through God, that thou forsake me not." Then was Decius filled with guile, and said to his chief officer, "Methinks that we are overcome by magic." And he then ordered the holy deacon to be loosened from the cross, and delivered to the town-reeve Hippolytus, and knew not yet that he was a christian.

Then meanwhile the believing soldier Romanus brought a jugful of water, and with weeping sought the feet of the holy Lawrence, craving baptism. Lawrence then quickly hallowed the water, and baptized the believing servant. When Decius heard of it, he ordered him to be stript of his garments and beaten with stout staves. Romanus then unasked cried in the emperor's presence, "I am a christian." At the same time the fierce executioner ordered him to fall under the sword's edge. Again, on the same night, after the soldier's martyrdom, Decius went to the hot baths, opposite the house of Sallust, and commanded the holy Lawrence to be fetched to him. Then Hippolytus began sorely to lament, and said, "I will go with thee, and with loud voice cry that I am a christian, and lie with thee." Lawrence said, "Weep not, but rather be silent and rejoice, for I go to God's glory. After a little time hence, when I call, hear my voice, and come to me."

Decius then commanded all the torture-tools to be prepared, before his doom-seat, and Lawrence was led to him. Decius said, "Cast away trust in thy magic, and recount to us of thy family." The blessed Lawrence answered, "According to human birth I am Spanish, a Roman foster-child, and a christian from my cradle, trained up in all divine law." Decius answered, "In sooth the law is divine, which has so emboldened thee that thou wilt not worship our gods, nor dreadest any kind of torment." Lawrence said, "In the name of Christ I fear not for thy torments." The cruel emperor then said, "If thou offerest not to our gods, all this night shall be spent on thee with divers tortures." Lawrence said, "My night has no darkness, but shines with bright light." Then the cruel one commanded the mouth of the saint to be struck with stones. But Lawrence was strengthened through the grace of God, and said with laughing mouth, "Lord, be to thee praise, for thou of all things art God." Decius said to the executioners, "Raise the iron bed to the fire, that the proud Lawrence may rest thereon." They straightways bereft him of his garments, and stretched him on the hard bed, and filled the bed underneath with burning coals, and from above pierced him with iron forks.

Decius said to the martyr of God, "Offer now to our gods." Lawrence answered, "I will offer myself to the Almighty God, in the odour of pleasantness; for the afflicted spirit is an acceptable sacrifice to God." But the executioners drew the burning coals constantly under the bed, and from above pierced him with their forks. Then said Lawrence, "O ye unblest, understand ye not that your glowing embers cause no heat to my body, but rather cooling?" He then again with the most beautiful countenance said, "Saviour Christ, I thank thee that thou wilt strengthen me." He then looked towards the emperor, thus saying, "Behold, thou, wretch, hast roasted one part of my body, turn now the other, and eat." He then said again, "Saviour Christ, I thank thee with inward heart, that I may go into thy kingdom." And with these words he gave up his ghost, and with such martyrdom went to the realm on high, in which he dwelleth with God through all eternity. The cruel emperor then left the holy body on the iron hurdle, and with his chief officer hastened to the house of Tiberius.

Hippolytus then buried the holy body with great reverence in the burial-place of the widow Quiriaca, on this present day. But at the grave there watched a great many christian men with great lamentation. The holy priest Justin celebrated mass to and houseled them all. After this Hippolytus returned to his home, and

with God's peace kissed his family, and houseled them all. Then suddenly, while he was sitting, the emperor's soldiers came, and seized him, and led him to the executioner. Decius then asked him with smiling mouth, "What, art thou turned magician, since thou hast buried Lawrence?" He answered, "I did not that as a magician, but as a christian." Decius then in wrath ordered his mouth to be stricken with stones, and him to be stript, and said, "How, wast thou not a diligent worshiper of our gods? and now thou art become so foolish that thou art not ashamed of thy nakedness." Hippolytus answered, "I was foolish, and I am now wise and a christian. Through ignorance I believed in the error in which thou believest." Decius said, "Offer to the gods, lest, as Lawrence, thou perish by torments." He answered, "O, if I might imitate the blessed Lawrence!" Decius said, "Stretch him thus naked, and beat him with strong clubs." When he had long been beaten he thanked God. Decius said, "Hippolytus mocks your staves, scourge him with leaded whips." They then did so, till they were worn out. Hippolytus cried with a loud voice, "I am a christian." So the fierce emperor, when he could not, by any torments, seduce him from belief in Christ, commanded his chief officer to slay him by the most cruel death.

On the same day Valerianus took an account of his property, and found nineteen men and women of his family, who had been baptized at the hands of the blessed Lawrence. To them said Valerianus, "Consider your age, and have regard for your life, lest ye perish together with your lord Hippolytus." They unanimously answered, "We desire to die purely with our lord, rather than to live impurely with you." Then was Valerianus greatly irritated, and ordered Hippolytus to be led from the city with his household. The blessed Hippolytus then cheered his household, and said, "My brothers, be ye not sad nor afraid, for I and ye have one Lord, God Almighty." So Valerianus ordered, in the sight of Hippolytus, all his domestics to be beheaded, and himself he ordered to be tied by the feet to the necks of untamed horses, and so to be drawn through thorns and brambles: and he with that binding gave up his ghost on the thirteenth day of this month. On the same night the holy Justin gathered the bodies of them all and buried them.

But after the passion of those saints, Decius and Valerianus went together in a golden chariot to their temple, that they might force the christians to their wicked offerings. Then became Decius suddenly frantic with a fiendlike spirit, and cried, "O thou, Hippolytus, whither drawest thou me bound with sharp chains?" Valerianus also frantic cried, "O thou, Lawrence, unsoftly thou drawest me bound with burning chains." And he forthwith died. But Decius became horribly frantic, and for three days, with fiendlike voice, constantly cried, "Beseech thee, Lawrence, cease somewhat of those torments." Hereupon great lamentation and sore weeping arose in the dwelling, and the emperor's wife ordered all the christians who were in prison to be led out, and on the third day Decius in great torments departed.

But the queen Tryphonia, together with her daughter Cyrilla, sought the feet of the holy priest Justin with bitter tears, praying for holy baptism. Justin then with great joy received them, and enjoined them a fast of seven days, and afterwards, by the holy baptismal bath, washed them from all their sins. When the emperor's thanes heard that the queen Tryphonia and the daughter of Decius, Cyrilla, had turned to the faith of Christ and to the salutary baptism, they with their wives sought the holy priest, and prayed for mercy and baptism. The blessed Justin, these things being done, took counsel with the christians, whom they would choose for bishop in the chair of Sixtus. They then unanimously chose a venerable man whose name was Dionysius, whom the bishop Maximus, of the city of Ostia, consecrated to the Roman episcopal see with honour.

Let us now pray with humble voice the holy martyr of God, Lawrence, whose festival this present day makes known to all the faithful church, that he intercede for us with the Heavenly King, for whose name he suffered with bold mind many torments, with whom he free from care glorieth to eternity. Amen.

## AUGUST XV. ON THE ASSUMPTION OF THE BLESSED MARY.

Jerome the holy priest wrote an epistle on the decease of the blessed MARY, the mother of God, to a holy maiden, whose name was Eustochium, and to her mother Paula, who was a hallowed widow. To these two women the same Jerome wrote several treatises; for they were persons of holy life, and very diligent in book-studies. This Jerome was a holy priest, and instructed in the Hebrew tongue, and in Greek and Latin perfectly; and he turned our library of Hebrew books into the Latin speech. He is the first interpreter betwixt the Hebrews, and Greeks, and Latins. Seventy-two books of the old and of the new law he turned into Latin, to one 'Bibliotheca,' besides many other treatises which he profoundly devised with diligent understanding. Then at last he composed this epistle to the holy widow Paula, and to the maiden of God, Eustochium, her daughter, and to all the maidenly company who were living with them, thus saying:

Verily ye compel me to relate to you how the blessed Mary, on this present day was taken to the heavenly dwelling, that your maidenly society may have this gift in the Latin speech, how this great festival, in the course of every year, is passed with heavenly praise, and celebrated with ghostly bliss, lest the false account should come to your hand which has been widely disseminated by heretics, and ye then receive the feigned leasing for a true narrative.

Verily from the beginning of the holy gospel ye have learned how the archangel Gabriel declared to the blessed Mary the birth of the Heavenly Prince, and the miracles of Jesus, and the ministry of the blessed mother of God and the deeds of her life ye have manifestly known from the four evangelical books. John the Evangelist wrote that, at Christ's passion, he himself and Mary stood with sorrowing mind opposite the holy rood, on which Jesus was fastened. Then said he to his own mother, "Thou woman, behold, here is thy son." Again he said to John, "Look now, here standeth thy mother." Afterwards, from that day, the Evangelist John had charge of the holy Mary, and with careful ministry obeyed her as his mother.

The Lord, through his piety, committed the blessed maiden his mother to the chaste man John, who had ever lived in pure virginity; and on that account he was especially dear to the Lord, so much so that he would commit to him that precious treasure, the queen of the whole world: no doubt, that her most pure virginity might be associated with that chaste man with grateful fellowship in pleasant converse. In them both was one virtue of unbroken chastity, but a second attribute in Mary; in her is fruitful virginity, so as in no other. In no other person is there virginity, if there be fruitfulness; nor fruitfulness, if there be perfect virginity. Therefore now are hallowed both the virginity of Mary and her fruitfulness through the divine birth; and she excels all others in virginity and in fruitfulness. Nevertheless, though she was especially committed to the care of John, yet she lived in common, after Christ's ascension, with the apostolic company, going in and going out among them, and they all with great piety and love ministered to her, and she fully informed them of all things touching Christ's humanity; for she had from the beginning accurately learned them through the Holy Ghost, and seen them with her own sight; though the apostles understood all things through the same Ghost, and were instructed in all truth. The archangel Gabriel held her uncorrupted, and she continued in the care of John and of all the apostles, in the heavenly company, meditating on God's law, until God, on this day, took her to the heavenly throne, and exalted her above the hosts of angels.

There is not read in any book any more manifest information of her end, but that she on this day gloriously departed from the body. Her sepulchre is visible to all beholders to this present day, in the midst of the valley of Jehosaphat. The valley is between Mount Sion and the mount of Olives, and the sepulchre appears open and empty, and thereupon is raised, in her honour, a large church, with wondrous stone-work. To no mortal man is it known how, or at what time her holy body was brought from thence, or whither it be borne, or whether she arose from death: though some doctors say, that her Son, who on the third day mightily from

death arose, that he also raised his mother's body from death, and placed it with immortal glory in the kingdom of heaven. In like manner very many doctors have set in their books concerning the requickeners men who arose from death with Christ, that they are raised for ever. They profess verily that those raised men would not have been true witnesses of Christ's resurrection, unless they had been raised for ever. Nor do we deny the eternal resurrection of the blessed Mary, though for caution, preserving our belief, it befits us that we rather hope it, than rashly assert what is unknown without any danger.

We read here and there in books, that very often angels came at the departure of good men, and with ghostly hymns led their souls to heaven. And, what is yet more certain, men, at their departure, have heard the song of men and women, with a great light and sweet odour: by which is known that those holy men who through good deserts come to God's kingdom, that they, at the departure of other men, receive their souls, and with great joy lead them to rest. Now if Jesus has often showed such honour at the death of his saints, and has commanded their souls to be conducted to him with heavenly hymn, how much rather thinkest thou he would now to-day send the heavenly host to meet his own mother, that they with light immense, and unutterable hymns might lead her to the throne which was prepared for her from the beginning of the world.

There is no doubt that all the heavenly host then with unspeakable bliss would rejoice in her advent. Verily we also believe that the Lord himself came to meet her, and benignly with delight placed her by him on his throne: for he would fulfil in himself what he had in his law enjoined, thus saying, "Honour thy father and thy mother." He is his own witness that he honoured his Father, as he said to the Jews, "I honour my Father, and ye dishonour me." In his human state he honoured his mother, when he was, as the holy gospel says, subjected to her in his youth. Much more is it to be believed that he honoured his mother with unspeakable veneration in his kingdom, when he would, according to human nature, obey her in this life.

This festival excels incomparably all other saints' mass-days, as much as this holy maiden, the mother of God, is incomparable with all other maidens. This feast-day to us is yearly, but to heaven's inmates it is perpetual. At the ascension of this heavenly queen the Holy Ghost in hymns uttered his wonder, thus inquiring, "What is this that here ascends like the rising dew of morn, as beauteous as the moon, as choice as the sun, and as terrible as a martial band?" The Holy Ghost wondered, for he caused all heaven's inmates to wonder at the ascension of this woman. Mary is more beauteous than the moon, for she shines without decrease of her brightness. She is choice as the sun with beams of holy virtues, for the Lord, who is the sun of righteousness, chose her for his mother. Her course is compared to a martial band, for she was surrounded with heavenly powers and with companies of angels.

Of this heavenly queen it is yet said by the same Spirit of God, "I saw the beauteous one as a dove mounting above the streaming rills, and an ineffable fragrance exhaled from her garments; and, so as in the spring-tide, blossoms of roses and lilies encircled her." The blossoms of roses betoken by their redness martyrdom, and the lilies by their whiteness betoken the shining purity of inviolate maidenhood. All the chosen who have thriven to God through martyrdom or through chastity, they all journeyed with the blessed queen; for she is herself both martyr and maiden. She is as beauteous as a dove, for she loved meekness, which the Holy Ghost betokened, when he appeared in likeness of a dove over Christ at his baptism. Other martyrs suffered martyrdom in their bodies for Christ's faith, but the blessed Mary was not bodily martyred, but her soul was sorely afflicted with great suffering, when she stood sad before Christ's rood, and saw her dear child fastened with iron nails on the hard tree. Therefore is she more than a martyr, for she suffered that martyrdom in her soul which other martyrs suffered in their bodies. She loved Christ above all other men, and, therefore, was her pain also for him greater than other men's, and she made his death as her own death, for his suffering pierced her soul as a sword.

She is void of no holy virtue, nor any beauty, nor any bright-

ness; and therefore was she encircled with roses and lilies, that her virtues might be supported by virtues, and her fairness increased by the beauty of chastity. God's chosen shine in heavenly glory, each according to his merits; it is therefore credible that the blessed queen with so much glory and brightness excels others, as much as her merits are incomparable with those of the other saints.

The Lord said before his ascension, that in his Father's house are many dwellings: therefore we believe that he now to-day gave to his mother the most pleasant dwelling. The glory of God's chosen is measured by their deserts, and yet there is no murmuring nor envy in any of them, but they all dwell in true love and profound peace, and each rejoices in another's honours as in his own.

I pray you, rejoice in this festival: verily now to-day that glorious maiden ascended to heaven, that she, ineffably exalted with Christ, may for ever reign. The heavenly queen was to-day snatched from this wicked world. Again I say, rejoice that she, void of sorrow, is gone to the heavenly mansion. Let all earth be glad, for now to-day, through her deserts, happiness is increased to us all. Through our old mother Eve the gate of heaven's kingdom was closed against us, and again, through Mary it is opened to us, by which she herself has this day gloriously entered.

God has commanded us through his prophets, that we should praise and magnify him in his saints, in whom he is wonderful: much more fitting is it that we, on this great festival of his blessed mother, should worship him with hymns and honourable praises; for undoubtedly all honour to her is praise of God. Let us now, therefore, with all the devotion of our mind honour this great festival, for the way of our salvation is in hymns to our Lord. Let those who continue in maidenhood rejoice, for they have attained to be that which they praise: let them have care that they be such that they may praise worthily. Let those who are in pure widowhood praise and honour her, for it is manifest that they cannot be pure but through grace of Christ, which was perfect in Mary whom they praise. Let those also who are in wedlock praise and honour her, for thence flow mercy and grace to all that they may praise her. If any one be sinful, let him confess, and not the less praise, though praise be not beautiful in the mouth of the sinful; yet let him not cease from praise, for thence is promised to him forgiveness.

This epistle is very complex for us to expound, and very deep for you to hear. It does not now seem good to us to speak more concerning it, but we will relate for your bettering some other edifying matter of the great mother of God. Verily Mary is the greatest comfort and support of christian men, which is very often manifested, as we read in books.

Some man was so deluded by magic that he denied Christ, and wrote his chirograph to the accursed devil, and entered into a compact with him. His name was Theophilus. He afterwards bethought himself, and revolved in his mind the torment of hell; and went then to a church that was hallowed to the praise of the blessed Mary, and therein so long with weeping and fasts prayed for her aid and intercession, till she herself with great glory came to him, and said, that she had interceded for him with the Heavenly Judge, her own Son.

We will also relate to you concerning the end of the impious adversary of God, Julian.

There was a certain bishop named Basilus, who had learned in a school together with this same Julian. It so happened that Basilus was chosen to be bishop of a place called Cappadocia, and Julian to be emperor, though he earlier had been shorn for a priest. Julian then began to love idolatry, and renounced his christianity, and with all his mind cultivated heathenism, and compelled his people to the same. Then at a certain time he went on an expedition against the Persian nation, and met the bishop, and said to him, "O thou Basilus, I have now excelled thee in philosophy." The bishop answered, "God has granted to you to cultivate philosophy:" and with that word he offered him such a gift as he himself partook of, that was three barley loaves, for a blessing. Then the apostate commanded the loaves to be received, and grass to be given to the bishop in return, and said, "He has offered us the food of beasts, let him receive grass in reward." Basilus received the grass, thus saying, "O thou emperor, verily we have offered to



thee what we ourselves partake of, and thou hast given us in reward the sustenance of irrational beasts, not as food for us but as insult." The adversary of God then became angry, and said, "When I return from the expedition I will overthrow this city, and level it, and turn it to arable land, so that it shall be cornbearing rather than manbearing. Thy audacity and that of these citizens is not unknown to me, who at thy instigation brake and cast down the image which I had raised and prayed to." And with these words he went to the Persian territory.

Hereupon Basilus made known to his fellow-citizens the cruel emperor's threat, and was a most excellent counsellor to them, thus saying, "My brothers, bring your treasures, and let us endeavour, if we can, to gladden the cruel apostate on his return." They then with glad mind brought to him of gold, and silver, and precious gems an immense heap. Thereupon the bishop received the treasures, and commanded his priests and all the people to offer their gifts within the temple that was hallowed to the honour of the blessed Mary, and bade them therein abide, with a fast of three days, that the Almighty Ruler, through his mother's intercession, might turn to naught the resolve of the unrighteous emperor. Then on the third night of the fast the bishop saw a great heavenly host on each side of the temple, and in the midst of the host sat the heavenly queen Mary, and said to her attendants, "Bring to me the martyr Mercurius, that he may go against the impious apostate Julian, and slay him, who with inflated mind despises God my Son." The holy martyr Mercurius came armed speedily, and went by her command. The bishop then went into the other church, in which the martyr lay, and asked the churchward, where the weapons of the saint were? He swore that he certainly saw them at his head in the evening. And he straightways returned to St. Mary's temple, and made known to the people what he had seen, and the destruction of the tyrant. He then went again to the holy martyr's sepulchre, and found his spear standing stained with blood.

Then after three days came one of the emperor's officers called Libanius, and sought the bishop's feet, praying for baptism, and informed him and all the citizens of the death of the impious Julian: he said that the army was encamped on the river Euphrates, and seven watches watched over the emperor. Then came there walking an unknown warrior, and violently pierced him through, and straightways vanished from their sight; and Julian then with a horrible cry expired. So were the citizens saved through St. Mary from the adversary of God. Then the bishop offered their treasures to the citizens, but they said, that they would give those gifts to the Immortal King, who had so powerfully saved them, much rather than to the mortal murderer. The bishop, nevertheless, compelled the people to receive a third part of the money, and with the two parts endowed the monastery.

If any one ask how this happened, we say, that this martyr had spent his life in a lay condition, when, through the persecution of heathen men, for belief in Christ, he was martyred; and christian men afterwards honourably deposited his holy body within the temple, together with his weapons. Afterwards, when the holy queen sent him, as we have said a little before, his spirit swiftly went, and with a bodily weapon stabbed the foe of God, while his guards were looking on.

My dearest brothers, let us call with constant prayers to the holy mother of God, that she may intercede for us in our necessities with her Son. It is very credible that he will grant much to her, who vouchsafed through her to be born a human being for the redemption of the world, who is ever God without beginning, and now exists, in one person, true man and true God, ever to eternity. So as every man exists in soul and body one man, so is Christ, God and man, one Saviour, who liveth and reigneth with the Father and the Holy Ghost for ever and ever. Amen.

## AUGUST XXV. THE PASSION OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW THE APOSTLE.

Historians say that there are three nations called India. The first India lies towards the Ethiopians' realm, the second lies towards the Medes, the third on the great ocean; this third India has on one side darkness, and on the other the grim ocean. To this came the

apostle of God BARTHOLOMEW, and went into the temple to the idol Ashtaroth, and as a stranger there remained. In the idol dwelt a devil such that he spake to men through the image, and healed the sick, the blind and the halt, whom he had himself previously afflicted. He injured men's sight, and afflicted their bodies with divers diseases, and answered them through the image, that they should offer to him their gifts, and he would heal them; but he helped them not with any healing, but when they bowed to him, he ceased from the bodily affliction, for he then possessed their souls. Then foolish men thought that he healed them, when he ceased from afflicting them.

When the apostle went into the temple, the devil Ashtaroth became dumb, and could not help any of those whom he had afflicted, for the presence of the holy servant of God. There lay there within the temple many sick men, and offered daily to the idol; but when they saw that he could not help them, nor answer any one, they went to a neighbouring city, where another devil was worshipped, whose name was Berith, and offered to him, and asked, why their god could not answer them? The devil Berith then answered, and said, "Your god is so fast bound with iron chains, that he dares not even breathe or speak since God's apostle Bartholomew came within the temple." They asked, "Who is Bartholomew?" The devil answered, "He is a friend of the Almighty God, and he is come to this province that he may render vain all the idols which these Indians worship." They said, "Describe to us his countenance, that we may know him." Berith answered them, "He has fair and curling locks, is white of body, and has deep eyes and moderate sized nose, and ample beard, somewhat hoary, a middling stature, and is clad in a white upper garment, and is within six and twenty years old: his raiment is not dirty nor threadbare, nor are his shoes worn out. A hundred times he bows his knees by day, and a hundred times by night, praying to his Lord. His voice is as an immense trumpet, and God's angels go with him, who allow not hunger to hurt him, nor any faintness. He is ever of one mind, and continues glad. All things he foresees and knows, and he understands the tongues of all nations. Now long ago he knows what I am saying of him, for God's angels minister and make known all things to him. When ye seek him, if he himself will, ye will find him; if he will not, verily ye will find him not. I pray you that ye earnestly beseech him not to come hither, lest God's angels who are with him command to me what they have commanded to my companion Ashtaroth." And with these words the devil was silent.

They turned back, and beheld the countenance and garments of every man, and, during a space of two days, they did not find him. Then in the meanwhile some madman cried through the devil's spirit, and said, "O thou apostle of God, Bartholomew, thy prayers torment and exasperate me." The apostle then said, "Be dumb, thou unclean devil, and depart from the man." And straightways the man was cleansed from the foul spirit, and spake rationally, who had been mad for many years.

Then the king Polymius heard of the maniac, how the apostle had saved him from that madness, and he commanded him to be fetched to him, and said, "My daughter is cruelly frantic: now I beseech thee to bring her to her wits, as thou didst Seustius, who for many years had been afflicted with dreadful madness." When the apostle saw the maiden bound with hard chains (because she bit and tore everyone whom she could reach, and no man durst approach her), he ordered her to be unbound. The servants answered him, "Who dares to touch her?" Bartholomew answered, "I have bound the fiend that tormented her, and ye yet fear her. Go to and unbind her, and give her to eat, and to-morrow early lead her to me." They did then as the apostle ordered, and the accursed spirit could no longer torment her.

Then on the morrow the king Polymius loaded gold, and silver, and precious gems, and purple garments upon camels, and sought the apostle, but he found him not. On the morrow the apostle came into the king's bower, the door being closed, and asked him, "Why soughtest thou me with gold, and with silver, and with precious gems, and garments? These gifts those require who seek earthly wealth; but I desire no earthly treasure, nor fleshly pleasure; but I wish thee to know that the Son of Almighty God vouchsafed to be born of a maidenly womb, who wrought heaven and

earth and all creatures; and he had beginning in humanity who never began in his divine nature, for he is himself beginning, and to all creatures, both visible and invisible, gave beginning. The maiden who bare him despised every man's fellowship, and to the Almighty God promised her maidenhood. To her came God's archangel, Gabriel, and announced to her the advent of the Heavenly Prince into her womb, and she believed his words, and so was with child."

The apostle then preached to the king all christianity, and the redemption of the world through the advent of Jesus, and how he overcame the hellish devil, and deprived him of mankind, and said, "The Lord Christ, who through his innocent death overpowered the devil, has sent us among all nations, to drive away the devil's ministers, who dwell in images, and to withdraw the heathen who worship them from their power. But we receive not gold nor silver, but despise, as Christ despised them; for we desire to be rich in his kingdom, in which neither sickness, nor infirmity, nor sadness, nor death, has any place, but there is eternal happiness and bliss, joy without end with eternal riches. Therefore came I to your temple, and the devil, who answered you through the image, is made captive by the angels of God who sent me. And if thou consentest to be baptized, I will cause thee to see the devil, and to hear by what craft he appears to heal sickness. The accursed devil, after that he had deceived the first-created man, had power over unbelieving men, over some greater, over some less: on those greater who sin more, on those less who sin in less degree. Now the devil by his wiles causes miserable men to fall sick, and instigates them to believe in an idol: then ceases he from afflicting them, and has their souls in his power; then they say to the image, Thou art my god. But the devil, which was within your temple, is bound, and cannot answer those who pray to him. If thou wilt prove whether I speak truth, I will command him to go into the image, and I will make him confess the same, that he is bound and can give no answer."

Then the king answered, "Now to-morrow this folk has designed to offer him their gifts, then will I come thereto, that I may see these wonderful deeds." So on the second day the king with the citizens came to the temple, and then the devil cried with terrific voice through the image, and said, "Cease, ye miserable, cease your offerings, lest ye suffer worse torment than I. I am bound with fiery chains by the angels of Christ, whom the Jews hanged on a cross: they thought that death might hold him captive; but he overcame death, and bound our prince with fiery chains, and on the third day arose victorious, and gave his rood-sign to his apostles, and sent them among all nations. One of them is here, who holds me bound. I pray you that ye intercede for me to him, that I may go to some other province."

Then said the apostle Bartholomew, "Thou unclean devil, confess who has afflicted these sick men." The unclean spirit answered, "Our prince, bound as he now is, sent us to mankind, that we might afflict them with divers infirmities; first their bodies, for we have no power over their souls, unless they offer us their gifts. But when they for their bodies' health offer to us, then cease we from afflicting the body, for we have then their souls in our power. Then it seems as though we heal them, when we cease from those afflictions. And men worship us for gods, while we truly are devils, disciples of the chief whom Christ, the maiden's Son, has bound. From the day on which his apostle Bartholomew came hither, I am grievously tormented with burning chains, and therefore I speak what he has commanded me; else I durst not speak in his presence, nor even our chief."

Then said the apostle, "Why wilt thou not heal the sick, as thy custom was?" The devil answered, "When we injure the bodies of men, unless we can injure the soul, the bodies continue in their affliction." Bartholomew said, "And how come ye to the affliction of the soul?" The devil answered, "When they believe that we are gods, and offer to us, then the Almighty God forsakes them, and we then leave the body undiseased, and attend to the soul that has bowed to us, and which is then in our power."

Then said the apostle to all the people, "Lo, now ye have heard what sort of god this is that ye thought healed you; but hear now the true God your Creator, who dwells in heaven; and believe not henceforth in vain images: and if ye will that I intercede for you

with God, and that these sick receive health, overthrow and break this image. If this ye do, then will I hallow this temple in the name of Christ, and therein wash you with his baptism from all sins." The king then commanded the image to be cast down. The people then promptly cast ropes about it, and plied it with poles, but they could not, for the devil, stir the image.

Then the apostle commanded the ropes to be loosed, and said to the accursed spirit which staid in it, "If thou wilt that I send thee not into the abyss, depart from this image, and break it, and go to the waste, where no bird flies, nor husbandman ploughs, nor voice of man sounds." He forthwith came out, and brake the image piecemeal, and crushed all the carvings within the temple. The people then with one voice cried, "There is one Almighty God, whom Bartholomew preaches." The apostle then stretched out his hand towards heaven, thus praying, "Thou Almighty God, in whom Abraham believed, and Isaac, and Jacob; thou who hast sent thine only begotten Son, that he might redeem us with his precious blood from the devil's thralldom, and hath made us to be thy children; thou art the unbegotten Father, he is the Son ever of thee begotten, and the Holy Ghost is ever proceeding from thee and thy Son, who hath given us in his name this power, to heal the sick, and give light to the blind, cleanse lepers, drive out devils, raise the dead, and hath said unto us, Verily I say unto you, Whatsoever ye pray for in my name, of my Father, it shall be granted unto you. Now I pray in his name that this sick multitude be healed, that they all may know that thou alone art God in heaven, and on earth, and on sea, thou who restorest health through the same our Lord, who with thee and with the Holy Ghost liveth and reigneth for ever and ever." While they were answering "Amen," all the sick multitude was healed: and there came then flying God's angel shining as the sun, and flew over the four corners of the temple, and graved with his finger the sign of the cross on the four-cornered stones, and said, "The God who sendeth me said, That so as these sick are healed from all diseases, so hath he cleansed this temple from the devil's foulness, whom the apostle hath commanded to retire to the waste. And God hath bidden me that I first make manifest the devil to your sights. Be ye not afraid at the sight of him, but mark the sign of the rood on your foreheads, and every evil shall depart from you."

And the angel then showed to the people the accursed spirit in this likeness. He appeared as an immense Ethiop, with sharp visage and ample beard. His locks hung to his ancles, his eyes were scattering fiery sparks; sulphureous flame stood in his mouth, he was frightfully feather-clad, and his hands were bound to his back. Then said God's angel to the hideous devil, "Because thou wast obedient to the apostle's commands, and didst break the diabolical image, now, according to his promise, I will unbind thee, that thou mayest go to the waste, there where no man's converse is; and there dwell until the great doom." And the angel then unbound him, and he with woful lamentation went away, and nowhere afterwards appeared. The angel then, all looking on him, flew to heaven.

Then the king Polymius, with his wife and his two sons, and with all his people, believed in the true God, and was baptized, and cast away his crown together with his purple garments, and would not let God's apostle depart. After this all the perverse and reprobate assembled, and accused the king to his brother Astryges, who was king in another country, and said, "Thy brother is become the follower of a magician, who appropriates to himself our temples, and breaks our gods." Then was the king Astryges enraged, and sent a thousand armed soldiers, that they might bring the apostle to him bound. When the apostle was led to him, the king said, "Why hast thou corrupted my brother with thy magic?" Bartholomew answered, "I have not corrupted him, but I have turned him from heathenism to the true God." The king said to him, "Why hast thou cast down our gods?" He answered, "I gave that power to the devils, that they might crush the vain image in which they dwelt, that mankind might turn from their errors, and believe in the true God." Then said the king, "So as thou hast made my brother forsake his god and believe in thy god, so also will I make thee forsake thy god and believe in mine." Then answered the apostle, "The god that thy brother worshiped I showed to him bound, and I commanded that he should himself break his image.

If thou canst do this to my God, then wilt thou incline me to the worship of thy god; but if thou canst not do this to my God, I will break all thy gods, and do thou then believe in the true God whom I preach."

While he was saying this, some man announced to the king that his greatest god Baldadh had fallen, and burst asunder piecemeal. The king then tore his purple robe, and commanded the apostle to be beaten with stiff clubs, and afterwards beheaded. And he on this day, so martyred, departed to the eternal life. But after this the brother came with his people and bore away the holy body with glorious hymns, and built a monastery of wondrous greatness, and in that honourably placed his holy remains. But on the thirtieth day the king Astryges, who had commanded the apostle to be slain, was seized with a fiendlike spirit, and dreadfully became frantic: so also the perverse idolaters, who through envy had accused the apostle to the king, became frantic together with him, and they and he ran to his grave, and there raving died. Then sprang up great dread and horror over all the unbelieving, and they then believed and were baptized at the hands of the mass-priests whom the apostle had before ordained. Then the apostle Bartholomew revealed respecting the believing king Polymius, that he should receive the episcopal order; and the servants of God and the believing people chose him unanimously to that order. It happened then, after the ordination, that he wrought many miracles in the name of God through his belief, and continued twenty years in the episcopal office, and in good course of life; and in full dignity departed to the Lord, to whom is honour and glory for ever and ever.

We may take example by the apostolic doctrine, that no christian man shall fetch his salvation save from the Almighty Creator, whom life and death, sickness and health obey, who hath said in his gospel, that a little bird falls not in death without God's direction. He is so mighty, that he directs and orders without toil; but he scourges his chosen with diseases, as he himself said, "Those whom I love I chastise and scourge." For divers causes are christian men afflicted with disease, sometimes for their sins, sometimes for trial, sometimes for God's miracles, sometimes for preservation of good courses, that they may be the humbler; but in all these things patience is needful. Sometimes also through God's vengeance comes very dreadful evil to the impious man, so that his punishment begins in this world, and his soul departs to eternal punishments for his cruelty; as Herod who slew the innocent children at the birth of Christ, and many others besides him. If the sinful be afflicted with disease for his unrighteousness, then if he with patience praise his Lord, and pray for his mercy, he shall be washed from his sins by that sickness, as a foul garment by soap. If he be righteous, he shall have greater honour through his sickness, if he be patient. He who is impatient, and with froward mind murmurs against God in his sickness, shall have double condemnation, for he increases his sins by that murmuring, and suffers nevertheless.

God is the true leech, who by divers afflictions heals the sins of his people. The world's leech is not cruel, though he cure the wounded with burning or with the amputation-knife. The leech cuts or burns, and the patient cries, yet has he no mercy on the other's moaning, for if the leech desist from his craft, then will the wounded perish. So also God cures the sins of his chosen with divers diseases; and though it be wearisome to the sufferer, yet will the good Leech cure him to everlasting health. But he who suffers no sickness in this life, he goes to suffering. For his own sins a man is afflicted with disease, as the Lord said to one bedridden, who was borne to him, "My son, thy sins are forgiven thee: arise now, and bear home thy sick-bed."

For trial are some men afflicted with disease, as was the blessed Job, when he was righteous and obedient to God. Then the devil prayed that he might try him, and he in one day destroyed all his possessions, and afterwards afflicted himself with the greatest disease, so that worms rolled over all his body. But the patient Job, in all these calamities, sinned not with his mouth, nor spake anything foolish against God, but said, "God gave me possessions, and afterwards took them from me; be his name blessed." God also then healed him, and restored him his possessions twofold. Some men are afflicted for the miracles of God, as Christ said of some

blind man, when his disciples asked him, for whose sins the man was thus born blind. Then said Jesus, that he was born blind not for his own nor for his parents' sins, but because that God's miracles might be manifested through him. And he forthwith mercifully healed him, and manifested that he is the true Creator, who opened the unshapen eye-rings with his salutary spittle.

For preservation of true humility are God's chosen very often afflicted, as Paul the apostle said of himself, "To me is given a goad of my body, and the devil buffeteth me, that the greatness of God's revelations may not exalt me; for I thrice besought my Lord to remove the devil's goad from me; but he answered me, Paul, my grace will suffice thee. Verily power is promoted in weakness. I now glorify joyfully in my weaknesses, that Christ's might may dwell in me."

The christian man, who in any of this like is afflicted, and he then will seek his health at unallowed practices, or at accursed enchantments, or at any witchcraft, then will he be like to those heathen men, who offered to an idol for their bodies' health, and so destroyed their souls. Let him who is sick pray for his health to his Lord, and patiently endure the stripes; let him behold how long the true Leech provides, and buy not, through any devil's craft, with his soul, his body's health; let him also ask the blessing of good men, and seek his health at holy relics. It is not allowed to any christian man to fetch his health from any stone, nor from any tree, unless it be the holy sign of the rood, nor from any place, unless it be the holy house of God: he who does otherwise, undoubtedly commits idolatry. We have, nevertheless, examples in holy books, that he who will may cure his body with true leechcraft, as the prophet Isaiah did, who wrought for the king Hezekiah a plaster for his sore, and cured him.

The wise Augustine said, that it is not perilous, though any one eat a medicinal herb; but he reprehends it as an unallowed charm, if any one bind those herbs on himself, unless he lay them on a sore. Nevertheless we should not set our hope in medicinal herbs, but in the Almighty Creator, who has given that virtue to those herbs. No man shall enchant a herb with magic, but with God's words shall bless it, and so eat it.

Let every one, however, know, that no man comes to the eternal rest without tribulations, when Christ himself would not ascend to his own kingdom without great tribulation: so also his apostles, and the holy martyrs with their own lives bought the heavenly kingdom: afterwards also holy confessors with great perseverance in God's service, and through great privations and chastity became holy. What shall we, the end-men of this world, desire, if for our sins we are with sickness afflicted, but to praise our Lord, and humbly pray that he through transient stripes lead us to everlasting joy? To him be glory and praise for ever and ever. Amen.

## AUGUST XXIX. THE DECOLLATION OF ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST.

*Misit Herodes et tenuit Johannem: et reliqua.*

Mark the Evangelist wrote in the book of Christ concerning the great Baptist John, that "the cruel king Herod bound him, and set him in prison, for the sake of his brother's wife Herodias," etc.

This John was the greatest man, as Christ bore witness concerning him. He said, "Among the children of women there hath not arisen any greater man than John the Baptist." Now ye have often heard of his great course and of his ministry, now we will relate to you some explanation touching the exposition of this gospel.

This Herod, who commanded John to be beheaded, and agreed with Pilate the ealdorman in the suffering of Jesus, and delivered him to his judgement, was the son of the other Herod, who reigned at the time when Christ was born; for it was usual at that time for rich men to give their children names after themselves, that it might seem the greater remembrance of the father, when the son, his heir, was called by his father's name. The cruel father, Herod, left five sons; three he commanded to be slain in his last illness, ere he departed. Then he died miserably and suddenly after he had slain the children on account of the birth of Christ; when Archelaus his son succeeded to the kingdom. Then after a space of ten years he was driven from his throne, because the Jewish people complained of his pride to the emperor, and he then

sent him into exile. The emperor then divided the Jewish kingdom into four, and placed therein four brothers, who, according to the Greek tongue, are called 'tetrarchs'; that is, **rulers over a fourth**. A tetrarch is he who has a fourth part of a kingdom. One of these brothers was called Philip, who took to wife the daughter of the king Arethe, of an Arabian people, who was called Herodias. Then after some time they, Philip and Arethe, were at variance, and he took his daughter from his son-in-law, and gave her to his brother Herod; because he was greater in fame and in power. Herod then cast off his lawful wife, and adulterously lived in criminal union.

Then at that time John the Baptist preached God's righteousness to all the Jewish people, and reproved Herod for that foul union. *Ecclesiastica Historia* ita narrat: When Herod saw that all the Jewish multitude ran to John's teaching, and zealously obeyed his admonitions, he was afraid, and imagined that through John's teaching they would despise his government, and would anticipate them, and brought him into prison in a town which is called Machærunthia. John sent then two disciples from the prison to Christ, and inquired of him, thus saying, "Art thou he who is to come, or are we to await another?" As though he had said, Manifest to me whether thou thyself wilt descend to the inmates of hell for the redemption of men, as I have preached to the world that thou wast to come,—manifest. Jesus then, at the same time as the evangelist Luke wrote, was healing many sick from divers diseases, and giving reason to insane men, and sight to the blind, and said then to John's messengers, "Go now to John, and make known to him the things which ye have seen and heard. Behold now blind see, and the halt go, and lepers are cleansed, deaf hear, and the dead arise, and poor preach the gospel; and he is happy who shall not be offended in me." As though he had said to John, Such wonders I work, and yet will I perish by death for the redemption of mankind, and follow thee dying, and happy shall he be who now praiseth my wonders, if he despise not my death, and on account of that death doubt not that I am God. Thus Jesus revealed to John that he himself would vouchsafe to die, and afterwards visit the inmates of hell.

Then meanwhile it befell that Herod, as we before said, feasted his counsellors on the day on which he was born; for at that time they had great rejoicing on their birth-tides. The daughter then, as we before said, played with her maidens at the feast, to the pleasure of them all, and the father then promised on oath that he would give her whatsoever she desired. Of three impious sins we have heard,—the unholy celebration of his birth-tide, and the giddy dancing of the maiden, and the father's presumptuous oath. These three things it befiteth us to oppose in our conduct. We may not with vain celebrations turn our birth-tide to any holyday, nor have our birth in such remembrance; but we should anticipate our last day with penitence and penance, so as it is written, "In all things be thou mindful of thy last day, and thou wilt sin not to eternity." It is not fitting to us to pollute our body, which is hallowed to God in the salutary baptism, with indecent and foolish play; for our bodies are limbs of God, as St. Paul said, "And he enjoined, that we should prepare our bodies as a living and holy sacrifice, and acceptable to God." The body is a living sacrifice which is shielded against deadly sins, and through holy virtues is acceptable to God and holy. God himself forbids every oath to christian men, thus saying, "Swear thou not by heaven, for it is God's throne. Swear thou not by earth, for it is God's footstool. Swear thou not by thine own head, for thou canst not make one hair of thy locks white or black. I say unto you, swear ye not by anything, but by your speech thus ended, It is as I say, or it is not so. Whatsoever there is more by oath, that is of evil."

Christ himself confirmed his speech, when he spake to a Samaritan woman with these words, "Crede mihi," that is, "Believe me." Yet if we anywhere heedlessly swear, and the oath compel us to a worse deed, then will it be more advisable for us to avoid the greater guilt, and atone to God for the oath. David, for example, swore by God that he would slay the foolish man Nabal, and destroy all his things; but at the first intercession of the prudent woman Abigail, he returned his sword into the sheath, and praised the woman's prudence, who forbade him that perilous murder. Herod through folly swore that he would give the dancing daughter whatsoever she might ask: then, because he would not be

called a perjurer by his guests, he stained the feast with blood, and gave the death of the great prophet to the lewd dancer in reward of her play. Much better for him had it been to have broken the oath, than to have commanded such a prophet to be slain.

In all things we should carefully consider, if we anywhere, through the devil's machinations, fall at once into two perils, that we always flee from the greater guilt by the outlet of the less, as he does who will flee from his foes over a wall, then observes he where the wall is lowest, and there darts over. But Herod, when he would not, through John's remonstrance, turn from the unclean connexion, fell into murder, and the smaller sin was the cause of the greater, so that he for his foul adultery, which he well knew was hateful to God, shed the prophet's blood, who he knew was acceptable to God. This is the sentence of the divine judgement, by which it is said, "Let him who injureth, injure yet more; and let him who liveth in foulness, defile himself yet more." This sentence befell the cruel Herod. Now there is another sentence shortly said concerning good men, "Let him who is holy be yet more hallowed." This befell the Baptist John, who was holy through manifold deserts; and was yet more hallowed, when he through the preaching of truth came to triumphant martyrdom.

Herod feigned himself sad, when the daughter prayed him for the head; but he rejoiced in secret, because she prayed for the death of that man whom he would before have slain, if he had had a pretext. But if the child had prayed for the woman's head, he would with great anger have refused her. John was not by persecution compelled to deny Christ, but, nevertheless, he gave his life for Christ, when he was martyred for truth. Christ himself said, "I am the truth." John was Christ's forerunner in his birth, and in his preaching, in baptism, in suffering, and in his precious death preceded him to hell. When he was beheaded, his disciples came, and bare his holy body to a city which is called Sebastia, and they laid him there. The holy head was buried at Jerusalem.

Some heretics said that the head blew the king's wife Herodias, for whom he had been slain, so that she went with winds over all the world; but they erred in that saying, for she lived to the end of her life after the slaying of John. But John's head was afterwards manifested to two eastern monks, who with prayers visited that city, and they bare the precious treasure thence to a city which is called Edessa; and the Almighty God, through that head, manifested innumerable miracles. His bones after a long time were brought to the great city of Alexandria, and there with great honour deposited.

Now it is to be considered why the Almighty God allows that his chosen and his beloved servants, whom he has predestined to eternal life, be destroyed with so many pains, and broken in this present life. But the apostle Paul has answered concerning this, and said, that "God correcteth and chastiseth every one whom he receiveth into his kingdom, and the more ignominiously he is tortured for the name of God, so much shall his glory be greater before God." Again, the same apostle said in another place, "The sufferings of this life are not to be compared with the future glory which will be manifested in us."

Now says the expositor, that no wild beast, neither among the four-footed nor the creeping, is to be compared with an evil woman. What among the four-footed is fiercer than a lion? or what among the serpent-kind is more cruel than a dragon? But the wise Solomon said, that it were better to dwell with lion and dragon than with an evil and loquacious woman. Now John had dwelt in the waste unhurt among all the beast-kind, and among serpents, and asps, and all the worm-kind, and they dreaded him. But the accursed Herodias slew him by beheading, and received the death of so great a man as a gift for her daughter's dancing. Daniel the prophet lay seven nights among seven lions in one den uninjured, but the accursed woman Jezabel betrayed the righteous Naboth to his death by false witness. The prophet Jonah was preserved unconsumed in the belly of the whale for three nights, and the treacherous Dalila deceived the strong Samson with flattery, and, his locks being shorn, betrayed him to his foes. Verily there is no worm-kind nor wild beast-kind like in evilness to an evil woman.

The historian Josephus wrote in the ecclesiastical history, that the cruel Herod, a little while after the death of John, ruled his

kingdom, but first for his wicked deeds his army was slain in battle, and himself afterwards driven from his kingdom, and sent into exile, by a very righteous judgement, when he would not listen to John's exhortations to eternal life, that he suddenly with disgrace should lose his transitory kingdom. The wise Augustine exhorts us with these words, and says, "Consider, I pray you, my brethren, with understanding, how wretched is this present life, and yet ye dread leaving it too speedily. Ye love this life in which ye exist with toil; thou carest about thy need; thou runnest, and art filled with anxiety; thou plougest, and sowest, and afterwards gathereest; thou grindest, and bakest; thou weavest and preparest garments, and hardly knowest the number of all thy needs, both on sea and on land, and shalt end all these aforesaid things, and also thy life with tribulation. Learn now, therefore, that ye may be able to earn the eternal life, in which ye will suffer none of these toils, but with God will reign to eternity."

In this life we faint, if we sustain not ourselves with food; if we drink not, we are destroyed by thirst; if we watch too long, we faint; if we stand long, we are fatigued, and then sit; again, if we sit too long, our limbs sleep. Consider also after this, that there is no stability of our body: childhood passes to boyhood, and boyhood to full growth; full growth bows to age, and age is ended by death. Verily our age stands on no stability, but so much as the body grows so greatly are its days diminished. Everywhere in our life are faintness and weariness, and decay of the body, and yet every one desires that he may live long. What is to live long but long to toil? It happens to few men in these days to live eighty years in health, and whatsoever he lives over that, it is toil to him and pain, as the prophet said, "Evil are our days," and the worse that we love them. So this world flatters very many, that they are unwilling to end this life of exile. A true and blessed life it will be, when we from death arise and reign with Christ. In that life will be good days, yet not many days, but one, which knows no rise nor no ending, which no tomorrow follows, because no yesterday preceded it; but the one day will for ever be unended without any night, without afflictions, without all the toils, which we a little before in this lecture recounted. This day and this life are promised to righteous christians, to whom may the merciful Lord lead us, who liveth and reigneth with the Father and the Holy Ghost ever without end. Amen.

## THE SEVENTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST.

*Ibat Jesus in civitatem quae vocatur Naim: et reliqua.*

Our Lord went to a city which is called Nain, and his disciples with him, and a copious multitude. When he approached the port-gate, the corpse of a young man was borne to the grave, etc.

Beda the expositor said, that the city of Nain is interpreted 'inundation' or 'agitation.' The dead youth, who was borne in sight of many men, betokens every sinful man who in the inward man is fordone with deadly sins, and his evilness is known to men. The youth was the only-born son of his mother, so is also every christian man spiritually a son of the holy church, which is the mother of us all, and, nevertheless, an undefiled maiden; for her family is not bodily but spiritual. Every servant of God, when he learns, is called a child: afterwards, when he teaches another, he is a mother, as the apostle Paul said of the fallen men, "Ye are my children, whom I now a second time conceive, until Christ is renewed in you." The port-gate betokens some bodily sense through which men sin. The man that sows dissension among christian men, or who speaks unrighteousness in high places through his mouth's gate, he is borne dead. He who beholds a woman with libidinous eye and foul lust, through his eyes' gate, manifests his soul's death. He who with delight hears idle discourse or contumelious words, makes his ear a gate of death to himself. So is it also to be understood of the other senses.

Jesus was moved with compassion for the mother, that he might give us an example of his piety; and he afterwards raised the dead, that he might confirm us to his faith. He approached and touched the bier, and the biermen stood still. The bier which bare the dead is the heedless mind of the hopeless sinful. But the bearers, who bare him to the grave, are the blandishments of flattering compan-

ions, who with blandishment and envenomed suavities stimulate and praise the sinful, as the prophet said, "The sinful is praised in his lusts, and the unrighteous is blessed: when he is surrounded by empty fame and flatteries, then is it as though he were overwhelmed by a mould-heap." Of such Jesus said to one of his chosen, when he would bury his father's corpse: he said, "Allow the dead to bury their dead: go thou, and preach God's kingdom." Verily the dead bury other dead, when sinful men court others their like with pernicious praise, and oppress with the accumulated weight of the worst flattery. Of such it is said in another place, "The tongues of flatterers bind the souls of men in sins."

When the Lord touched the bier, the biermen stood still. So also, if the mind of the sinful is touched by fear of the heavenly doom, then he withstands evil lusts and false flatteries, and to the Lord calling to eternal life promptly answers, as if he had arisen from death. The Lord said to the youth, "I say unto thee, Arise. And he forthwith sat and spake, and Jesus delivered him to his mother." The quickened sits, when the sinful with divine stimulation quickens. He speaks, when he employs his mouth with God's praises, and with true confession seeks God's mercy. He is delivered to his mother, when through the priest's authority he is associated in communion of the holy church. The folk was astonished with great awe; for so as a man turns from great sins to God's mercy, and corrects his conduct after God's commandments, so more men will be turned through his example to the praise of God.

The folk said, "That a great prophet hath arisen among us," and, "That God hath visited his folk." Truly they said of Christ, that he is a great prophet; for he is a Prophet of prophets, and the prophecy of them all; for they all prophesied of him, and by his advent he fulfilled the prophecy of them all. We say now with great faith, that he is a great prophet, for he knows all things, and also prophesied many, and he is true God of true God, Almighty Son of the Almighty Father, who visited his folk through his humanity, and relieved them from the thralldom of the devil.

We read everywhere in books, that Jesus raised many dead to life, but yet there is no gospel composed of any of them save three only. One is the youth of whom we have just spoken, the second was an ealdorman's daughter, the third was Lazarus, the brother of Martha and Mary. The resurrection of these three persons betokens the threefold resurrection of sinful souls. The soul's death is of three kinds: one is evil assent, the second is evil work, the third is evil habit. The ealdorman's daughter lay at the point of death, and the father called Jesus thereto, because he was at that time there in the neighbourhood. She had departed before he came to her. When he came, he took her by the hand, and said, "Thou maiden, I say unto thee, Arise. And she straightways arose, and asked for meat."

This maiden, who lay therein sleeping in death, betokens the death of the sinful soul, which delights secretly in evil pleasures, and it is not yet known to men, that it, through sins, is dead; but Christ manifested that he would quicken so sinful a soul, if with fervent prayers he be thereto called, when he raised the maiden within the house, like as secret sin lurking in the human heart. Now there are other sinful, who delight in pernicious lusts by assent, and also manifest their evilness by works; such the dead youth betokened, who was borne in sight of the people. Such sinners Christ raises, if they repent of their sins, and delivers them to their mother, that is, he associates them in the unity of his church.

Some sinful men assent to their lusts, and by evil deeds manifest their sins to men, and also habitually sinning defile themselves: such Lazarus betokened, who lay four days foully stinking in the sepulchre. Verily God's name is Almighty, for he can accomplish all things. He can through his grace quicken the sinful soul, though it foully stink in habitual sins, if with careful conduct it seek God's mercy; but the more it is wounded so much more medicament does it require. That Jesus manifested, when with clear voice he raised the maiden in sight of few persons; for he allowed not more persons to be therein than the father, and the mother, and his three disciples: and he said then, "Thou maiden, Arise."

So also is the secret death of the soul, which sins secretly by assent, easier to raise than open vices are to be healed. He raised

the youth in sight of all the people, and confirmed by these words, "Thou youth, I say unto thee, Arise." Secret sins shall be expiated secretly, and open openly, that those may be edified by his repentance, who had ere been seduced by his sins.

The Lord when he raised the stinking Lazarus was troubled and shed tears, and with a loud voice cried, "Lazarus, go forth:" he then manifested that he who has very long and habitually sinned, shall also with great repentance and weeping turn his evil habits to God's righteousness. There is no sin so great that a man may not expiate it, if, with inward heart, according to the degree of the sin, he continue in true penitence. There is, nevertheless, great disquisition concerning one sentence which Christ said: he said, "Every sin and calumny shall be forgiven to repenting men, but calumny of the Holy Ghost shall never be forgiven. Though any one speak a calumnious word against me, he shall be forgiven, if he do penance; but he who says a word against the Holy Ghost, shall not be forgiven in this world nor in that to come." There is no forgiveness of sins but through the Holy Ghost. There is one Almighty Father, who begot a Son of himself. The Father is not called Father in common from the Son and the Holy Ghost, for the latter is not the son of them both. But the Holy Ghost is called in common from the Father and the Son, for he is the Spirit of them both, that is the Love and Will of them both, through whom sins are forgiven. Verily the work of the Holy Trinity is ever indivisible, yet all forgiveness belongs to the Holy Ghost, as birth belongs to Christ alone.

They may not be named together, Father, and Son, and Holy Ghost, but they are not by any space anywhere separated from themselves. In all works they are together, though to the Father it exclusively belongs that he begot a Son, and to the Son belongs birth, and to the Holy Ghost procession. The Son is the Wisdom of the Father ever begotten of the Father; the Holy Ghost is not begotten, for he is not a son, but is the Love and Will of them both, ever proceeding from them both, through whom we have forgiveness of sins, as through Christ we have redemption; and yet in either work is the Holy Trinity working indivisibly.

He speaks calumny against the Holy Ghost, who with unrepenting heart continues in deeds of wickedness, and despises the forgiveness which stands in the grace of the Holy Ghost: then shall his sin be unredeemable, for he himself besets the way of forgiveness with his hardheartedness. The repenting shall be forgiven, the despising never. Let us pray to the Almighty Father, who hath through his Wisdom made us, and through his Holy Spirit quickened us, that he through the same Spirit grant us forgiveness of our sins, as, through his only begotten Son, he has redeemed us from the thralldom of the devil.

Be praise and glory to the eternal Father who never began, and to his only Son who ever is of him, and to the Holy Ghost who ever is of them both, those three one Almighty God indivisible, reigning ever to eternity. Amen.

## SEPTEMBER XXIX. DEDICATION OF THE CHURCH OF ST. MICHAEL THE ARCHANGEL.

To many men is known the holy place of St. Michael, on the mountain which is called Garganus. The mountain stands on the borders of the land of Campania, towards the Adriatic sea, twelve miles in ascent from a town which is called Seppontina. From that place originated this day's festival throughout the faithful church. There dwelt a very rich man called Garganus: from his adventure the mountain was so named. It happened when the immense multitude of his cattle was grazing on the mountain, that an unruly bull wandered alone and despised the drove. Hereupon the master Garganus gathered a great many of his household servants, and sought the bull everywhere in the waste, and at last found him standing on the knoll of the high mountain, at the entrance of a cavern; and he was then moved with anger, because the solitary bull had despised his herd, and bent his bow, and would shoot him with a poisoned arrow; but the poisoned arrow turned back as if thrown by the wind's blast, and instantly slew him who had shot it.

His kinsmen then and neighbours were greatly astonished by that deed, and not one of them durst approach the bull. They then asked counsel of their bishop, what they should do in the matter. The bishop then found it advisable, that they should ask from God an explanation of the miracle with a fast of three days. On the third night of the fast the archangel Michael appeared to the bishop in a ghostly vision, thus saying, "Wisely ye did to seek at God that which was hidden to men. Know thou for certain, that the man who was shot with his own arrow, that it was done with my will. I am Michael, the archangel of God Almighty, and I continue ever in his sight. I say to thee that I especially love the place which the bull defended, and I would by that sign manifest that I am the guardian of the place; and of all the miracles which there happen, I am the spectator and observer." And with these words the archangel departed to heaven.

The bishop recounted his vision to the townsfolk, and they afterwards usually resorted thither, and fervently prayed the living God and his archangel Michael. Two doors they saw in the church, and the south door was somewhat larger, from which there lay steps to the west part: but they durst not visit the holy house with entrance, but daily prayed fervently at the door.

Then at the same time the Neapolitans, who yet continued in heathenism, declared war against the inhabitants of the city of Seppontina, who worshiped the holy place, and against those of Benevento. They then, instructed by the admonitions of their bishop, prayed for a space of three days, that they might, in those three days, implore with fasting the succour of the archangel Michael. The heathen also in like manner, with gifts and offerings, diligently implored the guardianship and protection of their false gods.

Lo, on the night then on the morrow of which the fight was to take place, the archangel Michael appeared to the bishop, and said that he had heard their prayers, and promised them his succour, and commanded them to array themselves against their foes one hour after morning-tide. They then on the morrow blithe and free from care, through the angel's promise, and with confidence in his succour, marched against the heathen. Then immediately at the beginning of the fight the mount Garganus was trembling with immense quaking, and great lightning flew from the mountain as it were arrows against the heathen folk, and the knoll of the mount was all overhung with dark clouds. Whereupon the heathen with affrighted mind took to flight, and at the same time that they were shot with fiery arrows, they were overwhelmed from behind by the weapons of the christians, until half-dead they sought their city Naples. But those who escaped from those perils, acknowledged that God's angel came to the succour of the christians, and they straightways subjected their necks to Christ, and became armed with his faith. Verily in that slaughter there were counted six hundred men shot with the fiery arrows. The christians then victorious returned home with great confidence and joy, and brought their promise to the temple to Almighty God and his archangel Michael. Then saw they before the north door of the church, on the marble stone, as it were a man's footsteps, firmly impressed on the stone, and they then understood that the archangel Michael would manifest that token of his presence. They then forthwith raised a church and an altar thereover, to the praise of the archangel, who had stood in that place succouring them.

There was then a great doubt among the townsfolk concerning the church, whether they should go in, or should hallow it. Whereupon they raised a church in the east part of the place, and hallowed it to the honour of the apostle Peter, and therein placed an altar to St. Mary and John the Baptist. Then at last the bishop sent to the pope, and asked him, how they were to do concerning the archangel's structure. To this errand the pope answered thus, "If it is allowed to men to hallow the church which the archangel himself constructed, then the hallowing ought to be on the day on which, through the grace of the Almighty, he gave you victory. But if aught else should be pleasing to the archangel, ask his will on the same day." When this answer was announced to the bishop, he enjoined to his fellow-citizens a fast of three days, and prayed to the Holy Trinity that some certain sign might be shown him concerning their doubt. The archangel Michael then, on the third

night of the fast, said to the bishop in a dream, "There is no need for you to hallow the church which I have constructed. I myself constructed and hallowed it. But go into the church fearlessly, and in my presence visit the place according to custom with prayers; and do thou sing mass there to-morrow, and let the people, after the divine rites, go to housel; and I will then show how I through myself hallowed the place."

They then straightways on the morrow went joyfully thither with their offerings, and with great unity of their prayers went in on the south part. Lo then they saw a long portico on the north part stretching very near to the marble stone, on which the angel standing had manifested his foot-marks. On the east part was seen a great church to which they step by step ascended. The church with its portico could easily contain in its space five hundred men: and there stood, placed against the middle of the south wall, a venerable altar covered with a red pall. That house was not constructed after the fashion of men, but had divers towers at the corners, in likeness of a cave. The roof also was of various height: in one place a man might reach it with his head, in another hardly with his hand. I believe that the archangel would thereby manifest that he much more sought and loved cleanness of heart than the adornment of stones. The mountain's knoll without is partly overgrown with wood, and again partly overspread with the green field.

But after the mass and the holy housel every one with great joy returned to his own. The bishop then placed God's servants there, singers, and readers, and priests, that they might daily there perform God's service in a fitting manner; and commanded a monastic house to be there built for them. There is, however, no man daring to that degree that he dares to come within the church in the night-time, but at dawn, when God's servants are singing God's praise therein. From the roof-stone on the north part of the holy altar there runs drop by drop water very pure and sweet, which those who dwell in the place called 'stilla,' that is **drop**. There is hung a glass vessel with a silver chain, which receives the pleasant fluid. It is the people's wont, after the housel, to go up step by step to the vessel, and taste the heavenly fluid. The fluid is very pleasant of taste, and very salutary to the touch. Verily very many after a tedious fever and divers sicknesses, by drinking this fluid, speedily enjoy their health. Also in another manner, innumerable sick are there often and frequently healed, and many miracles, through the archangel's power, are there performed; but chiefly on this day, when the people from every nation visit the place, and the angel's presence is there in some measure most sensible, that the words of the apostle may be bodily fulfilled, that which he spake spiritually: he said, that "angels shall be sent as ministering spirits from God hither into the world, that they may be for a succour to his chosen, that they may receive the eternal country with him."

## GOSPEL.

*Accesserunt ad Jesum discipuli dicentes, Quis putas major in regno cælorum: et reliqua.*

This day's gospel says, that "The Lord's disciples approached him, thus saying, Sir, which is the first of men in the kingdom of heaven? Jesus then called to him a little child," etc.

Haymo expounds this gospel, and says, that the emperor's toll-gatherers asked Peter the apostle, when they were gathering toll for the emperor over all the world; they said, "Will your lord Christ give any toll? Then Peter said that he would. Then when Peter would ask Jesus, Jesus, who knows all thing, prevented him, thus saying, What thinkest thou, Peter, of whom do earthly kings take tribute or toll, of their own relations, or of strangers? Peter said, Of strangers. Jesus said, What, are their relations free? Lest we should offend them, go to the sea, and cast out thine hook, and of the fish which first swalloweth it, open the mouth, then wilt thou find therein a golden coin: take that, and give as toll for me and for thee."

Then for that reason, that he said, "Give for me and for thee," the apostles imagined that Peter was first, and asked Jesus, "Who was the first of men in the kingdom of heaven?" Jesus would then heal their erroneous thoughts with true humility, and said, that

they could not come to the kingdom of heaven, unless they were as humble and as innocent as the child was which he called to him. A meek child desires not other men's possessions, nor a beauteous woman; though it be vexed it holds no lasting animosity towards those who injured it, nor feigns it with words, so that it think one thing and say another. In like manner should God's followers, that is, christians, have that innocence in their mind which a child has in its age.

Jesus said, "Verily I say unto you, ye shall not come to the kingdom of heaven, unless ye are changed and become as children." He did not enjoin to his disciples that they should be children in body, but that they should hold the innocence of meek children in their conduct. In one place he said, when a child was brought to him to be blessed, and his disciples reproved it, "Suffer these children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." Of this the apostle Paul admonished his followers, and said, "Be ye not children in understanding, but in evilnesses: be perfect in understanding." Jesus said, "Whosoever humbleth himself like this child, he shall be first in the kingdom of heaven." Let us have true humility in our lives, if we will have high dignity in God's kingdom, as Jesus said, "Every one of those who exalt themselves shall be humbled, and he who humbleth himself shall be exalted." He has the innocence of a meek child, who is displeasing to himself that he may be pleasing to God; and he will be so much the fairer in the sight of God as he shall be the more humble before himself. "He who receives one such little one in my name, receives myself." To all God's poor we should minister benefactions, though above all to the humble and meek, who in their life's conduct conform to the commandments of Christ; for he will be served by serving his poor, and he himself will be received by receiving them.

He said also in another place, "He who receiveth a prophet shall have a prophet's meed; he who receiveth a righteous man shall have a righteous man's reward." That is, He who receives a prophet, or a righteous servant of God, and provides sustenance for him for love of God, shall then have as great a meed from God for his bounty, as if he himself were a prophet, or a righteous servant of God. "He who offends one of these little ones, who believe in me, better were it for him that an immense millstone were tied to his neck, and he were so sunk in the deep sea." He offends another who deceives him on the part of God, so that his soul be lost. The millstone which turns incessantly, and accomplishes no course, betokens love of the world, which circulates in errors, and fixes no step in the way of God. Of such the prophet said, "The wicked turn in a circle." He who enters upon a holy order in God's church, and afterwards by instigation or by sinful life gives evil example to others, and perverts their understanding, then better were it for him that he alone perished in his worldly life, than that he in holy guise should draw others with him to perdition through his depraved morals.

"Wo to the world for offences." The world are here called those who love this perishable world more than everlasting life, and with divers offences pervert themselves and others. "It is needful that offences come, yet wo to the man from whom they come." This world is so filled with errors, that it cannot be without offences, and yet wo to the man who deceives another in his property, or in his life, and for him it shall be worse, who with evil instigation deceives another man's soul to eternal destruction. "If thine hand or thy foot offend thee, cut off the limb, and cast it from thee." This is said according to a spiritual signification, not as a bodily precept. God commanded no man to destroy his limbs. The hand betokens our needful friend, who with work and succour daily ministers to our need; but yet, if such friend entice us from the way of God, then will it be better for us that we cut off from us his fleshly love, and by separation cast it away, than that we, through his evil instigation, together with him fall into eternal perdition. So is it also with the foot and the eye. If any relation be as dear to thee as thine eye, and another as needful to thee as thy hand, and one as serviceable as thy own foot, if they then perversely instigate thee to thy soul's destruction, better will it be for thee that thou shun their fellowship, than that they lead thee on with them to eternal perdition. "Take heed that ye despise no one of these little ones." He who deceives one of God's servants angers the Lord, as he himself through his prophet said, "He who

toucheth you, it shall be to me as offensive as if he touched the sight of mine eye."

"I say unto you, that their angels ever see the countenance of my Father who is in heaven." By these words is manifested that over every believing man an angel is set as a guardian, who shields him against the devil's machination, and supports him in holy virtues, as the psalmist said of every righteous man, "God hath commanded his angels concerning thee, that they may preserve thee, and lift thee in their hands, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone." It is a great honour for christian men, that every one has from his birth an angel assigned to him in fellowship, as it is written of the apostle Peter, when the angel led him from the prison, and he came to his companions, and knocking prayed for admission. Then said the faithful, "It is not Peter who there knocketh, but is his angel." But those angels, whom God has set as guardians over his chosen, never depart from his presence; for God is everywhere, and whithersoever the angels fly, they are ever in his presence, and partake of his glory. They announce our works and prayers to the Almighty, though to him nothing is hidden, as the archangel Raphael said to the man of God, Tobias, "When ye prayed, I offered your prayers before God."

The Old Law informs us that archangels are set over every nation, that they may take care of the people, over the other angels, as Moses, in the fifth book of the Old Law, manifested in these words, "When God on high divided and scattered Adam's offspring, he set the boundaries of nations according to the number of his angels." In this sense agrees the prophet Daniel in his prophecy. An angel of God spake to Daniel concerning the archangel who directed the Persian people, and said, "The archangel came to me, the prince of the Grecian people, and there is none of these my supporter, save Michael, the prince of the Hebrew folk. Lo, Michael, one of the first princes, came to me in succour, and I continued there with the king of the Persian nation." By these words is manifested how great care the archangels have of their authority over mankind, when he said that Michael came to his succour.

It is now credible that the archangel Michael has care of christian men, who was prince of the Hebrew folk, while they believed in God; and that he manifested when he built himself a church among a faithful people on mount Garganus, as we have read a little before. It is done by God's dispensation, that the great heavenly angel is the constant supporter of christian men on earth, and their intercessor in heaven with Almighty God, who liveth and reigneth to all eternity. Amen.

## THE TWENTY-FIRST SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST.

*Loquebatur Jesus cum discipulis suis in parabolis, dicens: et reliqua.*

"The Lord was speaking at a certain time to his apostles in parables, thus saying, The kingdom of heaven is like unto a certain king who made a marriage for his son. Then sent he his messengers to invite his subjects," etc.

We follow in this text the exposition of pope Gregory.

My dearest brothers, I have frequently told you, that everywhere in the holy gospel this present church is called the kingdom of heaven. Verily a gathering of righteous men is called the kingdom of heaven. God said through his prophet, "Heaven is my seat." Paul the Apostle said that "Christ is God's Might and God's Wisdom." Clearly we may understand that the soul of every righteous man is heaven, when Christ is God's Wisdom, and the soul of a righteous man is the seat of wisdom, and heaven is his seat. Of this the psalmist said, "The heavens make known the glory of God." He calls the heavens God's messengers. But the congregation of holy men is the kingdom of heaven, because their hearts are not occupied in earthly desires, but they sigh for that which is above; and God now long since reigns in them, as in the heavenly dwellings.

The king who made a marriage for his son is God the Father, who associated the holy church with his Son through the mystery of his incarnation. The holy church is Christ's bride, by which he daily begets spiritual children, and she is the mother of all christian men, and, nevertheless, an undefiled maiden. Through belief

and baptism we are begotten to God, and adopted as his spiritual children, through Christ's humanity, and through grace of the Holy Ghost.

God sent his messengers, that he might invite everyone to this marriage. He sent once and again; for he sent his prophets, who announced his Son's humanity to come, and again, he afterwards sent his apostles, who announced his advent accomplished, as the prophets had erst prophesied it. When they would not come to the marriage, he sent again, thus saying, "Say to those who are invited, Behold, I have prepared my meats, I have slain my oxen and my fatted fowls, and have prepared all my things: come to the marriage."

The oxen betoken the patriarchs of the old law, who might then, by permission of the old law, slay their foes in the manner of an ox. It is thus written in the old law, "Love thy friend, and hate thy foe." Thus it was allowed to men of old, that they might with strong might oppress, and with weapons slay the adversaries of God and their own foes. But the same God, who gave this permission through the law of Moses before his advent, the same afterwards, when he through human nature came to the world, changed the mandate, thus saying, "I command you, Love your foes, and do good to those who hate you, and pray for your persecutors, that ye may be children of the Heavenly Father, who letteth his sun shine over good and evil, and he giveth rain-showers and fruits to the righteous and to the unrighteous." What betoken the oxen but the fathers of the old law? What were they but the like of oxen, when, by permission of the old law, they struck their foes with the horn of bodily might?

The fatted fowls betoken the holy teachers of the New Testament. These are fatted with the grace of the Holy Ghost to that degree, that they desire the heavenly journey with the wings of spiritual life. What is it for a man to set his thoughts on sublunary things but, as it were, a tenuity of mind? He who is filled with the food of heavenly love, is as though he were fatted with generous meats. With this fatness the psalmist would be fatted, when he said, "Be my soul filled as with fat and with tallow."

What is, "My oxen and my fatted fowls are slain," but as though he had said, 'Behold the lives of the old fathers, and understand the singing of the prophets, and the preaching of the apostles concerning my Son's humanity, and come to the marriage'? That is, 'Come with faith, and associate yourselves to the holy church, which is his bride and your mother.'

"They neglected it, and went, some to their farms, some to their merchandise." He goes to his farm and neglects God's preparation, who immoderately attends to earthly pursuits to that degree that he neglects God's portion. He goes about his traffic, who with covetousness heeds worldly gains more than the riches of eternal life. But when they busy themselves immoderately, some with earthly pursuits and some with worldly treasures, then they cannot for that business meditate on the humanity of Jesus; and it also seems to them very irksome to adjust their conduct to his rule. Some also are so perversely minded, that they may not hear God's preaching, but with persecution afflict God's messengers, as the gospel hereafter says, "Some seized the messengers, and with injury afflicted them, and slew them. But the king, when he was informed of this, sent his army, and destroyed the murderers and burned their city."

He destroyed the murderers, because he fiercely slew the impious persecutors, as we read everywhere in the passions of the martyrs. Nero, the cruel emperor, [commanded Peter and Paul to be beheaded, but he was suddenly driven from his realm, and wolves tore him in pieces. Herod beheaded the apostle James, and brought Peter into prison, but God saved him from his captivity, and when the king was inquiring how he came out of the prison, God's angel came to him afterwards and slew him to death. As tryges, the Indian king, who slew Bartholomew, became mad, and in a fit of madness departed. In like manner Egeas, who crucified Andrew, ended forthwith in a fit of madness. Longsome would it be to recount the ends of all the impious persecutors, how sternly the Almighty God avenged on them the sufferings of his saints. The gospel says, that he burned their city, because they will be, both with soul and with body, burned in everlasting torment. "He sent his army," because through his angels he destroys the wicked.



What are the hosts of angels but the army of the Heavenly King? He is called Dominus Sabaoth, that is 'Lord of an army,' or 'Lord of Hosts.'

The king then said to his servants, "The marriage is ready, but those whom I have thereto invited were not worthy of it. Go now to the outlets of the ways, and whomsoever ye find, invite to the marriage." Ways are the various deeds of men. Outlets of ways are the perishing of worldly works; and those very often come to God, who in earthly works but little prosper. Hereupon the king's messengers went through the ways, gathering all whom they found, both evil and good, and at length made the marriage. In this present church are mingled evil and good, as clean corn with foul cockle: but at the end of this world the true Judge will bid his angels gather the cockle by burthens, and cast it into the unquenchable fire. By burthens they will gather the sinful from the righteous: then will murderers be tied together within the hellish fire, and robbers with robbers, the covetous with the covetous, adulterers with adulterers; and so all wicked associates, bound together, shall suffer in everlasting torments; and the clean wheat shall be brought into God's barn: that is, the righteous shall be brought to everlasting life, where storm comes not nor any tempest that may injure the corn. Then will the good be nowhere but in heaven, and the evil nowhere but in hell.

My brothers, if ye are good, then should ye bear with equanimity the evilness of reprobate men, as long as ye continue in this present life. He is not good who will not bear with the evil. On this the voice of God said to the prophet Ezekiel, "Thou son of man, unbelieving and prompters to evil are with thee, and thou dwellest with the worst wormkind." Again Paul the Apostle praised and confirmed the lives of believing men, thus stimulating them, "Dwell among perverse mankind: shine among them as stars, holding the word of life."

"The king went in, and beheld the guests, when he saw one man there who was not clad in a marriage garment." The marriage garment betokens the true love of God and men. That love our Creator manifested to us in himself, when he vouchsafed to redeem us from eternal death with his precious blood, as John the Evangelist said, "So greatly God loved this world, that he gave his only-begotten Son for us." The Son of God, who through love came to men, signified in the gospel that which the marriage garment betokened,—true love. Every of those who with faith and baptism incline to God, comes to the marriage; but he comes not with a marriage garment, if he holds not true love. For ye see that everyone is ashamed, if he is invited to a worldly marriage, to come meanly clad to that short pleasure; but a much greater shame is it for him who with a sordid garment comes to God's marriage, so that for his foul habit he shall be cast from eternal bliss into eternal darkness. So as a garment adorns a man bodily, so also true love adorns our soul with spiritual fairness. Though a man have full faith, and give alms, and do much good, all will be vain, whatsoever he does, unless he have true love for God and for all christian men. It is true love, that everyone love his friend well, and his foe for his good. The Heavenly King goes daily to the marriage, that is, into his church, and looks whether we are clad within in the marriage garment; and whomsoever he finds without true love, him he questions with wrath, thus saying, "Thou friend, how durstest thou come to my preparation without a marriage garment?" "Friend" he called him, and, nevertheless, cast him from his guests. A friend he was through faith, and a reprobate in works. He was forthwith silent, because at God's doom there is no exultation nor defence; for the Judge who convicts without, is cognizant of his mind within. Though any one have not true love perfectly, yet should he not despair of himself, for of such the prophet spake to God, "My Lord, thine eyes have seen my imperfections, and in thy book all] are written."

The king said to his servants, "Bind the misclad hands and feet, and cast him into outer darkness, there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth." The hands and the feet which are not now bound through awe of God from perverse works, shall then, through the sternness of God's doom, be fast bound. The feet which will not visit the sick, and the hands which give nothing to the poor, shall then be bound in torment; because they are now wilfully bound from good works. The misclad was cast into outer

darkness. The inner darkness is the blindness of the heart. The outer darkness is the swart night of eternal condemnation. The condemned will then by compulsion suffer in outer darkness, because he now wilfully passes his life in blindness of heart, and has no remembrance of the true light, that is, Christ, who said of himself, "I am the light of the world; he who followeth me goeth not in darkness, but hath the light of life." In the outer darkness shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth. There the eyes shall weep in the hellish flame, which now libidiously roll about with unallowed desires; and the teeth, which now rejoice in gluttony, shall there grate in the unspeakable torments, which are prepared for the adversaries of God. Verily the eyes will smart with the powerful smoke, and the teeth quake with the great chill; for the reprobates shall suffer intolerable heat, and unspeakable chill. Verily the hellish fire has unspeakable heat and no light, but burns eternally in swart darkness.

If any one doubt concerning the resurrection, he may in this gospel understand, that there will be a true resurrection, where there are eyes and teeth. Eyes are of flesh, and teeth of bone; for we shall, whether we will or not, arise at the end of this world with flesh and with bone, and receive the reward of all our deeds, either a dwelling with God for good deserts, or hell-torment with the devil for deeds of wickedness. Of this the blessed Job said, "I believe that my Redeemer liveth, and that I shall on the last day from earth arise, and that I shall again be clothed in my flesh, and that in my flesh I shall see God, I myself, and no other." That is, no other form through me, but I myself shall see him.

The ending of this gospel is very awful: "Many are called and few chosen." Behold now the voices of us all call Christ, but the lives of us all call him not; for many deny in their practices that which they profess with their voice. Some men have a good beginning for some while, but they end in evil. Some have an evil beginning, and end well through true penitence. Some begin well and end better. Now everyone should greatly fear, though he lead a good life, and not presume on himself; for he knows not whether he is worthy to enter into the eternal kingdom. Nor should he despair of another, though he fall into vices; for he knows not the manifold abundance of God's mercy.

St. Gregory now says, that a certain brother entered into a monastery which he himself had founded, and after regular probation received monkhood. A fleshly brother followed him to the monastery, not for desire of a good life, but for fleshly love. The ghostly brother, through his good life, was exceedingly liked by the monks of the monastery; and his fleshly brother with perverseness greatly contradicted the usages of his life. He lived in the monastery rather from necessity than for bettering. He was idle of speech, and perverse in deeds; appearing well in raiment, and evil in morals. He had no patience, if any one exhorted him to a good course. Hence was his life very irksome to the brothers, but they endured it calmly on account of his brother's goodness. He could do nothing good, nor would he hear any good. He was then suddenly seized with some disease, and brought to death. When he was raised up for departure, the brothers came that they might pray for his soul. He lay chilled in his lower limbs: in his breast alone the spirit yet breathed. The brothers then prayed for him the more fervently, the more they saw that he would quickly depart. He then suddenly cried, thus saying, "Depart from me. Lo here is a dragon come which is to swallow me, but he cannot for your presence. He has seized my head in his jaws. Give place to him, that he may no longer afflict me. If I am given to this dragon to be swallowed, why should I suffer delay through your presence?"

The brothers said to him, "Why speakest thou with such great despair? Mark thyself with the sign of the holy rood." He answered as he was able, "I would joyfully bless myself with the sign of the holy rood, but I have not the power, for the dragon sorely oppresses me." Whereupon the monks prostrated themselves with weeping to the earth, and begun more fervently to pray to the Powerful God for his salvation. Lo then, the sick man suddenly started, and with exulting voice said, "I thank God: behold now the dragon which would swallow me is put to flight through your prayers. He is driven from me, and could not stand against your intercession. Be now my interceders, praying for my sins; for I am ready to turn to monastic life, and to forsake all worldly practices."

His cold limbs then requicken'd, and he turned with all his heart to God, and by long sickness in his conversion was justified, and at length died of the same disease; but he saw not the dragon at his departure, for he had overcome him by the conversion of his heart.

We should not be hopeless, though in this present church many are evil and few good; for Noah's ark on the waves of the great flood was a type of this church, and it was in the lower part wide and in the upper narrow. In the lowermost bottom dwelt the fierce beasts and creeping worms. On the second flooring dwelt birds and clean animals. On the third flooring dwelt Noah with his wife, and his three sons with their three wives. In the bottom the ark was roomy, where the fierce beasts dwelt, and narrowed above, where the dwelling of men was; for the holy church is in fleshly men very broad, and in spiritual narrow. She spreads her bosom where the rugged dwell in brutal habits, and she is narrowed at the end which the discreet inhabit, living in spiritual practices; for the holier they are in this present church, so the less of them there is. Much more is there of those men who live for their own lusts, than there is of those who regulate their life's actions after the commandments of God: yet is the number of holy men ever increased through the diminution of impious men. The number of God's chosen is not little, as Christ said in another place, "Many shall come from the east part and from the west, and shall sit with the patriarch Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob in the kingdom of heaven." Again, the psalmist said of God's chosen, "I counted them, and their number is greater than the sand-grains." In this present life the chosen appear few in comparison with the number of the reprobates, but when they shall be gathered to the eternal life, their number will be so manifold, that it will exceed, according to the prophet's saying, the number of the sand-grains.

Lead us, Almighty God, to the number of thy chosen saints, into the everlasting bliss of thy kingdom, which thou hast prepared from the beginning of the world for those who love thee, thou who livest and reignest with the Eternal Father and the Holy Ghost for ever and ever. Amen.

## NOVEMBER I. THE NATIVITY OF ALL SAINTS.

Holy doctors have counsel'd that the faithful church should celebrate and piously solemnize this day to the honour of ALL SAINTS; because they could not appoint a festival separately for each of them, nor to any man in the present life are the names of all of them known, as John the Evangelist wrote in his ghostly vision, thus saying, "I saw so great a multitude as no man may number, of all nations and of every tribe, standing before the throne of God, all clad in white garments, holding palm-twigs in their hands, and they sung with a loud voice, Salvation be to our God who sitteth on his throne. And all the angels stood around his throne, and bowed down to God, thus saying, Be to our God blessing and brightness, wisdom and thanksgiving, honour and strength, for ever and ever. Amen."

God's saints are angels and men. Angels are spirits without body. These the Almighty Ruler created in great fairness, for his own praise, and to the glory and honour of his majesty for ever. Of these we fear to speak much, because for God alone is it to know how their invisible nature continues, without any pollution or decay, in eternal purity. Nevertheless we know from holy writings, that there are nine hosts of angels existing in heavenly majesty, who never committed any sin. The tenth host perished through pride, and were turned into accursed spirits, and driven from heavenly joy into hell-torment.

But some of those holy spirits, who continued with their Creator, come sent to us, and announce future things. Some of them, by God's direction, work signs and frequently miracles in the world. Some of them are chiefs set over other angels for the fulfilment of the divine mysteries. Through some God establishes and decides his dooms. Some are so closely associated with God, that no others are between them, and they are then burning in so much greater love, as they more clearly behold the brightness of God. Now is this day piously hallowed to these angels, and also to those holy men, who through great excellences have thriven

to God from the beginning of the world. Of these were first the patriarchs, religious and glorious men in their lives, the fathers of the prophets, whose memory shall not be forgotten, and their names shall last for ever, because they were acceptable to God through faith, and righteousness, and obedience. These were followed by the chosen company of prophets: they held speech with God, and to them he manifested his secrets, and enlightened them with the grace of the Holy Ghost, so that they knew the things to come, and announced them in prophetic song. Verily the chosen prophets by many signs and foretokens were in their lives illustrious. They healed the sickness of men, and the bodies of dead men they raised to life. They also, for the people's perversity, withdrew the showers of heaven, and again in mercy permitted them. They bewailed the people's sins, and their punishment prevented on themselves. Christ's humanity, and his passion, and resurrection, and ascension, and the great doom, instructed by the Holy Ghost, they prophesied.

In the New Testament John the Baptist stepped forth, who with prophecy preached the advent of Christ, and also with his finger pointed him out. "Among the children of women there hath arisen no greater man than is John the Baptist." With these champions of God accords the twelfold number of Christ's apostles, whom he himself chose for his disciples, and instructed them in right belief and true doctrine, and set them as teachers to all nations, so that the sound of their preaching went over all the earth, and their words came to the boundaries of the whole world. To these twelve apostles said the Almighty Jesus, "Ye are the light of the world: let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father who is in heaven. Ye are my friends, and I make known unto you whatsoever I have heard from my Father." Verily the Lord gave power to his twelve apostles to work the same wonders which he himself performed in the world. And whatsoever they bind on earth, that shall be bound in heaven; and whatsoever they unbind on earth, that shall be unbound in heaven. He also promised them with a true promise, that at the great doom they shall be sitting on twelve judgement-seats, to judge all men who have ever received life in the body.

After the apostolic company we honour the steadfast band of God's martyrs, who through divers torments courageously imitated the passion of Christ, and through martyrdom passed to the realm on high. Some of them were slain with weapons, some burned in flame, others beaten with scourges, others transfix'd with stakes, some slain on the cross, some sunk in the wide sea, others flayed alive, others torn with iron claws, some overwhelmed with stones, some afflicted with winterly cold, some slain by hunger, some with hands and feet cut off, as a spectacle to people, for their faith and the holy name of Jesus Christ. These are the triumphant friends of God, who despised the behests of those criminal princes, and now they are glory-crowned with the triumph of their sufferings in eternal joy. They might be slain bodily, but they could not by any torments be turned from God. Their hope was filled with immortality, though before men they were tormented. They were for a short time afflicted, and lastingly comforted, for God tried them as gold in a furnace, and he found them worthy of him, and as holy offerings received them into his heavenly kingdom.

After the persecution of the cruel kings and princes had ceased, in the peaceful condition of God's church, there were holy priests thriving to God, who with true doctrine and holy examples ever inclined the men of the people to God. Their minds were pure, and filled with cleanness, and with clean hands they served God Almighty at his altar, celebrating the holy mystery of Christ's body and his blood. They likewise offered themselves a living sacrifice to God, without blemish or admixture of perverse work. They delivered God's doctrine to their followers, as an imperishable revenue, and with chastisement, and prayer, and great care inclined them to the way of life, and for no awe of the world refrained from preaching God's law; and though they felt not the sword's edge, yet, through the merits of their lives, are they not deprived of martyrdom, for martyrdom is not effected by bloodshed only, but also by abstinence from sins, and by the observance of God's commandments.

This is followed by the life and extraordinary knowledge of an-

chorites. These dwelling in the waste, trampled with stern mind and rigid life on worldly delicacies and luxuries. They fled from the sight and praise of worldly men, and, crouching in miserable caves or huts, associated with beasts, accustomed to angelic speeches, were shining in great wonders. To the blind they gave sight, gait to the halt, hearing to the deaf, speech to the dumb. Devils they overcame and drove away, and through God's might raised the dead. The book which is called *Vitæ Patrum* speaks manifoldly concerning the lives of these anchorites, and also of common monks, and says that there were many thousands of them living wonderfully everywhere in the deserts and in monasteries, but yet especially in Egypt. Some of them lived on fruit and herbs, some by their own labour, some were served by angels, some by birds, until angels afterwards by an easy death bore them to God.

O thou, blessed parent of God, ever maiden Mary, temple of the Holy Ghost, maiden before conception, maiden in conception, maiden after conception, great is thy glory on this festival among the beforesaid saints; because through thy pure childbirth holiness and heavenly honours came to them all. We speak of the heavenly queen, as is usual, according to her womanhood, yet all the faithful church confidently sing of her, that she is exalted and raised above the hosts of angels to the glorious throne. Of no other saints is it said, that any of them is raised above the hosts of angels, but of Mary alone. She manifested by her example the heavenly life on earth, for maidenhood is of all virtues queen, and the associate of the heavenly angels. The example and footsteps of this maiden were followed by an innumerable body of persons in maidenhood, living in purity, renouncing marriage, attaching themselves to the heavenly bridegroom Christ with steadfast mind and holy converse, and with wide garments, to that degree, that very many of them suffered martyrdom for maidenhood, and so with twofold victory went glorious to the heavenly dwelling-places.

To all these beforesaid saints, that is, angels and God's chosen men, is the honour of this day celebrated in the faithful church, in honour to them and in aid to us, that we, through their intercession, may be with them associated. May the merciful Lord grant us this, who redeemed them all and us with his precious blood from the devil's thralldom. We should, on this great festival, complete, with holy prayers and hymns, whatsoever we on other festivals of the whole circuit of the year have, through human weakness, less perfectly performed, and carefully cogitate that we may come to the eternal festival.

## GOSPEL.

*Videns Jesus turbas ascendit in montem: et reliqua.*

The holy gospel, that has just now been read before you, accords greatly with this festival, for it sets forth in order the eight beatitudes, which have brought the holy to heavenly honours.

Matthew wrote in this day's gospel, that Jesus at a certain time "saw a great multitude following him; then he went up on a mount. When he sat his disciples approached him, and he opened his mouth, and taught them, thus saying, Blessed are the spiritual poor;" etc.

The wise Augustine expounded this gospel, and said, that the mount which Jesus ascended betokens the high commandments of true Righteousness: the less commandments were appointed for the Jewish folk. One God, nevertheless, appointed, through his holy prophets, the less commandments to the Jewish nation, which was yet bound by fear; and he appointed, through his own Son, the greater commandments for the christian folk, whom he with true love came to redeem. He taught sitting: that belongs to the dignity of teachership. His disciples approached him, that they might be nearer bodily, who with mind approached to his commandments. Jesus opened his mouth. Verily he opened his mouth to the evangelic lore, who in the old law was wont to open the mouths of the prophets. Yet the opening of his mouth betokens the deep speech which he then drew forth. He said, "Blessed are the spiritual poor, for of them is the kingdom of heaven." Who are the spiritual poor but the humble, who have awe of God, and have no arrogance? Awe of God is the beginning of wisdom, and pride is the beginning of every sin. Many are poor through indigence,

and not in their spirit, because they desire to have much. There are also other poor, not through indigence but in spirit, because they are, according to the apostolic saying, "As having nought and possessing all things." In this way Abraham was poor, and Jacob, and David, who, raised on his throne, showed himself poor in spirit, thus saying, "I truly am poor and needy." The proud rich are not needy through indigence nor in spirit, for they are enriched with possessions and swelled up in mind. Poor through indigence and in spirit are those perfect monks, who for God so completely forsake all things, that they will not have their own bodies in their power, but live by direction of their ghostly teacher; and therefore as much as they here for God continue in indigence, so much will they be hereafter enriched in the glory to come.

"Blessed are the meek, for they shall possess the land." They are meek and gentle, who withstand not the evil, but with their goodness overcome the evil: they shall have the land of which the psalmist spake, "Lord, thou art my hope: be my portion in the earth of the living." The earth of the living is the stability of the eternal country, in which the soul rests as the body does on earth. That country is the rest and life of the chosen saints.

"Blessed are they who mourn, for they shall be comforted." They are not blessed who mourn for calamities or losses of transitory comforts; but they are blessed who bewail their sins, for the Holy Ghost will comfort them, who grants forgiveness of all sins, who is called Paraclete, that is Comforter, because he comforts the hearts of the penitent by his grace.

"Blessed are they who are hungry and thirsty after righteousness, for they shall be filled." He is hungry and thirsty after righteousness who joyfully hears God's commandments and more joyfully by works fulfils them: he will then be filled with the meat of which the Lord spake, "My meat is, that I work my Father's will, that is righteousness." Then may he say with the psalmist, "Lord, I will appear with righteousness in thy sight, and I shall be filled, then will thy glory be manifested."

"Blessed are the merciful, for they shall get mercy." Blessed are they who help miserable men through mercy, for they shall be so rewarded that they themselves shall be redeemed from misery.

"Blessed are the clean of heart, for they shall see God himself." Foolish are they who desire to see God with fleshly eyes, when he will be seen with the heart; but it is to be cleansed from sins, that it may see God. So as earthly light cannot be seen but with clean eyes, so also God cannot be seen but with a clean heart.

"Blessed are the peaceful, for they shall be called children of God." In peace there is perfectness where nothing thwarts: therefore are the peaceful children of God, because nothing in them is adverse to God. Peaceful are they in themselves, who order all the perturbations of their mind with reason, and govern their fleshly desires so that they are themselves God's kingdom. This is the peace which is given on earth to those men who are of good will. God our Father is peaceful; verily therefore it becometh the children to imitate their Father.

"Blessed are they who suffer persecution for righteousness, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven." Many are they who suffer persecution for divers causes, so as murderers do, and robbers and all criminals; but to them persecution leads to no beatitude; but the persecution only which is suffered for righteousness leads to everlasting beatitude. The persecution of perverse men is not to be dreaded, but rather to be patiently borne, as the Lord said to his disciples, "Fear not those who slay your body, for they cannot slay your soul, but dread God, who can fard both soul and body in hell-torment." Yet should we not irritate the perverse to persecute us, but rather, if they be provoked, still them with righteousness. But if they will not cease from persecution, better will it be for us to suffer persecution than to forsake the right.

Eight beatitudes are set forth in this gospel; but there is yet one sentence remaining, which seems as though it were the ninth step, but it truly belongs to the eighth beatitude, for they both speak of persecution for righteousness and for Christ. The eight beatitudes belong to all believing men, and the last sentence, though it was particularly said to the apostles, belongs also to all members of Christ, for it is not the ninth, but follows the eighth beatitude, as we before said. Jesus said, "Blessed are ye when men curse you, and persecute you, and lying speak every evil against you for me."

He will be blessed and happy who for Christ suffers malediction and insults from false hypocrites, because false malediction becomes a blessed benediction to the righteous.

"Rejoice and be glad, for your meed is manifold in heaven." It befits the faithful to glory in tribulations, for tribulation works patience, and patience trial, and trial hope. But hope is never confounded, because the love of God is poured into our hearts, by the Holy Ghost who is given to us. Of this spake the apostle James, "O ye my brothers, hope for yourselves every bliss, when ye are in divers temptations, for the trial of your faith is much more precious than gold which has been tried by fire." Again, holy writ says, "Vessels of clay are tried in a furnace, and righteous men in the affliction of their temptation." Of these said Jesus also in another place to his disciples, "If this world hate you, know ye that it hated me before you; and if they persecuted me, then will they also persecute you." Christ himself was slain by impious men, and so also his disciples and martyrs; and all those who desire to live religiously in the faithful church shall suffer persecution, either from the invisible devil or from visible impious limbs of the devil: but these transitory persecutions or tribulations we should with joy undergo for Christ's name, because he has thus promised to all the patient, "Exult and rejoice, behold your meed is manifold in heaven."

We might more elaborately expound this holy text, according to the interpretation of Augustine, but we doubt whether ye can accurately judge of greater deepness therein; but let us with inward heart pray to the Almighty Ruler, who has gladdened us to-day with the manifold celebration of all his saints, that he grant us abundance of his mercy through their manifold intercessions, so that we ever in their sight may rejoice with them, as we now with transitory service honour them.

Be glory and praise to Jesus Christ, who is the beginning and end, Creator and Redeemer of all saints, with Father and with Holy Ghost, ever to eternity. Amen.

## NOVEMBER XXIII. THE NATIVITY OF ST. CLEMENT THE MARTYR.

Most beloved men, your faith will be the firmer, if ye hear concerning God's saints, how they earned the heavenly kingdom; and ye may the more certainly call to them, if the course of their lives be known to you through the preaching of teachers.

This holy man Clement, whom we honour on this present festival, was a disciple of the blessed apostle Peter. Then was he thriving in ghostly lore and study so greatly, that the apostle Peter chose him for pope of the Roman people after his day, and before his passion ordained him pope, and placed him in his episcopal seat, that he might have care of christian men. He had ordained two bishops previously, Linus and Clitus, but he did not place them in his seat, as he did this holy man, whom to-day we honour. Clement then after Peter's passion thrived in fairness of good morals, so that he was acceptable to Jews, and heathens, and christians together. He was liked by the heathen people, because he did not insult their gods with contumely, but with booky reasoning manifested to them what they were, and where born whom they honoured as their gods, and showed to them, with manifest proofs, their lives and ends; and said that they themselves might easily attain to God's mercy, if they would wholly turn from their erroneous worship. The favour of the Jewish people he got, because he truly proved that their forefathers were called friends of God, and that God appointed them a holy law for their lives' direction; and said, that they would have been foremost in God's election, if with belief they had obeyed his commandments. By the christians he was most beloved, because he had all countries by name in his memory, and permitted not the indigent christians of those countries to be reduced to public mendicity, but by daily preaching he exhorted the rich and affluent to alleviate the poverty of the christians with their affluence, lest by the gifts of heathen men they should be corrupted.

And Dionysius, God's martyr, who through the lore and miracles of Paul the Apostle had with holy life turned to the faith of Christ, returned at that time from Greece to the holy pope Clement, Peter's successor, and he received him with great hon-

our, and in veneration expressly remitted to him his holy life, and with love retained him. Again, after a time, said the blessed Clement to the holy man Dionysius, "Be to thee given might to bind and to loose, so as there is to me; and go thou to the realm of the Franks, and preach to them the gospel and the glory of heaven's kingdom." Dionysius was then obedient to his commands, and with his companions went to Frankland, preaching christianity with great miracles so effectually, that the fierce heathen, as soon as they saw him, either falling sought his feet, obeying him and God, or if any one of them was hostile, he was seized with such great fear, that he straightways fled from his presence. Then was all the realm of the Franks inclined to God's faith, through the preaching and miracles of the blessed man Dionysius; and he also sent some of his companions to Spain, to announce the word of life to that nation.

After this, Clement, the Romans' pope, was accused to the emperor Trajan, for the great christianity which he had raised everywhere in his realm. Then sent the emperor Trajan letters back, that the holy pope Clement should bow to heathenism, or should be sent over sea in exile to a waste, to which christian men condemned for belief were banished. The emperor's command was then carried into effect, and the Almighty God had provided so great grace for Clement, that the heathen judge bewailed his journey with weeping, thus saying, "May the God whom thou worshippest comfort and support thee in thy exile." And he then ordered him to be led to a ship, and all his needs to be provided for, which he might have for sustenance. The ship was then filled with christian men, who would not forsake the holy pope.

When he came to the waste, he found there more than two thousand christian men, who by a longsome condemnation were set to the digging of marble, who greatly rejoiced at his coming, with one voice saying, "Behold here is our shepherd, behold here is the comforter of our tribulation and work." When he with persuasive words had confirmed and comforted their afflicted minds, he was informed that they daily fetched water for themselves on their shoulders more than six miles. Then said the blessed bishop, "Let us with firm faith pray to the Lord Jesus, to open nearer at hand for us his professors the veins of his wellsprings, that we may rejoice in his benefits." When this prayer was ended, the bishop beheld on each side, and saw on the right side a white lamb standing, which beckoned with his right foot, as if it would show the water-vein. Then Clement understood the lamb's beckoning, and said, "Open the earth in this place where the lamb beckoned." His companions fulfilled his command, and straightways at the first digging an immense wellspring sounded out, and ran forth in a great stream. Whereupon they all greatly rejoiced, and thanked God for this alleviation of their tribulation. Then was the saying fulfilled, which they said at the bishop's coming, "Behold here is our shepherd, behold here is the comforter of our tribulation."

This miracle then became known through the neighbouring provinces, and they all visited the holy bishop with reverence, praying that he would confirm them with his lore. He then inclined them all to God's faith, and within a few days baptized there five hundred men; and many churches were raised everywhere, and idols overthrown; so that within the space of one year idolatry was not found over a neighbourhood of a hundred miles.

It happened then that certain heathens were stimulated by envy, and sent their errand to the emperor, and announced to him that his folk were at last all excited, and wholly turned from his worship, through Clement, the christians' bishop. Then was the heathen emperor, Trajan, greatly excited, and sent a cruel commander, his name was Aufidianus, who with divers torments had killed many christian men, that he might destroy the holy bishop with the faithful folk. The impious murderer then, Aufidianus, when he could not by any threats terrify the christians, for they all rejoicing together hastened to martyrdom, left the folk and would compel the bishop alone to idolatry; but when he saw that he could not in any way incline him, he said to those under him, "Lead him to the middle of the sea, and tie an anchor to his neck, and thrust him out into the middle of the deep." It was then done by command of the cruel murderer, and a great multitude of the christians stood on the sea strand, weeping and praying to the Almighty, who created sea and earth, that they might attend his holy body with their

services.

Then said his two disciples Phœbus and Cornelius, "O ye brothers, let us unanimously pray to our Lord, that he manifest to us the venerable presence of his holy martyr." Whereupon the sea, at God's behest, flowing out, cleared for them three miles of dry space, so that the christians boldly went in, and found a new coffin of marble shaped in form of a church, and the holy martyr's body placed therein through the ministry of angels, and the anchor lying by his side. Then was manifested to them that they should obtain from God, that in the course of every year, at the time of his passion, the sea for seven days should prepare dry ground for the people, that they within that time might seek his holy body. That happens to the praise and honour of our Saviour, who prepared the honourable sepulchre for his holy martyr. Then through this miracle all the unbelieving became christians, so that there was not found in the country either heathen or Jew that was not converted to the christian faith. But at the holy coffin heavenly cures are permitted for diseased bodies, through the intercession of the holy martyr. Whosoever sick seeks his sepulchre on his festival, returns rejoicing and healthy. There are the blind enlightened, and the possessed with devils restored to reason, and all afflicted are there made joyful; and all the faithful enjoy his benefits, and with reverence God's mysteries are there fulfilled.

It happened in one year at his festival, that a woman with her tender child among other persons visited the holy man. When the days of the festival were ended, the sea came suddenly sounding, and the folk hastened away with all speed, and the woman, through the sudden tumult, heeded not her child before she came to land. She then passed the twelve months in sorrow, and again after the expiration of the year, at the same festival, ran before the folk, and approached the sepulchre with weeping, thus praying, "Thou Lord Jesus, who didst raise the widow's only son to life, look on me in mercy, that I, through the intercession of thy holy one who here resteth, may obtain that for which I fervently pray." Then with this prayer she looked to the place where she had before left the child, and found it so sleeping as she had previously laid it. She then with great joy awakened it, and weeping kissed it. Then she asked the child, between the kisses, how it had fared in all the time of the year's course? The child answered the mother, "My mother, I know not how this year's course has ended, for I was resting in soft sleep, as thou didst leave me, until thou now again hast awakened me." The believing folk then greatly rejoicing, praised and blessed the Almighty Jesus, who honours his saints with signs and wonders, and so manifests their merits.

Of men of slight faith inquire with their foolish reason, why the Almighty God would ever permit that the heathen should slay his saints with all kinds of torments; but we will now relate to you some manifestation from the old law, and also from the new, how mightily the Powerful Lord has frequently saved his holy from the heathen host or from cruel persecutors, and ignominiously confounded their adversaries.

It happened in the fourteenth year of the reign of Hezekiah, the Jewish king, that Sennacherib, king of Assyria, had bowed many nations with great craft to his power, and so would he also the faithful king Hezekiah, and sent his general Rabshakeh to the city of Jerusalem with a great host, and by his letters contemned the power of the Almighty God, thus saying to the beleaguered folk, "Let not Hezekiah deceive you with false hope, that God will save you from me. I have conquered and overcome many nations, and their gods could not shield them against my host. Who is the god that can defend this city against my army?" Hereupon the king Hezekiah cast off his purple robe, and put haircloth on his body, and bare the letter into God's temple, and with outstretched limbs prayed, thus saying, "Lord, God of hosts, thou who sittest above the company of angels, thou alone art God of all nations; thou wroughtest heavens, and earth, and all creatures. Incline thine ear and hear, open thine eyes and see these words, which Sennacherib hath sent in scorn and reproach to thee and thy folk. Verily he overthrew and burned the heathen gods, for they were not gods, but were the handiwork of men, of wood and of stone, and he therefore brake them in pieces. Redeem us now, Lord, from his threatening and might, that all nations may know that thou alone art Almighty God."

Hezekiah also sent his counsellors clad in haircloth to the prophet Isaiah, thus saying, "Raise thy prayers for the people of Israel, that the Almighty God may hear the calumnies which the king of Assyria has sent in scorn and reproach of his great majesty." Then answered the prophet Isaiah to the messengers, "Say to your lord that he be fearless. God Almighty saith, Sennacherib shall not shoot arrows into the city of Jerusalem, nor with his shield overpower it; but I will cast a hook into his nose, and a bridle on his lips, and I will lead him back to his people, and I will cause him to fall under the sword's edge in his own country; and I will shield the city for myself and for my servant David." Then on that night God's angel went, and slew of the Assyrian king's army a hundred and eighty-five thousand men. On the morrow Sennacherib arose, and saw the dead bodies, and turned with great shame back to the city of Nineveh. It happened then that he was praying to his idol, and his two sons slew him with the sword, as the prophet through the Spirit of God had prophesied.

After that Nebuchadnezzar, the Chaldean king, commanded the three believing youths, Hananiah, Azariah, and Mishael, to be bound hands and feet, and cast into a burning oven; because they would not pray to his idol. But the Almighty God, in whom they stedfastly believed, sent his angel into the oven with the youths, and he scattered the flame from the oven, so that the fire might not hurt them, but struck out of the oven nine and forty fathoms, and burned the executioners who had kindled the fire. Then the king beheld the hair and bodies of the three youths, thus saying, "Blessed be your God, who hath sent his angel, and so mightily released his servants from the burning oven."

Also afterwards, in the days of Cyrus the king, the Babylonians accused the prophet Daniel, because he had cast down their idol, and said unanimously to the before said king Cyrus, "Deliver unto us Daniel, who hath cast down our god Bel, and slain the dragon, in which we believed. If thou protectest him, we will destroy thee and thine household." Then the king saw that they were unanimous, and unwillingly delivered the prophet into their hands. They then cast him into a pit, in which were seven lions, to which were given daily two oxen and two sheep, but then all food had been withheld from them for six days, that they might devour the man of God.

At that time there was another prophet in the land of Judah, his name was Habakkuk, who bare for his reapers meat to the field. Then God's angel came to him, and said, "Habakkuk, bear the meat to Babylon, and give it to Daniel, who sitteth in the lions' pit." Habakkuk answered the angel, "Sir, I never saw the city, nor know I the pit." Then the angel seized him by the hair, and bare him to Babylon, and set him above the pit. Then Habakkuk cried, "Thou servant of God, Daniel, take this gift which God hath sent thee." Daniel said, "My Lord Jesus, be to thee praise and honour, for that thou hast remembered me." And he then ate of the dish. And the angel of the Lord straightways brought the minister of food, Habakkuk, to the place whence he had before taken him. Then the king Cyrus on the seventh day went sad to the lions' pit, and looked in, and behold, there was Daniel sitting unhurt in the midst of the lions. Then the king cried with a loud voice, "Great is the God in whom Daniel believeth." And he then with that word drew him from the den, and ordered those to be cast in who before would fordo him. The king's command was quickly executed, and the prophet's persecutors were thrust among the lions, and they straightways with greedy jaws tore them all in pieces. Then said the king, "Let all dwellers on earth fear and dread the God of Daniel, for he is the Redeemer and Saviour, working signs and wonders in heaven and on earth."

In the New Testament, after Christ's passion, and his resurrection and ascension to heaven, the Jews were filled with envy towards his apostles, and brought them into prison. In the same night God's angel undid the locks of the prison, and led them out, thus saying, "Go to the temple, and preach to the folk the word of life." And they so did. Then the Jews on the morrow deliberated concerning the destruction of the apostles, and sent to the prison, that they might be fetched. The executioners then opened the prison, and found no one. They then announced to their elders, "We have found the prison fast closed, and the wards standing without, but we found no one within."

After that Herod, king of Judah, set the apostle Peter in prison bound with two chains, and set wards within and without: but on the night when the impious king would slay him on the morrow, God's angel came shining from heaven, and led him out through the iron gates, and on the morrow the prison again stood fast locked.

Domitian, the heathen emperor, commanded the evangelist John to be cast into boiling oil, but he, through God's protection, went out as unhurt as when he was cast in. To the same John an idolater gave poison to drink, but he, after the draught, continued sound and uninjured.

Paul the apostle wrote concerning himself, and said, that he passed one day and one night at the bottom of the sea. Again, on a time a serpent seized him by the finger, but he shook it into the burning fire, and he felt nothing of the poison.

No earthly man may by writings make known, nor with tongue relate how often the Almighty Ruler has saved his chosen from divers perils, to the praise and honour of his majesty. But he very often allows the impious greatly to afflict his saints, sometimes with painful persecution, sometimes with slaying, that fierce persecution may end for the righteous in eternal rest, and for the murderers in eternal torment. The psalmist said, "Many are the tribulations of the righteous, but the Lord from all these will release them." In two ways God releases his chosen, openly and secretly. Openly they are released, when in sight of men they are saved, as we have now recounted to you. Secretly they are released, when through martyrdom they come to heavenly honours. If they suffer for true faith or for righteousness, they will then be martyrs. But if they are slain guiltless, their innocence will lead them to the fellowship of God's saints; for innocence ever continues secure. But if any one suffers persecution for sins, and knows himself, so that he inwardly pray for God's mercy, then will the transient punishment prevent eternal damnation. For crimes were the two thieves punished who were crucified with Christ, but one of them with great faith prayed to Christ, thus saying, "Lord, think of me when thou comest to thy kingdom." Christ answered him, "Verily I say unto thee, now to-day thou shalt be with me in the joy of paradise." Against our will we may lose the transitory good, but against our will we never lose the eternal good. Though the cruel robber bereave us of our property, or deprive us of life, he cannot take from us our faith or the eternal life, if we do not of our own will pervert ourselves. May the true Lord save us from all perils, and lead us to everlasting life, who liveth and reigneth ever without end. Amen.

## NOVEMBER XXX. THE NATIVITY OF ST. ANDREW THE APOSTLE.

*Ambulans Jesus juxta mare Galilee: et reliqua.*

Christ on a time went along the Galilean sea, and saw two brothers, Simon, who was called Peter, and his brother Andrew, etc.

As they before with a net had fished on the sea waves, so Christ caused them afterwards by his heavenly lore to fish for the souls of men; for they withdrew the people from fleshly lusts, and from worldly errors to the stability of the earth of the living, that is, to the eternal country, of which the prophet, through God's Spirit, said, "I will send my fishers, and they shall fish for them; my hunters, and they shall hunt them from every down and from every hill." Fishers and uneducated men the Lord chose to him for disciples, and so instructed them, that their lore excelled all worldly wisdom, and they by their preaching inclined emperors and kings to the true faith. If Jesus had chosen at first eloquent teachers, and sent worldly philosophers, and the like to preach, then would it have appeared as if the true faith had not sprung up through God's might, but from worldly eloquence. He chose fishers ere he chose emperors, because it is better that the emperor, when he comes to Rome, cast aside his crown, and kneel at the fisher's memorial, than that the fisher kneel at the emperor's memorial. Emperors he chose, but yet he ranked the indigent fisher before the rich emperor. Afterwards he chose the wealthy; but it would have appeared as if they had been chosen for their possessions, if he had not previously chosen the needy. He then

chose worldly philosophers, but they would have waxed proud, had he not before chosen the uneducated fishers.

Consider now how the Lord took glory away from mankind, that he might give them glory. He took from us our vain glory, that he might give us the eternal. Thou shalt not glory in thyself, but, as the apostle said, "Let him who glorieth glory in God."

Peter and Andrew, by Christ's behest, straightways left their nets, and followed him. They had not yet seen him work any wonders, nor had they yet heard from his mouth of the meed of everlasting reward, and yet, after the utterance of one command, they forgot that which they had. Many of God's miracles we have heard of and also seen; by many stripes we are oftentimes afflicted, and by manifold asperities of threats terrified, and yet we despise God's behest, and will not follow him to the way of life. Now he sits in heaven, clothed with the humanity which he fetched in this life, and admonishes us of our conversion, that we constantly cleanse our lives from sins, and direct them by his commandments. He has wholly subjected the necks of nations to his yoke, he has prostrated the glory of the world, and by frequent destructions manifests the approach of his rigid doom, and, nevertheless, our proud mind will not voluntarily forsake that which it loses daily by compulsion. My brothers, what excuse can we use at his doom, now that we will not turn from this present love of the world, through his commandments, nor are we corrected by his stripes.

It is to be expected that one of you in his still thoughts say to himself, What did the brothers, Peter and Andrew, leave, who had almost nothing? but in this case we should rather consider their desire than their possession. Much he leaves who holds nothing for himself. Verily we hold our possessions with great love, and the things which we have not we seek with infinite desire. Peter and Andrew left much, when both of them wholly left the will to have, and renounced their own lusts. Some man will now say, I would imitate the apostles, who despised all worldly things, but I have no possessions to leave. But God beholds the man's heart, and not his possessions. He reckons not what great riches we spend in gifts to him, but observes with how great desire we offer to him our gifts. Behold now these holy chapmen, Peter and Andrew, with their nets and ship bought for themselves everlasting life.

God's kingdom has no price of worth, but is priced according to a man's property. The kingdom of heaven was given to these before said brothers for their net and ship, and afterwards to the rich Zacchæus for the half part of his possessions, and to a widow for one farthing, and to a man for a drink of water. I imagine that these words will not be quite clear to you, if we do not explain them to you more openly. "Zacchæus was a rich man, and had observed the Saviour's course, and would see who he was; but he could not for the many that went with him, because he was short of stature. He then ran before Jesus, and ascended a tree, that he might see him. Christ then looked up towards the rich man, and said, Zacchæus, descend quickly, for it seemeth good to me that I now to-day enter thy dwelling. Zacchæus then swiftly alighted from the tree, and received him rejoicing." When Zacchæus had invited Christ, he stood before him, and unhesitatingly said to him, "Lord, behold I distribute the half part of my goods to the poor, and whatsoever I have robbed by fraud, that I am willing to compensate fourfold." The Lord said to him, "Now to-day is salvation accomplished to this household, for he is Abraham's offspring. I come to seek and to save that which was lost among mankind." Thus had Zacchæus bought the kingdom of heaven with the half part of his possessions: the other part he held to the end that he might indemnify those fourfold whom he had unjustly bereaved.

Again, "At a time Jesus sat within the temple at Jerusalem, before the treasury, and beheld how the folk cast their alms into the treasury, and the many rich brought great things. Then came there a poor widow, and offered to God one farthing. The Lord then said to his disciples, I say unto you in sooth, that this poor widow hath brought a greater gift than any of these rich men. They all gave that part of their riches which seemed good unto them, but this widow hath offered all her substance with bountiful mind." Thus had the poor widow bought eternal life with a little money, that is, with one farthing.

Jesus said in some place to his apostles, "Verily I say unto you, Whosoever giveth cold water to drink to one thirsty man of those who believe in me, his meed shall not be lost." My brothers, consider now with how trifling value God's kingdom is bought, and how precious it is to possess. The purchase may not be augmented for any treasure, but it will be priced to every man according to his own property.

We read that at Christ's birth heavenly angels were seen above the born child, and that they with great delight sung this hymn, "Gloria in excelsis Deo, and in terra pax hominibus bonæ voluntatis:" that is in our tongue, "Be glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace to those men who are of good will." No gift is so acceptable to God as good will. If any one cannot obtain the means of offering a visible gift to God, let him offer an invisible one, that is, good will, which incomparably excels earthly treasures. What is good will but goodness, so that he grieves for another man's misfortune and rejoices in his prosperity; loves his friend not for the world, but for good; to bear with his foe with love, to command to no one that which he likes not himself, to help his neighbour's need according to his power, and to be willing beyond his power? What is any gift in comparison with this will, when the soul offers itself to God on the altar of its heart? Of this said the psalmist, "In me sunt, Deus, vota tua, quæ reddam laudationes tibi:" "God Almighty, in me are thy promises, which I will pay through praises." As if he had openly said, Though I have not outward gifts to offer unto thee, yet will I find in myself that which I may lay on the altar of thy praise; for thou livest not by our gift, but thou art more gladdened by the offering of our hearts. This offering cannot be in the heart which is occupied with covetousness or envy, for they are adverse to good will, and as soon as they touch the mind, the good will departs: therefore the holy preachers would desire nothing in this world with covetousness, nor have any separate possessions, to the end that they might without envy inwardly love each other.

Verily the prophet Isaiah saw the apostles to come, when, through the Spirit of God he said, "Who are these that here fly as clouds, and as doves to their windows?" The prophet saw them despising earthly possession, and with their minds approaching to heaven, and abounding in the words of life, in wonders shining, and called them doves, and flying clouds. Our windows are our eyes, through which our soul beholds whatsoever it desires without. A dove is a meek animal, and a stranger to the bitterness of gall. Verily the holy apostles were as doves at their windows, when they desired nothing in this world, but they meekly beheld all things, and were not drawn by desire of any rapine to that which they beheld without. He who by rapine desires the things that he beholds with his eyes without, is a kite, not a dove at his windows.

We have now in part run over the exposition of this gospel, now we will say to you the signification of the names of those four apostles, whom Christ first chose. Simon is interpreted **obedient**, and Peter **acknowledging**, Andrew **bold**, James is interpreted **withering**, and John **God's grace**: this signification every christian man should certainly hold in his life. Peter was called Simon before his conversion, but Christ called him Peter, which signifies **acknowledging**, because he acknowledged Christ with true belief, when he said, "Thou art Christ, the Son of the living God." Undoubtedly he who rightly acknowledges God, and obeys him, holds in his life the signification of these two names. If he boldly, for the name of God, endures hardship, and manfully withstands the temptations of the devil, then fulfils he in his conduct the signification of Andrew, which is interpreted **bold**. James is called **withering**, and he is truly withering, who with prudence withers his fleshly vices, and the instigation of the devil. John is interpreted **God's grace**. He is aptly called God's grace, who obtains the grace of God through good deserts, to the end that he may zealously fulfil his commandments.

## PASSION OF THE SAME.

The apostle Andrew, after Christ's passion, went to the land which is called Achaia, and there preached the faith of the Lord, and the redemption of the world through his passion. Then Ægeas,

a cruel judge, would suppress his preaching, and force the christians to idolatrous worship. Andrew said to him, "It were fitting, now thou art a judge of men, that thou shouldest know thy Judge who is in heaven, and worship him, who is the true God, and turn thy mind from the false gods." Ægeas answered him, "Art thou Andrew, who castest down the temples of our gods, and instigatest this people to the vain doctrine which the Roman senators have rejected, and ordered to be suppressed?" Andrew answered him, "The Roman senators know not yet God's truth, how the Son of God came to men, and taught that these idols which ye worship are not gods, but are the worst devils, foes of mankind, who teach men how they may exasperate the Almighty God, and he then forsakes them, and the devil deludes them so long, until they depart from their bodies guilty and naked, bearing nothing with them but sins alone." Ægeas said, "These are idle words; for when your Jesus preached these words, the Jews fastened him on a cross." Andrew answered him, "O, if thou wouldst know the mystery of the holy cross, with what discerning love the Prince of mankind received the cross for our re-establishment, not compelled, but of his own will." Ægeas said, "How sayest thou of his own will, when he was betrayed, and at the prayer of the Jews was crucified by the soldiers of the governor?" Andrew answered, "For this reason I said of his own will, because I was together with him when he was betrayed by his disciple, and he before his passion foretold it to us, and that on the third day he would arise from death: he said that he had power to give his soul, and power to receive it again." Ægeas said, "I wonder that thou, a sagacious man, wilt follow this doctrine, let it have been as it might, of his own will or by compulsion, that he was fastened on a cross." Andrew answered him, "Great is the mystery of the cross, which I will disclose to thee, if thou wilt hear me." Ægeas said, "It cannot truly be called a mystery, but a punishment." Andrew said, "That same punishment thou wilt understand to be the mystery of the renovation of mankind, if thou wilt patiently hear me." Ægeas answered, "I will hear thee patiently, but if thou obeyest me not, thou shalt receive the same mystery of the cross in thyself." Andrew answered him, "If I feared the cross, then would I not preach the glory of the cross." Ægeas said, "Thy witless speech preaches the punishment of the cross as a glory, because through audacity thou darest not the punishment of death." Andrew answered, "Not through audacity, but through faith I dread not the punishment of death. The death of righteous men is precious, and the death of sinful men is execrable." Ægeas said, "Unless thou offerest gifts to our almighty gods, on the same cross which thou praisest I will order thee afflicted to be fastened." Andrew said to him, "Daily I offer my gift to the Almighty God, who alone is the true God. Not flesh of lowing oxen, or blood of bucks, but I offer daily on the altar of the holy cross the undefiled lamb, and it continues sound and living after all folk have eaten its flesh, and drunk its blood." Ægeas asked, "How can that so be?" Andrew answered him, "If thou wilt learn how that can be, take a disciple's form, that thou mayest learn this mystery." Ægeas said, "I will with torments extort from thee an insight into this matter." The holy apostle answered, "I wonder greatly at thee, how thou art turned to such great folly, that thou imaginest that for torments I will disclose to thee the divine mystery. Thou hast heard the mystery of the holy offering; now, if thou believest that Christ, the Son of God, who was hanged on a cross, is true God, then will I disclose to thee how the lamb continues sound and undefiled in its kingdom, after it is offered, and its flesh eaten, and its blood drunken. But if thou wilt not believe, thou wilt never come to an insight of this truth."

Hereupon Ægeas was wrath, and ordered the apostle to be thrust into a swart prison. There came then a great multitude of all the province to the prison, and would slay Ægeas, and lead the apostle from the prison. Then said Andrew to all the multitude, "My brothers, excite not the peaceful Lord to any anger with your design. Our Saviour was betrayed, and he had patience: he strove not, nor cried, nor did any man hear his voice in the streets. Have now quiet and peace, and hinder not my martyrdom, but rather prepare yourselves, as God's soldiers, that ye with fearless mind may overcome all threats and bodily torments by patience. If any terror is to be dreaded, then is that to be dreaded which has no end. Verily awe of man is like smoke, and quickly, when it is agitated,

vanishes. The pains in this world are either light and bearable, or they are heavy, and quickly drive out the soul. The pains which in the world to come are prepared for the evil, will be eternal; there will be daily weeping, and wailing, and groaning, and endless torment, to which Ægeas fearlessly hastens. Be rather ready, that through transitory tribulation ye may come to the eternal joy, where ye will ever rejoice, blooming and reigning with Christ."

When the apostle had through all the night taught the folk in such words, Ægeas sent to the prison at dawn, and ordered the holy apostle to be led to him, and said, "I weened that thou in nightly meditation wouldst turn thy mind from folly, and cease from the praise of thy Christ, that thou mightest with us enjoy the delights of life. It is foolish that a man should hurry wilfully to the cross, and send himself to torments." Andrew answered, "Joy I may have with thee, if thou wilt believe in Christ and abandon thy idolatry. Christ sent me to this province, in which I have gained him no little folk." Ægeas said, "Therefore do I force thee to offer to our gods, that this folk, whom thou hast deceived, may forsake the vanity of thy lore, that they may offer to our gods a grateful sacrifice. Not a city has remained in all this country in which the temples of our gods have not been forsaken, and now the worship of our gods shall be again established through thee, that they may be gladdened in thee, and that thou mayst be in our friendship. If thou wilt not this, then shalt thou, for the security of our gods, suffer divers torments, and afterwards perish, hanging on the cross which thou hast praised." The apostle answered him, "Thou child of death, hear me, and thou chaff, prepared for everlasting kindling, hear me, God's servant, and apostle of Jesus Christ. Until now I have spoken to thee meekly, that thou with reason mightest acknowledge the true belief; but now thou persistest in thy shamelessness, and weenest that I shall fear for thy threats. Devise whatsoever appears to thee yet greater in torments. By so much the more acceptable I shall be to my King by as much as I for his name shall with profession continue in torments."

Then the cruel murderer ordered him to be stretched out, and scourged seven times; he afterwards ordered him to be raised, and said to him, "Andrew, hear me, and change thy resolve for the shedding of thy blood. If thou doest not so, I will cause thee to perish on the cross." The apostle answered, "I am Christ's servant, and I shall rather wish than dread the triumph of his cross. But thou mayst escape from the eternal torments that are designed for thee, if thou wilt believe in Christ, after thou shalt have tried my steadfastness. I dread thy destruction, and for my suffering I am not afflicted. My suffering will end in one day, or in two, or at most in three; but thy torment cannot come to an end within a thousand years. Therefore, miserable, increase not more thy miseries, and kindly not for thyself the everlasting fire."

Hereupon Ægeas exasperated ordered him to be hanged on a cross, and commanded the executioners to bind him on the cross with withies hands and feet, that he might slowly suffer. Then the christian folk ran towards the executioners who led him to the cross, crying and saying, "What has this righteous man and friend of God perpetrated, that he is worthy of the cross?" But Andrew besought the folk not to hinder his suffering. He went with them rejoicing blithe of mind, and instructing the folk. He saw then from afar the cross which was prepared for him, and cried with a loud voice, thus saying, "Hail be to thee, cross, which wast hallowed by the body of Christ, and with his limbs adorned as with pearls. Thou hadst earthly awe before our Lord ascended thee; now thou hast heavenly love, and art ascended for promise. Cheerful and rejoicing I come to thee, that thou mayst joyfully receive me the disciple of him who hung on thee, for I have ever loved thee, and I have desired to embrace thee. O thou good cross, which didst receive beauty and fairness from the limbs of the Lord, thou hast been of old desired and carefully loved, without intermission sought by, and now at last prepared for my longing mind. Receive me from men, and give me to my Teacher, that he through thee receive me, who through thee hath redeemed me."

After these words he unclothed himself, and delivered his weeds to the executioners. They then approached, and raised him on the cross, and bound all his body with strong withies, as they had been commanded. There stood more than twenty thousand men with Ægeas's brother, together crying, "Unjust wisdom, that

the holy man should thus suffer." But the holy Andrew from the cross cheered the minds of those faithful men, stimulating them to temporary patience, saying that this short suffering is not to be compared with the everlasting reward.

Then in the meanwhile all the folk went to the house of Ægeas, all crying together and saying, that so holy a man ought not to hang; a man strict of conduct, adorned with pure morals, a noble teacher, pious and meek, discreet and sober, ought not so to suffer, but should be loosed living from the cross; for he ceases not from preaching truth, now hanging two days alive. Hereupon Ægeas feared the multitude, and promised that he would release him as they desired, and went forth with them. Then the apostle, when he saw them, asked, "How now, Ægeas, why comest thou to us? If thou wilt yet believe in Jesus, thou shalt have mercy, as I promised thee. If thou comest to release me, I will not be released hence living. Now I already see my true King; I stand in his sight praying to him. For thee and thy misery I grieve, for eternal perdition awaits thee. Hasten now, wretch, while thou canst do anything, lest thou desire when it is forbidden thee." They would then release him, but their hands stiffened, whosoever touched the cross with hands. Then the apostle, with loudest voice, cried to Jesus Christ, thus praying, "My good Master, let me not be released, but do thou first receive my spirit!"

After these words a great light was seen suddenly coming from heaven to the apostle, and illumined him all around, so that human eyes might not see him for the heavenly light that surrounded him. The light continued nearly an hour, and Andrew gave up his ghost in that light, and went to Christ together with that beam, to whom is ever glory throughout all the world.

Ægeas was seized by the horrid devil on the way homeward, before he came to his house, and he became exceedingly frantic, being cast to the earth in the sight of the men who went with him. He then departed from the world bloodthirsty to hell, and his brother held the corpse of the holy Andrew with great reverence, that he might enwrap it. So great awe sprang up over all that people, that not one there remained who believed not in God.

The priests of that nation, and the same deacons who saw it all, recorded this passion, lest any one should doubt concerning this narrative. Let us now pray to the Almighty Ruler, that his apostle may be our intercessor, as he had been the preacher of his church. Be to the Lord Creator honour and praise ever to eternity. Amen we say.

## THE FIRST SUNDAY IN THE LORD'S ADVENT.

The service of this day, and the celebration of this tide speak concerning God's advent. This tide until midwinter is called ADVENTUS DOMINI, that is THE LORD'S COMING. His advent is his humanity. He came to us when he took our nature to his Almighty Godhead, to the end that he might redeem us from the power of the devil.

The custom now stands in God's church, that all God's servants in the church-services, both in holy readings and in harmonious hymns, constantly at this tide recite the songs of the prophets. The prophets, through the Spirit of God, prophesied Christ's advent through humanity, and of that composed many books, which we now read over at God's service before his birth-tide, to his honour, for that he would so mercifully visit us. Christ came at that time to mankind visibly, but he is ever invisibly with his chosen servants, as he himself promised, thus saying, "Lo I will be with you on all days until the consummation of this world." By these words he manifested that there will ever be, until the ending of the world, men chosen to him, who will be worthy that with him they may have habitation with God.

The holy prophets prophesied both the first advent at the birth, and also the latter at the great doom. We also, God's servants, confirm our faith with the services of this tide, because we in our hymns confess our redemption through his first advent, and we admonish ourselves to be ready on his latter advent, that we may from that doom follow him to everlasting life, as he has promised us. Of the celebration of this tide the apostle Paul, in this epistle to the Roman people, and also to all believing men, spake, thus



admonishing, "My brothers, know ye that it is now time for us to arise from sleep: our salvation is nearer than we believed. The night is departed, and the day has approached. Let us cast away works of darkness, and be invested with weapons of light, so that we by day may go honestly; not in gluttony and drunkenness, not in adulteries and uncleannesses, not in strife and envy; but be invested by the Lord Jesus Christ."

The apostle has excited us to arise at some time from the sleep of our sluggishness and disbelief, as ye in this present lesson have heard. "My brothers, know ye that it is now time for us to arise from sleep." Verily it befits us not to be always delicate in our faith, as a tender child, but we should hasten to perfect excellence through the observance of God's commandments. We should shake sluggish sleep from us, and forsake the devil's works, and go in the light, that is, in good works. Of old the light of knowledge shone over the circumference of earth, and very many shine in the way of truth, who go through the evangelic path to the joy of everlasting life. Lo now "our salvation is nearer than we believed." Through increasing knowledge and good will, salvation is nearer to every one than it was to him when he at first believed, and therefore he should ever increase in daily diligence, as the psalmist said of God's chosen, "The holy go from virtue to virtue."

Also to every man is his last day nearer and nearer; and the common doom approaches daily, at which every one will receive according to what he has merited in body, whether good or evil. Let us then flee from every evil, and do good according to our power, lest we be willing when we cannot, and pray for time when death compels us to depart. "The night is departed, and the day has approached." Here the apostle has placed night for the old ignorance, which reigned through all the world before Christ's advent; but he scattered the erroneous ignorance by the illumination of his presence, as the bright day drives away the dim darkness of the swart night. The devil is also called night, and Christ day, who has mercifully released us from the devil's darkness, and given us the light of knowledge and truth. "Let us cast away works of darkness, and be invested with weapons of light, so that we by day may go honestly." Let us by confession and repentance cast away the forthgone evils, and let us henceforth strongly withstand the instigations of the devil, as the same apostle in another place exhorted his followers, "Withstand the devil, and he will flee from you; draw near unto God, and he will draw near unto you." The weapons of light are works of righteousness and truth. With those weapons we should be invested, so that we by day may go honestly. As the light of day forbids everyone to perpetrate that which the night allows, so also the knowledge of truth, that is, the thought of our Lord's will, allows us not to perpetrate deeds of wickedness.

We are ever seen by God, both without and within; therefore should everyone who wills not to be condemned especially take care that he transgress not God's commandments, either by gluttony or drunkenness. We should have ghostly refection, as the same apostle taught in these words, "When ye gather yourselves to refection, let each of you have salutary lore in mouth, and psalm-book in hand." Drunkenness is a death-bearing thing, and the material of libidinousness. Solomon said, "Nothing is secret where drunkenness reigns." In another place the same apostle bewailed the life of intemperate men, thus saying, "Their belly is their God, and their end is perdition, and their glory in pollution." Not in adulteries and uncleannesses, but let there be honourable union between believing persons, so that at least no adultery nor uncleanness be named in God's church; not in strife and envy. Christ said of peaceful men, that they are called children of God; and verily the strifeful are limbs of the devil. The evil ever seeks contention, and a cruel angel will be sent against him. Envy is a pernicious vice, and ever will the envious be continuing in affliction, because envy blinds his mind and deprives it of every ghostly bliss. Through envy the devil deceived the first-created man, and the envious is a participator with the devils. True peace drives away discord, and enlightens the darkness of the mind, and envy certainly multiplies anger.

The apostle closed this epistle with these words, "But be invested by the Lord Jesus Christ." All those who are baptized in Christ are invested with Christ, if they adorn their christianity

with works of righteousness. Of these weeds the same apostle wrote more plainly in another place, thus saying, "Clothe yourselves, as God's chosen, with mercy and with benevolence, with humility, with moderation, with patience, and have, before all things, true love, which is the bond of all perfections; and let Christ's peace rejoice in your hearts, in which ye are called in one body. Be thankful, and let God's word dwell among you abundantly, in all wisdom teaching and stimulating among yourselves, in psalms and ghostly hymns, singing with God's grace in your hearts. Whatsoever ye do in word or in work, do it ever in the name of the Lord, thanking the Almighty Father through his Son, who with him ever continueth in unity of the Holy Ghost."

Let us then prepare ourselves with these before-said garments, according to the apostle's admonition, that we may come to the wonderful birth-tide of our Lord with solemn service, to whom be glory and praise ever to eternity. Amen.

## THE SECOND SUNDAY IN THE LORD'S ADVENT.

*Erunt signa in sole et luna et stellis: et reliqua.*

The Evangelist Luke wrote in this day's gospel, that our Lord was speaking in these words to his disciples, concerning the signs which will happen before the ending of this world. The Lord said, "There shall be signs in the sun, and in the moon, and in the stars, and on earth there shall be affliction of nations," etc.

The holy Gregory has expounded for us the obscurity of this gospel, thus beginning: The Lord our Redeemer is desirous to find us ready, and therefore chid the evils which follow the senescent world, that he might wean us from its love. He manifested how many sufferings will precede the ending of this world, if we will not dread God in serenity, that at least, terrified with many tribulations, we may dread his approaching doom. Here above in this lesson Jesus said, "Nation shall arise against nation, and kingdom against kingdom, and great earthquakes shall be everywhere, and pestilence, and hunger." And afterwards among them thus said, "There shall be signs in the sun, and in the moon, and in the stars, and on earth affliction of nations, for the mingling of the sea-waves and sound."

Some of these signs we have seen accomplished, some we fear are to come. Verily in these new days nations have arisen against nations, and their affliction on earth has happened greater than we in old books read. Oft an earthquake in divers places has overthrown many cities, as it happened in the days of the emperor Tiberius, that thirteen cities fell through an earthquake. With pestilence and with hunger we are frequently afflicted, but we have not yet seen manifest signs in the sun, and in the moon, and in the stars. We read in astronomy, that the sun is sometimes darkened by the intervention of the lunar orb, and also the full moon suddenly becomes dusky, when it is deprived of the solar light by the shadow of the earth. There are also some stars beamed with light, suddenly rising, and quickly departing, and they by their uprise ever indicate something new: but the Lord meant not these signs in the evangelic prophecy, but the awful signs which will precede the great day. Matthew the Evangelist wrote more plainly of these signs, thus saying, "Straightways after the great tribulation, the sun shall be darkened, and the moon shall give no light, and the stars shall fall from heaven, and the powers of heaven shall be agitated, and then shall appear the sign of Christ's cross in the heavens, and all earthly powers shall mourn." The minglings of the sea, and the sound of the waves have not yet unusually happened, but when many of the before-said signs have been fulfilled, there is no doubt that the few which are remaining will also be fulfilled.

My brothers, these things are written that our minds may be vigilant through heedfulness, that through security they slacken not, nor through ignorance become void; but that terror ever occupy, and attention to good works confirm them. The Lord said, "Men shall wither for terror and for awaiting the things which shall come over all the world: for the powers of heaven shall be agitated." The powers of heaven are angels and archangels, thrones, principalities, lordships and powers. These hosts of angels will appear visible to our sights at the advent of the severe Judge, that they may sternly exact from us that which the invisible Creator

patiently forbears. Then we shall see the Son of man coming in clouds, with great might and majesty. The Lord called himself the Son of man oftener than the Son of God, from the humility of his assumed humanity, that he may admonish us with the nature which he for us received. He is truly Son of man, and not Son of men, and there is no other son of one man but Christ alone. He will be manifested in might and in majesty to those who would not obey him while existing in humility, that they then may feel his might by so much the more severely as they now will not bow their necks to his patience. These words are said of the reprobates, but here follow the words which comfort the chosen. Jesus said, "When these wonders begin, then lift up your heads and behold, for your redemption approacheth." As if he had manifestly exhorted his chosen, "When the torments of the world shall thicken, when the dread of the great doom shall appear, raise then your heads, that is, be glad in your minds, for then this world shall be ended, which ye loved not; then shall be at hand the redemption which ye sought." In holy writ **head** is very frequently put for the mind of man, because the head directs the other members, as the mind devises the thoughts. We lift up our heads when we raise our minds to the joys of the heavenly country. Those whom God loves are exhorted to be glad for the ending of the world, for when that passes away, which they loved not, then certainly they will find that which they loved.

O let it not be, that any believer, who desires to see God, mourn for the fall of the world; for it is written, "Whosoever will be a friend of this world, will be accounted a foe of God." But he who rejoices not at the approach of the ending of the world, manifests that he was its friend, and will then be convicted that he is God's foe. But let friendship for this world depart from the hearts of believing men, and depart from them who believe the other life to come, and really love it. They should mourn for the destruction of the world who have planted the root of their heart in its love, who seek not the life to come, nor even believe in it: but we, who full well know the joys of the heavenly country, should unanimously hasten to it. It is for us to wish that we may go to it quickly, and arrive by the shorter way, for this world is afflicted with manifold tribulations, and with crosses tormented.

What is this deathlike life but a way? Understand now what it is to faint through the toil of the way, and yet not to desire the way to end. The Lord said, "Behold these figtrees and all other trees, when they sprout, then ye know that summer is near. So likewise ye may know, when ye see these before-said signs, that God's kingdom draweth near." Verily by these words it is manifested that the fruit of this world is falling. It grows that it may fall; it sprouts that it may destroy with diseases whatsoever it had before sprouted. This world is like to a senescent man: in youth the body is thriving with strong breast, with full and hale limbs; but in senile years the man's stature is bowed, his neck slackened, his face wrinkled, and his limbs all afflicted; his breast is tormented with sighs, and between his words his breath fails; though disease sit not on him, yet too often his health is a disease to him. So it is with this world: at first it was thriving as in youth, it was growing in bodily health, and fat in abundance of good things, long in life, still in long peace; but now it is with age oppressed, as it were with frequent tribulations afflicted to death.

My brothers, love not this world which ye see cannot long exist. Of this the apostle said, "Love not the world, nor anything that dwelleth on it, for whosoever loveth the world, hath not love of God in him."

Well is the kingdom of God compared with the summer season, for then the clouds of our deariness pass away, and the days of life shine through the brightness of the eternal sun.

All these before-said things are with great certainty confirmed by this following sentence, "Verily I say unto you, This tribe shall not pass away, until all these things shall take place." These words the Lord spake to the Jewish tribe, and their kin will not pass away through decay, before this world ends. Of this sentence the apostle Paul said, that "the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with the voice of the archangel, and with the trumpet of God, and the dead will first arise; afterwards, we who live, and shall be found in the body, will be caught forth with the others in clouds towards Christ, and so we shall ever after be with God. Comfort yourselves

with these words." Also in this sentence the Evangelist Matthew agrees, in these words, "The Lord will send his angels with trumpet and loud voice, and they shall gather his chosen from the four winds, from all earthly boundaries to the high heavens."

The apostle said, "We who live." He did not mean himself by those words, but those who continue in life until the ending of this world. By that it is likewise manifested, that mankind will not wholly perish before the ending, but that they will, nevertheless, have a short death who shall then be found in life; for heavenly fire will pass over all the world with one burning, and the dead will arise from their graves with that fire, and the living will be slain by the fire's heat, and straightways after requickened to eternity. The fire will in no wise injure the righteous who had before been cleansed from sins; but whosoever is uncleansed shall eat the fire's breath; and we shall then all come to the doom. The doom will be deemed on no earthly field, but will be as the apostle here above in this lesson said, that we shall be seized up in clouds towards Christ, through the air; and there will be the separation of righteous and impious men. The righteous will afterwards dwell nowhere but with God in the kingdom of heaven, and the impious nowhere but with the devil in hell-torments.

Jesus concluded this gospel with these words: "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words shall never pass away." Heaven and earth will not turn to naught, but they will be changed from the form in which they now exist to a better form, as John the Evangelist said, "Then there shall be a new heaven and a new earth." There will not indeed be others created, but these will be renewed. Heaven and earth will pass away, but will, nevertheless, continue, for they will be cleansed by fire from the form which they now have, and will yet stand ever in their own nature. Then will the sun be sevenfold brighter than it now is, and the moon will have the light of the sun.

David verily prophesied of Christ's advent in these words: "God shall come manifestly, and he will not keep silence. Fire shall burn in his sight, and round about him shall be a mighty storm." The storm will wash whatsoever the fire burns. Of that day the prophet Zephaniah said, "The great day of God is very near at hand, and exceedingly swift: bitter shall be the voice of that day: there shall the strong be afflicted. That day is a day of wrath, and a day of affliction and anxiety, a day of misery and wail, a day of darkness and dimness, a day of the trumpet and of outcry."

My brothers, set the remembrance of this day before your eyes, and whatsoever now appears to be trouble, it shall all be mitigated on comparison with it. Correct your lives, and change your conduct, punish your evil deeds with weeping, withstand the temptations of the devil; eschew evil and do good, and ye will be by so much the more secure at the advent of the eternal Judge, as ye now with terror anticipate his severity. The prophet said, that the great day of God is very near at hand and very swift. Though there were yet another thousand years to that day, it would not be long; for whatsoever ends is short and quick, and will be as it had never been, when it is ended. But though it were long to that day, as it is not, yet will our time not be long, and at our ending it will be adjudged to us, whether we in rest or in torment shall await the common doom. Let us, therefore, profit by the time which God has given us, and merit the everlasting life with him who liveth and reigneth for ever and ever. Amen.

# Asser: King Alfred

In the year of our Lord's incarnation 849, was born Alfred, king of the Anglo-Saxons, at the royal village of Wanating, in Berkshire, which country has its name from the wood of Berroc, where the box-tree grows most abundantly. His genealogy is traced in the following order. King Alfred was the son of king Ethelwulf, who was the son of Egbert, who was the son of Elmund, was the son of Eafa, who was the son of Eoppa, who the son of Ingild. Ingild, and Ina, the famous king of the West-Saxons, were two brothers. Ina went to Rome, and there ending this life honourably, entered the heavenly kingdom, to reign there for ever with Christ. Ingild and Ina were the sons of Coenred, who was the son of Ceolwald, who was the son of Cudam, who was the son of Cuthwin, who was the son of Ceawlin, who was the son of Cynric, who was the son of Creoda, who was the son of Cerdic, who was the son of Elesa, who was the son of Gewis, from whom the Britons name all that nation Gegwis, who was the son of Brond, who was the son of Beldeg, who was the son of Woden, who was the son of Frithowald, who was the son of Frealaf, who was the son of Frithuwulf, who was the son of Finn of Godwulf, who was the son of Geat, which Geat the pagans long worshipped as a god. Sedulius makes mention of him in his metrical Paschal poem, as follows:—

When gentile poets with their fictions vain,  
In tragic language and bombastic strain,  
To their god Geat, comic deity,  
Loud praises sing, &c.

Geat was the son of Tætwa, who was the son of Beaw, who was the son of Sceldi, who was the son of Heremod, who was the son of Iterinon, who was the son of Hathra, who was the son of Guala, who was the son of Bedwig, who was the son of Shem, who was the son of Noah, who was the son of Lamech, who was the son of Methusalem, who was the son of Enoch, who was the son of Malaleel, who was the son of Cainan, who was the son of Enos, who was the son of Seth, who was the son of Adam.

The mother of Alfred was named Osburga, a religious woman, noble both by birth and by nature; she was daughter of Oslac, the famous butler of king Ethelwulf, which Oslac was a Goth by nation, descended from the Goths and Jutes, of the seed, namely, of Stuf and Wihtgar, two brothers and counts: who, having received possession of the Isle of Wight from their uncle, king Cerdic, and his son Cynric their cousin, slew the few British inhabitants whom they could find in that island, at a place called Gwihtgaraburgh; for the other inhabitants of the island had either been slain or escaped into exile.

In the year of our Lord's incarnation 851, which was the third after the birth of king Alfred, Ceorl, earl of Devon, fought with the men of Devon against the pagans at a place called Wigambeorg; and the Christians gained the victory; and that same year the pagans first wintered in the island called Sheppey, which means the Sheep-isle, and is situated in the river Thames between Essex and Kent, but is nearer to Kent than to Essex; it has in it a fine monastery.

The same year also a great army of the pagans came with three hundred and fifty ships to the mouth of the river Thames, and sacked Dorobernia, which is the city of the Cantuarians, and also the city of London, which lies on the north bank of the river Thames, on the confines of Essex and Middlesex; but yet that city belongs in truth to Essex; and they put to flight Berthwulf, king of Mercia, with all the army, which he had led out to oppose them.

After these things, the aforesaid pagan host went into Surrey, which is a district situated on the south bank of the river Thames, and to the west of Kent. And Ethelwulf, king of the West-Saxons, and his son Ethelbald, with all their army, fought a long time against them at a place called Ac-lea, i.e. the Oak-plain, and there, after a lengthened battle, which was fought with much bravery on both sides, the greater part of the pagan multitude was destroyed and cut to pieces, so that we never heard of their being so defeated, either before or since, in any country, in one day; and the Christians gained an honourable victory, and were triumphant over their graves.

In the same year king Athelstan, son of king Ethelwulf, and earl Ealhere slew a large army of pagans in Kent, at a place called Sandwich, and took nine ships of their fleet; the others escaped by flight.

In the year of our Lord's incarnation 853, which was the fifth of king Alfred, Burhred, king of the Mercians, sent messengers, and prayed Ethelwulf, king of the West-Saxons, to come and help him in reducing the midland Britons, who dwell between Mercia and the western sea, and who struggled against him most immoderately. So without delay, king Ethelwulf, having received the embassy, moved his army, and advanced with king Burhred against Britain, and immediately, on entering that country, he began to ravage it; and having reduced it under subjection to king Burhred, he returned home.

In the same year, king Ethelwulf sent his son Alfred, above-named, to Rome, with an honourable escort both of nobles and commoners. Pope Leo [the fourth] at that time presided over the apostolic see, and he anointed for king the aforesaid Alfred, and adopted him as his spiritual son. The same year also, earl Ealhere, with the men of Kent, and Huda with the men of Surrey, fought bravely and resolutely against an army of the pagans, in the island, which is called in the Saxon tongue, Tenet, but Ruim in the British language. The battle lasted a long time, and many fell on both sides, and also were drowned in the water; and both the earls were there slain. In the same year also, after Easter, Ethelwulf, king of the West-Saxons, gave his daughter to Burhred, king of the Mercians, and the marriage was celebrated royally at the royal vill of Chippenham.

In the year of our Lord's incarnation 855, which was the seventh after the birth of the aforesaid king, Edmund the most glorious king of the East-Angles began to reign, on the eighth day before the kalends of January, i.e. on the birthday of our Lord, in the fourteenth year of his age. In this year also died Lothaire, the Roman emperor, son of the pious Lewis Augustus. In the same year the aforesaid venerable king Ethelwulf released the tenth part of all his kingdom from all royal service and tribute, and with a pen never to be forgotten, offered it up to God the One and the Three in One, in the cross of Christ, for the redemption of his own soul and of his predecessors. In the same year he went to Rome with much honour; and taking with him his son, the aforesaid king Alfred, for a second journey thither, because he loved him more than his other sons, he remained there a whole year; after which he returned to his own country, bringing with him Judith, daughter of Charles, the king of the Franks.

In the meantime, however, whilst king Ethelwulf was residing beyond the sea, a base deed was done, repugnant to the morals of all Christians, in the western part of Selwood. For king Ethelbald

[son of king Ethelwulf] and Ealstan, bishop of the church of Sherborne, with Eanwulf, earl of the district of Somerton, are said to have made a conspiracy together, that king Ethelwulf, on his return from Rome, should never again be received into his kingdom. This crime, unheard-of in all previous ages, is ascribed by many to the bishop and earl alone, as resulting from their counsels. Many also ascribe it solely to the insolence of the king, because that king was pertinacious in this matter, and in many other perversities, as we have heard related by certain persons; as also was proved by the result of that which follows.

For as he was returning from Rome, his son aforesaid, with all his counsellors, or, as I ought to say, his conspirators, attempted to perpetrate the crime of repulsing the king from his own kingdom; but neither did God permit the deed, nor would the nobles of all Saxony consent to it. For to prevent this irremediable evil to Saxony, of a son warring against his father, or rather of the whole nation carrying on civil war either on the side of the one or the other, the extraordinary mildness of the father, seconded by the consent of all the nobles, divided between the two the kingdom which had hitherto been undivided; the eastern parts were given to the father, and the western to the son; for where the father ought by just right to reign, there his unjust and obstinate son did reign; for the western part of Saxony is always preferable to the eastern.

When Ethelwulf, therefore, was coming from Rome, all that nation, as was fitting, so delighted in the arrival of the old man, that, if he permitted them, they would have expelled his rebellious son Ethelbald, with all his counsellors, out of the kingdom. But he, as we have said, acting with great clemency and prudent counsel, so wished things to be done, that the kingdom might not come into danger; and he placed Judith, daughter of king Charles, whom he had received from his father, by his own side on the regal throne, without any controversy or enmity from his nobles, even to the end of his life, contrary to the perverse custom of that nation. For the nation of the West-Saxons do not allow a queen to sit beside the king, nor to be called a queen, but only the king's wife; which stigma the elders of that land say arose from a certain obstinate and malevolent queen of the same nation, who did all things so contrary to her lord, and to all the people, that she not only earned for herself exclusion from the royal seat, but also entailed the same stigma upon those who came after her; for in consequence of the wickedness of that queen, all the nobles of that land swore together, that they would never let any king reign over them, who should attempt to place a queen on the throne by his side.

And because, as I think, it is not known to many whence this perverse and detestable custom arose in Saxony, contrary to the custom of all the Theotiscan nations, it seems to me right to explain a little more fully what I have heard from my lord Alfred, king of the Anglo-Saxons, as he also had heard it from many men of truth, who in great part recorded that fact.

There was in Mercia, in recent times, a certain valiant king, who was feared by all the kings and neighbouring states around. His name was Offa, and it was he who had the great rampart made from sea to sea between Britain and Mercia. His daughter, named Eadburga, was married to Bertric, king of the West-Saxons; who immediately, having the king's affections, and the control of almost all the kingdom, began to live tyrannically like her father, and to execrate every man whom Bertric loved, and to do all things hateful to God and man, and to accuse all she could before the king, and so to deprive them insidiously of their life or power; and if she could not obtain the king's consent, she used to take them off by poison: as is ascertained to have been the case with a certain young man beloved by the king, whom she poisoned, finding that the king would not listen to any accusation against him. It is said, moreover, that king Bertric unwittingly tasted of the poison, though the queen intended to give it to the young man only, and so both of them perished.

Bertric therefore being dead, the queen could remain no longer among the West-Saxons, but sailed beyond the sea with immense treasures, and went to the court of the great and famous Charles, king of the Franks. As she stood before the throne, and offered him money, Charles said to her, "Choose, Eadburga, between me

and my son, who stands here with me." She replied, foolishly, and without deliberation, "If I am to have my choice, I choose your son, because he is younger than you." At which Charles smiled and answered, "If you had chosen me, you would have had my son; but as you have chosen him, you shall not have either of us."

However, he gave her a large convent of nuns, in which, having laid aside the secular habit and taken the religious dress, she discharged the office of abbess during a few years; for, as she is said to have lived irrationally in her own country, so she appears to have acted still more so in that foreign country; for being convicted of having had unlawful intercourse with a man of her own nation, she was expelled from the monastery by king Charles's order, and lived a vicious life of reproach in poverty and misery until her death; so that at last, accompanied by one slave only, as we have heard from many who saw her, she begged her bread daily at Pavia, and so miserably died.

Now king Ethelwulf lived two years after his return from Rome; during which, among many other good deeds of this present life, reflecting on his departure according to the way of all flesh, that his sons might not quarrel unreasonably after their father's death, he ordered a will or letter of instructions to be written, in which he ordered that his kingdom should be divided between his two eldest sons, his private inheritance between his sons, his daughters, and his relations, and the money which he left behind him between his sons and nobles, and for the good of his soul. Of this prudent policy we have thought fit to record a few instances out of many for posterity to imitate; namely, such as are understood to belong principally to the needs of the soul; for the others, which relate only to human dispensation, it is not necessary to insert in this work, lest prolixity should create disgust in those who read or wish to hear my work. For the benefit of his soul, then, which he studied to promote in all things from the first flower of his youth, he directed through all his hereditary dominions, that one poor man in ten, either native or foreigner, should be supplied with meat, drink, and clothing, by his successors, until the day of judgment; supposing, however, that the country should still be inhabited both by men and cattle, and should not become deserted. He commanded also a large sum of money, namely, three hundred mancuses, to be carried to Rome for the good of his soul, to be distributed in the following manner: namely, a hundred mancuses in honour of St. Peter, specially to buy oil for the lights of the church of that apostle on Easter eve, and also at the cock-crow: a hundred mancuses in honour of St. Paul, for the same purpose of buying oil for the church of St. Paul the apostle, to light the lamps on Easter eve and at the cock-crow; and a hundred mancuses for the universal apostolic pontiff.

But when king Ethelwulf was dead, and buried at Stemrugam, his son Ethelbald, contrary to God's prohibition and the dignity of a Christian, contrary also to the custom of all the pagans, ascended his father's bed, and married Judith, daughter of Charles, king of the Franks, and drew down much infamy upon himself from all who heard of it. During two years and a half of licentiousness after his father he held the government of the West-Saxons.

In the year of our Lord's incarnation 856, which was the eighth after Alfred's birth, the second year of king Charles III, and the eighteenth year of the reign of Ethelwulf, king of the West-Saxons, Humbert, bishop of the East-Angles, anointed with oil and consecrated as king the glorious Edmund, with much rejoicing and great honour in the royal town called Burva, in which at that time was the royal seat, in the fifteenth year of his age, on a Friday, the twenty-fourth moon, being Christmas-day.

In the year of our Lord's incarnation 860, which was the twelfth of king Alfred's age, died Ethelbald, king of the West-Saxons, and was buried at Sherborne. His brother Ethelbert, as was fitting, joined Kent, Surrey, and Sussex also to his dominion.

In his days a large army of pagans came from the sea, and attacked and destroyed the city of Winchester. As they were returning laden with booty to their ships, Osric, earl of Hampshire, with his men, and earl Ethelwulf, with the men of Berkshire, confronted them bravely; a severe battle took place, and the pagans were slain on every side; and, finding themselves unable to resist, took to flight like women, and the Christians obtained a triumph.

Ethelbert governed his kingdom five years in peace, with the love and respect of his subjects, who felt deep sorrow when he went the way of all flesh. His body was honourably interred at Sherborne by the side of his brothers.

In the year of our Lord's incarnation 864, the pagans wintered in the isle of Thanet, and made a firm treaty with the men of Kent, who promised them money for adhering to their covenant; but the pagans, like cunning foxes, burst from their camp by night, and setting at naught their engagements, and spurning at the promised money, which they knew was less than they could get by plunder, they ravaged all the eastern coast of Kent.

In the year of our Lord's incarnation 866, which was the eighteenth of king Alfred, Ethelred, brother of Ethelbert, king of the West Saxons, undertook the government of the kingdom for five years; and the same year a large fleet of pagans came to Britain from the Danube, and wintered in the kingdom of the Eastern-Saxons, which is called in Saxon East-Anglia; and there they became principally an army of cavalry. But, to speak in nautical phrase, I will no longer commit my vessel to the power of the waves and of its sails, or keeping off from land steer my round-about course through so many calamities of wars and series of years, but will return to that which first prompted me to this task; that is to say, I think it right in this place briefly to relate as much as has come to my knowledge about the character of my revered lord Alfred, king of the Anglo-Saxons, during the years that he was an infant and a boy.

He was loved by his father and mother, and even by all the people, above all his brothers, and was educated altogether at the court of the king. As he advanced through the years of infancy and youth, his form appeared more comely than that of his brothers; in look, in speech, and in manners he was more graceful than they. His noble nature implanted in him from his cradle a love of wisdom above all things; but, with shame be it spoken, by the unworthy neglect of his parents and nurses, he remained illiterate even till he was twelve years old or more; but he listened with serious attention to the Saxon poems which he often heard recited, and easily retained them in his docile memory. He was a zealous practiser of hunting in all its branches, and hunted with great assiduity and success; for skill and good fortune in this art, as in all others, are among the gifts of God, as we also have often witnessed.

On a certain day, therefore, his mother was showing him and his brother a Saxon book of poetry, which she held in her hand, and said, "Whichever of you shall the soonest learn this volume shall have it for his own." Stimulated by these words, or rather by the Divine inspiration, and allured by the beautifully illuminated letter at the beginning of the volume, he spoke before all his brothers, who, though his seniors in age, were not so in grace, and answered, "Will you really give that book to one of us, that is to say, to him who can first understand and repeat it to you?" At this his mother smiled with satisfaction, and confirmed what she had before said. Upon which the boy took the book out of her hand, and went to his master to read it, and in due time brought it to his mother and recited it.

After this he learned the daily course, that is, the celebration of the hours, and afterwards certain psalms, and several prayers, contained in a certain book which he kept day and night in his bosom, as we ourselves have seen, and carried about with him to assist his prayers, amid all the bustle and business of this present life. But, sad to say, he could not gratify his most ardent wish to learn the liberal arts, because, as he said, there were no good readers at that time in all the kingdom of the West-Saxons.

This he confessed, with many lamentations and sighs, to have been one of his greatest difficulties and impediments in this life, namely, that when he was young and had the capacity for learning, he could not find teachers; but, when he was more advanced in life, he was harassed by so many diseases unknown to all the physicians of this island, as well as by internal and external anxieties of sovereignty, and by continual invasions of the pagans, and had his teachers and writers also so much disturbed, that there was no time for reading. But yet among the impediments of this present life, from infancy up to the present time, and, as I believe,

even until his death, he continued to feel the same insatiable desire of knowledge, and still aspires after it.

In the year of our Lord's incarnation 867, which was the nineteenth of the life of the aforesaid king Alfred, the army of pagans before mentioned removed from the East-Angles to the city of York, which is situated on the north bank of the river Humber.

At that time a violent discord arose, by the instigation of the devil, among the inhabitants of Northumberland; as always is used to happen among a people who have incurred the wrath of God. For the Northumbrians at that time, as we have said, had expelled their lawful king Osbert, and appointed a certain tyrant named Ælla, not of royal birth, over the affairs of the kingdom; but when the pagans approached, by divine Providence, and the union of the nobles for the common good, that discord was a little appeased, and Osbert and Ælla uniting their resources, and assembling an army, marched to York. The pagans fled at their approach, and attempted to defend themselves within the walls of the city. The Christians, perceiving their flight and the terror they were in, determined to destroy the walls of the town, which they succeeded in doing; for that city was not surrounded at that time with firm or strong walls, and when the Christians had made a breach as they had purposed, and many of them had entered into the town, the pagans, urged by despair and necessity, made a fierce sally upon them, slew them, routed them, and cut them down on all sides, both within and without the walls. In that battle fell almost all the Northumbrian warriors, with both the kings and a multitude of nobles; the remainder, who escaped, made peace with the pagans.

In the same year, Ealstan, bishop of the church of Sherborne, went the way of all flesh, after he had honourably ruled his see four years, and he was buried at Sherborne.

In the year of our Lord's incarnation 868, which was the twentieth of king Alfred's life, there was a severe famine. Then the aforesaid revered king Alfred, but at that time occupying a subordinate station, asked and obtained in marriage a noble Mercian lady, daughter of Athelred, surnamed Mucil, earl of the Gaini. The mother of this lady was named Edburga, of the royal line of Mercia, whom we have often seen with our own eyes a few years before her death. She was a venerable lady, and after the decease of her husband, she remained many years a widow, even till her own death.

In the same year, the above-named army of pagans, leaving Northumberland, invaded Mercia and advanced to Nottingham, which is called in the British tongue, "Tiggocobauc," but in Latin, the "House of Caves," and they wintered there that same year. Immediately on their approach, Burhred, king of Mercia, and all the nobles of that nation, sent messengers to Ethelred, king of the West-Saxons, and his brother Alfred, suppliantly entreating them to come and aid them in fighting against the aforesaid army. Their request was easily obtained; for the brothers, as soon as promised, assembled an immense army from all parts of their dominions, and entering Mercia, came to Nottingham, all eager for battle, and when the pagans, defended by the castle, refused to fight, and the Christians were unable to destroy the wall, peace was made between the Mercians and pagans, and the two brothers, Ethelred and Alfred, returned home with their troops.

In the year of our Lord's incarnation 869, which was the twenty-first of king Alfred's life, there was a great famine and mortality of men, and a pestilence among the cattle. And the aforesaid army of the pagans, galloping back to Northumberland, went to York, and there passed the winter.

In the year of our Lord's incarnation 870, which was the twenty-second of king Alfred's life, the above-named army of pagans, passed through Mercia into East-Anglia, and wintered at Thetford.

In the same year Edmund, king of the East-Angles, fought most fiercely against them; but, lamentable to say, the pagans triumphed, Edmund was slain in the battle, and the enemy reduced all that country to subjection.

In the same year Ceolnoth, archbishop of Canterbury, went the way of all flesh, and was buried peaceably in his own city.

In the year of our Lord's incarnation 871, which was the twenty-third of king Alfred's life, the pagan army, of hateful memory, left the East-Angles, and entering the kingdom of the West-

Saxons, came to the royal city, called Reading, situated on the south bank of the Thames, in the district called Berkshire; and there, on the third day after their arrival, their earls, with great part of the army, scoured the country for plunder, while the others made a rampart between the rivers Thames and Kennet on the right side of the same royal city. They were encountered by Ethelwulf, earl of Berkshire, with his men, at a place called Englefield; both sides fought bravely, and made long resistance. At length one of the pagan earls was slain, and the greater part of the army destroyed; upon which the rest saved themselves by flight, and the Christians gained the victory.

Four days afterwards, Ethelred, king of the West-Saxons, and his brother Alfred, united their forces and marched to Reading, where, on their arrival, they cut to pieces the pagans whom they found outside the fortifications. But the pagans, nevertheless, sallied out from the gates, and a long and fierce engagement ensued. At last, grief to say, the Christians fled, the pagans obtained the victory, and the aforesaid earl Ethelwulf was among the slain.

Roused by this calamity, the Christians, in shame and indignation, within four days, assembled all their forces, and again encountered the pagan army at a place called Ashdune, which means the "Hill of the Ash." The pagans had divided themselves into two bodies, and began to prepare defences, for they had two kings and many earls, so they gave the middle part of the army to the two kings, and the other part to all their earls. Which the Christians perceiving, divided their army also into two troops, and also began to construct defences. But Alfred, as we have been told by those who were present, and would not tell an untruth, marched up promptly with his men to give them battle; for king Ethelred remained a long time in his tent in prayer, hearing the mass, and said that he would not leave it, till the priest had done, or abandon the divine protection for that of men. And he did so too, which afterwards availed him much with the Almighty, as we shall declare more fully in the sequel.

Now the Christians had determined that king Ethelred, with his men, should attack the two pagan kings, but that his brother Alfred, with his troops, should take the chance of war against the two earls. Things being so arranged, the king remained a long time in prayer, and the pagans came up rapidly to fight. Then Alfred, though possessing a subordinate authority, could no longer support the troops of the enemy, unless he retreated or charged upon them without waiting for his brother. At length he bravely led his troops against the hostile army, as they had before arranged, but without awaiting his brother's arrival; for he relied in the divine counsels, and forming his men into a dense phalanx, marched on at once to meet the foe.

But here I must inform those who are ignorant of the fact, that the field of battle was not equally advantageous to both parties. The pagans occupied the higher ground, and the Christians came up from below. There was also a single thorn-tree, of stunted growth, and we have with our own eyes seen it. Around this tree the opposing armies came together with loud shouts from all sides, the one party to pursue their wicked course, the other to fight for their lives, their dearest ties, and their country. And when both armies had fought long and bravely, at last the pagans, by the divine judgment, were no longer able to bear the attacks of the Christians, and having lost great part of their army, took to a disgraceful flight. One of their two kings, and five earls were there slain, together with many thousand pagans, who fell on all sides, covering with their bodies the whole plain of Ashdune.

There fell in that battle king Bagsac, earl Sidrac the elder, and earl Sidrac the younger, earl Osbern, earl Frene, and earl Harold; and the whole pagan army pursued its flight, not only until night but until the next day, even until they reached the stronghold from which they had sallied. The Christians followed, slaying all they could reach, until it became dark.

After fourteen days had elapsed, king Ethelred, with his brother Alfred, again joined their forces and marched to Basing to fight with the pagans. The enemy came together from all quarters, and after a long contest gained the victory. After this battle, another army came from beyond the sea, and joined them.

The same year, after Easter, the aforesaid king Ethelred, having bravely, honourably, and with good repute, governed his kingdom

five years, through much tribulation, went the way of all flesh, and was buried in Wimborne Minster, where he awaits the coming of the Lord, and the first resurrection with the just.

The same year, the aforesaid Alfred, who had been up to that time only of secondary rank, whilst his brothers were alive, now, by God's permission, undertook the government of the whole kingdom, amid the acclamations of all the people; and if he had chosen, he might have done so before, whilst his brother above-named was still alive; for in wisdom and other qualities he surpassed all his brothers, and moreover, was warlike and victorious in all his wars. And when he had reigned one month, almost against his will, for he did not think he could alone sustain the multitude and ferocity of the pagans, though even during his brothers' lives, he had borne the woes of many,—he fought a battle with a few men, and on very unequal terms, against all the army of the pagans, at a hill called Wilton, on the south bank of the river Wily, from which river the whole of that district is named, and after a long and fierce engagement, the pagans, seeing the danger they were in, and no longer able to bear the attack of their enemies, turned their backs and fled. But, oh, shame to say, they deceived their too audacious pursuers, and again rallying, gained the victory. Let no one be surprised that the Christians had but a small number of men, for the Saxons had been worn out by eight battles in one year, against the pagans, of whom they had slain one king, nine dukes, and innumerable troops of soldiers, besides endless skirmishes, both by night and by day, in which the oft-named Alfred, and all his chieftains, with their men, and several of his ministers, were engaged without rest or cessation against the pagans. How many thousand pagans fell in these numberless skirmishes God alone knows, over and above those who were slain in the eight battles above-mentioned. In the same year the Saxons made peace with the pagans, on condition that they should take their departure, and they did so.

In the year of our Lord's incarnation 872, the twenty-fourth of king Alfred's life, the above-named army of pagans went to London, and there wintered. The Mercians made peace with them.

In the year of our Lord's incarnation 873, the twenty-fifth of king Alfred, the above-named army, leaving London, went into the country of the Northumbrians, and there wintered in the district of Lindsey; and the Mercians again made treaty with them.

In the year of our Lord's incarnation 874, the twenty-sixth since the birth of king Alfred, the army before so often mentioned left Lindsey and marched to Mercia, where they wintered at Repton. Also they compelled Burhred, king of Mercia, against his will, to leave his kingdom and go beyond the sea to Rome, in the twenty-second year of his reign. He did not long live after his arrival, but died there, and was honourably buried in the school of the Saxons, in St. Mary's church, where he awaits the Lord's coming and the first resurrection with the just. The pagans also, after his expulsion, subjected the whole kingdom of the Mercians to their dominion; but by a most miserable arrangement, gave it into the custody of a certain foolish man, named Ceolwulf, one of the king's ministers, on condition that he should restore it to them, whenever they should wish to have it again; and to guarantee this agreement, he gave them hostages, and swore that he would not oppose their will, but be obedient to them in every respect.

In the year of our Lord's incarnation 875, which was the 27th of king Alfred, the above-named army leaving Repton, divided into two bodies, one of which went with Halfdene into Northumbria, and having wintered there near the Tyne, reduced all Northumberland to subjection; they also ravaged the Picts and the Strath-Clydensians. The other division, with Gothrum, Oskytel, and Anwiund, three kings of the pagans, went to a place called Grantabridge, and there wintered.

In the same year, king Alfred fought a battle by sea against six ships of the pagans, and took one of them; the rest escaped by flight.

In the year of our Lord's incarnation 876, being the twenty-eighth year of king Alfred's life, the aforesaid army of the pagans, leaving Grantabridge by night, entered a castle called Wareham, where there is a monasterium of holy virgins between the two rivers Fraun and Trent, in the district which is called in British *Durngueis*, but in Saxon *Thornsæta*, placed in a most secure situa-

tion, except that it was exposed to danger on the western side from the nature of the ground. With this army Alfred made a solemn treaty, to the effect that they should depart out of the kingdom, and for this they made no hesitation to give as many hostages as he named; also they swore an oath over the Christian relics, which with king Alfred were next in veneration after the Deity himself, that they would depart speedily from the kingdom. But they again practised their usual treachery, and caring nothing for the hostages or their oaths, they broke the treaty, and sallying forth by night, slew all the horsemen that the king had round him, and turning off into Devon, to another place called in Saxon *Ex-anceaster*, but in British *Caer-wisc*, which means in Latin, the city of Ex, situated on the eastern bank of the river Wisc, they directed their course suddenly towards the south sea, which divides Britain and Gaul, and there passed the winter.

In the same year, Halfdene, king of those parts, divided out the whole country of Northumberland between himself and his men, and settled there with his army. In the same year, Rollo with his followers penetrated into Normandy.

This same Rollo, duke of the Normans, whilst wintering in Old Britain, or England, at the head of his troops, enjoyed one night a vision revealing to him the future. See more of this Rollo in the Annals.

In the year 877, the pagans, on the approach of autumn, partly settled in Exeter, and partly marched for plunder into Mercia. The number of that disorderly crew increased every day, so that, if thirty thousand of them were slain in one battle, others took their places to double the number. Then king Alfred commanded boats and galleys, i.e. long ships, to be built throughout the kingdom, in order to offer battle by sea to the enemy as they were coming. On board of these he placed seamen, and appointed them to watch the seas. Meanwhile he went himself to Exeter, where the pagans were wintering, and having shut them up within the walls, laid siege to the town. He also gave orders to his sailors to prevent them from obtaining any supplies by sea; and his sailors were encountered by a fleet of a hundred and twenty ships full of armed soldiers, who were come to help their countrymen. As soon as the king's men knew that they were fitted with pagan soldiers, they leaped to their arms, and bravely attacked those barbaric tribes: but the pagans, who had now for almost a month been tossed and almost wrecked among the waves of the sea, fought vainly against them; their bands were discomfited in a moment, and all were sunk and drowned in the sea, at a place called Suanewic.

In the same year the army of pagans, leaving Wareham, partly on horseback and partly by water, arrived at Suanewic, where one hundred and twenty of their ships were lost; and king Alfred pursued their land-army as far as Exeter; there he made a covenant with them, and took hostages that they would depart.

The same year, in the month of August, that army went into Mercia, and gave part of that country to one Ceolwulf, a weak-minded man, and one of the king's ministers; the other part they divided among themselves.

In the year of our Lord's incarnation 878, which was the thirtieth of king Alfred's life, the army above-mentioned left Exeter, and went to Chippenham, a royal villa, situated in the west of Wiltshire, and on the eastern bank of the river, which is called in British, the Avon. There they wintered, and drove many of the inhabitants of that country beyond the sea by the force of their arms, and by want of the necessities of life. They reduced almost entirely to subjection all the people of that country.

At the same time the above-named Alfred, king of the West-Saxons, with a few of his nobles, and certain soldiers and vassals, used to lead an unquiet life among the woodlands of the county of Somerset, in great tribulation; for he had none of the necessities of life, except what he could forage openly or stealthily, by frequent sallies, from the pagans, or even from the Christians who had submitted to the rule of the pagans, and as we read in the Life of St. Neot, at the house of one of his cowherds.

But it happened on a certain day, that the countrywoman, wife of the cowherd, was preparing some loaves to bake, and the king, sitting at the hearth, made ready his bow and arrows and other warlike instruments. The unlucky woman espying the cakes burn-

ing at the fire, ran up to remove them, and rebuking the brave king, exclaimed:—

Ca'sn thee mind the ke-aks, man, an' doossen zee 'em burn?  
I'm boun thee's eat 'em vast enough, az zoon az 'tiz the turn.

The blundering woman little thought that it was king Alfred, who had fought so many battles against the pagans, and gained so many victories over them.

But the Almighty not only granted to the same glorious king victories over his enemies, but also permitted him to be harassed by them, to be sunk down by adversities, and depressed by the low estate of his followers, to the end that he might learn that there is one Lord of all things, to whom every knee doth bow, and in whose hand are the hearts of kings; who puts down the mighty from their seat and exalteth the humble; who suffers his servants when they are elevated at the summit of prosperity to be touched by the rod of adversity, that in their humility they may not despair of God's mercy, and in their prosperity they may not boast of their honours, but may also know, to whom they owe all the things which they possess.

We may believe that the calamity was brought upon the king aforesaid, because, in the beginning of his reign, when he was a youth, and influenced by youthful feelings, he would not listen to the petitions which his subjects made to him for help in their necessities, or for relief from those who oppressed them; but he repulsed them from him, and paid no heed to their requests. This particular gave much annoyance to the holy man St. Neot, who was his relation, and often foretold to him, in the spirit of prophecy, that he would suffer great adversity on this account; but Alfred neither attended to the reproof of the man of God, nor listened to his true prediction. Wherefore, seeing that a man's sins must be corrected either in this world or the next, the true and righteous Judge was willing that his sin should not go unpunished in this world, to the end that he might spare him in the world to come. From this cause, therefore, the aforesaid Alfred often fell into such great misery, that sometimes none of his subjects knew where he was or what had become of him.

In the same year the brother of Hingwar and Halfdene, with twenty-three ships, after much slaughter of the Christians, came from the country of Demetia, where he had wintered, and sailed to Devon, where, with twelve hundred others, he met with a miserable death, being slain while committing his misdeeds, by the king's servants, before the castle of Cynuit (Kynwith), into which many of the king's servants, with their followers, had fled for safety. The pagans, seeing that the castle was altogether unprepared and unfortified, except that it had walls in our own fashion, determined not to assault it, because it was impregnable and secure on all sides, except on the eastern, as we ourselves have seen, but they began to blockade it, thinking that those who were inside would soon surrender either from famine or want of water, for the castle had no spring near it. But the result did not fall out as they expected; for the Christians, before they began to suffer from want, inspired by Heaven, judging it much better to gain victory or death, attacked the pagans suddenly in the morning, and from the first cut them down in great numbers, slaying also their king, so that few escaped to their ships; and there they gained a very large booty, and amongst other things the standard called Raven; for they say that the three sisters of Hingwar and Hubba, daughters of Lodobroch, wove that flag and got it ready in one day. They say, moreover, that in every battle, wherever that flag went before them, if they were to gain the victory a live crow would appear flying on the middle of the flag; but if they were doomed to be defeated it would hang down motionless, and this was often proved to be so.

The same year, after Easter, king Alfred, with a few followers, made for himself a stronghold in a place called Athelney, and from thence sallied with his vassals and the nobles of Somersetshire, to make frequent assaults upon the pagans. Also, in the seventh week after Easter, he rode to the stone of Egbert, which is in the eastern part of the wood which is called Selwood, which means in Latin *Silva Magna*, the Great Wood, but in British *Coit-mawr*. Here he was met by all the neighbouring folk of Somersetshire, and Wiltshire, and Hampshire, who had not, for fear of the pa-

gans, fled beyond the sea; and when they saw the king alive after such great tribulation, they received him, as he deserved, with joy and acclamations, and encamped there for one night. When the following day dawned, the king struck his camp, and went to Okely, where he encamped for one night. The next morning he removed to Edington, and there fought bravely and perseveringly against all the army of the pagans, whom, with the divine help, he defeated with great slaughter, and pursued them flying to their fortification. Immediately he slew all the men, and carried off all the booty that he could find without the fortress, which he immediately laid siege to with all his army; and when he had been there fourteen days, the pagans, driven by famine, cold, fear, and last of all by despair, asked for peace, on the condition that they should give the king as many hostages as he pleased, but should receive none of him in return, in which form they had never before made a treaty with any one. The king, hearing that, took pity upon them, and received such hostages as he chose; after which the pagans swore, moreover, that they would immediately leave the kingdom; and their king, Gothrun, promised to embrace Christianity, and receive baptism at king Alfred's hands. All of which articles he and his men fulfilled as they had promised. For after seven weeks Gothrun, king of the pagans, with thirty men chosen from the army, came to Alfred at a place called Aller, near Athelney, and there king Alfred, receiving him as his son by adoption, raised him up from the holy laver of baptism on the eighth day, at a royal villa named Wedmore, where the holy chrism was poured upon him. After his baptism he remained twelve nights with the king, who, with all his nobles, gave him many fine houses.

In the year of our Lord's incarnation 879, which was the thirty-first of king Alfred, the aforesaid army of pagans leaving Chippenham, as they had promised, went to Cirencester, which is called in British *Cair Cori*, and is situate in the southern part of the Wiccii, and there they remained one year.

In the same year, a large army of pagans sailed from foreign parts into the river Thames, and joined the army which was already in the country. They wintered at Fulham near the river Thames.

In the same year an eclipse of the sun took place, between three o'clock and the evening, but nearer to three o'clock.

In the year of our Lord's incarnation 880, which was the thirty-second of king Alfred, the above-named army of pagans left Cirencester, and went among the East Angles, where they divided out the country and began to settle.

The same year the army of pagans, which had wintered at Fulham, left the island of Britain, and sailed over the sea to the eastern part of France, where they remained a year at a place called Ghent.

In the year of our Lord's incarnation 881, which was the thirty-third of king Alfred's life, the aforesaid army went higher up into France; and the French fought against them; and after the battle the pagans obtained horses and became an army of cavalry.

In the year of our Lord's incarnation 882, the thirty-fourth of king Alfred's life, the above-named army steered their ships up into France by a river called the Mese [Meuse] and there wintered one year.

In the same year Alfred, king of the Anglo-Saxons, fought a battle by sea against the pagan fleet, of which he captured two ships, having slain all who were on board; and the two commanders of two other ships, with all their crews, distressed by the battle and the wounds which they had received, laid down their arms and submitted to the king.

In the year of our Lord's incarnation 883, which was the thirty-fifth of king Alfred's life, the aforesaid army went up the river called Scald [Scheldt] to a convent of nuns called Cundoht [Condé] and there remained a year.

In the year of our Lord's incarnation 884, which was the thirty-sixth of king Alfred's life, the aforesaid army divided into two parts; one body of them went into East France, and the other coming to Britain entered Kent, where they besieged a city called in Saxon Rochester, and situated on the eastern bank of the river Medway. Before the gate of the town the pagans suddenly erected a strong fortress, but yet they were unable to take the city, because the citizens defended themselves bravely, until king Alfred came up to help them with a large army. Then the pagans abandoned

their fortress, and all their horses which they had brought with them out of France, and leaving behind them in the fortress the greater part of their prisoners, on the arrival of the king, fled immediately to their ships, and the Saxons immediately seized on the prisoners and horses left by the pagans; and so the pagans, compelled by stern necessity, returned the same summer to France.

In the same year Alfred, king of the Anglo-Saxons, led his fleet, full of fighting men, out of Kent to the country of the East Angles, for the sake of plunder; and, when they had arrived at the mouth of the river Stour, immediately thirteen ships of the pagans met them, prepared for battle; a fierce fight ensued, and all the pagans, after a brave resistance, were slain; all the ships, with all their money, were taken. After this, while the royal fleet were reposing, the pagans, who lived in the eastern part of England, assembled their ships, met the same royal fleet at sea in the mouth of the same river, and, after a naval battle, the pagans gained the victory.

In the same year, also, Carloman, king of the Western Franks, whilst hunting a wild boar, was miserably killed by a large animal of that species, which inflicted a dreadful wound on him with its tusk. His brother Louis [III], who had also been king of the Franks, died the year before. These two brothers were sons of Louis, king of the Franks, who had died in the year above-mentioned, in which the eclipse of the sun took place; and it was he whose daughter Judith was given by her father's wish in marriage to Ethelwulf, king of the West Saxons.

In the same year also a great army of the pagans came from Germany into the country of the ancient Saxons, which is called in Saxon Ealdseaxum. To oppose them the said Saxons and Frisons joined their forces, and fought bravely twice in that same year. In both those battles the Christians, with the merciful aid of the Lord, obtained the victory.

In the same year also, Charles, king of the Almain, received, with universal consent, all the territories which lie between the Tyrrhenian sea and that gulf which runs between the old Saxons and the Gauls, except the kingdom of Armorica, i.e. Lesser Britain. This Charles was the son of king Louis, who was brother of Charles, king of the Franks, father of the aforesaid queen Judith; these two brothers were sons of Louis, but Louis was the son of the great, the ancient, and wise Charlemagne, who was the son of Pepin.

In the same year pope Martin, of blessed memory, went the way of all flesh; it was he who, in regard for Alfred, king of the Anglo-Saxons, and at his request, freed the school of the Anglo-Saxons resident at Rome from all tribute and tax. He also sent many gifts on that occasion, among which was no small portion of the holy and venerable cross on which our Lord Jesus Christ was suspended, for the general salvation of mankind.

In the same year also the army of pagans, which dwelt among the East Angles, disgracefully broke the peace which they had concluded with king Alfred.

Wherefore, to return to that from which I digressed, that I may not be compelled by my long navigation to abandon the port of rest which I was making for, I propose, as far as my knowledge will enable me, to speak of the life and character and just conduct of my lord Alfred, king of the Anglo-Saxons, after he married the above-named respected lady of Mercian race, his wife; and, with God's blessing, I will despatch it succinctly and briefly, as I promised, that I may not offend the delicate minds of my readers by prolixity in relating each new event.

His nuptials were honourably celebrated in Mercia, among innumerable multitudes of people of both sexes; and after continual feasts, both by night and by day, he was immediately seized, in presence of all the people, by sudden and overwhelming pain, as yet unknown to all the physicians; for it was unknown to all who were then present, and even to those who daily see him up to the present time,—which, sad to say! is the worst of all, that he should have protracted it so long from the twentieth to the fortieth year of his life, and even more than that through the space of so many years,—from what cause so great a malady arose. For many thought that this was occasioned by the favour and fascination of the people who surrounded him; others, by some spite of the devil, who is ever jealous of the good; others, from an unusual kind of fever. He had this sort of severe disease from his



childhood; but once, divine Providence so ordered it, that when he was on a visit to Cornwall for the sake of hunting, and had turned out of the road to pray in a certain chapel, in which rests the body of Saint Gueric, and now also St. Neot rests there,—for king Alfred was always from his infancy a frequent visitor of holy places for the sake of prayer and almsgiving,—he prostrated himself for private devotion, and, after some time spent therein, he entreated of God's mercy, that in his boundless clemency he would exchange the torments of the malady which then afflicted him for some other lighter disease; but with this condition, that such disease should not show itself outwardly in his body, lest he should be an object of contempt, and less able to benefit mankind; for he had great dread of leprosy or blindness, or any such complaint, as makes men useless or contemptible when it afflicts them. When he had finished his prayers, he proceeded on his journey, and not long after he felt within him that by the hand of the Almighty he was healed, according to his request, of his disorder, and that it was entirely eradicated, although he had first had even this complaint in the flower of his youth, by his devout and pious prayers and supplications to Almighty God. For if I may be allowed to speak briefly, but in a somewhat preposterous order, of his zealous piety to God, in the flower of his youth, before he entered the marriage state, he wished to strengthen his mind in the observance of God's commandments, for he perceived that he could with difficulty abstain from gratifying his carnal desires; and, because he feared the anger of God, if he should do anything contrary to his will, he used often to rise in the morning at the cock-crow, and go to pray in the churches and at the relics of the saints. There he prostrated himself on the ground, and prayed that God in his mercy would strengthen his mind still more in his service by some infirmity such as he might bear, but not such as would render him imbecile and contemptible in his worldly duties; and when he had often prayed with much devotion to this effect, after an interval of some time, Providence vouchsafed to afflict him with the above-named disease, which he bore long and painfully for many years, and even despaired of life, until he entirely got rid of it by his prayers; but, sad to say! it was replaced, as we have said, at his marriage by another which incessantly tormented him, night and day, from the twentieth to the forty-fourth year of his life. But if ever, by God's mercy, he was relieved from this infirmity for a single day or night, yet the fear and dread of that dreadful malady never left him, but rendered him almost useless, as he thought, for every duty, whether human or divine.

The sons and daughters, which he had by his wife above mentioned were Ethelfred the eldest, after whom came Edward, then Ethelgiva, then Ethelswitha, and Ethelwerd, besides those who died in their infancy, one of whom was Edmund. Ethelfred, when she arrived at a marriageable age, was united to Ethered, earl of Mercia; Ethelgiva also was dedicated to God, and submitted to the rules of a monastic life. Ethelwerd the youngest, by the divine counsels and the admirable prudence of the king, was consigned to the schools of learning, where, with the children of almost all the nobility of the country, and many also who were not noble, he prospered under the diligent care of his teachers. Books in both languages, namely, Latin and Saxon, were both read in the school. They also learned to write; so that before they were of an age to practice manly arts, namely, hunting and such pursuits as befit noblemen, they became studious and clever in the liberal arts. Edward and Ethelswitha were bred up in the king's court and received great attention from their attendants and nurses; nay, they continue to this day, with the love of all about them, and showing affability, and even gentleness towards all, both natives and foreigners, and in complete subjection to their father; nor, among their other studies which appertain to this life and are fit for noble youths, are they suffered to pass their time idly and unprofitably without learning the liberal arts; for they have carefully learned the Psalms and Saxon books, especially the Saxon poems, and are continually in the habit of making use of books.

In the meantime, the king, during the frequent wars and other trammels of this present life, the invasions of the pagans, and his own daily infirmities of body, continued to carry on the government, and to exercise hunting in all its branches; to teach his workers in gold and artificers of all kinds, his falconers, hawkers and

dog-keepers; to build houses, majestic and good, beyond all the precedents of his ancestors, by his new mechanical inventions; to recite the Saxon books, and especially to learn by heart the Saxon poems, and to make others learn them; and he alone never desisted from studying, most diligently, to the best of his ability; he attended the mass and other daily services of religion; he was frequent in psalm-singing and prayer, at the hours both of the day and the night. He also went to the churches, as we have already said, in the night-time to pray, secretly, and unknown to his courtiers; he bestowed alms and largesses on both natives and foreigners of all countries; he was affable and pleasant to all, and curiously eager to investigate things unknown. Many Franks, Frisians, Gauls, pagans, Britons, Scots, and Armoricans, noble and ignoble, submitted voluntarily to his dominion; and all of them, according to their nation and deserving, were ruled, loved, honoured, and enriched with money and power. Moreover, the king was in the habit of hearing the divine scriptures read by his own countrymen, or, if by any chance it so happened, in company with foreigners, and he attended to it with sedulity and solicitude. His bishops, too, and all ecclesiastics, his earls and nobles, ministers and friends, were loved by him with wonderful affection, and their sons, who were bred up in the royal household, were no less dear to him than his own; he had them instructed in all kinds of good morals, and among other things, never ceased to teach them letters night and day; but as if he had no consolation in all these things, and suffered no other annoyance either from within or without, yet he was harassed by daily and nightly affliction, that he complained to God, and to all who were admitted to his familiar love, that Almighty God had made him ignorant of divine wisdom, and of the liberal arts; in this emulating the pious, the wise, and wealthy Solomon, king of the Hebrews, who at first, despising all present glory and riches, asked wisdom of God, and found both, namely, wisdom and worldly glory; as it is written, "Seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." But God, who is always the inspector of the thoughts of the mind within, and the instigator of all good intentions, and a most plentiful aider, that good desires may be formed,—for he would not instigate a man to good intentions, unless he also amply supplied that which the man justly and properly wishes to have,—instigated the king's mind within; as it is written, "I will hearken what the Lord God will say concerning me." He would avail himself of every opportunity to procure coadjutors in his good designs, to aid him in his strivings after wisdom, that he might attain to what he aimed at; and, like a prudent bird, which rising in summer with the early morning from her beloved nest, steers her rapid flight through the uncertain tracks of ether, and descends on the manifold and varied flowers of grasses, herbs, and shrubs, essaying that which pleases most, that she may bear it to her home, so did he direct his eyes afar, and seek without, that which he had not within, namely, in his own kingdom.

But God at that time, as some consolation to the king's benevolence, yielding to his complaint, sent certain lights to illuminate him, namely, Werfrith, bishop of the church of Worcester, a man well versed in divine scripture, who, by the king's command, first turned the books of the Dialogues of pope Gregory and Peter, his disciple, from Latin into Saxon, and sometimes putting sense for sense, interpreted them with clearness and elegance. After him was Plegmund, a Mercian by birth, archbishop of the church of Canterbury, a venerable man, and endowed with wisdom; Ethelstan also, and Werewulf, his priests and chaplains, Mercians by birth, and erudite. These four had been invited out of Mercia by king Alfred, who exalted them with many honours and powers in the kingdom of the West-Saxons, besides the privileges which archbishop Plegmund and bishop Werfrith enjoyed in Mercia. By their teaching and wisdom the king's desires increased unceasingly, and were gratified. Night and day, whenever he had leisure, he commanded such men as these to read books to him; for he never suffered himself to be without one of them, wherefore he possessed a knowledge of every book, though of himself he could not yet understand anything of books, for he had not yet learned to read any thing.

But the king's commendable avarice could not be gratified even in this; wherefore he sent messengers beyond the sea to Gaul, to

procure teachers, and he invited from thence Grimbald, priest and monk, a venerable man, and good singer, adorned with every kind of ecclesiastical discipline and good morals, and most learned in holy scripture. He also obtained from thence John, also priest and monk, a man of most energetic talents, and learned in all kinds of literary science, and skilled in many other arts. By the teaching of these men the king's mind was much enlarged, and he enriched and honoured them with much influence.

In these times, I also came into Saxony out of the furthest coasts of Western Britain; and when I had proposed to go to him through many intervening provinces, I arrived in the country of the Saxons, who live on the right hand, which in Saxon is called Sussex, under the guidance of some of that nation; and there I first saw him in the royal vill, which is called Dene. He received me with kindness, and among other familiar conversation, he asked me eagerly to devote myself to his service and become his friend, to leave every thing which I possessed on the left, or western bank of the Severn, and he promised he would give more than an equivalent for it in his own dominions. I replied that I could not incautiously and rashly promise such things; for it seemed to me unjust, that I should leave those sacred places in which I had been bred, educated, and crowned, and at last ordained, for the sake of any earthly honour and power, unless by compulsion. Upon this, he said, "If you cannot accede to this, at least, let me have your service in part: spend six months of the year with me here, and the other six in Britain." To this, I replied, "I could not even promise that easily or hastily without the advice of my friends." At length, however, when I perceived that he was anxious for my services, though I knew not why, I promised him that, if my life was spared, I would return to him after six months, with such a reply as should be agreeable to him as well as advantageous to me and mine. With this answer he was satisfied, and when I had given him a pledge to return at the appointed time, on the fourth day we left him and returned on horseback towards our own country.

After our departure, a violent fever seized me in the city of Winchester, where I lay for twelve months and one week, night and day, without hope of recovery. At the appointed time, therefore, I could not fulfil my promise of visiting him, and he sent messengers to hasten my journey, and to inquire the cause of my delay. As I was unable to ride to him, I sent a second messenger to tell him the cause of my delay, and assure him that, if I recovered from my infirmity, I would fulfil what I had promised. My complaint left me, and by the advice and consent of all my friends, for the benefit of that holy place, and of all who dwelt therein, I did as I had promised to the king, and devoted myself to his service, on the condition that I should remain with him six months in every year, either continuously, if I could spend six months with him at once, or alternately, three months in Britain and three in Saxony. For my friends hoped that they should sustain less tribulation and harm from king Hemeid, who often plundered that monastery and the parish of St. Deguus, and sometimes expelled the prelates, as they expelled archbishop Novis, my relation, and myself; if in any manner I could secure the notice and friendship of the king.

At that time, and long before, all the countries on the right hand side of Britain belonged to king Alfred and still belong to him. For instance, king Hemeid, with all the inhabitants of the region of Demetia, compelled by the violence of the six sons of Rotri, had submitted to the dominion of the king. Howel also, son of Ris, king of Gleguising, and Brocmail and Fernmail, sons of Mouric, kings of Gwent, compelled by the violence and tyranny of earl Ethered and of the Mercians, of their own accord sought king Alfred, that they might enjoy his government and protection from him against their enemies. Helised, also, son of Tendyr, king of Brecon, compelled by the force of the same sons of Rotri, of his own accord sought the government of the aforesaid king; and Anarawd, son of Rotri, with his brother, at length abandoning the friendship of the Northumbrians, from which he received no good but harm, came into king Alfred's presence and eagerly sought his friendship. The king received him honourably, received him as his son by confirmation from the bishop's hand, and presented him with many gifts. Thus he became subject to the king with all his people, on the same condition, that he should be obedient to the king's will in all respects, in the same way as Ethered with the Mercians.

Nor was it in vain that all these princes gained the friendship of the king. For those who desired to augment their worldly power, obtained power; those who desired money, gained money; and in like way, those who desired his friendship, or both money and friendship, succeeded in getting what they wanted. But all of them gained his love and guardianship and defence from every quarter, even as the king with his men could protect himself.

When therefore I had come into his presence at the royal vill, called Leonaforð, I was honourably received by him, and remained that time with him at his court eight months; during which I read to him whatever books he liked, and such as he had at hand; for this is his most usual custom, both night and day, amid his many other occupations of mind and body, either himself to read books, or to listen whilst others read them. And when I frequently asked his leave to depart, and could in no way obtain it, at length when I had made up my mind by all means to demand it, he called me to him at twilight, on Christmas eve, and gave me two letters, in which was a long list of all the things which were in two monasteries, called in Saxon, Ambresbury and Banwell; and on that same day he delivered to me those two monasteries with all the things that were in them, and a silken pall of great value, and a load for a strong man, of incense, adding these words, that he did not give me these trifling presents, because he was unwilling hereafter to give me greater; for in the course of time he unexpectedly gave me Exeter, with all the diocese which belonged to him in Saxony and in Cornwall, besides gifts every day, without number, in every kind of worldly wealth, which it would be too long to enumerate here, lest they should make my reader tired. But let no one suppose that I have mentioned these presents in this place for the sake of glory or flattery, or to obtain greater honour. I call God to witness, that I have not done so; but that I might certify to those who are ignorant, how profuse he is in giving. He then at once gave me permission to ride to those two rich monasteries and afterwards to return to my own country.

In the year of our Lord's incarnation, 886, which was the thirty-eighth since the birth of Alfred, the army so often before-mentioned again fled the country, and went into the country of the Western Franks, directing their ships to the river called the Seine, and sailed up it as far as the city of Paris, and there they wintered and measured out their camp. They besieged that city a whole year, as far as the bridge, that they might prevent the inhabitants from making use of it; for the city is situated on a small island in the middle of the river; but by the merciful favour of God, and the brave defence of citizens, the army could not force their way inside the walls.

In the same year, Alfred, king of the Anglo-Saxons, after the burning of cities and the slaying of the people, honourably rebuilt the city of London, and made it again habitable. He gave it into the custody of his son-in-law, Ethered, earl of Mercia, to which king all the Angles and Saxons, who before had been dispersed everywhere, or were in captivity with the pagans, voluntarily turned and submitted themselves to his dominion.

[In the same year there arose a foul and deadly discord at Oxford, between Grimbald, with those learned men whom he had brought with him, and the old scholars whom he had found there, who, on his arrival, refused altogether to embrace the laws, modes, and forms of prælection instituted by the same Grimbald. During three years there had been no great dissension between them, but there was a secret enmity, which afterwards broke out with great atrocity, clearer than the light itself. To appease this quarrel, that invincible king Alfred, having been informed of the strife by a messenger from Grimbald, went to Oxford to put an end to the controversy, and endured much trouble in hearing the arguments and complaints which were brought forwards on both sides. The substance of the dispute was this: the old scholars contended, that literature had flourished at Oxford before the coming of Grimbald, although the number of scholars was smaller than in ancient time, because several had been driven away by the cruelty and tyranny of the pagans. They also proved and showed, by the undoubted testimony of ancient annals, that the orders and institutions of that place had been sanctioned by certain pious and learned men, as for instance by Saint Gildas, Melkinus, Nennius, Kentigern, and others, who had all grown old there in literature, and happily ad-

ministered everything there in peace and concord; and also, that Saint Germanus had come to Oxford, and stopped there half a year, at the time when he went through Britain to preach against the Pelagian heresy; he wonderfully approved of the customs and institutions above-mentioned. The king, with unheard-of humility, listened to both sides carefully, and exhorted them again and again with pious and wholesome admonitions to cherish mutual love and concord. He therefore left them with this decision, that each party should follow their own counsel, and preserve their own institutions. Grimbald, displeased at this, immediately departed to the monastery at Winchester, which had been recently founded by king Alfred, and ordered a tomb to be carried to Winchester, in which he proposed, after this life, that his bones should be laid in the vault which had been made under the chancel of St. Peter's church in Oxford; which church the same Grimbald had built from its foundations, of stone polished with great care.]

In the year of our Lord's incarnation 887, which was the thirtieth of king Alfred's life, the above-mentioned army of the pagans, leaving the city of Paris uninjured, because they could not succeed against it, sailed up the river Seine under the bridge, until they reached the mouth of the river Materne [Marne]; where they left the Seine, and, following for a long time the course of the Marne, at length, but not without much labour, they arrived at a place called Chezy, a royal vill, where they wintered one year. In the following year they entered the mouth of the river Ionna [Yonne], not without doing much damage to the country, and there remained one year.

In the same year Charles, king of the Franks, went the way of all flesh; but Arnulf, his brother's son, six weeks before he died, had expelled him from his kingdom. After his death five kings were appointed, and the kingdom was split into five parts; but the principal rank in the kingdom justly and deservedly devolved on Arnulf, save only that he committed an unworthy offence against his uncle. The other four kings promised fidelity and obedience to Arnulf, as was proper; for none of these four kings was hereditary on his father's side in his share of the kingdom, as was Arnulf; therefore, though the five kings were appointed immediately on the death of Charles, yet the empire remained in the hands of Arnulf.

Such, then, was the division of the kingdom; Arnulf received the countries on the east of the river Rhine; Rodulf the inner parts of the kingdom; Oda the western part; Beorngar and Guido, Lombardy, and those countries which are in that part of the mountains; but they did not keep these large dominions in peace, for they twice fought a pitched battle, and often mutually ravaged their kingdoms, and drove each other out of their dominions.

In the same year in which that [pagan] army left Paris and went to Chezy, Ethelhelm, earl of Wiltshire, carried to Rome the alms of king Alfred and of the Saxons.

In the same year also Alfred, king of the Anglo-Saxons, so often before mentioned, by divine inspiration, began, on one and the same day, to read and to interpret; but that I may explain this more fully to those who are ignorant, I will relate the cause of this long delay in beginning.

On a certain day we were both of us sitting in the king's chamber, talking on all kinds of subjects, as usual, and it happened that I read to him a quotation out of a certain book. He heard it attentively with both his ears, and addressed me with a thoughtful mind, showing me at the same moment a book which he carried in his bosom, wherein the daily courses and psalms, and prayers which he had read in his youth, were written, and he commanded me to write the same quotation in that book. Hearing this, and perceiving his ingenuous benevolence, and devout desire of studying the words of divine wisdom, I gave, though in secret, boundless thanks to Almighty God, who had implanted such a love of wisdom in the king's heart. But I could not find any empty space in that book wherein to write the quotation, for it was already full of various matters; wherefore I made a little delay, principally that I might stir up the bright intellect of the king to a higher acquaintance with the divine testimonies. Upon his urging me to make haste and write it quickly, I said to him, "Are you willing that I should write that quotation on some leaf apart? For it is not certain whether we shall not find one or more other such extracts

which will please you; and if that should so happen, we shall be glad that we have kept them apart." "Your plan is good," said he, and I gladly made haste to get ready a sheet, in the beginning of which I wrote what he bade me; and on that same day, I wrote therein, as I had anticipated, no less than three other quotations which pleased him; and from that time we daily talked together, and found out other quotations which pleased him, so that the sheet became full, and deservedly so; according as it is written, "The just man builds upon a moderate foundation, and by degrees passes to greater things." Thus, like a most productive bee, he flew here and there, asking questions, as he went, until he had eagerly and unceasingly collected many various flowers of divine Scriptures, with which he thickly stored the cells of his mind.

Now when that first quotation was copied, he was eager at once to read, and to interpret in Saxon, and then to teach others; even as we read of that happy robber, who recognized his Lord, aye, the Lord of all men, as he was hanging on the blessed cross, and, saluting him with his bodily eyes only, because elsewhere he was all pierced with nails, cried, "Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom!" for it was only at the end of his life that he began to learn the rudiments of the Christian faith. But the king, inspired by God, began to study the rudiments of divine Scripture on the sacred solemnity of St. Martin [Nov. 11], and he continued to learn the flowers collected by certain masters, and to reduce them into the form of one book, as he was then able, although mixed one with another, until it became almost as large as a psalter. This book he called his *Enchiridion* or *Manual*, because he carefully kept it at hand day and night, and found, as he told me, no small consolation therein.

But as has already been written by a certain wise man,

"Of watchful minds are they whose pious care  
It is to govern well,"

so must I be watchful, in that I just now drew a kind of comparison or similarity, though in dissimilar manner, between that happy robber and the king; for the cross is hateful to every one, wherever there is suffering. But what can he do, if he cannot save himself or escape thence? or by what art can he remain there and improve his cause? He must, therefore, whether he will or no, endure with pain and sorrow that which he is suffering.

Now the king was pierced with many nails of tribulation, though placed in the royal seat; for from the twentieth year of his age to the present year, which is his fortieth, he has been constantly afflicted with most severe attacks of an unknown complaint, so that he has not a moment's ease either from suffering the pain which it causes, or from the gloom which is thrown over him by the apprehension of its coming. Moreover, the constant invasions of foreign nations, by which he was continually harassed by land and sea, without any interval of quiet, were a just cause of disquiet. What shall I say of his repeated expeditions against the pagans, his wars, and incessant occupations of government? Of the daily embassies sent to him by foreign nations, from the Tyrrhenian sea to the farthest end of Ireland? For we have seen and read letters, accompanied with presents, which were sent to him by Abel the patriarch of Jerusalem. What shall I say of the cities and towns which he restored, and of others which he built, where none had been before? of the royal halls and chambers, wonderfully erected by his command, with stone and wood? of the royal vills constructed of stone, removed from their old site, and handsomely rebuilt by the king's command in more fitting places? Besides the disease above-mentioned, he was disturbed by the quarrels of his friends, who would voluntarily endure little or no toil, though it was for the common necessity of the kingdom; but he alone, sustained by the divine aid, like a skilful pilot, strove to steer his ship, laden with much wealth, into the safe and much desired harbour of his country, though almost all his crew were tired, and suffered them not to faint or hesitate, though sailing amid the manifold waves and eddies of this present life.

For all his bishops, earls, nobles, favourite ministers, and prefects, who, next to God and the king, had the whole government of the kingdom, as is fitting, continually received from him instruction, respect, exhortation, and command; nay, at last, when they were disobedient, and his long patience was exhausted, he would

reprove them severely, and censure at pleasure their vulgar folly and obstinacy; and in this way he directed their attention to the common interests of the kingdom. But, owing to the sluggishness of the people, these admonitions of the king were either not fulfilled, or were begun late at the moment of necessity, and so ended less to the advantage of those who put them in execution; for I will say nothing of the castles which he ordered to be built, but which, being begun late, were never finished, because the hostile troops broke in upon them by land and sea, and, as often happened, the thwarters of the royal ordinances repented when it was too late, and blushed at their non-performance of his commands. I speak of repentance when it is too late, on the testimony of Scripture, whereby numberless persons have had cause for too much sorrow when many insidious evils have been wrought. But though by these means, sad to say, they may be bitterly afflicted and roused to sorrow by the loss of fathers, wives, children, ministers, servant-men, servant-maids, and furniture and household stuff, what is the use of hateful repentance when their kinsmen are dead, and they cannot aid them, or redeem those who are captive from captivity? for they are not able even to assist those who have escaped, as they have not wherewith to sustain even their own lives. They repented, therefore, when it was too late, and grieved at their incautious neglect of the king's commands, and they praised the royal wisdom with one voice, and tried with all their power to fulfil what they had before refused, namely, concerning the erection of castles, and other things generally useful to the whole kingdom.

Of his fixed purpose of holy meditation, which, in the midst of prosperity and adversity he never neglected, I cannot with advantage now omit to speak. For, whereas he often thought of the necessities of his soul, among the other good deeds to which his thoughts were night and day turned, he ordered that two monasteries should be built, one for monks at Athelney, which is a place surrounded by impassable marshes and rivers, where no one can enter but by boats, or by a bridge laboriously constructed between two other heights; at the western end of which bridge was erected a strong tower, of beautiful work, by command of the aforesaid king; and in this monastery he collected monks of all kinds, from every quarter, and placed them therein.

For at first, because he had no one of his own nation, noble and free by birth, who was willing to enter the monastic life, except children, who could neither choose good nor avoid evil in consequence of their tender years, because for many previous years the love of a monastic life had utterly decayed from that nation as well as from many other nations, though many monasteries still remain in that country; yet, as no one directed the rule of that kind of life in a regular way, for what reason I cannot say, either from the invasions of foreigners which took place so frequently both by sea and land, or because that people abounded in riches of every kind, and so looked with contempt on the monastic life. It was for this reason that king Alfred sought to gather monks of different kinds to place in the same monastery.

First he placed there as abbat, John the priest and monk, an old Saxon by birth, then certain priests and deacons from beyond the sea; of whom, finding that he had not as large a number as he wished, he procured as many as possible of the same Gallic race, some of whom, being children, he ordered to be taught in the same monastery, and at a later period to be admitted to the monastic habit. I have myself seen a young lad of pagan birth who was educated in that monastery, and by no means the hindmost of them all.

There was also a deed done once in that monastery, which I would utterly consign to oblivion, although it is an unworthy deed; for throughout the whole of Scripture the base deeds of the wicked are interspersed among the blessed deeds of the just, as tares and darnel are sown among the wheat: good deeds are recorded that they may be praised and imitated, and that their imitators may be held in all honour; wicked deeds are there related, that they may be censured and avoided, and their imitators be reprov'd with all odium, contempt, and vengeance.

For once upon a time, a certain priest and a deacon, Gauls by birth, and two of the aforesaid monks, by the instigation of the devil, and excited by some secret jealousy, became so embittered

in secret against their abbat, the above mentioned John, that, like Jews, they circumvented and betrayed their master. For whereas he had two servants, whom he had hired out of Gaul, they taught these such wicked practices, that in the night, when all men were enjoying the sweet tranquillity of sleep, they should make their way into the church armed, and shutting it behind them as usual, hide themselves therein, and wait for the moment when the abbat should enter the church alone. At length, when he should come alone to pray, and, bending his knees, bow before the holy altar, the men should rush on him with hostility, and try to slay him on the spot. They then should drag his lifeless body out of the church, and throw it down before the house of a certain harlot, as if he had been slain whilst on a visit to her. This was their machination, adding crime to crime, as it is said, "The last error shall be worse than the first."

But the divine mercy, which always delights to aid the innocent, frustrated in great part the wicked design of the wicked men, so that it should not turn out in every respect as they had proposed.

When, therefore, the whole of the evil counsel had been explained by those wicked teachers to their wicked agents, and the night which had been fixed on as most fit was come, the two armed ruffians were placed, with a promise of impunity, to await in the church for the arrival of the abbat. In the middle of the night John, as usual, entered the church to pray, without any one's knowing of it, and knelt before the altar. The two ruffians rushed upon him with drawn swords, and dealt him some severe wounds. But he, being a man of a brave mind, and, as we have heard say, not unacquainted with the art of self-defence, if he had not been a follower of a better calling, no sooner heard the sound of the robbers, before he saw them, than he rose up against them before he was wounded, and, shouting as loud as he could, struggled against them, crying out that they were devils and not men; for he himself knew no better, as he thought that no men would dare to attempt such a deed. He was, however, wounded before any of his people could come to his help. His attendants, roused by the noise, were frightened when they heard the word devils, and both those two who, like Jews, sought to betray their master, and the others who knew nothing of the matter, rushed together to the doors of the church; but before they got there those ruffians escaped, leaving the abbat half dead. The monks raised the old man, in a fainting condition, and carried him home with tears and lamentations; nor did those two deceitful monks shed tears less than the innocent. But God's mercy did not allow so bold a deed to pass unpunished; the ruffians who perpetrated it, and all who urged them to it, were taken and put in prison, where, by various tortures, they came to a disgraceful end. Let us now return to our narrative.

Another monastery, also, was built by the same king as a residence for nuns, near the eastern gate of Shaftesbury; and his own daughter, Ethelgiva, was placed in it as abbess. With her many other noble ladies bound by the rules of the monastic life, dwell in that monastery. These two edifices were enriched by the king with much land, as well as personal property.

These things being thus disposed of, the king began, as was his practice, to consider within himself, what more he could do to augment and show forth his piety; what he had begun wisely, and thoughtfully conceived for the public benefit, was adhered to with equally beneficial result; for he had heard it out of the book of the law, that the Lord had promised to restore to him tenfold; and he knew that the Lord had kept his promise, and had actually restored to him tenfold. Encouraged by this example, and wishing to exceed the practices of his predecessors, he vowed humbly and faithfully to devote to God half his services, both day and night, and also half of all his wealth, such as lawfully and justly came annually into his possession; and this vow, as far as human discretion can perceive and keep, he skilfully and wisely endeavoured to fulfil. But, that he might, with his usual caution, avoid that which scripture warns us against: "If you offer aright, but do not divide aright, you sin," he considered how he might divide aright that which he had vowed to God; and as Solomon had said, "The heart of the king is in the hand of God," that is, his counsel he ordered with wise policy, which could come only from above, that his officers should first divide into two parts the revenues of every year.

When this division was made, he assigned the first part to worldly uses, and ordered that one-third of it should be paid to his soldiers, and also to his ministers, the nobles who dwelt at court where they discharged divers duties; for so the king's family was arranged at all times into three classes. The king's attendants were most wisely distributed into three companies, so that the first company should be on duty at court for one month, night and day, at the end of which they returned to their homes, and were relieved by the second company. At the end of the second month, in the same way, the third company relieved the second, who returned to their homes, where they spent two months, until their services were again wanted. The third company also gave place to the first in the same way, and also spent two months at home. Thus was the threefold division of the companies arranged at all times in the royal household.

To these therefore was paid the first of the three portions aforesaid, to each according to their respective dignities and peculiar services; the second to the operatives, whom he had collected from every nation, and had about him in large numbers, men skilled in every kind of construction; the third portion was assigned to foreigners who came to him out of every nation far and near, whether they asked money of him or not, he cheerfully gave to each with wonderful munificence according to their respective merits, according to what is written: "God loveth a cheerful giver."

But the second part of all his revenues, which came yearly into his possession, and was included in the receipts of the exchequer, as we mentioned a little before, he, with ready devotion, gave to God, ordering his ministers to divide it carefully into four parts, on the condition that the first part should be discreetly bestowed on the poor of every nation who came to him; and on this subject he said that, as far as human discretion could guarantee, the remark of pope St. Gregory should be followed: "Give not much to whom you should give little, nor little to whom much, nor something to whom nothing, nor nothing to whom something." The second of the four portions was given to the two monasteries which he had built, and to those who therein had dedicated themselves to God's service, as we have mentioned above. The third portion was assigned to the school, which he had studiously collected together, consisting of many of the nobility of his own nation. The fourth portion was for the use of all the neighbouring monasteries in all Saxony and Mercia, and also during some years, in turn, to the churches and servants of God dwelling in Britain [Wales], Cornwall, Gaul, Armorica, Northumbria, and sometimes also in Ireland; according to his means, he either distributed to them beforehand, or afterwards, if life and success should not fail him.

When the king had arranged these matters, he remembered that sentence of divine scripture, "Whosoever will give alms, ought to begin from himself;" and prudently began to reflect what he could offer to God from the service of his body and mind; for he proposed to consecrate to God no less out of this than he had done of things external to himself. Moreover, he promised, as far as his infirmity and his means would allow, to give up to God the half of his services, bodily and mental, by night and by day, voluntarily, and with all his might; but, inasmuch as he could not equally distinguish the lengths of the hours by night, on account of the darkness, and oftentimes of the day, on account of the storms and clouds, he began to consider, by what means and without any difficulty, relying on the mercy of God, he might discharge the promised tenor of his vow until his death.

After long reflection on these things, he at length, by a useful and shrewd invention, commanded his chaplains to supply wax in a sufficient quantity, and he caused it to be weighed in such a manner that when there was so much of it in the scales, as would equal the weight of seventy-two pence, he caused the chaplains to make six candles thereof, each of equal length, so that each candle might have twelve divisions marked longitudinally upon it. By this plan, therefore, those six candles burned for twenty-four hours, a night and day, without fail, before the sacred relics of many of God's elect, which always accompanied him wherever he went; but sometimes when they would not continue burning a whole day and night, till the same hour that they were lighted the preceding evening, from the violence of the wind, which blew day and night without intermission through the doors and windows

of the churches, the fissures of the divisions, the plankings, or the wall, or the thin canvass of the tents, they then unavoidably burned out and finished their course before the appointed time; the king therefore considered by what means he might shut out the wind, and so by a useful and cunning invention, he ordered a lantern to be beautifully constructed of wood and white ox-horn, which, when skillfully planed till it is thin, is no less transparent than a vessel of glass. This lantern, therefore, was wonderfully made of wood and horn, as we before said, and by night a candle was put into it, which shone as brightly without as within, and was not extinguished by the wind; for the opening of the lantern was also closed up, according to the king's command, by a door made of horn.

By this contrivance, then, six candles, lighted in succession, lasted four and twenty hours, neither more nor less, and, when these were extinguished, others were lighted.

When all these things were properly arranged, the king, eager to give up to God the half of his daily service, as he had vowed, and more also, if his ability on the one hand, and his malady on the other, would allow him, showed himself a minute investigator of the truth in all his judgments, and this especially for the sake of the poor, to whose interest, day and night, among other duties of this life, he ever was wonderfully attentive. For in the whole kingdom the poor, besides him, had few or no protectors; for all the powerful and noble of that country had turned their thoughts rather to secular than to heavenly things: each was more bent on secular matters, to his own profit, than on the public good.

He strove also, in his own judgments, for the benefit of both the noble and the ignoble, who often perversely quarrelled at the meetings of his earls and officers, so that hardly one of them admitted the justice of what had been decided by the earls and prefects, and in consequence of this pertinacious and obstinate dissension, all desired to have the judgment of the king, and both sides sought at once to gratify their desire. But if any one was conscious of injustice on his side in the suit, though by law and agreement he was compelled, however reluctant, to go before the king, yet with his own good will he never would consent to go. For he knew, that in the king's presence no part of his wrong would be hidden; and no wonder, for the king was a most acute investigator in passing sentence, as he was in all other things. He inquired into almost all the judgments which were given in his own absence, throughout all his dominion, whether they were just or unjust. If he perceived there was iniquity in those judgments, he summoned the judges, either through his own agency, or through others of his faithful servants, and asked them mildly, why they had judged so unjustly; whether through ignorance or malevolence; i.e., whether for the love or fear of any one, or hatred of others; or also for the desire of money. At length, if the judges acknowledged they had given judgment because they knew no better, he discreetly and moderately reproved their inexperience and folly in such terms as these: "I wonder truly at your insolence, that, whereas by God's favour and mine, you have occupied the rank and office of the wise, you have neglected the studies and labours of the wise. Either, therefore, at once give up the discharge of the temporal duties which you hold, or endeavour more zealously to study the lessons of wisdom. Such are my commands." At these words the earls and prefects would tremble and endeavour to turn all their thoughts to the study of justice, so that, wonderful to say, almost all his earls, prefects, and officers, though unlearned from their cradles, were sedulously bent upon acquiring learning, choosing rather laboriously to acquire the knowledge of a new discipline than to resign their functions; but if any one of them from old age or slowness of talent was unable to make progress in liberal studies, he commanded his son, if he had one, or one of his kinsmen, or, if there was no other person to be had, his own freedman or servant, whom he had some time before advanced to the office of reading, to recite Saxon books before him night and day, whenever he had any leisure, and they lamented with deep sighs, in their inmost hearts, that in their youth they had never attended to such studies; and they blessed the young men of our days, who happily could be instructed in the liberal arts, whilst they execrated their own lot, that they had not learned these things in their youth, and now, when they are old, though wishing to learn them, they are

unable. But this skill of young and old in acquiring letters, we have explained to the knowledge of the aforesaid king.

# Song of Roland

## I

Charles the King, our Lord and Sovereign,  
Full seven years hath sojourned in Spain,  
Conquered the land, and won the western main,  
Now no fortress against him doth remain,  
No city walls are left for him to gain,  
Save Sarraguce, that sits on high mountain.  
Marsile its King, who feareth not God's name,  
Mahumet's man, he invokes Apollin's aid,  
Nor wards off ills that shall to him attain.  
AOI.

## II

King Marsilies he lay at Sarraguce,  
Went he his way into an orchard cool;  
There on a throne he sate, of marble blue,  
Round him his men, full twenty thousand, stood.  
Called he forth then his counts, also his dukes:  
"My Lords, give ear to our impending doom:  
That Emperour, Charles of France the Douce,  
Into this land is come, us to confuse.  
I have no host in battle him to prove,  
Nor have I strength his forces to undo.  
Counsel me then, ye that are wise and true;  
Can ye ward off this present death and dule?"  
What word to say no pagan of them knew,  
Save Blancandrin, of th' Castle of Val Funde.

## III

Blancandrins was a pagan very wise,  
In vassalage he was a gallant knight,  
First in prowess, he stood his lord beside.  
And thus he spoke: "Do not yourself affright!  
Yield to Carlun, that is so big with pride,  
Faithful service, his friend and his ally;  
Lions and bears and hounds for him provide,  
Thousand mewed hawks, sev'n hundred camelry;  
Silver and gold, four hundred mules load high;  
Fifty wagons his wrights will need supply,  
Till with that wealth he pays his soldiery.  
War hath he waged in Spain too long a time,

To Aix, in France, homeward he will him hie.  
 Follow him there before Saint Michael's tide,  
 You shall receive and hold the Christian rite;  
 Stand honour bound, and do him fealty.  
 Send hostages, should he demand surety,  
 Ten or a score, our loyal oath to bind;  
 Send him our sons, the first-born of our wives;—  
 An he be slain, I'll surely furnish mine.  
 Better by far they go, though doomed to die,  
 Than that we lose honour and dignity,  
 And be ourselves brought down to beggary."  
 AOI.

#### IV

Says Blancandrins: "By my right hand, I say,  
 And by this beard, that in the wind doth sway,  
 The Frankish host you'll see them all away;  
 Franks will retire to France their own terrain.  
 When they are gone, to each his fair domain,  
 In his Chapelle at Aix will Charles stay,  
 High festival will hold for Saint Michael.  
 Time will go by, and pass the appointed day;  
 Tidings of us no Frank will hear or say.  
 Proud is that King, and cruel his courage;  
 From th' hostage he'll slice their heads away.  
 Better by far their heads be shorn away,  
 Than that ourselves lose this clear land of Spain,  
 Than that ourselves do suffer grief and pain."  
 "That is well said. So be it." the pagans say.

#### V

The council ends, and that King Marsilie  
 Calleth aside Clarun of Balaguee,  
 Estramarin and Eudropin his peer,  
 And Priamun and Guarlan of the beard,  
 And Machiner and his uncle Mahee,  
 With Jouner, Malbien from over sea,  
 And Blancandrin, good reason to decree:  
 Ten hath he called, were first in felony.  
 "Gentle Barons, to Charlemagne go ye;  
 He is in siege of Cordres the city.  
 In your right hands bear olive-branches green  
 Which signify Peace and Humility.  
 If you by craft contrive to set me free,  
 Silver and gold, you'll have your fill of me,  
 Manors and fiefs, I'll give you all your need."  
 "We have enough," the pagans straight agree.  
 AOI.

#### VI

King Marsilies, his council finishing,  
 Says to his men: "Go now, my lords, to him,  
 Olive-branches in your right hands bearing;



Bid ye for me that Charlemagne, the King,  
 In his God's name to shew me his mercy;  
 Ere this new moon wanes, I shall be with him;  
 One thousand men shall be my following;  
 I will receive the rite of christening,  
 Will be his man, my love and faith swearing;  
 Hostages too, he'll have, if so he will."  
 Says Blancandrins: "Much good will come of this."  
 AOI.

## VII

Ten snow-white mules then ordered Marsilie,  
 Gifts of a King, the King of Suatilie.  
 Bridled with gold, saddled in silver clear;  
 Mounted them those that should the message speak,  
 In their right hands were olive-branches green.  
 Came they to Charle, that holds all France in fee,  
 Yet cannot guard himself from treachery.  
 AOI.

## VIII

Merry and bold is now that Emperour,  
 Cordres he holds, the walls are tumbled down,  
 His catapults have battered town and tow'r.  
 Great good treasure his knights have placed in pound,  
 Silver and gold and many a jewelled gown.  
 In that city there is no pagan now  
 But he been slain, or takes the Christian vow.  
 The Emperour is in a great orchard ground  
 Where Oliver and Rollant stand around,  
 Sansun the Duke and Anseis the proud,  
 Gefreid d'Anjou, that bears his gonfaloun;  
 There too Gerin and Geriers are found.  
 Where they are found, is seen a mighty crowd,  
 Fifteen thousand, come out of France the Douce.  
 On white carpets those knights have sate them down,  
 At the game-boards to pass an idle hour;—  
 Chequers the old, for wisdom most renowned,  
 While fence the young and lusty bachelours.  
 Beneath a pine, in eglantine embow'ed,  
 I stands a fald-stool, fashioned of gold throughout;  
 There sits the King, that holds Douce France in pow'r;  
 White is his beard, and blossoming-white his crown,  
 Shapely his limbs, his countenance is proud.  
 Should any seek, no need to point him out.  
 The messengers, on foot they get them down,  
 And in salute full courteously they lout.

## IX

The foremost word of all Blancandrin spake,  
 And to the King: "May God preserve you safe,  
 The All Glorious, to Whom ye're bound to pray!  
 Proud Marsilies this message bids me say:

Much hath he sought to find salvation's way;  
 Out of his wealth meet presents would he make,  
 Lions and bears, and greyhounds leashed on chain,  
 Thousand mewed hawks, sev'n hundred dromedrays,  
 Four hundred mules his silver shall convey,  
 Fifty wagons you'll need to bear away  
 Golden besants, such store of proved assay,  
 Wherewith full tale your soldiers you can pay.  
 Now in this land you've been too long a day  
 Hie you to France, return again to Aix;  
 Thus saith my Lord, he'll follow too that way."  
 That Emperour t'wards God his arms he raised  
 Lowered his head, began to meditate.  
 AOI.

## X

That Emperour inclined his head full low;  
 Hasty in speech he never was, but slow:  
 His custom was, at his leisure he spoke.  
 When he looks up, his face is very bold,  
 He says to them: "Good tidings have you told.  
 King Marsilies hath ever been my foe.  
 These very words you have before me told,  
 In what measure of faith am I to hold?"  
 That Sarrazin says, "Hostages he'll show;  
 Ten shall you take, or fifteen or a score.  
 Though he be slain, a son of mine shall go,  
 Any there be you'll have more nobly born.  
 To your palace seigneurial when you go,  
 At Michael's Feast, called in periculo;  
 My Lord hath said, thither will he follow  
 Ev'n to your baths, that God for you hath wrought;  
 There is he fain the Christian faith to know."  
 Answers him Charles: "Still may he heal his soul."  
 AOI.

## XI

Clear shone the sun in a fair even-tide;  
 Those ten men's mules in stall he bade them tie.  
 Also a tent in the orchard raise on high,  
 Those messengers had lodging for the night;  
 Dozen serjeants served after them aright.  
 Darkling they lie till comes the clear daylight.  
 That Emperour does with the morning rise;  
 Matins and Mass are said then in his sight.  
 Forth goes that King, and stays beneath a pine;  
 Barons he calls, good counsel to define,  
 For with his Franks he's ever of a mind.  
 AOI.

## XII

That Emperour, beneath a pine he sits,  
 Calls his barons, his council to begin:

Oger the Duke, that Archbishop Turpin,  
Richard the old, and his nephew Henry,  
From Gascony the proof Count Acolin,  
Tedbald of Reims and Milun his cousin:  
With him there were Gerers, also Gerin,  
And among them the Count Rollant came in,  
And Oliver, so proof and so gentil.  
Franks out of France, a thousand chivalry;  
Guenes came there, that wrought the treachery.  
The Council then began, which ended ill.  
AOI.

### XIII

"My Lords Barons," says the Emperour then, Charles,  
"King Marsilies hath sent me his messages;  
Out of his wealth he'll give me weighty masses.  
Greyhounds on leash and bears and lions also,  
Thousand mewed hawks and seven hundred camels,  
Four hundred mules with gold Arabian charged,  
Fifty wagons, yea more than fifty drawing.  
But into France demands he my departure;  
He'll follow me to Aix, where is my Castle;  
There he'll receive the law of our Salvation:  
Christian he'll be, and hold from me his marches.  
But I know not what purpose in his heart is."  
Then say the Franks: "Beseems us act with caution!"  
AOI.

### XIV

That Emperour hath ended now his speech.  
The Count Rollanz, he never will agree,  
Quick to reply, he springs upon his feet;  
And to the King, "Believe not Marsilie.  
Seven years since, when into Spain came we,  
I conquer'd you Noples also Commibles,  
And took Valterne, and all the land of Pine,  
And Balaguet, and Tuele, and Sezilie.  
Traitor in all his ways was Marsilies;  
Of his pagans he sent you then fifteen,  
Bearing in hand their olive-branches green:  
Who, ev'n as now, these very words did speak.  
You of your Franks a Council did decree,  
Praised they your words that foolish were in deed.  
Two of your Counts did to the pagan speed,  
Basan was one, and the other Basilie:  
Their heads he took on th' hill by Haltilie.  
War have you waged, so on to war proceed,  
To Sarraguce lead forth your great army.  
All your life long, if need be, lie in siege,  
Vengeance for those the felon slew to wreak."  
AOI.

**XV**

That Emperour he sits with lowering front,  
 He clasps his chin, his beard his fingers tug,  
 Good word nor bad, his nephew not one.  
 Franks hold their peace, but only Guenelun  
 Springs to his feet, and comes before Carlun;  
 Right haughtily his reason he's begun,  
 And to the King: "Believe not any one,  
 My word nor theirs, save whence your good shall come.  
 Since he sends word, that King Marsiliun,  
 Homage he'll do, by finger and by thumb;  
 Throughout all Spain your writ alone shall run  
 Next he'll receive our rule of Christendom  
 Who shall advise, this bidding be not done,  
 Deserves not death, since all to death must come.  
 Counsel of pride is wrong: we've fought enough.  
 Leave we the fools, and with the wise be one."  
 AOI.

**XVI**

And after him came Neimes out, the third,  
 Better vassal there was not in the world;  
 And to the King: "Now rightly have you heard  
 Guenes the Count, what answer he returned.  
 Wisdom was there, but let it well be heard.  
 King Marsilies in war is overturned,  
 His castles all in ruin have you hurled,  
 With catapults his ramparts have you burst,  
 Vanquished his men, and all his cities burned;  
 Him who entreats your pity do not spurn,  
 Sinners were they that would to war return;  
 With hostages his faith he would secure;  
 Let this great war no longer now endure."  
 "Well said the Duke." Franks utter in their turn.  
 AOI.

**XVII**

"My lords barons, say whom shall we send up  
 To Sarraguce, to King Marsiliun?"  
 Answers Duke Neimes: "I'll go there for your love;  
 Give me therefore the wand, also the glove."  
 Answers the King: "Old man of wisdom pruff;  
 By this white beard, and as these cheeks are rough,  
 You'll not this year so far from me remove;  
 Go sit you down, for none hath called you up."

**XVIII**

"My lords barons, say whom now can we send  
 To th' Sarrazin that Sarraguce defends?"  
 Answers Rollanz: "I might go very well."  
 "Certes, you'll not," says Oliver his friend,  
 "For your courage is fierce unto the end,

I am afraid you would misapprehend.  
If the King wills it I might go there well."  
Answers the King: "Be silent both on bench;  
Your feet nor his, I say, shall that way wend.  
Nay, by this beard, that you have seen grow blench,  
The dozen peers by that would stand condemned.  
Franks hold their peace; you'd seen them all silent.

## XIX

Turpins of Reins is risen from his rank,  
Says to the King: "In peace now leave your Franks.  
For seven years you've lingered in this land  
They have endured much pain and sufferance.  
Give, Sire, to me the clove, also the wand,  
I will seek out the Spanish Sarazand,  
For I believe his thoughts I understand."  
That Emperour answers intolerant:  
"Go, sit you down on yonder silken mat;  
And speak no more, until that I command."  
AOI.

## XX

"Franks, chevaliers," says the Emperour then, Charles,  
"Choose ye me out a baron from my marches,  
To Marsilie shall carry back my answer."  
Then says Rollanz: "There's Guenes, my goodfather."  
Answer the Franks: "For he can wisely manage;  
So let him go, there's none you should send rather."  
And that count Guenes is very full of anguish;  
Off from his neck he flings the pelts of marten,  
And on his feet stands clear in silken garment.  
Proud face he had, his eyes with colour, sparkled;  
Fine limbs he had, his ribs were broadly arched  
So fair he seemed that all the court regarded.  
Says to Rollant: "Fool, wherefore art so wrathful?  
All men know well that I am thy goodfather;  
Thou hast decreed, to Marsiliun I travel.  
Then if God grant that I return hereafter,  
I'll follow thee with such a force of passion  
That will endure so long as life may last thee."  
Answers Rollanz: "Thou'rt full of pride and madness.  
All men know well, I take no thought for slander;  
But some wise man, surely, should bear the answer;  
If the King will, I'm ready to go rather."  
AOI.

## XXI

Answers him Guene: "Thou shalt not go for me.  
Thou'rt not my man, nor am I lord of thee.  
Charles commnds that I do his decree,  
To Sarrauce going to Marsilie;  
There I will work a little trickery,  
This mighty wrath of mine I'll thus let free."

When Rollanz heard, began to laugh for glee.  
AOI.

## XXII

When Guenes sees that Rollant laughs at it,  
Such grief he has, for rage he's like to split,  
A little more, and he has lost his wit:  
Says to that count: "I love you not a bit;  
A false judgement you bore me when you chid.  
Right Emperour, you see me where you sit,  
I will your word accomplish, as you bid.  
AOI.

## XXIII

"To Sarraguce I must repair, 'tis plain;  
Whence who goes there returns no more again.  
Your sister's hand in marriage have I ta'en;  
And I've a son, there is no prettier swain:  
Baldwin, men say he shews the knightly strain.  
To him I leave my honours and domain.  
Care well for him; he'll look for me in vain."  
Answers him Charles: "Your heart is too humane.  
When I command, time is to start amain."  
AOI.

## XXIV

Then says the King: "Guenes, before me stand;  
And take from me the glove, also the wand.  
For you have heard, you're chosen by the Franks,"  
"Sire," answers Guenes, "all this is from Rollanz;  
I'll not love him, so long as I'm a man,  
Nor Oliver, who goes at his right hand;  
The dozen peers, for they are of his band,  
All I defy, as in your sight I stand."  
Then says the King: "Over intolerant.  
Now certainly you go when I command."  
"And go I can; yet have I no warrant  
Basile had none nor his brother Basant."

## XXV

His right hand glove that Emperour holds out;  
But the count Guenes elsewhere would fain be found;  
When he should take, it falls upon the ground.  
Murmur the Franks: "God! What may that mean now?  
By this message great loss shall come about."  
"Lordings," says Guene, "You'll soon have news enow."

## XXVI

"Now," Guenes said, "give me your orders, Sire;  
Since I must go, why need I linger, I?"  
Then said the King "In Jesu's Name and mine!"

With his right hand he has absolved and signed,  
Then to his care the wand and brief confides.

## XXVII

Guenes the count goes to his hostelry,  
Finds for the road his garments and his gear,  
All of the best he takes that may appear:  
Spurs of fine gold he fastens on his feet,  
And to his side Murgles his sword of steel.  
On Tachebrun, his charger, next he leaps,  
His uncle holds the stirrup, Guinemere.  
Then you had seen so many knights to weep,  
Who all exclaim: "Unlucky lord, indeed!  
In the King's court these many years you've been,  
Noble vassal, they say that have you seen.  
He that for you this journey has decreed  
King Charlemagne will never hold him dear.  
The Count Rollant, he should not so have deemed,  
Knowing you were born of very noble breed."  
After they say: "Us too, Sire, shall he lead."  
Then answers Guenes: "Not so, the Lord be pleased!  
Far better one than many knights should bleed.  
To France the Douce, my lords, you soon shall speed,  
On my behalf my gentle wife you'll greet,  
And Pinabel, who is my friend and peer,  
And Baldewin, my son, whom you have seen;  
His rights accord and help him in his need."  
—Rides down the road, and on his way goes he.  
AOI.

## XXVIII

Guenes canters on, and halts beneath a tree;  
Where Sarrazins assembled he may see,  
With Blancandrins, who abides his company.  
Cunning and keen they speak then, each to each,  
Says Blancandrins: "Charles, what a man is he,  
Who conquered Puille and th'whole of Calabrie;  
Into England he crossed the bitter sea,  
To th' Holy Pope restored again his fee.  
What seeks he now of us in our country?"  
Then answers Guene "So great courage hath he;  
Never was man against him might succeed."  
AOI.

## XXIX

Says Blancandrins "Gentle the Franks are found;  
Yet a great wrong these dukes do and these counts  
Unto their lord, being in counsel proud;  
Him and themselves they harry and confound."  
Guenes replies: "There is none such, without  
Only Rollanz, whom shame will yet find out.  
Once in the shade the King had sate him down;  
His nephew came, in sark of iron brown,

Spoils he had won, beyond by Carcasoune,  
 Held in his hand an apple red and round.  
 "Behold, fair Sire," said Rollanz as he bowed,  
 "Of all earth's kings I bring you here the crowns."  
 His cruel pride must shortly him confound,  
 Each day t'wards death he goes a little down,  
 When he be slain, shall peace once more abound."  
 AOI.

### XXX

Says Blancandrins: "A cruel man, Rollant,  
 That would bring down to bondage every man,  
 And challenges the peace of every land.  
 With what people takes he this task in hand?"  
 And answers Guene: "The people of the Franks;  
 They love him so, for men he'll never want.  
 Silver and gold he show'rs upon his band,  
 Chargers and mules, garments and silken mats.  
 The King himself holds all by his command;  
 From hence to the East he'll conquer sea and land."  
 AOI.

### XXXI

Cantered so far then Blancandrins and Guene  
 Till each by each a covenant had made  
 And sought a plan, how Rollant might be slain.  
 Cantered so far by valley and by plain  
 To Sarrauce beneath a cliff they came.  
 There a fald-stool stood in a pine-tree's shade,  
 Enveloped all in Alexandrin veils;  
 There was the King that held the whole of Espain,  
 Twenty thousand of Sarrazins his train;  
 Nor was there one but did his speech contain,  
 Eager for news, till they might hear the tale.  
 Haste into sight then Blancandrins and Guene.

### XXXII

Blancandrin comes before Marsiliun,  
 Holding the hand of county Guenelun;  
 Says to the King "Lord save you, Sire, Mahum  
 And Apollin, whose holy laws here run!  
 Your message we delivered to Charlun,  
 Both his two hands he raised against the sun,  
 Praising his God, but answer made he none.  
 He sends you here his noblest born barun,  
 Greatest in wealth, that out of France is come;  
 From him you'll hear if peace shall be, or none."  
 "Speak," said Marsile: "We'll hear him, every one."  
 AOI.



**XXXIII**

But the count Guenes did deeply meditate;  
Cunning and keen began at length, and spake  
Even as one that knoweth well the way;  
And to the King: "May God preserve you safe,  
The All Glorious, to whom we're bound to pray  
Proud Charlemagne this message bids me say:  
You must receive the holy Christian Faith,  
And yield in fee one half the lands of Spain.  
If to accord this tribute you disdain,  
Taken by force and bound in iron chain  
You will be brought before his throne at Aix;  
Judged and condemned you'll be, and shortly slain,  
Yes, you will die in misery and shame."  
King Marsilies was very sore afraid,  
Snatching a dart, with golden feathers gay,  
He made to strike: they turned aside his aim.  
AOI.

**XXXIV**

King Marsilies is turn'ed white with rage,  
His feathered dart he brandishes and shakes.  
Guenes beholds: his sword in hand he takes,  
Two fingers' width from scabbard bares the blade;  
And says to it: "O clear and fair and brave;  
Before this King in court we'll so behave,  
That the Emperour of France shall never say  
In a strange land I'd thrown my life away  
Before these chiefs thy temper had essayed."  
"Let us prevent this fight:" the pagans say.

**XXXV**

Then Sarrazins implored him so, the chiefs,  
On the faldstoel Marsillies took his seat.  
"Greatly you harm our cause," says the alcaliph:  
"When on this Frank your vengeance you would wreak;  
Rather you should listen to hear him speak."  
"Sire," Guenes says, "to suffer I am meek.  
I will not fail, for all the gold God keeps,  
Nay, should this land its treasure pile in heaps,  
But I will tell, so long as I be free,  
What Charlemagne, that Royal Majesty,  
Bids me inform his mortal enemy."  
Guenes had on a cloke of sable skin,  
And over it a veil Alexandrin;  
These he throws down, they're held by Blancandrin;  
But not his sword, he'll not leave hold of it,  
In his right hand he grasps the golden hilt.  
The pagans say. "A noble baron, this."  
AOI.

**XXXVI**

Before the King's face Guenes drawing near  
 Says to him "Sire, wherefore this rage and fear?  
 Seeing you are, by Charles, of Franks the chief,  
 Bidden to hold the Christians' right belief.  
 One half of Spain he'll render as your fief  
 The rest Rollanz, his nephew, shall receive,  
 Proud parcener in him you'll have indeed.  
 If you will not to Charles this tribute cede,  
 To you he'll come, and Sarrauce besiege;  
 Take you by force, and bind you hands and feet,  
 Bear you outright ev'n unto Aix his seat.  
 You will not then on palfrey nor on steed,  
 Jennet nor mule, come cantering in your speed;  
 Flung you will be on a vile sumpter-beast;  
 Tried there and judged, your head you will not keep.  
 Our Emperour has sent you here this brief."  
 He's given it into the pagan's nief.

**XXXVII**

Now Marsilies, is turn'ed white with ire,  
 He breaks the seal and casts the wax aside,  
 Looks in the brief, sees what the King did write:  
 "Charles commands, who holds all France by might,  
 I bear in mind his bitter grief and ire;  
 'Tis of Basan and 's brother Basilye,  
 Whose heads I took on th' hill by Haltilye.  
 If I would save my body now alive,  
 I must despatch my uncle the alcalyph,  
 Charles will not love me ever otherwise."  
 After, there speaks his son to Marsilye,  
 Says to the King: "In madness spoke this wight.  
 So wrong he was, to spare him were not right;  
 Leave him to me, I will that wrong requite."  
 When Guenes hears, he draws his sword outright,  
 Against the trunk he stands, beneath that pine.

**XXXVIII**

The King is gone into that orchard then;  
 With him he takes the best among his men;  
 And Blancandrins there shews his snowy hair,  
 And Jursalet, was the King's son and heir,  
 And the alcaliph, his uncle and his friend.  
 Says Blancandrins: "Summon the Frank again,  
 In our service his faith to me he's pledged."  
 Then says the King: "So let him now be fetched."  
 He's taken Guenes by his right finger-ends,  
 And through the orchard straight to the King they wend.  
 Of treason there make lawless parliament.  
 AOI.

**XXXIX**

"Fair Master Guenes," says then King Marsilie,  
"I did you now a little trickery,  
Making to strike, I shewed my great fury.  
These sable skins take as amends from me,  
Five hundred pounds would not their worth redeem.  
To-morrow night the gift shall ready be."  
Guene answers him: "I'll not refuse it, me.  
May God be pleased to shew you His mercy."  
AOI.

**XL**

Then says Marsile "Guenes, the truth to ken,  
Minded I am to love you very well.  
Of Charlemagne I wish to hear you tell,  
He's very old, his time is nearly spent,  
Two hundred years he's lived now, as 'tis said.  
Through many lands his armies he has led,  
So many blows his buckled shield has shed,  
And so rich kings he's brought to beg their bread;  
What time from war will he draw back instead?"  
And answers Guenes: "Not so was Charles bred.  
There is no man that sees and knows him well  
But will proclaim the Emperour's hardihead.  
Praise him as best I may, when all is said,  
Remain untold, honour and goodness yet.  
His great valour how can it be counted?  
Him with such grace hath God illumined,  
Better to die than leave his banneret."

**XLI**

The pagan says: "You make me marvel sore  
At Charlemagne, who is so old and hoar;  
Two hundred years, they say, he's lived and more.  
So many lands he's led his armies o'er,  
So many blows from spears and lances borne,  
And so rich kings brought down to beg and sorn,  
When will time come that he draws back from war?"  
"Never," says Guenes, "so long as lives his nephew;  
No such vassal goes neath the dome of heaven;  
And proof also is Oliver his henchman;  
The dozen peers, whom Char'les holds so precious,  
These are his guards, with other thousands twenty.  
Charles is secure, he holds no man in terror."  
AOI.

**XLII**

Says Sarrazin: "My wonder yet is grand  
At Charlemagne, who hoary is and blanched.  
Two hundred years and more, I understand,  
He has gone forth and conquered many a land,  
Such blows hath borne from many a trenchant lance,

Vanquished and slain of kings so rich a band,  
 When will time come that he from war draws back?"  
 "Never," says Guene, "so long as lives Rollanz,  
 From hence to the East there is no such vassal;  
 And proof also, Oliver his comrade;  
 The dozen peers he cherishes at hand,  
 These are his guard, with twenty thousand Franks.  
 Charles is secure, he fears no living man."  
 AOI.

### XLIII

"Fair Master Guenes," says Marsilies the King,  
 "Such men are mine, fairer than tongue can sing,  
 Of knights I can four hundred thousand bring  
 So I may fight with Franks and with their King."  
 Answers him Guenes: "Not on this journeying  
 Save of pagans a great loss suffering.  
 Leave you the fools, wise counsel following;  
 To the Emperour such wealth of treasure give  
 That every Frank at once is marvelling.  
 For twenty men that you shall now send in  
 To France the Douce he will repair, that King;  
 In the rereward will follow after him  
 Both his nephew, count Rollant, as I think,  
 And Oliver, that courteous paladin;  
 Dead are the counts, believe me if you will.  
 Charles will behold his great pride perishing,  
 For battle then he'll have no more the skill.  
 AOI.

### XLIV

Fair Master Guene," says then King Marsilie,  
 "Shew the device, how Rollant slain may be."  
 Answers him Guenes: "That will I soon make clear  
 The King will cross by the good pass of Size,  
 A guard he'll set behind him, in the rear;  
 His nephew there, count Rollant, that rich peer,  
 And Oliver, in whom he well believes;  
 Twenty thousand Franks in their company  
 Five score thousand pagans upon them lead,  
 Franks unawares in battle you shall meet,  
 Bruised and bled white the race of Franks shall be;  
 I do not say, but yours shall also bleed.  
 Battle again deliver, and with speed.  
 So, first or last, from Rollant you'll be freed.  
 You will have wrought a high chivalrous deed,  
 Nor all your life know war again, but peace.  
 AOI.

### XLV

"Could one achieve that Rollant's life was lost,  
 Charle's right arm were from his body torn;  
 Though there remained his marvellous great host,

He'd not again assemble in such force;  
Terra Major would languish in repose."  
Marsile has heard, he's kissed him on the throat;  
Next he begins to undo his treasure-store.  
AOI.

## XLVI

Said Marsilie—but now what more said they?—  
"No faith in words by oath unbound I lay;  
Swear me the death of Rollant on that day."  
Then answered Guene: "So be it, as you say."  
On the relics, are in his sword Murgles,  
Treason he's sworn, forsworn his faith away.  
AOI.

## XLVII

Was a fald-stool there, made of olifant.  
A book thereon Marsilies bade them plant,  
In it their laws, Mahum's and Tervagant's.  
He's sworn thereby, the Spanish Sarazand,  
In the rereward if he shall find Rollant,  
Battle to himself and all his band,  
And verily he'll slay him if he can.  
And answered Guenes: "So be it, as you command!"  
AOI.

## XLVIII

In haste there came a pagan Valdabrun,  
Warden had been to King Marsiliun,  
Smiling and clear, he's said to Guenelun,  
"Take now this sword, and better sword has none;  
Into the hilt a thousand coins are run.  
To you, fair sir, I offer it in love;  
Give us your aid from Rollant the barun,  
That in rereward against him we may come."  
Guenes the count answers: "It shall-be done."  
Then, cheek and chin, kissed each the other one.

## XLIX

After there came a pagan, Climorins,  
Smiling and clear to Guenelun begins:  
"Take now my helm, better is none than this;  
But give us aid, on Rollant the marquis,  
By what device we may dishonour bring."  
"It shall be done." Count Guenes answered him;  
On mouth and cheek then each the other kissed.  
AOI.

## L

In haste there came the Queen forth, Bramimound;  
"I love you well, sir," said she to the count,

"For prize you dear my lord and all around;  
 Here for your wife I have two brooches found,  
 Amethysts and jacinths in golden mount;  
 More worth are they than all the wealth of Roum;  
 Your Emperour has none such, I'll be bound."  
 He's taken them, and in his hosen pouched.  
 AOI.

## LI

The King now calls Malduiz, that guards his treasure.  
 "Tribute for Charles, say, is it now made ready?"  
 He answers him: "Ay, Sire, for here is plenty  
 Silver and gold on hundred camels seven,  
 And twenty men, the gentlest under heaven."  
 AOI.

## LII

Marsilie's arm Guene's shoulder doth enfold;  
 He's said to him: "You are both wise and bold.  
 Now, by the law that you most sacred hold,  
 Let not your heart in our behalf grow cold!  
 Out of my store I'll give you wealth untold,  
 Charging ten mules with fine Arabian gold;  
 I'll do the same for you, new year and old.  
 Take then the keys of this city so large,  
 This great tribute present you first to Charles,  
 Then get me placed Rollanz in the rereward.  
 If him I find in valley or in pass,  
 Battle I'll give him that shall be the last."  
 Answers him Guenes: "My time is nearly past."  
 His charger mounts, and on his journey starts.  
 AOI.

## LIII

That Emperour draws near to his domain,  
 He is come down unto the city Gailne.  
 The Count Rollanz had broken it and ta'en,  
 An hundred years its ruins shall remain.  
 Of Guenelun the King for news is fain,  
 And for tribute from the great land of Spain.  
 At dawn of day, just as the light grows plain,  
 Into their camp is come the county Guene.  
 AOI.

## LIV

In morning time is risen the Emperere,  
 Mattins and Mass he's heard, and made his prayer;  
 On the green grass before the tent his chair,  
 Where Rollant stood and that bold Oliver,  
 Neimes the Duke, and many others there.  
 Guenes arrived, the felon perjurer,  
 Begins to speak, with very cunning air,

Says to the King: "God keep you, Sire, I swear!  
 Of Sarraunce the keys to you I bear,  
 Tribute I bring you, very great and rare,  
 And twenty men; look after them with care.  
 Proud Marsilies bade me this word declare  
 That alcaliph, his uncle, you must spare.  
 My own eyes saw four hundred thousand there,  
 In hauberks dressed, closed helms that gleamed in the air,  
 And golden hilts upon their swords they bare.  
 They followed him, right to the sea they'll fare;  
 Marsile they left, that would their faith forswear,  
 For Christendom they've neither wish nor care.  
 But the fourth league they had not compassed, ere  
 Brake from the North tempest and storm in the air;  
 Then were they drowned, they will no more appear.  
 Were he alive, I should have brought him here.  
 The pagan king, in truth, Sire, bids you hear,  
 Ere you have seen one month pass of this year  
 He'll follow you to France, to your Empire,  
 He will accept the laws you hold and fear;  
 Joining his hands, will do you homage there,  
 Kingdom of Spain will hold as you declare."  
 Then says the King: "Now God be praised, I swear!  
 Well have you wrought, and rich reward shall wear."  
 Bids through the host a thousand trumpets blare.  
 Franks leave their lines; the sumpter-beasts are yare  
 T'wards France the Douce all on their way repair.  
 AOI.

## LV

Charles the Great that land of Spain had wasted,  
 Her castles ta'en, her cities violated.  
 Then said the King, his war was now abated.  
 Towards Douce France that Emperour has hasted.  
 Upon a lance Rollant his ensign raised,  
 High on a cliff against the sky 'twas placed;  
 The Franks in camp through all that country baited.  
 Cantered pagans, through those wide valleys raced,  
 Hauberks they wore and sarks with iron plated,  
 Swords to their sides were girt, their helms were laced,  
 Lances made sharp, escutcheons newly painted:  
 There in the mists beyond the peaks remained  
 The day of doom four hundred thousand waited.  
 God! what a grief. Franks know not what is fated.  
 AOI.

## LVI

Passes the day, the darkness is grown deep.  
 That Emperour, rich Charles, lies asleep;  
 Dreams that he stands in the great pass of Size,  
 In his two hands his ashen spear he sees;  
 Guenes the count that spear from him doth seize,  
 Brandishes it and twists it with such ease,

That flown into the sky the flinders seem.  
Charles sleeps on nor wakens from his dream.

## LVII

And after this another vision saw,  
In France, at Aix, in his Chapelle once more,  
That his right arm an evil bear did gnaw;  
Out of Ardennes he saw a leopard stalk,  
His body dear did savagely assault;  
But then there dashed a harrier from the hall,  
Leaping in the air he sped to Charles call,  
First the right ear of that grim bear he caught,  
And furiously the leopard next he fought.  
Of battle great the Franks then seemed to talk,  
Yet which might win they knew not, in his thought.  
Charles sleeps on, nor wakens he for aught.  
AOI.

## LVIII

Passes the night and opens the clear day;  
That Emperour canters in brave array,  
Looks through the host often and every way;  
"My lords barons," at length doth Charles say,  
"Ye see the pass along these valleys strait,  
Judge for me now, who shall in rereward wait."  
"There's my good-son, Rollanz," then answers Guenes,  
"You've no baron whose valour is as great."  
When the King hears, he looks upon him straight,  
And says to him: "You devil incarnate;  
Into your heart is come a mortal hate.  
And who shall go before me in the gate?"  
"Oger is here, of Denmark;" answers Guenes,  
"You've no baron were better in that place."  
AOI.

## LIX

The count Rollanz hath heard himself decreed;  
Speaks then to Guenes by rule of courtesy:  
"Good-father, Sir, I ought to hold you dear,  
Since the rereward you have for me decreed.  
Charles the King will never lose by me,  
As I know well, nor charger nor palfrey,  
Jennet nor mule that canter can with speed,  
Nor sumpter-horse will lose, nor any steed;  
But my sword's point shall first exact their meed."  
Answers him Guenes: "I know; 'tis true in-deed."  
AOI.

## LX

When Rollant heard that he should be rerewarden  
Furiously he spoke to his good-father:  
"Aha! culvert; begotten of a bastard.



Thinkest the glove will slip from me hereafter,  
As then from thee the wand fell before Charles?"  
AOI.

## LXI

"Right Emperour," says the baron Rollanz,  
"Give me the bow you carry in your hand;  
Neer in reproach, I know, will any man  
Say that it fell and lay upon the land,  
As Guenes let fall, when he received the wand."  
That Emperour with lowered front doth stand,  
He tugs his beard, his chin is in his hand  
Tears fill his eyes, he cannot them command.

## LXII

And after that is come duke Neimes furth,  
(Better vassal there was not upon earth)  
Says to the King: "Right well now have you heard  
The count Rollanz to bitter wrath is stirred,  
For that on him the rereward is conferred;  
No baron else have you, would do that work.  
Give him the bow your hands have bent, at first;  
Then find him men, his company are worth."  
Gives it, the King, and Rollant bears it furth.

## LXIII

That Emperour, Rollanz then calleth he:  
"Fair nephew mine, know this in verity;  
Half of my host I leave you presently;  
Retain you them; your safeguard this shall be."  
Then says the count: "I will not have them, me I  
Confound me God, if I fail in the deed!  
Good valiant Franks, a thousand score I'll keep.  
Go through the pass in all security,  
While I'm alive there's no man you need fear."  
AOI.

## LXIV

The count Rollanz has mounted his charger.  
Beside him came his comrade Oliver,  
Also Gerins and the proud count Geriers,  
And Otes came, and also Berengiers,  
Old Anseis, and Sansun too came there;  
Gerart also of Rossillon the fierce,  
And there is come the Gascon Engeliens.  
"Now by my head I'll go!" the Archbishop swears.  
"And I'm with you," says then the count Gualtiers,  
"I'm Rollant's man, I may not leave him there."  
A thousand score they choose of chevaliers.  
AOI.

**LXV**

Gualter del Hum he calls, that Count Rollanz;  
 "A thousand Franks take, out of France our land;  
 Dispose them so, among ravines and crags,  
 That the Emperour lose not a single man."  
 Gualter replies: "I'll do as you command."  
 A thousand Franks, come out of France their land,  
 At Gualter's word they scour ravines and crags;  
 They'll not come down, howe'er the news be bad,  
 Ere from their sheaths swords seven hundred flash.  
 King Almaris, Belserne for kingdom had,  
 On the evil day he met them in combat.  
 AOI.

**LXVI**

High are the peaks, the valleys shadowful,  
 Swarthy the rocks, the narrows wonderful.  
 Franks passed that day all very sorrowful,  
 Fifteen leagues round the rumour of them grew.  
 When they were come, and Terra Major knew,  
 Saw Gascony their land and their seigneur's,  
 Remembering their fiefs and their honours,  
 Their little maids, their gentle wives and true;  
 There was not one that shed not tears for rue.  
 Beyond the rest Charles was of anguish full,  
 In Spanish Pass he'd left his dear nephew;  
 Pity him seized; he could but weep for rue.  
 AOI.

**LXVII**

The dozen peers are left behind in Spain,  
 Franks in their band a thousand score remain,  
 No fear have these, death hold they in disdain.  
 That Emperour goes into France apace;  
 Under his cloke he fain would hide his face.  
 Up to his side comes cantering Duke Neimes,  
 Says to the King: "What grief upon you weighs?"  
 Charles answers him: "He's wrong that question makes.  
 So great my grief I cannot but complain.  
 France is destroyed, by the device of Guene:  
 This night I saw, by an angel's vision plain,  
 Between my hands he brake my spear in twain;  
 Great fear I have, since Rollant must remain:  
 I've left him there, upon a border strange.  
 God! If he's lost, I'll not outlive that shame."  
 AOI.

**LXVIII**

Charles the great, he cannot but deplore.  
 And with him Franks an hundred thousand mourn,  
 Who for Rollanz have marvellous remorse.  
 The felon Guenes had treacherously wrought;

From pagan kin has had his rich reward,  
Silver and gold, and veils and silken cloths,  
Camels, lions, with many a mule and horse.  
Barons from Spain King Marsilies hath called,  
Counts and viscounts and dukes and almacours,  
And the admirals, and cadets nobly born;  
Within three days come hundreds thousands four.  
In Sarrauce they sound the drums of war;  
Mahum they raise upon their highest tow'r,  
Pagan is none, that does not him adore.  
They canter then with great contention  
Through Certeine land, valleys and mountains, on,  
Till of the Franks they see the gonfalons,  
Being in rereward those dozen companions;  
They will not fail battle to do anon.

### LXIX

Marsile's nephew is come before the band,  
Riding a mule, he goads it with a wand,  
Smiling and clear, his uncle's ear demands:  
"Fair Lord and King, since, in your service, glad,  
I have endured sorrow and sufferance,  
Have fought in field, and victories have had.  
Give me a fee: the right to smite Rollanz!  
I'll slay him clean with my good trenchant lance,  
If Mahumet will be my sure warrant;  
Spain I'll set free, deliver all her land  
From Pass of Aspre even unto Durestant.  
Charles will grow faint, and recreant the Franks;  
There'll be no war while you're a living man."  
Marsilie gives the glove into his hand.  
AOI.

### LXX

Marsile's nephew, holding in hand the glove,  
His uncle calls, with reason proud enough:  
"Fair Lord and King, great gift from you I've won.  
Choose now for me eleven more baruns,  
So I may fight those dozen companions."  
First before all there answers Falfarun;  
—Brother he was to King Marsiliun—  
"Fair sir nephew, go you and I at once  
Then verily this battle shall be done;  
The rereward of the great host of Carlun,  
It is decreed we deal them now their doom."  
AOI.

### LXXI

King Corsablis is come from the other part,  
Barbarian, and steeped in evil art.  
He's spoken then as fits a good vassal,  
For all God's gold he would not seem coward.  
Hastes into view Malprimis of Brigal,

Faster than a horse, upon his feet can dart,  
 Before Marsile he cries with all his heart:  
 "My body I will shew at Rencesvals;  
 Find I Rollanz, I'll slay him without fault."

## LXXII

An admiral is there of Balaguet;  
 Clear face and proud, and body nobly bred;  
 Since first he was upon his horse mounted,  
 His arms to bear has shewn great lustihead;  
 In vassalage he is well famoused;  
 Christian were he, he'd shewn good baronhead.  
 Before Marsile aloud has he shouted:  
 "To Rencesvals my body shall be led;  
 Find I Rollanz, then is he surely dead,  
 And Oliver, and all the other twelve;  
 Franks shall be slain in grief and wretchedness.  
 Charles the great is old now and doted,  
 Weary will be and make no war again;  
 Spain shall be ours, in peace and quietness."  
 King Marsilies has heard and thanks him well.  
 AOI.

## LXXIII

An almacour is there of Moriane,  
 More felon none in all the land of Spain.  
 Before Marsile his vaunting boast hath made:  
 "To Rencesvals my company I'll take,  
 A thousand score, with shields and lances brave.  
 Find I Rollanz, with death I'll him acquaint;  
 Day shall not dawn but Charles will make his plaint."  
 AOI.

## LXXIV

From the other part, Turgis of Turtelose,  
 He was a count, that city was his own;  
 Christians he would them massacre, every one.  
 Before Marsile among the rest is gone,  
 Says to the King: "Let not dismay be shewn!  
 Mahum's more worth than Saint Peter of Rome;  
 Serve we him well, then fame in field we'll own.  
 To Rencesvals, to meet Rollanz I'll go,  
 From death he'll find his warranty in none.  
 See here my sword, that is both good and long  
 With Durendal I'll lay it well across;  
 Ye'll hear betimes to which the prize is gone.  
 Franks shall be slain, whom we descend upon,  
 Charles the old will suffer grief and wrong,  
 No more on earth his crown will he put on."

**LXXV**

From the other part, Escremiz of Valtrenne,  
A Sarrazin, that land was his as well.  
Before Marsile he cries amid the press:  
"To Rencesvals I go, pride to make less;  
Find I Rollanz, he'll not bear thence his head,  
Nor Oliver that hath the others led,  
The dozen peers condemned are to death;  
Franks shall be slain, and France lie deserted.  
Of good vassals will Charles be richly bled."  
AOI.

**LXXVI**

From the other part, a pagan Esturganz;  
Estramariz also, was his comrade;  
Felons were these, and traitors miscreant.  
Then said Marsile: "My Lords, before me stand!  
Into the pass ye'll go to Rencesvals,  
Give me your aid, and thither lead my band."  
They answer him: "Sire, even as you command.  
We will assault Olivier and Rollant,  
The dozen peers from death have no warrant,  
For these our swords are trusty and trenchant,  
In scalding blood we'll dye their blades scarlat.  
Franks shall be slain, and Chares be right sad.  
Terra Major we'll give into your hand;  
Come there, Sir King, truly you'll see all that  
Yea, the Emperour we'll give into your hand."

**LXXVII**

Running there came Margariz of Sibile,  
Who holds the land by Cadiz, to the sea.  
For his beauty the ladies hold him dear;  
Who looks on him, with him her heart is pleased,  
When she beholds, she can but smile for glee.  
Was no pagan of such high chivalry.  
Comes through the press, above them all cries he,  
"Be not at all dismayed, King Marsilie!  
To Rencesvals I go, and Rollanz, he  
Nor Oliver may scape alive from me;  
The dozen peers are doomed to martyrdom.  
See here the sword, whose hilt is gold indeed,  
I got in gift from the admiral of Primes;  
In scarlat blood I pledge it shall be steeped.  
Franks shall be slain, and France abased be.  
To Charles the old, with his great blossoming beard,  
Day shall not dawn but brings him rage and grief,  
Ere a year pass, all France we shall have seized,  
Till we can lie in th' burgh of Saint Denise."  
The pagan king has bowed his head down deep.  
AOI.

**LXXVIII**

From the other part, Chemubles of Muneigre.  
 Right to the ground his hair swept either way;  
 He for a jest would bear a heavier weight  
 Than four yoked mules, beneath their load that strain.  
 That land he had, God's curse on it was plain.  
 No sun shone there, nor grew there any grain,  
 No dew fell there, nor any shower of rain,  
 The very stones were black upon that plain;  
 And many say that devils there remain.  
 Says Chemubles "My sword is in its place,  
 At Rencesvals scarlat I will it stain;  
 Find I Rollanz the proud upon my way,  
 I'll fall on him, or trust me not again,  
 And Durendal I'll conquer with this blade,  
 Franks shall be slain, and France a desert made."  
 The dozen peers are, at this word, away,  
 Five score thousand of Sarrazins they take;  
 Who keenly press, and on to battle haste;  
 In a fir-wood their gear they ready make.

**LXXIX**

Ready they make hauberks Sarrazinese,  
 That folded are, the greater part, in three;  
 And they lace on good helms Sarragucese;  
 Gird on their swords of tried steel Viennese;  
 Fine shields they have, and spears Valentinese,  
 And white, blue, red, their ensigns take the breeze,  
 They've left their mules behind, and their palfreys,  
 Their chargers mount, and canter knee by knee.  
 Fair shines the sun, the day is bright and clear,  
 Light bums again from all their polished gear.  
 A thousand horns they sound, more proud to seem;  
 Great is the noise, the Franks its echo hear.  
 Says Oliver: "Companion, I believe,  
 Sarrazins now in battle must we meet."  
 Answers Rollanz: "God grant us then the fee!  
 For our King's sake well must we quit us here;  
 Man for his lord should suffer great disease,  
 Most bitter cold endure, and burning heat,  
 His hair and skin should offer up at need.  
 Now must we each lay on most hardily,  
 So evil songs neer sung of us shall be.  
 Pagans are wrong; Christians are right indeed.  
 Evil example will never come of me."  
 AOI.

**LXXX**

Oliver mounts upon a lofty peak,  
 Looks to his right along the valley green,  
 The pagan tribes approaching there appear;  
 He calls Rollanz, his companion, to see:  
 "What sound is this, come out of Spain, we hear,

What hauberks bright, what helmets these that gleam?  
They'll smite our Franks with fury past belief,  
He knew it, Guenes, the traitor and the thief,  
Who chose us out before the King our chief."  
Answers the count Rollanz: "Olivier, cease.  
That man is my good-father; hold thy peace."

### LXXXI

Upon a peak is Oliver mounted,  
Kingdom of Spain he sees before him spread,  
And Sarrazins, so many gathered.  
Their helmets gleam, with gold are jewelled,  
Also their shields, their hauberks orfreyed,  
Also their swords, ensigns on spears fixed.  
Rank beyond rank could not be numbered,  
So many there, no measure could he set.  
In his own heart he's sore astonished,  
Fast as he could, down from the peak hath sped  
Comes to the Franks, to them his tale hath said.

### LXXXII

Says Oliver: "Pagans from there I saw;  
Never on earth did any man see more.  
Gainst us their shields an hundred thousand bore,  
That laced helms and shining hauberks wore;  
And, bolt upright, their bright brown spearheads shone.  
Battle we'll have as never was before.  
Lords of the Franks, God keep you in valour!  
So hold your ground, we be not overborne!"  
Then say the Franks "Shame take him that goes off:  
If we must die, then perish one and all."  
AOI.

### LXXXIII

Says Oliver: "Pagans in force abound,  
While of us Franks but very few I count;  
Comrade Rollanz, your horn I pray you sound!  
If Charles hear, he'll turn his armies round."  
Answers Rollanz: "A fool I should be found;  
In France the Douce would perish my renown.  
With Durendal I'll lay on thick and stout,  
In blood the blade, to its golden hilt, I'll drown.  
Felon pagans to th' pass shall not come down;  
I pledge you now, to death they all are bound.  
AOI.

### LXXXIV

"Comrade Rollanz, sound the olifant, I pray;  
If Charles hear, the host he'll turn again;  
Will succour us our King and baronage."  
Answers Rollanz: "Never, by God, I say,  
For my misdeed shall kinsmen hear the blame,

Nor France the Douce fall into evil fame!  
 Rather stout blows with Durendal I'll lay,  
 With my good sword that by my side doth sway;  
 Till bloodied o'er you shall behold the blade.  
 Felon pagans are gathered to their shame;  
 I pledge you now, to death they're doomed to-day."

#### LXXXV

"Comrade Rollanz, once sound your olifant!  
 If Charles hear, where in the pass he stands,  
 I pledge you now, they'll turn again, the Franks."  
 "Never, by God," then answers him Rollanz,  
 "Shall it be said by any living man,  
 That for pagans I took my horn in hand!  
 Never by me shall men reproach my clan.  
 When I am come into the battle grand,  
 And blows lay on, by hundred, by thousand,  
 Of Durendal bloodied you'll see the brand.  
 Franks are good men; like vassals brave they'll stand;  
 Nay, Spanish men from death have no warrant."

#### LXXXVI

Says Oliver: "In this I see no blame;  
 I have beheld the Sarrazins of Spain;  
 Covered with them, the mountains and the vales,  
 The wastes I saw, and all the farthest plains.  
 A muster great they've made, this people strange;  
 We have of men a very little tale."  
 Answers Rollanz: "My anger is inflamed.  
 Never, please God His Angels and His Saints,  
 Never by me shall Frankish valour fail!  
 Rather I'll die than shame shall me attain.  
 Therefore strike on, the Emperour's love to gain."

#### LXXXVII

Pride hath Rollanz, wisdom Olivier hath;  
 And both of them shew marvellous courage;  
 Once they are horsed, once they have donned their arms,  
 Rather they'd die than from the battle pass.  
 Good are the counts, and lofty their language.  
 Felon pagans come cantering in their wrath.  
 Says Oliver: "Behold and see, Rollanz,  
 These are right near, but Charles is very far.  
 On the olifant deign now to sound a blast;  
 Were the King here, we should not fear damage.  
 Only look up towards the Pass of Aspre,  
 In sorrow there you'll see the whole rereward.  
 Who does this deed, does no more afterward."  
 Answers Rollanz: "Utter not such outrage!  
 Evil his heart that is in thought coward!  
 We shall remain firm in our place installed;  
 From us the blows shall come, from us the assault."



AOI.

### LXXXVIII

When Rollant sees that now must be combat,  
More fierce he's found than lion or leopard;  
The Franks he calls, and Oliver commands:  
"Now say no more, my friends, nor thou, comrade.  
That Emperour, who left us Franks on guard,  
A thousand score stout men he set apart,  
And well he knows, not one will prove coward.  
Man for his lord should suffer with good heart,  
Of bitter cold and great heat bear the smart,  
His blood let drain, and all his flesh be scarred.  
Strike with thy lance, and I with Durendal,  
With my good sword that was the King's reward.  
So, if I die, who has it afterward  
Noble vassal's he well may say it was."

### LXXXIX

From the other part is the Archbishop Turpin,  
He pricks his horse and mounts upon a hill;  
Calling the Franks, sermon to them begins:  
"My lords barons, Charles left us here for this;  
He is our King, well may we die for him:  
To Christendom good service offering.  
Battle you'll have, you all are bound to it,  
For with your eyes you see the Sarrazins.  
Pray for God's grace, confessing Him your sins!  
For your souls' health, I'll absolution give  
So, though you die, blest martyrs shall you live,  
Thrones you shall win in the great Paradis."  
The Franks dismount, upon the ground are lit.  
That Archbishop God's Benediction gives,  
For their penance, good blows to strike he bids.

### XC

The Franks arise, and stand upon their feet,  
They're well absolved, and from their sins made clean,  
And the Archbishop has signed them with God's seal;  
And next they mount upon their chargers keen;  
By rule of knights they have put on their gear,  
For battle all apparelled as is meet.  
The count Rollant calls Oliver, and speaks  
"Comrade and friend, now clearly have you seen  
That Guenelun hath got us by deceit;  
Gold hath he ta'en; much wealth is his to keep;  
That Emperour vengeance for us must wreak.  
King Marsilies hath bargained for us cheap;  
At the sword's point he yet shall pay our meed."  
AOI.

**XCI**

To Spanish pass is Rollanz now going  
 On Veillantif, his good steed, galloping;  
 He is well armed, pride is in his bearing,  
 He goes, so brave, his spear in hand holding,  
 He goes, its point against the sky turning;  
 A gonfalon all white thereon he's pinned,  
 Down to his hand flutters the golden fringe:  
 Noble his limbs, his face clear and smiling.  
 His companion goes after, following,  
 The men of France their warrant find in him.  
 Proudly he looks towards the Sarrazins,  
 And to the Franks sweetly, himself humbling;  
 And courteously has said to them this thing:  
 "My lords barons, go now your pace holding!  
 Pagans are come great martyrdom seeking;  
 Noble and fair reward this day shall bring,  
 Was never won by any Frankish King."  
 Upon these words the hosts are come touching.  
 AOI.

**XCII**

Speaks Oliver: "No more now will I say.  
 Your olifant, to sound it do not deign,  
 Since from Carlun you'll never more have aid.  
 He has not heard; no fault of his, so brave.  
 Those with him there are never to be blamed.  
 So canter on, with what prowess you may!  
 Lords and barons, firmly your ground maintain!  
 Be minded well, I pray you in God's Name,  
 Stout blows to strike, to give as you shall take.  
 Forget the cry of Charles we never may."  
 Upon this word the Franks cry out amain.  
 Who then had heard them all "Monjoie!" acclaim  
 Of vassalage might well recall the tale.  
 They canter forth, God! with what proud parade,  
 Pricking their spurs, the better speed to gain;  
 They go to strike,—what other thing could they?—  
 But Sarrazins are not at all afraid.  
 Pagans and Franks, you'd see them now engaged.

**XCIII**

Marsile's nephew, his name is Aelroth,  
 First of them all canters before the host,  
 Says of our Franks these ill words as he goes:  
 "Felons of France, so here on us you close!  
 Betrayed you has he that to guard you ought;  
 Mad is the King who left you in this post.  
 So shall the fame of France the Douce be lost,  
 And the right arm from Charles body torn."  
 When Rollant hears, what rage he has, by God!  
 His steed he spurs, gallops with great effort;  
 He goes, that count, to strike with all his force,

The shield he breaks, the hauberk's seam unsews,  
Slices the heart, and shatters up the bones,  
All of the spine he severs with that blow,  
And with his spear the soul from body throws  
So well he's pinned, he shakes in the air that corse,  
On his spear's hilt he's flung it from the horse:  
So in two halves Aeroth's neck he broke,  
Nor left him yet, they say, but rather spoke:  
"Avaunt, culvert! A madman Charles is not,  
No treachery was ever in his thought.  
Proudly he did, who left us in this post;  
The fame of France the Douce shall not be lost.  
Strike on, the Franks! Ours are the foremost blows.  
For we are right, but these gluttons are wrong."  
AOI.

#### XCIV

A duke there was, his name was Falfarun,  
Brother was he to King Marsiliun,  
He held their land, Dathan's and Abirun's;  
Beneath the sky no more encrimed felun;  
Between his eyes so broad was he in front  
A great half-foot you'd measure there in full.  
His nephew dead he's seen with grief enough,  
Comes through the press and wildly forth he runs,  
Aloud he shouts their cry the pagans use;  
And to the Franks is right contrarious:  
"Honour of France the Douce shall fall to us!"  
Hears Oliver, he's very furious,  
His horse he pricks with both his golden spurs,  
And goes to strike, ev'n as a baron doth;  
The shield he breaks and through the hauberk cuts,  
His ensign's fringe into the carcass thrusts,  
On his spear's hilt he's flung it dead in dust.  
Looks on the ground, sees glutton lying thus,  
And says to him, with reason proud enough:  
"From threatening, culvert, your mouth I've shut.  
Strike on, the Franks! Right well we'll overcome."  
"Monjoie," he shouts, 'twas the ensign of Carlun.  
AOI.

#### XCV

A king there was, his name was Corsablix,  
Barbarian, and of a strange country,  
He's called aloud to the other Sarrazins:  
"Well may we join battle upon this field,  
For of the Franks but very few are here;  
And those are here, we should account them cheap,  
From Charles not one has any warranty.  
This is the day when they their death shall meet."  
Has heard him well that Archbishop Turpin,  
No man he'd hate so much the sky beneath;  
Spurs of fine gold he pricks into his steed,

To strike that king by virtue great goes he,  
The hauberk all unfastens, breaks the shield,  
Thrusts his great spear in through the carcass clean,  
Pins it so well he shakes it in its seat,  
Dead in the road he's flung it from his spear.  
Looks on the ground, that glutton lying sees,  
Nor leaves him yet, they say, but rather speaks:  
"Culvert pagan, you lied now in your teeth,  
Charles my lord our warrant is indeed;  
None of our Franks hath any mind to flee.  
Your companions all on this spot we'll keep,  
I tell you news; death shall ye suffer here.  
Strike on, the Franks! Fail none of you at need!  
Ours the first blow, to God the glory be!"  
"Monjoie!" he cries, for all the camp to hear.

### XCVI

And Gerins strikes Malprimis of Brigal  
So his good shield is nothing worth at all,  
Shatters the boss, was fashioned of crystal,  
One half of it downward to earth flies off;  
Right to the flesh has through his hauberk torn,  
On his good spear he has the carcass caught.  
And with one blow that pagan downward falls;  
The soul of him Satan away hath borne.  
AOI.

### XCVII

And his comrade Gerers strikes the admiral,  
The shield he breaks, the hauberk unmetals,  
And his good spear drives into his vitals,  
So well he's pinned him, clean through the carcass,  
Dead on the field he's flung him from his hand.  
Says Oliver: "Now is our battle grand."

### XCVIII

Sansun the Duke goes strike that almacour,  
The shield he breaks, with golden flowers tooled,  
That good hauberk for him is nothing proof,  
He's sliced the heart, the lungs and liver through,  
And flung him dead, as well or ill may prove.  
Says the Archbishop: "A baron's stroke, in truth."

### XCIX

And Anseis has let his charger run;  
He goes to strike Turgis of Turtelus,  
The shield he breaks, its golden boss above,  
The hauberk too, its doubled mail undoes,  
His good spear's point into the carcass runs,  
So well he's thrust, clean through the whole steel comes,  
And from the hilt he's thrown him dead in dust.

Then says Rollant: "Great prowess in that thrust."

## C

And Engeler the Gascoin of Burdele  
Spurs on his horse, lets fall the reins as well,  
He goes to strike Escremiz of Valtrene,  
The shield he breaks and shatters on his neck,  
The hauberk too, he has its chinguard rent,  
Between the arm-pits has pierced him through the breast,  
On his spear's hilt from saddle throws him dead;  
After he says "So are you turned to hell."  
AOI.

## CI

And Otes strikes a pagan Estorgant  
Upon the shield, before its leathern band,  
Slices it through, the white with the scarlat;  
The hauberk too, has torn its folds apart,  
And his good spear thrusts clean through the carcass,  
And flings it dead, ev'n as the horse goes past;  
He says: "You have no warrant afterward."

## CII

And Berenger, he strikes Estramariz,  
The shield he breaks, the hauberk tears and splits,  
Thrusts his stout spear through's middle, and him flings  
Down dead among a thousand Sarrazins.  
Of their dozen peers ten have now been killed,  
No more than two remain alive and quick,  
Being Chernuble, and the count Margariz.

## CIII

Margariz is a very gallant knight,  
Both fair and strong, and swift he is and light;  
He spurs his horse, goes Oliver to strike,  
And breaks his shield, by th'golden buckle bright;  
Along his ribs the pagan's spear doth glide;  
God's his warrant, his body has respite,  
The shaft breaks off, Oliver stays upright;  
That other goes, naught stays him in his flight,  
His trumpet sounds, rallies his tribe to fight.

## CIV

Common the fight is now and marvellous.  
The count Rollanz no way himself secures,  
Strikes with his spear, long as the shaft endures,  
By fifteen blows it is clean broken through  
Then Durendal he bares, his sabre good  
Spurs on his horse, is gone to strike Chemuble,  
The helmet breaks, where bright carbuncles grew,  
Slices the cap and shears the locks in two,

Slices also the eyes and the features,  
 The hauberk white, whose mail was close of woof,  
 Down to the groin cuts all his body through  
 To the saddle; with beaten gold 'twas tooled.  
 Upon the horse that sword a moment stood,  
 Then sliced its spine, no join there any knew,  
 Dead in the field among thick grass them threw.  
 After he said "Culvert, false step you moved,  
 From Mahumet your help will not come soon.  
 No victory for gluttons such as you."

## CV

The count Rollanz, he canters through the field,  
 Holds Durendal, he well can thrust and wield,  
 Right great damage he's done the Sarrazines  
 You'd seen them, one on other, dead in heaps,  
 Through all that place their blood was flowing clear!  
 In blood his arms were and his hauberk steeped,  
 And bloodied o'er, shoulders and neck, his steed.  
 And Oliver goes on to strike with speed;  
 No blame that way deserve the dozen peers,  
 For all the Franks they strike and slay with heat,  
 Pagans are slain, some swoon there in their seats,  
 Says the Archbishop: "Good baronage indeed!"  
 "Monjoie" he cries, the call of Charles repeats.  
 AOI.

## CVI

And Oliver has cantered through the crush;  
 Broken his spear, the truncheon still he thrusts;  
 Going to strike a pagan Malsarun;  
 Flowers and gold, are on the shield, he cuts,  
 Out of the head both the two eyes have burst,  
 And all the brains are fallen in the dust;  
 He flings him dead, sev'n hundred else amongst.  
 Then has he slain Turgin and Esturgus;  
 Right to the hilt, his spear in flinders flew.  
 Then says Rollant: "Companion, what do you?  
 In such a fight, there's little strength in wood,  
 Iron and steel should here their valour prove.  
 Where is your sword, that Halteclere I knew?  
 Golden its hilt, whereon a crystal grew."  
 Says Oliver: "I had not, if I drew,  
 Time left to strike enough good blows and true."  
 AOI.

## CVII

Then Oliver has drawn his mighty sword  
 As his comrade had bidden and implored,  
 In knightly wise the blade to him has shewed;  
 Justin he strikes, that Iron Valley's lord,  
 All of his head has down the middle shorn,  
 The carcass sliced, the broidered sark has torn,

The good saddle that was with old adorned,  
 And through the spine has sliced that pagan's horse;  
 Dead in the field before his feet they fall.  
 Says Rollant: "Now my brother I you call;  
 He'll love us for such blows, our Emperor."  
 On every side "Monjoie" you'd hear them roar.  
 AOI.

### CVIII

That count Gerins sate on his horse Sorel,  
 On Passe-Cerf was Gerers there, his friend;  
 They've loosed their reins, together spurred and sped,  
 And go to strike a pagan Timozel;  
 One on the shield, on hauberk the other fell;  
 And their two spears went through the carcass well,  
 A fallow field amidst they've thrown him dead.  
 I do not know, I never heard it said  
 Which of the two was nimbler as they went.  
 Esperveris was there, son of Borel,  
 And him there slew Engeler of Burdel.  
 And the Archbishop, he slew them Siglorel,  
 The enchanter, who before had been in hell,  
 Where Jupiter bore him by a magic spell.  
 Then Turpin says "To us he's forfeited."  
 Answers Rollanz: "The culvert is bested.  
 Such blows, brother Olivier, I like well."

### CIX

The battle grows more hard and harder yet,  
 Franks and pagans, with marvellous onset,  
 Each other strike and each himself defends.  
 So many shafts bloodstained and shattered,  
 So many flags and ensigns tattered;  
 So many Franks lose their young lustihead,  
 Who'll see no more their mothers nor their friends,  
 Nor hosts of France, that in the pass attend.  
 Charles the Great weeps therefor with regret.  
 What profits that? No succour shall they get.  
 Evil service, that day, Guenes rendered them,  
 To Sarrauce going, his own to sell.  
 After he lost his members and his head,  
 In court, at Aix, to gallows-tree condemned;  
 And thirty more with him, of his kindred,  
 Were hanged, a thing they never did expect.  
 AOI.

### CX

Now marvellous and weighty the combat,  
 Right well they strike, Olivier and Rollant,  
 A thousand blows come from the Archbishop's hand,  
 The dozen peers are nothing short of that,  
 With one accord join battle all the Franks.  
 Pagans are slain by hundred, by thousand,

Who flies not then, from death has no warrant,  
 Will he or nill, foregoes the allotted span.  
 The Franks have lost the foremost of their band,  
 They'll see no more their fathers nor their clans,  
 Nor Charlemagne, where in the pass he stands.  
 Torment arose, right marvellous, in France,  
 Tempest there was, of wind and thunder black,  
 With rain and hail, so much could not be spanned;  
 Fell thunderbolts often on every hand,  
 And verily the earth quaked in answer back  
 From Saint Michael of Peril unto Sanz,  
 From Besencun to the harbour of Guitsand;  
 No house stood there but straight its walls must crack:  
 In full mid-day the darkness was so grand,  
 Save the sky split, no light was in the land.  
 Beheld these things with terror every man,  
 And many said: "We in the Judgement stand;  
 The end of time is presently at hand."  
 They spake no truth; they did not understand;  
 'Twas the great day of mourning for Rollant.

## CXI

The Franks strike on; their hearts are good and stout.  
 Pagans are slain, a thousandfold, in crowds,  
 Left of five score are not two thousands now.  
 Says the Archbishop: "Our men are very proud,  
 No man on earth has more nor better found.  
 In Chronicles of Franks is written down,  
 What vassalage he had, our Emperour."  
 Then through the field they go, their friends seek out,  
 And their eyes weep with grief and pain profound  
 For kinsmen dear, by hearty friendship bound.  
 King Marsilies and his great host draw round.  
 AOI.

## CXII

King Marsilies along a valley led  
 The mighty host that he had gathered.  
 Twenty columns that king had numbered.  
 With gleaminag gold their helms were jewelled.  
 Shone too their shields and sarks embroidered.  
 Sounded the charge seven thousand trumpets,  
 Great was the noise through all that country went.  
 Then said Rollanz: "Olivier, brother, friend,  
 That felon Guenes hath sworn to achieve our death;  
 For his treason no longer is secret.  
 Right great vengeance our Emperour will get.  
 Battle we'll have, both long and keenly set,  
 Never has man beheld such armies met.  
 With Durendal my sword I'll strike again,  
 And, comrade, you shall strike with Halteclere.  
 These swords in lands so many have we held,  
 Battles with them so many brought to end,



No evil song shall e'er be sung or said."  
AOI.

### CXIII

When the Franks see so many there, pagans,  
On every side covering all the land,  
Often they call Olivier and Rollant,  
The dozen peers, to be their safe warrant.  
And the Archbishop speaks to them, as he can:  
"My lords barons, go thinking nothing bad!  
For God I pray you fly not hence but stand,  
Lest evil songs of our valour men chant!  
Far better t'were to perish in the van.  
Certain it is, our end is near at hand,  
Beyond this day shall no more live one man;  
But of one thing I give you good warrant:  
Blest Paradise to you now open stands,  
By the Innocents your thrones you there shall have."  
Upon these words grow bold again the Franks;  
There is not one but he "Monjoie" demands.  
AOI.

### CXIV

A Sarrazin was there, of Sarraguce,  
Of that city one half was his by use,  
'Twas Climborins, a man was nothing proof;  
By Guenelun the count an oath he took,  
And kissed his mouth in amity and truth,  
Gave him his sword and his carbuncle too.  
Terra Major, he said, to shame he'd put,  
From the Emperour his crown he would remove.  
He sate his horse, which he called Barbamusche,  
Never so swift sparrow nor swallow flew,  
He spurred him well, and down the reins he threw,  
Going to strike Engelier of Gascune;  
Nor shield nor sark him any warrant proved,  
The pagan spear's point did his body wound,  
He pinned him well, and all the steel sent through,  
From the hilt flung him dead beneath his foot.  
After he said: "Good are they to confuse.  
Pagans, strike on, and so this press set loose!"  
"God!" say the Franks, "Grief, such a man to lose!"  
AOI.

### CXV

The count Rollanz called upon Oliver:  
"Sir companion, dead now is Engeler;  
Than whom we'd no more valiant chevalier."  
Answered that count: "God, let me him avenge!"  
Spurs of fine gold into his horse drove then,  
Held Halteclere, with blood its steel was red,  
By virtue great to strike that pagan went,  
Brandished his blade, the Sarrazin upset;

The Adversaries of God his soul bare thence.  
 Next he has slain the duke Alphaien,  
 And sliced away Escababi his head,  
 And has unhorsed some seven Arabs else;  
 No good for those to go to war again.  
 Then said Rollanz: "My comrade shews anger,  
 So in my sight he makes me prize him well;  
 More dear by Charles for such blows are we held."  
 Aloud he's cried: "Strike on, the chevaliers!"  
 AOI.

## CXVI

From the other part a pagan Valdabron.  
 Warden he'd been to king Marsilion,  
 And lord, by sea, of four hundred dromonds;  
 No sailor was but called his name upon;  
 Jerusalem he'd taken by treason,  
 Violated the Temple of Salomon,  
 The Partiarh had slain before the fonts.  
 He'd pledged his oath by county Guenelon,  
 Gave him his sword, a thousand coins thereon.  
 He sate his horse, which he called Gramimond,  
 Never so swift flew in the air falcon;  
 He's pricked him well, with sharp spurs he had on,  
 Going to strike e'en that rich Duke, Sanson;  
 His shield has split, his hauberk has undone,  
 The ensign's folds have through his body gone,  
 Dead from the hilt out of his seat he's dropt:  
 "Pagans, strike on, for well we'll overcome!"  
 "God!" say the Franks, "Grief for a brave baron!"  
 AOI.

## CXVII

The count Rollanz, when Sansun dead he saw,  
 You may believe, great grief he had therefor.  
 His horse he spurs, gallops with great effort,  
 Wiolds Durendal, was worth fine gold and more,  
 Goes as he may to strike that baron bold  
 Above the helm, that was embossed with gold,  
 Slices the head, the sark, and all the corse,  
 The good saddle, that was embossed with gold,  
 And cuts deep through the backbone of his horse;  
 He's slain them both, blame him for that or laud.  
 The pagans say: "'Twas hard on us, that blow."  
 Answers Rollanz: "Nay, love you I can not,  
 For on your side is arrogance and wrong."  
 AOI.

## CXVIII

Out of Affrike an Affrican was come,  
 'Twas Malquiant, the son of king Malcud;  
 With beaten gold was all his armour done,  
 Fore all men's else it shone beneath the sun.

He sate his horse, which he called Salt-Perdut,  
Never so swift was any beast could run.  
And Anseis upon the shield he struck,  
The scarlat with the blue he sliced it up,  
Of his hauberk he's torn the folds and cut,  
The steel and stock has through his body thrust.  
Dead is that count, he's no more time to run.  
Then say the Franks: "Baron, an evil luck!"

### CXIX

Swift through the field Turpin the Archbishop passed;  
Such shaven-crown has never else sung Mass  
Who with his limbs such prowess might compass;  
To th'pagan said "God send thee all that's bad!  
One thou hast slain for whom my heart is sad."  
So his good horse forth at his bidding ran,  
He's struck him then on his shield Toledan,  
Until he flings him dead on the green grass.

### CXX

From the other part was a pagan Grandones,  
Son of Capuel, the king of Capadoce.  
He sate his horse, the which he called Marmore,  
Never so swift was any bird in course;  
He's loosed the reins, and spurring on that horse  
He's gone to strike Gerin with all his force;  
The scarlat shield from's neck he's broken off,  
And all his sark thereafter has he torn,  
The ensign blue clean through his body's gone,  
Until he flings him dead, on a high rock;  
His companion Gerer he's slain also,  
And Berenger, and Guiun of Santone;  
Next a rich duke he's gone to strike, Austore,  
That held Valence and the Honour of the Rhone;  
He's flung him dead; great joy the pagans shew.  
Then say the Franks: "Of ours how many fall."

### CXXI

The count Rollanz, his sword with blood is stained,  
Well has he heard what way the Franks complained;  
Such grief he has, his heart would split in twain:  
To the pagan says: "God send thee every shame!  
One hast thou slain that dearly thou'lt repay."  
He spurs his horse, that on with speed doth strain;  
Which should forfeit, they both together came.

### CXXII

Grandonie was both proof and valiant,  
And virtuous, a vassal combatant.  
Upon the way there, he has met Rollant;  
He'd never seen, yet knew him at a glance,  
By the proud face and those fine limbs he had,

By his regard, and by his contenance;  
 He could not help but he grew faint thereat,  
 He would escape, nothing avail he can.  
 Struck him the count, with so great virtue, that  
 To the nose-plate he's all the helmet cracked,  
 Sliced through the nose and mouth and teeth he has,  
 Hauberk close-mailed, and all the whole carcass,  
 Saddle of gold, with plates of silver flanked,  
 And of his horse has deeply scarred the back;  
 He's slain them both, they'll make no more attack:  
 The Spanish men in sorrow cry, "Alack!"  
 Then say the Franks: "He strikes well, our warrant."

### CXXIII

Marvellous is the battle in its speed,  
 The Franks there strike with vigour and with heat,  
 Cutting through wrists and ribs and chines in-deed,  
 Through garments to the lively flesh beneath;  
 On the green grass the clear blood runs in streams.  
 The pagans say: "No more we'll suffer, we.  
 Terra Major, Mahummet's curse on thee!  
 Beyond all men thy people are hardy!"  
 There was not one but cried then: "Marsilie,  
 Canter, O king, thy succour now we need!"

### CXXIV

Marvellous is the battle now and grand,  
 The Franks there strike, their good brown spears in hand.  
 Then had you seen such sorrowing of clans,  
 So many a slain, shattered and bleeding man!  
 Biting the earth, or piled there on their backs!  
 The Sarrazins cannot such loss withstand.  
 Will they or nill, from off the field draw back;  
 By lively force chase them away the Franks.  
 AOL.

### CXXV

Their martyrdom, his men's, Marsile has seen,  
 So he bids sound his horns and his buccines;  
 Then canters forth with all his great army.  
 Canters before a Sarrazin, Abisme,  
 More felon none was in that company;  
 Cankered with guile and every felony,  
 He fears not God, the Son of Saint Mary;  
 Black is that man as molten pitch that seethes;  
 Better he loves murder and treachery  
 Than to have all the gold of Galicie;  
 Never has man beheld him sport for glee;  
 Yet vassalage he's shown, and great folly,  
 So is he dear to th' felon king Marsile;  
 Dragon he bears, to which his tribe rally.  
 That Archbishop could never love him, he;  
 Seeing him there, to strike he's very keen,

Within himself he says all quietly:  
 "This Sarrazin great heretick meseems,  
 Rather I'd die, than not slay him clean,  
 Neer did I love coward nor cowardice."  
 AOI.

### CXXVI

That Archbishop begins the fight again,  
 Sitting the horse which he took from Grossaille  
 —That was a king he had in Denmark slain;—  
 That charger is swift and of noble race;  
 Fine are his hooves, his legs are smooth and straight,  
 Short are his thighs, broad crupper he displays,  
 Long are his ribs, aloft his spine is raised,  
 White is his tail and yellow is his mane,  
 Little his ears, and tawny all his face;  
 No beast is there, can match him in a race.  
 That Archbishop spurs on by vassalage,  
 He will not pause ere Abisme he assail;  
 So strikes that shield, is wonderfully arrayed,  
 Whereon are stones, amethyst and topaze,  
 Esterminals and carbuncles that blaze;  
 A devil's gift it was, in Val Metase,  
 Who handed it to the admiral Galafes;  
 So Turpin strikes, spares him not anyway;  
 After that blow, he's worth no penny wage;  
 The carcass he's sliced, rib from rib away,  
 So flings him down dead in an empty place.  
 Then say the Franks: "He has great vassalage,  
 With the Archbishop, surely the Cross is safe."

### CXXVII

The count Rollanz calls upon Oliver:  
 "Sir companion, witness you'll freely bear,  
 The Archbishop is a right good chevalier,  
 None better is neath Heaven anywhere;  
 Well can he strike with lance and well with spear."  
 Answers that count: "Support to him we'll bear!"  
 Upon that word the Franks again make yare;  
 Hard are the blows, slaughter and suffering there,  
 For Christians too, most bitter grief and care.  
 Who could had seen Rollanz and Oliver  
 With their good swords to strike and to slaughter!  
 And the Archbishop lays on there with his spear.  
 Those that are dead, men well may hold them dear.  
 In charters and in briefs is written clear,  
 Four thousand fell, and more, the tales declare.  
 Gainst four assaults easily did they fare,  
 But then the fifth brought heavy griefs to bear.  
 They all are slain, those Frankish chevaliers;  
 Only three-score, whom God was pleased to spare,  
 Before these die, they'll sell them very dear.  
 AOI.

**CXXVIII**

The count Rollant great loss of his men sees,  
His companion Olivier calls, and speaks:  
"Sir and comrade, in God's Name, That you keeps,  
Such good vassals you see lie here in heaps;  
For France the Douce, fair country, may we weep,  
Of such barons long desolate she'll be.  
Ah! King and friend, wherefore are you not here?  
How, Oliver, brother, can we achieve?  
And by what means our news to him repeat?"  
Says Oliver: "I know not how to seek;  
Rather I'd die than shame come of this feat."  
AOI.

**CXXIX**

Then says Rollanz: "I'll wind this olifant,  
If Charles hear, where in the pass he stands,  
I pledge you now they will return, the Franks."  
Says Oliver: "Great shame would come of that  
And a reproach on every one, your clan,  
That shall endure while each lives in the land,  
When I implored, you would not do this act;  
Doing it now, no raise from me you'll have:  
So wind your horn but not by courage rash,  
Seeing that both your arms with blood are splashed."  
Answers that count: "Fine blows I've struck them back."  
AOI.

**CXXX**

Then says Rollant: "Strong it is now, our battle;  
I'll wind my horn, so the King hears it, Charles."  
Says Oliver: "That act were not a vassal's.  
When I implored you, comrade, you were wrathful.  
Were the King here, we had not borne such damage.  
Nor should we blame those with him there, his army."  
Says Oliver: "Now by my beard, hereafter  
If I may see my gentle sister Alde,  
She in her arms, I swear, shall never clasp you."  
AOI.

**CXXXI**

Then says Rollanz: "Wherefore so wroth with me?"  
He answers him: "Comrade, it was your deed:  
Vassalage comes by sense, and not folly;  
Prudence more worth is than stupidity.  
Here are Franks dead, all for your trickery;  
No more service to Carlun may we yield.  
My lord were here now, had you trusted me,  
And fought and won this battle then had we,  
Taken or slain were the king Marsilie.  
In your prowess, Rollanz, no good we've seen!

Charles the great in vain your aid will seek—  
None such as he till God His Judgement speak;—  
Here must you die, and France in shame be steeped;  
Here perishes our loyal company,  
Before this night great severance and grief."  
AOI.

### CXXXII

That Archbishop has heard them, how they spoke,  
His horse he pricks with his fine spurs of gold,  
Coming to them he takes up his reproach:  
"Sir Oliver, and you, Sir Rollant, both,  
For God I pray, do not each other scold!  
No help it were to us, the horn to blow,  
But, none the less, it may be better so;  
The King will come, with vengeance that he owes;  
These Spanish men never away shall go.  
Our Franks here, each descending from his horse,  
Will find us dead, and limb from body torn;  
They'll take us hence, on biers and litters borne;  
With pity and with grief for us they'll mourn;  
They'll bury each in some old minster-close;  
No wolf nor swine nor dog shall gnaw our bones."  
Answers Rollant: "Sir, very well you spoke."  
AOI.

### CXXXIII

Rollant hath set the olifant to his mouth,  
He grasps it well, and with great virtue sounds.  
High are those peaks, afar it rings and loud,  
Thirty great leagues they hear its echoes mount.  
So Charles heard, and all his comrades round;  
Then said that King: "Battle they do, our counts!"  
And Guenelun answered, contrarious:  
"That were a lie, in any other mouth."  
AOI.

### CXXXIV

The Count Rollanz, with sorrow and with pangs,  
And with great pain sounded his olifant:  
Out of his mouth the clear blood leaped and ran,  
About his brain the very temples cracked.  
Loud is its voice, that horn he holds in hand;  
Charles hath heard, where in the pass he stands,  
And Neimes hears, and listen all the Franks.  
Then says the King: "I hear his horn, Rollant's;  
He'd never sound, but he were in combat."  
Answers him Guenes "It is no battle, that.  
Now are you old, blossoming white and blanced,  
Yet by such words you still appear infant.  
You know full well the great pride of Rollant  
Marvel it is, God stays so tolerant.  
Noples he took, not waiting your command;

Thence issued forth the Sarrazins, a band  
 With vassalage had fought against Rollant;  
 A He slew them first, with Durendal his brand,  
 Then washed their blood with water from the land;  
 So what he'd done might not be seen of man.  
 He for a hare goes all day, horn in hand;  
 Before his peers in foolish jest he brags.  
 No race neath heav'n in field him dare attack.  
 So canter on! Nay, wherefore hold we back?  
 Terra Major is far away, our land."  
 AOI.

### CXXXV

The count Rollanz, though blood his mouth doth stain,  
 And burst are both the temples of his brain,  
 His olifant he sounds with grief and pain;  
 Charles hath heard, listen the Franks again.  
 "That horn," the King says, "hath a mighty strain!"  
 Answers Duke Neimes: "A baron blows with pain!  
 Battle is there, indeed I see it plain,  
 He is betrayed, by one that still doth feign.  
 Equip you, sir, cry out your old refrain,  
 That noble band, go succour them amain!  
 Enough you've heard how Rollant doth complain."

### CXXXVI

That Emperour hath bid them sound their horns.  
 The Franks dismount, and dress themselves for war,  
 Put hauberks on, helmets and golden swords;  
 Fine shields they have, and spears of length and force  
 Scarlet and blue and white their ensigns float.  
 His charger mounts each baron of the host;  
 They spur with haste as through the pass they go.  
 Nor was there one but thus to 's neighbour spoke:  
 "Now, ere he die, may we see Rollant, so  
 Ranged by his side we'll give some goodly blows."  
 But what avail? They've stayed too long below.

### CCXXXVII

That even-tide is light as was the day;  
 Their armour shines beneath the sun's clear ray,  
 Hauberks and helms throw off a dazzling flame,  
 And blazoned shields, flowered in bright array,  
 Also their spears, with golden ensigns gay.  
 That Emperour, he canters on with rage,  
 And all the Franks with wonder and dismay;  
 There is not one can bitter tears restrain,  
 And for Rollant they're very sore afraid.  
 The King has bid them seize that county Guene,  
 And charged with him the scullions of his train;  
 The master-cook he's called, Besgun by name:  
 "Guard me him well, his felony is plain,  
 Who in my house vile treachery has made."



He holds him, and a hundred others takes  
 From the kitchen, both good and evil knaves;  
 Then Guenes beard and both his cheeks they shaved,  
 And four blows each with their closed fists they gave,  
 They trounced him well with cudgels and with staves,  
 And on his neck they clasped an iron chain;  
 So like a bear enchained they held him safe,  
 On a pack-mule they set him in his shame:  
 Kept him till Charles should call for him again.  
 AOI.

### CXXXVIII

High were the peaks and shadowy and grand,  
 The valleys deep, the rivers swiftly ran.  
 Trumpets they blew in rear and in the van,  
 Till all again answered that olifant.  
 That Emperour canters with fury mad,  
 And all the Franks dismay and wonder have;  
 There is not one but weeps and waxes sad  
 And all pray God that He will guard Rollant  
 Till in the field together they may stand;  
 There by his side they'll strike as well they can.  
 But what avail? No good there is in that;  
 They're not in time; too long have they held back.  
 AOI.

### CXXXIX

In his great rage on canters Charlemagne;  
 Over his sark his beard is flowing plain.  
 Barons of France, in haste they spur and strain;  
 There is not one that can his wrath contain  
 That they are not with Rollant the Captain,  
 Whereas he fights the Sarrazins of Spain.  
 If he be struck, will not one soul remain.  
 —God! Sixty men are all now in his train!  
 Never a king had better Capitains.  
 AOI.

### CXL

Rollant regards the barren mountain-sides;  
 Dead men of France, he sees so many lie,  
 And weeps for them as fits a gentle knight:  
 "Lords and barons, may God to you be kind!  
 And all your souls redeem for Paradise!  
 And let you there mid holy flowers lie!  
 Better vassals than you saw never I.  
 Ever you've served me, and so long a time,  
 By you Carlon hath conquered kingdoms wide;  
 That Emperour reared you for evil plight!  
 Douce land of France, o very precious clime,  
 Laid desolate by such a sour exile!  
 Barons of France, for me I've seen you die,  
 And no support, no warrant could I find;

God be your aid, Who never yet hath lied!  
 I must not fail now, brother, by your side;  
 Save I be slain, for sorrow shall I die.  
 Sir companion, let us again go strike!"

### CXLI

The count Rollanz, back to the field then hieing  
 Holds Durendal, and like a vassal striking  
 Faldrun of Pui has through the middle sliced,  
 With twenty-four of all they rated highest;  
 Was never man, for vengeance shewed such liking.  
 Even as a stag before the hounds goes flying,  
 Before Rollanz the pagans scatter, frightened.  
 Says the Archbishop: "You deal now very wisely!  
 Such valour should he shew that is bred knightly,  
 And beareth arms, and a good charger rideth;  
 In battle should be strong and proud and sprightly;  
 Or otherwise he is not worth a shilling,  
 Should be a monk in one of those old minsters,  
 Where, day, by day, he'd pray for us poor sinners."  
 Answers Rollant: "Strike on; no quarter give them!"  
 Upon these words Franks are again beginning;  
 Very great loss they suffer then, the Christians.

### CXLII

The man who knows, for him there's no prison,  
 In such a fight with keen defence lays on;  
 Wherefore the Franks are fiercer than lions.  
 Marsile you'd seen go as a brave baron,  
 Sitting his horse, the which he calls Gaignon;  
 He spurs it well, going to strike Bevon,  
 That was the lord of Beaune and of Dijon,  
 His shield he breaks, his hauberk has undone,  
 So flings him dead, without condition;  
 Next he hath slain Yvoerie and Ivon,  
 Also with them Gerard of Russillon.  
 The count Rollanz, being not far him from,  
 To th'pagan says: "Confound thee our Lord God!  
 So wrongfully you've slain my companions,  
 A blow you'll take, ere we apart be gone,  
 And of my sword the name I'll bid you con."  
 He goes to strike him, as a brave baron,  
 And his right hand the count clean slices off;  
 Then takes the head of Jursaleu the blond;  
 That was the son of king Marsilion.  
 Pagans cry out "Assist us now, Mahom!  
 God of our race, avenge us on Carlon!  
 Into this land he's sent us such felons  
 That will not leave the fight before they drop."  
 Says each to each: "Nay let us fly!" Upon  
 That word, they're fled, an hundred thousand gone;  
 Call them who may, they'll never more come on.  
 AOI.

**CXLIII**

But what avail? Though fled be Marsilies,  
He's left behind his uncle, the alcaliph  
Who holds Alferne, Kartagene, Garmalie,  
And Ethiope, a cursed land indeed;  
The blackamoors from there are in his keep,  
Broad in the nose they are and flat in the ear,  
Fifty thousand and more in company.  
These canter forth with arrogance and heat,  
Then they cry out the pagans' rallying-cheer;  
And Rollant says: "Martyrdom we'll receive;  
Not long to live, I know it well, have we;  
Felon he's named that sells his body cheap!  
Strike on, my lords, with burnished swords and keen;  
Contest each inch your life and death between,  
That neer by us Douce France in shame be steeped.  
When Charles my lord shall come into this field,  
Such discipline of Sarrazins he'll see,  
For one of ours he'll find them dead fifteen;  
He will not fail, but bless us all in peace."  
AOI.

**CXLIV**

When Rollant sees those misbegotten men,  
Who are more black than ink is on the pen  
With no part white, only their teeth except,  
Then says that count: "I know now very well  
That here to die we're bound, as I can tell.  
Strike on, the Franks! For so I recommend."  
Says Oliver: "Who holds back, is condemned!"  
Upon those words, the Franks to strike again.

**CXLV**

Franks are but few; which, when the pagans know,  
Among themselves comfort and pride they shew;  
Says each to each: "Wrong was that Emperor."  
Their alcaliph upon a sorrel rode,  
And pricked it well with both his spurs of gold;  
Struck Oliver, behind, on the back-bone,  
His hauberk white into his body broke,  
Clean through his breast the thrusting spear he drove;  
After he said: "You've borne a mighty blow.  
Charles the great should not have left you so;  
He's done us wrong, small thanks to him we owe;  
I've well avenged all ours on you alone."

**CXLVI**

Oliver feels that he to die is bound,  
Holds Halteclere, whose steel is rough and brown,  
Strikes the alcaliph on his helm's golden mount;  
Flowers and stones fall clattering to the ground,

Slices his head, to th'small teeth in his mouth;  
 So brandishes his blade and flings him down;  
 After he says: "Pagan, accurst be thou!  
 Thou'lt never say that Charles forsakes me now;  
 Nor to thy wife, nor any dame thou'st found,  
 Thou'lt never boast, in lands where thou wast crowned,  
 One pennyworth from me thou'st taken out,  
 Nor damage wrought on me nor any around."  
 After, for aid, "Rollant!" he cries aloud.  
 AOI.

## CXLVII

Oliver feels that death is drawing nigh;  
 To avenge himself he hath no longer time;  
 Through the great press most gallantly he strikes,  
 He breaks their spears, their buckled shields doth slice,  
 Their feet, their fists, their shoulders and their sides,  
 Dismembers them: whoso had seen that sigh,  
 Dead in the field one on another piled,  
 Remember well a vassal brave he might.  
 Charles ensign he'll not forget it quite;  
 Aloud and clear "Monjoie" again he cries.  
 To call Rollanz, his friend and peer, he tries:  
 "My companion, come hither to my side.  
 With bitter grief we must us now divide."  
 AOI.

## CXLVIII

Then Rollant looked upon Olivier's face;  
 Which was all wan and colourless and pale,  
 While the clear blood, out of his body sprayed,  
 Upon the ground gushed forth and ran away.  
 "God!" said that count, "What shall I do or say?  
 My companion, gallant for such ill fate!  
 Neer shall man be, against thee could prevail.  
 Ah! France the Douce, henceforth art thou made waste  
 Of vassals brave, confounded and disgraced!  
 Our Emperour shall suffer damage great."  
 And with these words upon his horse he faints.  
 AOI.

## CXLIX

You'd seen Rollant aswoon there in his seat,  
 And Oliver, who unto death doth bleed,  
 So much he's bled, his eyes are dim and weak;  
 Nor clear enough his vision, far or near,  
 To recognise whatever man he sees;  
 His companion, when each the other meets,  
 Above the helm jewelled with gold he beats,  
 Slicing it down from there to the nose-piece,  
 But not his head; he's touched not brow nor cheek.  
 At such a blow Rollant regards him keen,  
 And asks of him, in gentle tones and sweet:

"To do this thing, my comrade, did you mean?  
This is Rollanz, who ever held you dear;  
And no mistrust was ever us between."  
Says Oliver: "Now can I hear you speak;  
I see you not: may the Lord God you keep!  
I struck you now: and for your pardon plead."  
Answers Rollanz: "I am not hurt, indeed;  
I pardon you, before God's Throne and here."  
Upon these words, each to the other leans;  
And in such love you had their parting seen.

## CL

Oliver feels death's anguish on him now;  
And in his head his two eyes swimming round;  
Nothing he sees; he hears not any sound;  
Dismounting then, he kneels upon the ground,  
Proclaims his sins both firmly and aloud,  
Clasps his two hands, heavenwards holds them out,  
Prays God himself in Paradise to allow;  
Blessings on Charles, and on Douce France he vows,  
And his comrade, Rollanz, to whom he's bound.  
Then his heart fails; his helmet nods and bows;  
Upon the earth he lays his whole length out:  
And he is dead, may stay no more, that count.  
Rollanz the brave mourns him with grief profound;  
Nowhere on earth so sad a man you'd found.

## CLI

So Rollant's friend is dead whom when he sees  
Face to the ground, and biting it with's teeth,  
Begins to mourn in language very sweet:  
"Unlucky, friend, your courage was indeed!  
Together we have spent such days and years;  
No harmful thing twixt thee and me has been.  
Now thou art dead, and all my life a grief."  
And with these words again he swoons, that chief,  
Upon his horse, which he calls Veillantif;  
Stirrups of gold support him underneath;  
He cannot fall, whichever way he lean.

## CLII

Soon as Rollant his senses won and knew,  
Recovering and turning from that swoon.  
Bitter great loss appeared there in his view:  
Dead are the Franks; he'd all of them to lose,  
Save the Archbishop, and save Gualter del Hum;  
He is come down out of the mountains, who  
Gainst Spanish men made there a great ado;  
Dead are his men, for those the pagans slew;  
Will he or nill, along the vales he flew,  
And called Rollant, to bring him succour soon:  
"Ah! Gentle count, brave soldier, where are you?  
For By thy side no fear I ever knew.

Gualter it is, who conquered Maelgut,  
 And nephew was to hoary old Drouin;  
 My vassalage thou ever thoughtest good.  
 Broken my spear, and split my shield in two;  
 Gone is the mail that on my hauberk grew;  
 This body of mine eight lances have gone through;  
 I'm dying. Yet full price for life I took."  
 Rollant has heard these words and understood,  
 Has spurred his horse, and on towards him drew.  
 AOI.

### CLIII

Grief gives Rollanz intolerance and pride;  
 Through the great press he goes again to strike;  
 To slay a score of Spaniards he contrives,  
 Gualter has six, the Archbishop other five.  
 The pagans say: "Men, these, of felon kind!  
 Lordings, take care they go not hence alive!  
 Felon he's named that does not break their line,  
 Recreant, who lets them any safety find!"  
 And so once more begin the hue and cry,  
 From every part they come to break the line.  
 AOI.

### CLI

Count Rollant is a noble and brave soldier,  
 Gualter del Hum's a right good chevalier,  
 That Archbishop hath shewn good prowess there;  
 None of them falls behind the other pair;  
 Through the great press, pagans they strike again.  
 Come on afoot a thousand Sarrazens,  
 And on horseback some forty thousand men.  
 But well I know, to approach they never dare;  
 Lances and spears they poise to hurl at them,  
 Arrows, barbs, darts and javelins in the air.  
 With the first flight they've slain our Gualtier;  
 Turpin of Reims has all his shield broken,  
 And cracked his helm; he's wounded in the head,  
 From his hauberk the woven mail they tear,  
 In his body four spear-wounds doth he bear;  
 Beneath him too his charger's fallen dead.  
 Great grief it was, when that Archbishop fell.  
 AOI.

### CLV

Turpin of Reims hath felt himself undone,  
 Since that four spears have through his body come;  
 Nimble and bold upon his feet he jumps;  
 Looks for Rollant, and then towards him runs,  
 Saying this word: "I am not overcome.  
 While life remains, no good vassal gives up."  
 He's drawn Almace, whose steel was brown and rough,  
 Through the great press a thousand blows he's struck:

As Charles said, quarter he gave to none;  
He found him there, four hundred else among,  
Wounded the most, speared through the middle some,  
Also there were from whom the heads he'd cut:  
So tells the tale, he that was there says thus,  
The brave Saint Giles, whom God made marvellous,  
Who charters wrote for th' Minster at Loum;  
Nothing he's heard that does not know this much.

## CLVI

The count Rollanz has nobly fought and well,  
But he is hot, and all his body sweats;  
Great pain he has, and trouble in his head,  
His temples burst when he the horn sounded;  
But he would know if Charles will come to them,  
Takes the olifant, and feebly sounds again.  
That Emperour stood still and listened then:  
"My lords," said he, "Right evilly we fare!  
This day Rollanz, my nephew shall be dead:  
I hear his horn, with scarcely any breath.  
Nimbly canter, whoever would be there!  
Your trumpets sound, as many as ye bear!"  
Sixty thousand so loud together blare,  
The mountains ring, the valleys answer them.  
The pagans hear, they think it not a jest;  
Says each to each: "Carlum doth us bestead."  
AOI.

## CLVII

The pagans say: "That Emperour's at hand,  
We hear their sound, the trumpets of the Franks;  
If Charles come, great loss we then shall stand,  
And wars renewed, unless we slay Rollant;  
All Spain we'll lose, our own clear father-land."  
Four hundred men of them in helmets stand;  
The best of them that might be in their ranks  
Make on Rollanz a grim and fierce attack;  
Gainst these the count had well enough in hand.  
AOI.

## CLVIII

The count Rollanz, when their approach he sees  
Is grown so bold and manifest and fierce  
So long as he's alive he will not yield.  
He sits his horse, which men call Veillantif,  
Pricking him well with golden spurs beneath,  
Through the great press he goes, their line to meet,  
And by his side is the Archbishop Turpin.  
"Now, friend, begone!" say pagans, each to each;  
"These Frankish men, their horns we plainly hear  
Charle is at hand, that King in Majesty."

**CLIX**

The count Rollanz has never loved cowards,  
 Nor arrogant, nor men of evil heart,  
 Nor chevalier that was not good vassal.  
 That Archbishop, Turpins, he calls apart:  
 "Sir, you're afoot, and I my charger have;  
 For love of you, here will I take my stand,  
 Together we'll endure things good and bad;  
 I'll leave you not, for no incarnate man:  
 We'll give again these pagans their attack;  
 The better blows are those from Durendal."  
 Says the Archbishop: "Shame on him that holds back!  
 Charle is at hand, full vengeance he'll exact."

**CLX**

The pagans say: "Unlucky were we born!  
 An evil day for us did this day dawn!  
 For we have lost our peers and all our lords.  
 Charles his great host once more upon us draws,  
 Of Frankish men we plainly hear the horns,  
 "Monjoie" they cry, and great is their uproar.  
 The count Rollant is of such pride and force  
 He'll never yield to man of woman born;  
 Let's aim at him, then leave him on the spot!"  
 And aim they did: with arrows long and short,  
 Lances and spears and feathered javelots;  
 Count Rollant's shield they've broken through and bored,  
 The woven mail have from his hauberk torn,  
 But not himself, they've never touched his corse;  
 Veillantif is in thirty places gored,  
 Beneath the count he's fallen dead, that horse.  
 Pagans are fled, and leave him on the spot;  
 The count Rollant stands on his feet once more.  
 AOI.

**CLXI**

Pagans are fled, enangered and enraged,  
 Home into Spain with speed they make their way;  
 The count Rollanz, he has not given chase,  
 For Veillantif, his charger, they have slain;  
 Will he or nill, on foot he must remain.  
 To the Archbishop, Turpins, he goes with aid;  
 He's from his head the golden helm unlaced,  
 Taken from him his white hauberk away,  
 And cut the gown in strips, was round his waist;  
 On his great wounds the pieces of it placed,  
 Then to his heart has caught him and embraced;  
 On the green grass he has him softly laid,  
 Most sweetly then to him has Rollant prayed:  
 "Ah! Gentle sir, give me your leave, I say;  
 Our companions, whom we so dear appraised,  
 Are now all dead; we cannot let them stay;  
 I will go seek and bring them to this place,



Arrange them here in ranks, before your face."  
Said the Archbishop: "Go, and return again.  
This field is yours and mine now; God be praised!"

### CLXII

So Rollanz turns; through the field, all alone,  
Searching the vales and mountains, he is gone;  
He finds Gerin, Gerers his companion,  
Also he finds Berenger and Otton,  
There too he finds Anseis and Sanson,  
And finds Gerard the old, of Rossillon;  
By one and one he's taken those barons,  
To the Archbishop with each of them he comes,  
Before his knees arranges every one.  
That Archbishop, he cannot help but sob,  
He lifts his hand, gives benediction;  
After he's said: "Unlucky, Lords, your lot!  
But all your souls He'll lay, our Glorious God,  
In Paradise, His holy flowers upon!  
For my own death such anguish now I've got;  
I shall not see him, our rich Emperor."

### CLXIII

So Rollant turns, goes through the field in quest;  
His companion Olivier finds at length;  
He has embraced him close against his breast,  
To the Archbishop returns as he can best;  
Upon a shield he's laid him, by the rest;  
And the Archbishop has them absolved and blest:  
Whereon his grief and pity grow afresh.  
Then says Rollanz: "Fair comrade Olivier,  
You were the son of the good count Reinier,  
Who held the march by th' Vale of Runier;  
To shatter spears, through buckled shields to bear,  
And from hauberks the mail to break and tear,  
Proof men to lead, and prudent counsel share,  
Gluttons in field to frighten and conquer,  
No land has known a better chevalier."

### CLXIV

The count Rollanz, when dead he saw his peers,  
And Oliver, he held so very dear,  
Grew tender, and began to shed a tear;  
Out of his face the colour disappeared;  
No longer could he stand, for so much grief,  
Will he or nill, he swooned upon the field.  
Said the Archbishop: "Unlucky lord, indeed!"

### CLXV

When the Archbishop beheld him swoon, Rollant,  
Never before such bitter grief he'd had;  
Stretching his hand, he took that olifant.

Through Rencesvals a little river ran;  
 He would go there, fetch water for Rollant.  
 Went step by step, to stumble soon began,  
 So feeble he is, no further fare he can,  
 For too much blood he's lost, and no strength has;  
 Ere he has crossed an acre of the land,  
 His heart grows faint, he falls down forwards and  
 Death comes to him with very cruel pangs.

## CLXVI

The count Rollanz wakes from his swoon once more,  
 Climbs to his feet; his pains are very sore;  
 Looks down the vale, looks to the hills above;  
 On the green grass, beyond his companions,  
 He sees him lie, that noble old baron;  
 'Tis the Archbishop, whom in His name wrought God;  
 There he proclaims his sins, and looks above;  
 Joins his two hands, to Heaven holds them forth,  
 And Paradise prays God to him to accord.  
 Dead is Turpin, the warrior of Charlon.  
 In battles great and very rare sermons  
 Against pagans ever a champion.  
 God grant him now His Benediction!  
 AOI.

## CLXVII

The count Rollant sees the Archbishop lie dead,  
 Sees the bowels out of his body shed,  
 And sees the brains that surge from his forehead;  
 Between his two arm-pits, upon his breast,  
 Crossways he folds those hands so white and fair.  
 Then mourns aloud, as was the custom there:  
 "Thee, gentle sir, chevalier nobly bred,  
 To the Glorious Celestial I commend;  
 Neer shall man be, that will Him serve so well;  
 Since the Apostles was never such prophet,  
 To hold the laws and draw the hearts of men.  
 Now may your soul no pain nor sorrow ken,  
 Finding the gates of Paradise open!"

## CLXVIII

Then Rollanz feels that death to him draws near,  
 For all his brain is issued from his ears;  
 He prays to God that He will call the peers,  
 Bids Gabriel, the angel, t' himself appear.  
 Takes the olifant, that no reproach shall hear,  
 And Durendal in the other hand he wields;  
 Further than might a cross-bow's arrow speed  
 Goes towards Spain into a fallow-field;  
 Climbs on a cliff; where, under two fair trees,  
 Four terraces, of marble wrought, he sees.  
 There he falls down, and lies upon the green;

He swoons again, for death is very near.

### CLXIX

High are the peaks, the trees are very high.  
Four terraces of polished marble shine;  
On the green grass count Rollant swoons thereby.  
A Sarrazin him all the time espies,  
Who feigning death among the others hides;  
Blood hath his face and all his body dyed;  
He gets afoot, running towards him hies;  
Fair was he, strong and of a courage high;  
A mortal hate he's kindled in his pride.  
He's seized Rollant, and the arms, were at his side,  
"Charles nephew," he's said, "here conquered lies.  
To Araby I'll bear this sword as prize."  
As he drew it, something the count descried.

### CLXX

So Rollant felt his sword was taken forth,  
Opened his eyes, and this word to him spoke  
"Thou'rt never one of ours, full well I know."  
Took the olifant, that he would not let go,  
Struck him on th' helm, that jewelled was with gold,  
And broke its steel, his skull and all his bones,  
Out of his head both the two eyes he drove;  
Dead at his feet he has the pagan thrown:  
After he's said: "Culvert, thou wert too bold,  
Or right or wrong, of my sword seizing hold!  
They'll dub thee fool, to whom the tale is told.  
But my great one, my olifant I broke;  
Fallen from it the crystal and the gold."

### CLXXI

Then Rollanz feels that he has lost his sight,  
Climbs to his feet, uses what strength he might;  
In all his face the colour is grown white.  
In front of him a great brown boulder lies;  
Whereon ten blows with grief and rage he strikes;  
The steel cries out, but does not break outright;  
And the count says: "Saint Mary, be my guide  
Good Durendal, unlucky is your plight!  
I've need of you no more; spent is my pride!  
We in the field have won so many fights,  
Combating through so many regions wide  
That Charles holds, whose beard is hoary white!  
Be you not his that turns from any in flight!  
A good vassal has held you this long time;  
Never shall France the Free behold his like."

### CLXXII

Rollant hath struck the sardonix terrace;  
The steel cries out, but broken is no ways.

So when he sees he never can it break,  
 Within himself begins he to complain:  
 "Ah! Durendal, white art thou, clear of stain!  
 Beneath the sun reflecting back his rays!  
 In Moriane was Charles, in the vale,  
 When from heaven God by His angel bade  
 Him give thee to a count and capitain;  
 Girt thee on me that noble King and great.  
 I won for him with thee Anjou, Bretagne,  
 And won for him with thee Peitou, the Maine,  
 And Normandy the free for him I gained,  
 Also with thee Provence and Equitaine,  
 And Lombardie and all the whole Romaine,  
 I won Baivere, all Flanders in the plain,  
 Also Burguigne and all the whole Puillane,  
 Costentinnople, that homage to him pays;  
 In Saisonie all is as he ordains;  
 With thee I won him Scotland, Ireland, Wales,  
 England also, where he his chamber makes;  
 Won I with thee so many countries strange  
 That Charles holds, whose beard is white with age!  
 For this sword's sake sorrow upon me weighs,  
 Rather I'd die, than it mid pagans stay.  
 Lord God Father, never let France be shamed!"

### CLXXIII

Rollant his stroke on a dark stone repeats,  
 And more of it breaks off than I can speak.  
 The sword cries out, yet breaks not in the least,  
 Back from the blow into the air it leaps.  
 Destroy it can he not; which when he sees,  
 Within himself he makes a plaint most sweet.  
 "Ah! Durendal, most holy, fair indeed!  
 Relics enough thy golden hilt conceals:  
 Saint Peter's Tooth, the Blood of Saint Basile,  
 Some of the Hairs of my Lord, Saint Denise,  
 Some of the Robe, was worn by Saint Mary.  
 It is not right that pagans should thee seize,  
 For Christian men your use shall ever be.  
 Nor any man's that worketh cowardice!  
 Many broad lands with you have I retrieved  
 Which Charles holds, who hath the great white beard;  
 Wherefore that King so proud and rich is he."

### CLXXIV

But Rollant felt that death had made a way  
 Down from his head till on his heart it lay;  
 Beneath a pine running in haste he came,  
 On the green grass he lay there on his face;  
 His olifant and sword beneath him placed,  
 Turning his head towards the pagan race,  
 Now this he did, in truth, that Charles might say  
 (As he desired) and all the Franks his race;—

'Ah, gentle count; conquering he was slain!'—  
 He owned his faults often and every way,  
 And for his sins his glove to God upraised.  
 AOI.

### CLXXV

But Rollant feels he's no more time to seek;  
 Looking to Spain, he lies on a sharp peak,  
 And with one hand upon his breast he beats:  
 "Mea Culpa! God, by Thy Virtues clean  
 Me from my sins, the mortal and the mean,  
 Which from the hour that I was born have been  
 Until this day, when life is ended here!"  
 Holds out his glove towards God, as he speaks  
 Angels descend from heaven on that scene.  
 AOI.

### CLXXVI

The count Rollanz, beneath a pine he sits;  
 Turning his eyes towards Spain, he begins  
 Remembering so many divers things:  
 So many lands where he went conquering,  
 And France the Douce, the heroes of his kin,  
 And Charlemagne, his lord who nourished him.  
 Nor can he help but weep and sigh at this.  
 But his own self, he's not forgotten him,  
 He owns his faults, and God's forgiveness bids:  
 "Very Father, in Whom no falsehood is,  
 Saint Lazon from death Thou didst remit,  
 And Daniel save from the lions' pit;  
 My soul in me preserve from all perils  
 And from the sins I did in life commit!"  
 His right-hand glove, to God he offers it  
 Saint Gabriel from's hand hath taken it.  
 Over his arm his head bows down and slips,  
 He joins his hands: and so is life finish'd.  
 God sent him down His angel cherubin,  
 And Saint Michael, we worship in peril;  
 And by their side Saint Gabriel alit;  
 So the count's soul they bare to Paradis.

### CLXXVII

Rollant is dead; his soul to heav'n God bare.  
 That Emperour to Rencesvals doth fare.  
 There was no path nor passage anywhere  
 Nor of waste ground no ell nor foot to spare  
 Without a Frank or pagan lying there.  
 Charles cries aloud: "Where are you, nephew fair?  
 Where's the Archbishop and that count Oliviers?  
 Where is Gerins and his comrade Gerers?  
 Otes the Duke, and the count Berengiers  
 And Ivorie, and Ive, so dear they were?  
 What is become of Gascon Engelier,

Sansun the Duke and Anseis the fierce?  
 Where's old Gerard of Russillun; oh, where  
 The dozen peers I left behind me here?"  
 But what avail, since none can answer bear?  
 "God!" says the King, "Now well may I despair,  
 I was not here the first assault to share!"  
 Seeming enraged, his beard the King doth tear.  
 Weep from their eyes barons and chevaliers,  
 A thousand score, they swoon upon the earth;  
 Duke Neimes for them was moved with pity rare.

### CLXXVIII

No chevalier nor baron is there, who  
 Pitifully weeps not for grief and dule;  
 They mourn their sons, their brothers, their nephews,  
 And their liege lords, and trusty friends and true;  
 Upon the ground a many of them swoon.  
 Thereon Duke Neimes doth act with wisdom proof,  
 First before all he's said to the Emperour:  
 "See beforehand, a league from us or two,  
 From the highways dust rising in our view;  
 Pagans are there, and many them, too.  
 Canter therefore! Vengeance upon them do!"  
 "Ah, God!" says Charles, "so far are they re-moved!  
 Do right by me, my honour still renew!  
 They've torn from me the flower of France the Douce."  
 The King commands Gebuin and Otun,  
 Tedbalt of Reims, also the count Milun:  
 "Guard me this field, these hills and valleys too,  
 Let the dead lie, all as they are, unmoved,  
 Let not approach lion, nor any brute,  
 Let not approach esquire, nor any groom;  
 For I forbid that any come thereto,  
 Until God will that we return anew."  
 These answer him sweetly, their love to prove:  
 "Right Emperour, dear Sire, so will we do."  
 A thousand knights they keep in retinue.  
 AOI.

### CLXXIX

That Emperour bids trumpets sound again,  
 Then canters forth with his great host so brave.  
 Of Spanish men, whose backs are turned their way,  
 Franks one and all continue in their chase.  
 When the King sees the light at even fade,  
 On the green grass dismounting as he may,  
 He kneels aground, to God the Lord doth pray  
 That the sun's course He will for him delay,  
 Put off the night, and still prolong the day.  
 An angel then, with him should reason make,  
 Nimble enough appeared to him and spake:  
 "Charles, canter on! Light needst not thou await.  
 The flower of France, as God knows well, is slain;

Thou canst be avenged upon that crimeful race."  
Upon that word mounts the Emperour again.  
AOI.

### CLXXX

For Charlemagne a great marvel God planned:  
Making the sun still in his course to stand.  
So pagans fled, and chased them well the Franks  
Through the Valley of Shadows, close in hand;  
Towards Sarraquce by force they chased them back,  
And as they went with killing blows attacked:  
Barred their highways and every path they had.  
The River Sebre before them reared its bank,  
'Twas very deep, marvellous current ran;  
No barge thereon nor dromond nor caland.  
A god of theirs invoked they, Tervagant.  
And then leaped in, but there no warrant had.  
The armed men more weighty were for that,  
Many of them down to the bottom sank,  
Downstream the rest floated as they might hap;  
So much water the luckiest of them drank,  
That all were drowned, with marvellous keen pangs.  
"An evil day," cry Franks, "ye saw Rollant!"

### CLXXXI

When Charles sees that pagans all are dead,  
Some of them slain, the greater part drowned;  
(Whereby great spoils his chevaliers collect)  
That gentle King upon his feet descends,  
Kneels on the ground, his thanks to God presents.  
When he once more rise, the sun is set.  
Says the Emperour "Time is to pitch our tents;  
To Rencesvals too late to go again.  
Our horses are worn out and foundered:  
Unsaddle them, take bridles from their heads,  
And through these meads let them refreshment get."  
Answer the Franks: "Sire, you have spoken well."  
AOI.

### CLXXXII

That Emperour hath chosen his bivouac;  
The Franks dismount in those deserted tracts,  
Their saddles take from off their horses' backs,  
Bridles of gold from off their heads unstrap,  
Let them go free; there is enough fresh grass—  
No service can they render them, save that.  
Who is most tired sleeps on the ground stretched flat.  
Upon this night no sentinels keep watch.

### CLXXXIII

That Emperour is lying in a mead;  
By's head, so brave, he's placed his mighty spear;

On such a night unarmed he will not be.  
 He's donned his white hauberk, with broidery,  
 Has laced his helm, jewelled with golden beads,  
 Girt on Joiuse, there never was its peer,  
 Whereon each day thirty fresh hues appear.  
 All of us know that lance, and well may speak  
 Whereby Our Lord was wounded on the Tree:  
 Charles, by God's grace, possessed its point of steel!  
 His golden hilt he enshrined it underneath.  
 By that honour and by that sanctity  
 The name Joiuse was for that sword decreed.  
 Barons of France may not forgetful be  
 Whence comes the ensign "Monjoie," they cry at need;  
 Wherefore no race against them can succeed.

#### CLXXXIV

Clear was the night, the moon shone radiant.  
 Charles laid him down, but sorrow for Rollant  
 And Oliver, most heavy on him he had,  
 For's dozen peers, for all the Frankish band  
 He had left dead in bloody Rencesvals;  
 He could not help, but wept and waxed mad,  
 And prayed to God to be their souls' Warrant.  
 Weary that King, or grief he's very sad;  
 He falls on sleep, he can no more withstand.  
 Through all those meads they slumber then, the Franks;  
 Is not a horse can any longer stand,  
 Who would eat grass, he takes it lying flat.  
 He has learned much, can understand their pangs.

#### CLXXXV

Charles, like a man worn out with labour, slept.  
 Saint Gabriel the Lord to him hath sent,  
 Whom as a guard o'er the Emperour he set;  
 Stood all night long that angel by his head.  
 In a vision announced he to him then  
 A battle, should be fought against him yet,  
 Significance of griefs demonstrated.  
 Charles looked up towards the sky, and there  
 Thunders and winds and blowing gales beheld,  
 And hurricanes and marvellous tempests;  
 Lightnings and flames he saw in readiness,  
 That speedily on all his people fell;  
 Apple and ash, their spear-shafts all burned,  
 Also their shields, e'en the golden bosses,  
 Crumbled the shafts of their trenchant lances,  
 Crushed their hauberks and all their steel helmets.  
 His chevaliers he saw in great distress.  
 Bears and leopards would feed upon them next;  
 Adversaries, dragons, wyverns, serpents,  
 Griffins were there, thirty thousand, no less,  
 Nor was there one but on some Frank it set.  
 And the Franks cried: "Ah! Charlemagne, give help!"



Wherefore the King much grief and pity felt,  
He'd go to them but was in duress kept:  
Out of a wood came a great lion then,  
'Twas very proud and fierce and terrible;  
His body dear sought out, and on him leapt,  
Each in his arms, wrestling, the other held;  
But he knew not which conquered, nor which fell.  
That Emperour woke not at all, but slept.

#### CLXXXVI

And, after that, another vision came:  
Himseemed in France, at Aix, on a terrace,  
And that he held a bruin by two chains;  
Out of Ardenne saw thirty bears that came,  
And each of them words, as a man might, spake  
Said to him: "Sire, give him to us again!  
It is not right that he with you remain,  
He's of our kin, and we must lend him aid."  
A harrier fair ran out of his palace,  
Among them all the greatest bear assailed  
On the green grass, beyond his friends some way.  
There saw the King marvellous give and take;  
But he knew not which fell, nor which o'ercame.  
The angel of God so much to him made plain.  
Charles slept on till the clear dawn of day.

#### CLXXXVII

King Marsilies, fleeing to Sarraguce,  
Dismounted there beneath an olive cool;  
His sword and sark and helm aside he put,  
On the green grass lay down in shame and gloom;  
For his right hand he'd lost, 'twas clean cut through;  
Such blood he'd shed, in anguish keen he swooned.  
Before his face his lady Bramimunde  
Bewailed and cried, with very bitter rue;  
Twenty thousand and more around him stood,  
All of them cursed Carlun and France the Douce.  
Then Apollin in's grotto they surround,  
And threaten him, and ugly words pronounce:  
"Such shame on us, vile god!, why bringest thou?  
This is our king; wherefore dost him confound?  
Who served thee oft, ill recompense hath found."  
Then they take off his sceptre and his crown,  
With their hands hang him from a column down,  
Among their feet trample him on the ground,  
With great cudgels they batter him and trounce.  
From Tervagant his carbuncle they impound,  
And Mahumet into a ditch fling out,  
Where swine and dogs defile him and devour.

#### CLXXXVIII

Out of his swoon awakens Marsilies,  
And has him borne his vaulted roof beneath;

Many colours were painted there to see,  
 And Bramimunde laments for him, the queen,  
 Tearing her hair; caitiff herself she clepes;  
 Also these words cries very loud and clear:  
 "Ah! Sarraguce, henceforth forlorn thou'lt be  
 Of the fair king that had thee in his keep!  
 All those our gods have wrought great felony,  
 Who in battle this morning failed at need.  
 That admiral will shew his cowardice,  
 Unless he fight against that race hardy,  
 Who are so fierce, for life they take no heed.  
 That Emperour, with his blossoming beard,  
 Hath vassalage, and very high folly;  
 Battle to fight, he will not ever flee.  
 Great grief it is, no man may slay him clean."

### CLXXXIX

That Emperour, by his great Majesty,  
 I Full seven years in Spain now has he been,  
 And castles there, and many cities seized.  
 King Marsilies was therefore sore displeased;  
 In the first year he sealed and sent his brief  
 To Baligant, into Babilonie:  
 ('Twas the admiral, old in antiquity,  
 That clean outlived Omer and Virgilie,)  
 To Sarraguce, with succour bade him speed,  
 For, if he failed, Marsile his gods would leave,  
 All his idols he worshipped formerly;  
 He would receive blest Christianity  
 And reconciled to Charlemagne would be.  
 Long time that one came not, far off was he.  
 Through forty realms he did his tribes rally;  
 His great dromonds, he made them all ready,  
 Barges and skiffs and ships and galleries;  
 Neath Alexandre, a haven next the sea,  
 In readiness he gat his whole navy.  
 That was in May, first summer of the year,  
 All of his hosts he launched upon the sea.

### CXC

Great are the hosts of that opposed race;  
 With speed they sail, they steer and navigate.  
 High on their yards, at their mast-heads they place  
 Lanterns enough, and carbuncles so great  
 Thence, from above, such light they dissipate  
 The sea's more clear at midnight than by day.  
 And when they come into the land of Spain  
 All that country lightens and shines again:  
 Of their coming Marsile has heard the tale.  
 AOI.

**CXCI**

The pagan race would never rest, but come  
Out of the sea, where the sweet waters run;  
They leave Marbris, they leave behind Marbrus,  
Upstream by Sebre doth all their navy turn.  
Lanterns they have, and carbuncles enough,  
That all night long and very clearly burn.  
Upon that day they come to Sarragus.  
AOI.

**CXCII**

Clear is that day, and the sun radiant.  
Out of his barge issues their admiral,  
Espaneliz goes forth at his right hand,  
Seventeen kings follow him in a band,  
Counts too, and dukes; I cannot tell of that.  
Where in a field, midway, a laurel stands,  
On the green grass they spread a white silk mat,  
Set a fald-stool there, made of olifant;  
Sits him thereon the pagan Baligant,  
And all the rest in rows about him stand.  
The lord of them speaks before any man:  
"Listen to me, free knights and valiant!  
Charles the King, the Emperour of the Franks,  
Shall not eat bread, save when that I command.  
Throughout all Spain great war with me he's had;  
I will go seek him now, into Douce France,  
I will not cease, while I'm a living man,  
Till be slain, or fall between my hands."  
Upon his knee his right-hand glove he slaps.

**CXCIII**

He is fast bound by all that he has said.  
He will not fail, for all the gold neath heav'n,  
But go to Aix, where Charles court is held:  
His men applaud, for so they counselled.  
After he called two of his chevaliers,  
One Clarifan, and the other Clarien:  
"You are the sons of king Maltraien,  
Freely was, wont my messages to bear.  
You I command to Sarraguce to fare.  
Marsiliun on my part you shall tell  
Against the Franks I'm come to give him help,  
Find I their host, great battle shall be there;  
Give him this glove, that's stitched with golden thread,  
On his right hand let it be worn and held;  
This little wand of fine gold take as well,  
Bid him come here, his homage to declare.  
To France I'll go, and war with Charles again;  
Save at my feet he kneel, and mercy beg,  
Save all the laws of Christians he forget,  
I'll take away the crown from off his head."  
Answer pagans: "Sire, you say very well."

**CXCIV**

Said Baligant: "But canter now, barons,  
 Take one the wand, and the other one the glove!"  
 These answer him: "Dear lord, it shall be done."  
 Canter so far, to Sarrauce they come,  
 Pass through ten gates, across four bridges run,  
 Through all the streets, wherein the burghers crowd.  
 When they draw nigh the citadel above,  
 From the palace they hear a mighty sound;  
 About that place are seen pagans enough,  
 Who weep and cry, with grief are waxen wood,  
 And curse their gods, Tervagan and Mahum  
 And Apolin, from whom no help is come.  
 Says each to each: "Caitiffs! What shall be done?  
 For upon us confusion vile is come,  
 Now have we lost our king Marsiliun,  
 For yesterday his hand count Rollanz cut;  
 We'll have no more Fair Jursaleu, his son;  
 The whole of Spain henceforward is undone."  
 Both messengers on the terrace dismount.

**CXCV**

Horses they leave under an olive tree,  
 Which by the reins two Sarrazins do lead;  
 Those messengers have wrapped them in their weeds,  
 To the palace they climb the topmost steep.  
 When they're come in, the vaulted roof beneath,  
 Marsilium with courtesy they greet:  
 "May Mahumet, who all of us doth keep,  
 And Tervagan, and our lord Apoline  
 Preserve the, king and guard from harm the queen!"  
 Says Bramimunde "Great foolishness I hear:  
 Those gods of ours in cowardice are steeped;  
 In Rencesvals they wrought an evil deed,  
 Our chevaliers they let be slain in heaps;  
 My lord they failed in battle, in his need,  
 Never again will he his right hand see;  
 For that rich count, Rollanz, hath made him bleed.  
 All our whole Spain shall be for Charles to keep.  
 Miserable! What shall become of me?  
 Alas! That I've no man to slay me clean!"  
 AOI.

**CXCVI**

Says Clarien: "My lady, say not that!  
 We're messengers from pagan Baligant;  
 To Marsilies, he says, he'll be warrant,  
 So sends him here his glove, also this wand.  
 Vessels we have, are moored by Sebres bank,  
 Barges and skiffs and gallies four thousand,  
 Dromonds are there—I cannot speak of that.  
 Our admiral is wealthy and puissant.

And Charlemagne he will go seek through France  
 And quittance give him, dead or recreant."  
 Says Bramimunde: "Unlucky journey, that!  
 Far nearer here you'll light upon the Franks;  
 For seven years he's stayed now in this land.  
 That Emperour is bold and combatant,  
 Rather he'd die than from the field draw back;  
 No king neath heav'n above a child he ranks.  
 Charles hath no fear for any living man.

### CXCVII

Says Marsilies the king: "Now let that be."  
 To th'messengers: "Sirs, pray you, speak to me.  
 I am held fast by death, as ye may see.  
 No son have I nor daughter to succeed;  
 That one I had, they slew him yester-eve.  
 Bid you my lord, he come to see me here.  
 Rights over Spain that admiral hath he,  
 My claim to him, if he will take't, I yield;  
 But from the Franks he then must set her free.  
 Gainst Charlemagne I'll shew him strategy.  
 Within a month from now he'll conquered be.  
 Of Sarraguce ye'll carry him the keys,  
 He'll go not hence, say, if he trusts in me."  
 They answer him: "Sir, 'tis the truth you speak."  
 AOI.

### CXCVIII

Then says Marsile: "The Emperour, Charles the Great  
 Hath slain my men and all my land laid waste,  
 My cities are broken and violate;  
 He lay this night upon the river Sebre;  
 I've counted well, 'tis seven leagues away.  
 Bid the admiral, leading his host this way,  
 Do battle here; this word to him convey."  
 Gives them the keys of Sarraguce her gates;  
 Both messengers their leave of him do take,  
 Upon that word bow down, and turn away.

### CXCIX

Both messengers did on their horses mount;  
 From that city nimbly they issued out.  
 Then, sore afraid, their admiral they sought,  
 To whom the keys of Sarraguce they brought.  
 Says Baligant: "Speak now; what have ye found?  
 Where's Marsilies, to come to me was bound?"  
 Says Clarien: "To death he's stricken down.  
 That Emperour was in the pass but now;  
 To France the Douce he would be homeward-bound,  
 Rereward he set, to save his great honour:  
 His nephew there installed, Rollanz the count,  
 And Oliver; the dozen peers around;  
 A thousand score of Franks in armour found.

Marsile the king fought with them there, so proud;  
 He and Rollanz upon that field did joust.  
 With Durendal he dealt him such a clout  
 From his body he cut the right hand down.  
 His son is dead, in whom his heart was bound,  
 And the barons that service to him vowed;  
 Fleeing he came, he could no more hold out.  
 That Emperour has chased him well enow.  
 The king implores, you'll hasten with succour,  
 Yields to you Spain, his kingdom and his crown."  
 And Baligant begins to think, and frowns;  
 Such grief he has, doth nearly him confound.  
 AOI.

## CC

"Sir admiral," said to him Clariens,  
 "In Rencesvals was yesterday battle.  
 Dead is Rollanz and that count Oliver,  
 The dozen peers whom Charle so cherished,  
 And of their Franks are twenty thousand dead.  
 King Marsilie's of his right hand bereft,  
 And the Emperour chased him enow from thence.  
 Throughout this land no chevalier is left,  
 But he be slain, or drowned in Sebres bed.  
 By river side the Franks have pitched their tents,  
 Into this land so near to us they've crept;  
 But, if you will, grief shall go with them hence."  
 And Baligant looked on him proudly then,  
 In his courage grew joyous and content;  
 From the fald-stool upon his feet he leapt,  
 Then cried aloud: "Barons, too long ye've slept;  
 Forth from your ships issue, mount, canter well!  
 If he flee not, that Charlemagne the eld,  
 King Marsilies shall somehow be avenged;  
 For his right hand I'll pay him back an head."

## CCI

Pagan Arabs out of their ships issue,  
 Then mount upon their horses and their mules,  
 And canter forth, (nay, what more might they do?)  
 Their admiral, by whom they all were ruled,  
 Called up to him Gemalfin, whom he knew:  
 "I give command of all my hosts to you."  
 On a brown horse mounted, as he was used,  
 And in his train he took with him four dukes.  
 Cantered so far, he came to Sarraguce.  
 Dismounted on a floor of marble blue,  
 Where four counts were, who by his stirrup stood;  
 Up by the steps, the palace came into;  
 To meet him there came running Bramimunde,  
 Who said to him: "Accursed from the womb,  
 That in such shame my sovran lord I lose!  
 Fell at his feet, that admiral her took.

In grief they came up into Marsile's room.  
AOI.

## CCII

King Marsilies, when he sees Baligant,  
Calls to him then two Spanish Sarazands:  
"Take me by the arms, and so lift up my back."  
One of his gloves he takes in his left hand;  
Then says Marsile: "Sire, king and admiral,  
Quittance I give you here of all my land,  
With Sarraquce, and the honour thereto hangs.  
Myself I've lost; my army, every man."  
He answers him: "Therefore the more I'm sad.  
No long discourse together may we have;  
Full well I know, Charles waits not our attack,  
I take the glove from you, in spite of that."  
He turned away in tears, such grief he had.  
Down by the steps, out of the palace ran,  
Mounted his horse, to's people galloped back.  
Cantered so far, he came before his band;  
From hour to hour then, as he went, he sang:  
"Pagans, come on: already flee the Franks!"  
AOI.

## CCIII

In morning time, when the dawn breaks at last,  
Awakened is that Emperour Charles.  
Saint Gabriel, who on God's part him guards,  
Raises his hand, the Sign upon him marks.  
Rises the King, his arms aside he's cast,  
The others then, through all the host, disarm.  
After they mount, by virtue canter fast  
Through those long ways, and through those roads so large;  
They go to see the marvellous damage  
In Rencesvals, there where the battle was.  
AOI.

## CCIV

In Rencesvals is Charles entered,  
Begins to weep for those he finds there dead;  
Says to the Franks: "My lords, restrain your steps,  
Since I myself alone should go ahead,  
For my nephew, whom I would find again.  
At Aix I was, upon the feast Noel,  
Vaunted them there my valiant chevaliers,  
Of battles great and very hot contests;  
With reason thus I heard Rollant speak then:  
He would not die in any foreign realm  
Ere he'd surpassed his peers and all his men.  
To the foes' land he would have turned his head,  
Conqueringly his gallant life he'd end."  
Further than one a little wand could send,

Before the rest he's on a peak mounted.

### CCV

When the Emperour went seeking his nephew,  
He found the grass, and every flower that bloomed,  
Turned scarlat, with our barons' blood imbrued;  
Pity he felt, he could but weep for rue.  
Beneath two trees he climbed the hill and looked,  
And Rollant's strokes on three terraces knew,  
On the green grass saw lying his nephew;  
'Tis nothing strange that Charles anger grew.  
Dismounted then, and went—his heart was full,  
In his two hands the count's body he took;  
With anguish keen he fell on him and swooned.

### CCVI

That Emperour is from his swoon revived.  
Naimes the Duke, and the count Aceline,  
Gefrei d'Anjou and his brother Thierry,  
Take up the King, bear him beneath a pine.  
There on the ground he sees his nephew lie.  
Most sweetly then begins he to repine:  
"Rollant, my friend, may God to thee be kind!  
Never beheld any man such a knight  
So to engage and so to end a fight.  
Now my honour is turned into decline!"  
Charle swoons again, he cannot stand upright.  
AOI.

### CCVII

Charles the King returned out of his swoon.  
Him in their hands four of his barons took,  
He looked to the earth, saw lying his nephew;  
All colourless his lusty body grew,  
He turned his eyes, were very shadowful.  
Charles complained in amity and truth:  
"Rollant, my friend, God lay thee mid the blooms  
Of Paradise, among the glorious!  
Thou cam'st to Spain in evil tide, seigneur!  
Day shall not dawn, for thee I've no dolour.  
How perishes my strength and my valour!  
None shall I have now to sustain my honour;  
I think I've not one friend neath heaven's roof,  
Kinsmen I have, but none of them's so proof."  
He tore his locks, till both his hands were full.  
Five score thousand Franks had such great dolour  
There was not one but sorely wept for rue.  
AOI.

### CCVIII

"Rollant, my friend, to France I will away;  
When at Loum, I'm in my hall again,



Strange men will come from many far domains,  
 Who'll ask me, where's that count, the Capitain;  
 I'll say to them that he is dead in Spain.  
 In bitter grief henceforward shall I reign,  
 Day shall not dawn, I weep not nor complain.

### CCIX

"Rollant, my friend, fair youth that bar'st the bell,  
 When I arrive at Aix, in my Chapelle,  
 Men coming there will ask what news I tell;  
 I'll say to them: 'Marvellous news and fell.  
 My nephew's dead, who won for me such realms!'  
 Against me then the Saxon will rebel,  
 Hungar, Bulgar, and many hostile men,  
 Romain, Puillain, all those are in Palerne,  
 And in Affrike, and those in Califerne;  
 Afresh then will my pain and suffrance swell.  
 For who will lead my armies with such strength,  
 When he is slain, that all our days us led?  
 Ah! France the Douce, now art thou deserted!  
 Such grief I have that I would fain be dead."  
 All his white beard he hath begun to rend,  
 Tore with both hands the hair out of his head.  
 Five score thousand Franks swooned on the earth and fell.

### CCX

"Rollant, my friend, God shew thee His mercy!  
 In Paradise repose the soul of thee!  
 Who hath thee slain, exile for France decreed.  
 I'd live no more, so bitter is my grief  
 For my household, who have been slain for me.  
 God grant me this, the Son of Saint Mary,  
 Ere I am come to th' master-pass of Size,  
 From my body my soul at length go free!  
 Among their souls let mine in glory be,  
 And let my flesh upon their flesh be heaped."  
 Still his white beard he tears, and his eyes weep.  
 Duke Naimes says: "His wrath is great indeed."  
 AOI.

### CCXI

"Sire, Emperour," Gefrei d'Anjou implored,  
 "Let not your grief to such excess be wrought;  
 Bid that our men through all this field be sought,  
 Whom those of Spain have in the battle caught;  
 In a charnel command that they be borne."  
 Answered the King: "Sound then upon your horn."  
 AOI.

### CCXII

Gefreid d'Anjou upon his trumpet sounds;  
 As Charles bade them, all the Franks dismount.

All of their friends, whose bodies they have found  
 To a charnel speedily the bring down.  
 Bishops there are, and abbots there enow,  
 Canons and monks, vicars with shaven crowns;  
 Absolution in God's name they've pronounced;  
 Incense and myrrh with precious gums they've ground,  
 And lustily they've swung the censers round;  
 With honour great they've laid them in the ground.  
 They've left them there; what else might they do now?  
 AOI.

### CCXIII

That Emperour sets Rollant on one side  
 And Oliver, and the Archbishop Turpine;  
 Their bodies bids open before his eyes.  
 And all their hearts in silken veils to wind,  
 And set them in coffers of marble white;  
 After, they take the bodies of those knights,  
 Each of the three is wrapped in a deer's hide;  
 They're washen well in allspice and in wine.  
 The King commands Tedbalt and Gebuin,  
 Marquis Otun, Milun the count besides:  
 Along the road in three wagons to drive.  
 They're covered well with carpets Galazine.  
 AOI.

### CCXIV

Now to be off would that Emperour Charles,  
 When pagans, lo! comes surging the vanguard;  
 Two messengers come from their ranks forward,  
 From the admiral bring challenge to combat:  
 "'Tis not yet time, proud King, that thou de-part.  
 Lo, Baligant comes cantering afterward,  
 Great are the hosts he leads from Arab parts;  
 This day we'll see if thou hast vassalage."  
 Charles the King his snowy beard has clasped,  
 Remembering his sorrow and damage,  
 Haughtily then his people all regards,  
 In a loud voice he cries with all his heart:  
 "Barons and Franks, to horse, I say, to arms!"  
 AOI.

### CCXC

First before all was armed that Emperour,  
 Nimbly enough his iron sark indued,  
 Laced up his helm, girt on his sword Joiuse,  
 Outshone the sun that dazzling light it threw,  
 Hung from his neck a shield, was of Girunde,  
 And took his spear, was fashioned at Blandune.  
 On his good horse then mounted, Tencendur,  
 Which he had won at th'ford below Marsune  
 When he flung dead Malpalin of Nerbune,  
 Let go the reins, spurred him with either foot;

Five score thousand behind him as he flew,  
Calling on God and the Apostle of Roum.  
AOI.

### CCXVI

Through all the field dismount the Frankish men,  
Five-score thousand and more, they arm themselves;  
The gear they have enhances much their strength,  
Their horses swift, their arms are fashioned well;  
Mounted they are, and fight with great science.  
Find they that host, battle they'll render them.  
Their gonfalons flutter above their helms.  
When Charles sees the fair aspect of them,  
He calls to him Jozeran of Provence,  
Naimon the Duke, with Antelme of Maience:  
"In such vassals should man have confidence,  
Whom not to trust were surely want of sense;  
Unless the Arabs of coming here repent,  
Then Rollant's life, I think, we'll dearly sell."  
Answers Duke Neimes: "God grant us his consent!"  
AOI.

### CCXVII

Charles hath called Rabel and Guineman;  
Thus said the King: "My lords, you I command  
To take their place, Olivier and Rollant,  
One bear the sword and the other the olifant;  
So canter forth ahead, before the van,  
And in your train take fifteen thousand Franks,  
Young bachelors, that are most valiant.  
As many more shall after them advance,  
Whom Gebuins shall lead, also Lorains."  
Naimes the Duke and the count Jozerans  
Go to adjust these columns in their ranks.  
Find they that host, they'll make a grand attack.  
AOI.

### CCXVIII

Of Franks the first columns made ready there,  
After those two a third they next prepare;  
In it are set the vassals of Baiviere,  
Some thousand score high-prized chevaliers;  
Never was lost the battle, where they were:  
Charles for no race neath heaven hath more care,  
Save those of France, who realms for him conquered.  
The Danish chief, the warrior count Oger,  
Shall lead that troop, for haughty is their air.  
AOI.

### CCXIX

Three columns now, he has, the Emperour Charles.  
Naimes the Duke a fourth next sets apart

Of good barons, endowed with vassalage;  
 Germans they are, come from the German March,  
 A thousand score, as all said afterward;  
 They're well equipped with horses and with arms,  
 Rather they'll die than from the battle pass;  
 They shall be led by Hermans, Duke of Trace,  
 Who'll die before he's any way coward.  
 AOI.

### CCXX

Naimes the Duke and the count Jozerans  
 The fifth column have mustered, of Normans,  
 A thousand score, or so say all the Franks;  
 Well armed are they, their horses charge and prance;  
 Rather they'd die, than eer be recreant;  
 No race neath heav'n can more in th'field compass.  
 Richard the old, lead them in th'field he shall,  
 He'll strike hard there with his good trenchant lance.  
 AOI.

### CCXXI

The sixth column is mustered of Bretons;  
 Thirty thousand chevaliers therein come;  
 These canter in the manner of barons,  
 Upright their spears, their ensigns fastened on.  
 The overlord of them is named Oedon,  
 Who doth command the county Nevelon,  
 Tedbald of Reims and the marquis Oton:  
 "Lead ye my men, by my commission."  
 AOI.

### CCXXII

That Emperour hath now six columns yare  
 Naimes the Duke the seventh next prepares  
 Of Peitevins and barons from Alverne;  
 Forty thousand chevaliers might be there;  
 Their horses good, their arms are all most fair.  
 They're neath a cliff, in a vale by themselves;  
 With his right hand King Charles hath them blessed,  
 Them Jozerans shall lead, also Godselmes.  
 AOI.

### CCXXIII

And the eighth column hath Naimes made ready;  
 Tis of Flamengs, and barons out of Frise;  
 Forty thousand and more good knights are these,  
 Nor lost by them has any battle been.  
 And the King says: "These shall do my service."  
 Between Rembalt and Hamon of Galice  
 Shall they be led, for all their chivalry.  
 AOI.

**CCXXIV**

Between Naimon and Jozeran the count  
Are prudent men for the ninth column found,  
Of Lothereings and those out of Borgoune;  
Fifty thousand good knights they are, by count;  
In helmets laced and sarks of iron brown,  
Strong are their spears, short are the shafts cut down;  
If the Arrabits demur not, but come out  
And trust themselves to these, they'll strike them down.  
Tierris the Duke shall lead them, of Argoune.  
AOI.

**CCXXV**

The tenth column is of barons of France,  
Five score thousand of our best capitans;  
Lusty of limb, and proud of countenance,  
Snowy their heads are, and their beards are blanched,  
In doubled sarks, and in hauberks they're clad,  
Girt on their sides Frankish and Spanish brands  
And noble shields of divers cognisance.  
Soon as they mount, the battle they demand,  
"Monjoie" they cry. With them goes Charlemagne.  
Gefreid d'Anjou carries that oriflamme;  
Saint Peter's twas, and bare the name Roman,  
But on that day Monjoie, by change, it gat.  
AOI.

**CCXXVI**

That Emperour down from his horse descends;  
To the green grass, kneeling, his face he bends.  
Then turns his eyes towards the Orient,  
Calls upon God with heartiest intent:  
"Very Father, this day do me defend,  
Who to Jonas succour didst truly send  
Out of the whale's belly, where he was pent;  
And who didst spare the king of Niniven,  
And Daniel from marvellous torment  
When he was caged within the lions' den;  
And three children, all in a fire ardent:  
Thy gracious Love to me be here present.  
In Thy Mercy, if it please Thee, consent  
That my nephew Rollant I may avenge.  
When he had prayed, upon his feet he stepped,  
With the strong mark of virtue signed his head;  
Upon his swift charger the King mounted  
While Jozerans and Neimes his stirrup held;  
He took his shield, his trenchant spear he kept;  
Fine limbs he had, both gallant and well set;  
Clear was his face and filled with good intent.  
Vigorously he cantered onward thence.  
In front, in rear, they sounded their trumpets,  
Above them all boomed the olifant again.  
Then all the Franks for pity of Rollant wept.

**CCXXVII**

That Emperour canters in noble array,  
 Over his sark all of his beard displays;  
 For love of him, all others do the same,  
 Five score thousand Franks are thereby made plain.  
 They pass those peaks, those rocks and those mountains,  
 Those terrible narrows, and those deep vales,  
 Then issue from the passes and the wastes  
 Till they are come into the March of Spain;  
 A halt they've made, in th'middle of a plain.  
 To Baligant his vanguard comes again  
 A Sulian hath told him his message:  
 "We have seen Charles, that haughty sovereign;  
 Fierce are his men, they have no mind to fail.  
 Arm yourself then: Battle you'll have to-day."  
 Says Baligant: "Mine is great vassalage;  
 Let horns this news to my pagans proclaim."

**CCXXVIII**

Through all the host they have their drums sounded,  
 And their bugles, and, very clear trumpets.  
 Pagans dismount, that they may arm themselves.  
 Their admiral will stay no longer then;  
 Puts on a sark, embroidered in the hems,  
 Laces his helm, that is with gold begemmed;  
 After, his sword on his left side he's set,  
 Out of his pride a name for it he's spelt  
 Like to Carlun's, as he has heard it said,  
 So Preciuse he bad his own be clept;  
 Twas their ensign when they to battle went,  
 His chevaliers'; he gave that cry to them.  
 His own broad shield he hangs upon his neck,  
 (Round its gold boss a band of crystal went,  
 The strap of it was a good silken web;)  
 He grasps his spear, the which he calls Maltet;—  
 So great its shaft as is a stout cudgel,  
 Beneath its steel alone, a mule had bent;  
 On his charger is Baligant mounted,  
 Marcules, from over seas, his stirrup held.  
 That warrior, with a great stride he stepped,  
 Small were his thighs, his ribs of wide extent,  
 Great was his breast, and finely fashioned,  
 With shoulders broad and very clear aspect;  
 Proud was his face, his hair was ringleted,  
 White as a flow'r in summer was his head.  
 His vassalage had often been proved.  
 God! what a knight, were he a Christian yet!  
 His horse he's spurred, the clear blood issued;  
 He's gallopped on, over a ditch he's leapt,  
 Full fifty feet a man might mark its breadth.  
 Pagans cry out: "Our Marches shall be held;  
 There is no Frank, may once with him contest,

Will he or nill, his life he'll soon have spent.  
Charles is mad, that he departs not hence."  
AOI.

### CCXXIX

That admiral to a baron's like enough,  
White is his beard as flowers by summer burnt;  
In his own laws, of wisdom hath he much;  
And in battle he's proud and arduous.  
His son Malprimes is very chivalrous,  
He's great and strong;—his ancestors were thus.  
Says to his sire: "To canter then let us!  
I marvel much that soon we'll see Carlun."  
Says Baligant: "Yea, for he's very pruff;  
In many tales honour to him is done;  
He hath no more Rollant, his sister's son,  
He'll have no strength to stay in fight with us."  
AOI.

### CCXXX

"Fair son Malprimes," then says t'him Baligant,  
"Was slain yestreen the good vassal Rollanz,  
And Oliver, the proof and valiant,  
The dozen peers, whom Charles so cherished, and  
Twenty thousand more Frankish combatants.  
For all the rest I'd not unglove my hand.  
But the Emperour is verily come back,  
—So tells me now my man, that Sulian—  
Ten great columns he's set them in their ranks;  
He's a proof man who sounds that olifant,  
With a clear call he rallies his comrades;  
These at the head come cantering in advance,  
Also with them are fifteen thousand Franks,  
Young bachelors, whom Charles calls Infants;  
As many again come following that band,  
Who will lay on with utmost arrogance."  
Then says Malprimes: "The first blow I demand."  
AOI.

### CCXXXI

"Fair son Malprimes," says Baligant to him,  
"I grant it you, as you have asked me this;  
Against the Franks go now, and smite them quick.  
And take with you Torleu, the Persian king  
And Dapamort, another king Leutish.  
Their arrogance if you can humble it,  
Of my domains a slice to you I'll give  
From Cheriant unto the Vale Marquis."  
"I thank you, Sire!" Malprimes answers him;  
Going before, he takes delivery;  
'Tis of that land, was held by king Flurit.  
After that hour he never looked on it,

Investiture gat never, nor seizin.

## CCXXXII

That admiral canters among his hosts;  
 After, his son with's great body follows,  
 Torleus the king, and the king Dapamort;  
 Thirty columns most speedily they form.  
 They've chevaliers in marvellous great force;  
 Fifty thousand the smallest column holds.  
 The first is raised of men from Butenrot,  
 The next, after, Micenes, whose heads are gross;  
 Along their backs, above their spinal bones,  
 As they were hogs, great bristles on them grow.  
 The third is raised from Nubles and from Blos;  
 The fourth is raised from Bruns and Esclavoz;  
 The fifth is raised from Sorbres and from Sorz;  
 The sixth is raised from Ermines and from Mors;  
 The seventh is the men of Jericho;  
 Negroes are the eighth; the ninth are men of Gros;  
 The tenth is raised from Balide the stronghold,  
 That is a tribe no goodwill ever shews.  
 That admiral hath sworn, the way he knows,  
 By Mahumet, his virtues and his bones:  
 "Charles of France is mad to canter so;  
 Battle he'll have, unless he take him home;  
 No more he'll wear on's head that crown of gold."

## CCXXXIII

Ten great columns they marshal thereafter;  
 Of Canelious, right ugly, is the first,  
 Who from Val-Fuit came across country there;  
 The next's of Turks; of Persians is the third;  
 The fourth is raised of desperate Pinceners,  
 The fifth is raised from Soltras and Avers;  
 The sixth is from Ormaleus and Eugene;  
 The seventh is the tribe of Samuel;  
 The eighth is from Bruise; the ninth from Esclavers;  
 The tenth is from Occiant, the desert,  
 That is a tribe, do not the Lord God serve,  
 Of such felons you never else have heard;  
 Hard is their hide, as though it iron were,  
 Wherefore of helm or hauberk they've no care;  
 In the battle they're felon murderers.  
 AOI.

## CCXXXIV

That admiral ten columns more reviews;  
 The first is raised of Giants from Malpruse;  
 The next of Huns; the third a Hungar crew;  
 And from Baldise the Long the fourth have trooped;  
 The fifth is raised of men from Val-Penuse;  
 The sixth is raised of tribesmen from Maruse;  
 The seventh is from Leus and Astrimunes;



The eighth from Argoilles; the ninth is from Clarbune;  
The tenth is raised of beardsmen from Val-Frunde,  
That is a tribe, no love of God e'er knew.  
Gesta Francor' these thirty columns prove.  
Great are the hosts, their horns come sounding through.  
Pagans canter as men of valour should.  
AOI.

### CCXXXV

That admiral hath great possessions;  
He makes them bear before him his dragon,  
And their standard, Tervagan's and Mahom's,  
And his image, Apollin the felon.  
Ten Canelious canter in the environs,  
And very loud the cry out this sermon:  
"Let who would from our gods have garrison,  
Serve them and pray with great affliction."  
Pagans awhile their heads and faces on  
Their breasts abase, their polished helmets doff.  
And the Franks say: "Now shall you die, gluttons;  
This day shall bring you vile confusion!  
Give warranty, our God, unto Carlon!  
And in his name this victory be won!"  
AOI.

### CCXXXVI

That admiral hath wisdom great indeed;  
His son to him and those two kings calls he:  
My lords barons, beforehand canter ye,  
All my columns together shall you lead;  
But of the best I'll keep beside me three:  
One is of Turks; the next of Ormaleis;  
And the third is the Giants of Malpreis.  
And Occiant's, they'll also stay with me,  
Until with Charles and with the Franks they meet.  
That Emperour, if he combat with me,  
Must lose his head, cut from his shoulders clean;  
He may be sure naught else for him's decreed.  
AOI.

### CCXXXVII

Great are the hosts, and all the columns fair,  
No peak nor vale nor cliff between them there,  
Thicket nor wood, nor ambush anywhere;  
Across the plain they see each other well.  
Says Baligant: "My pagan tribes adverse,  
Battle to seek, canter ye now ahead!"  
Carries the ensign Amboires of Oluferne;  
Pagans cry out, by Preciuse they swear.  
And the Franks say: "Great hurt this day you'll get!"  
And very loud "Monjoie!" they cry again.  
That Emperour has bid them sound trumpets;  
And the olifant sounds over all its knell.

The pagans say: "Carlun's people are fair.  
Battle we'll have, bitter and keenly set."  
AOI.

## CCXXXVIII

Great is that plain, and wide is that country;  
Their helmets shine with golden jewellery,  
Also their sarks embroidered and their shields,  
And the ensigns fixed on all their burnished spears.  
The trumpets sound, their voice is very clear,  
And the olifant its echoing music speaks.  
Then the admiral, his brother calleth he,  
'Tis Canabeus, the king of Floredee,  
Who holds the land unto the Vale Sevree;  
He's shewn to him Carlun's ten companies:  
"The pride of France, renowned land, you see.  
That Emperour canters right haughtily,  
His bearded men are with him in the rear;  
Over their sarks they have thrown out their beards  
Which are as white as driven snows that freeze.  
Strike us they will with lances and with spears:  
Battle with them we'll have, prolonged and keen;  
Never has man beheld such armies meet."  
Further than one might cast a rod that's peeled  
Goes Baligant before his companies.  
His reason then he's shewn to them, and speaks:  
"Pagans, come on; for now I take the field."  
His spear in hand he brandishes and wields,  
Towards Carlun has turned the point of steel.  
AOI.

## CCXXXIX

Charles the Great, when he sees the admiral  
And the dragon, his ensign and standard;—  
(In such great strength are mustered those Arabs  
Of that country they've covered every part  
Save only that whereon the Emperour was.)  
The King of France in a loud voice has called:  
"Barons and Franks, good vassals are ye all,  
Ye in the field have fought so great combats;  
See the pagans; they're felons and cowards,  
No pennyworth is there in all their laws.  
Though they've great hosts, my lords, what matters that?  
Let him go hence, who'd fail me in the attack."  
Next with both spurs he's gored his horse's flanks,  
And Tencendor has made four bounds thereat.  
Then say the Franks: "This King's a good vassal.  
Canter, brave lord, for none of us holds back."

## CCXL

Clear is the day, and the sun radiant;  
The hosts are fair, the companies are grand.  
The first columns are come now hand to hand.

The count Rabel and the count Guinemans  
Let fall the reins on their swift horses' backs,  
Spurring in haste; then on rush all the Franks,  
And go to strike, each with his trenchant lance.  
AOI.

### CCXLI

That count Rabel, he was a hardy knight,  
He pricked his horse with spurs of gold so fine,  
The Persian king, Torleu, he went to strike.  
Nor shield nor sark could such a blow abide;  
The golden spear his carcass passed inside;  
Flung down upon a little bush, he died.  
Then say the Franks: "Lord God, be Thou our Guide!  
Charles we must not fail; his cause is right."  
AOI.

### CCXLII

And Guineman tilts with the king Leutice;  
Has broken all the flowers on his shield,  
Next of his sark he has undone the seam,  
All his ensign thrust through the carcass clean,  
So flings him dead, let any laugh or weep.  
Upon that blow, the Franks cry out with heat:  
"Strike on, baron, nor slacken in your speed!  
Charle's in the right against the pagan breed;  
God sent us here his justice to complete."  
AOI.

### CCXLIII

Pure white the horse whereon Malprimes sate;  
Guided his corse amid the press of Franks,  
Hour in, hour out, great blows he struck them back,  
And, ever, dead one upon others packed.  
Before them all has cried out Baligant:  
"Barons, long time I've fed you at my hand.  
Ye see my son, who goes on Carlun's track,  
And with his arms so many lords attacks;  
Better vassal than him I'll not demand.  
Go, succour him, each with his trenchant lance!"  
Upon that word the pagans all advance;  
Grim blows they strike, the slaughter's very grand.  
And marvellous and weighty the combat:  
Before nor since was never such attack.  
AOI.

### CCXLIV

Great are the hosts; the companies in pride  
Come touching, all the breadth of either side;  
And the pagans do marvellously strike.  
So many shafts, by God! in pieces lie  
And crumpled shields, and sarks with mail untwined!

So spattered all the earth there would you find  
 That through the field the grass so green and fine  
 With men's life-blood is all vermilion dyed.  
 That admiral rallies once more his tribe:  
 "Barons, strike on, shatter the Christian line."  
 Now very keen and lasting is the fight,  
 As never was, before or since that time;  
 The finish none shall reach, unless he die.  
 AOI.

### CCXLV

That admiral to all his race appeals:  
 "Pagans, strike on; came you not therefore here?  
 I promise you noble women and dear,  
 I promise you honours and lands and fiefs."  
 Answer pagans: "We must do well indeed."  
 With mighty blows they shatter all their spears;  
 Five score thousand swords from their scabbards leap,  
 Slaughter then, grim and sorrowful, you'd seen.  
 Battle he saw, that stood those hosts between.  
 AOI.

### CCXLVI

That Emperour calls on his Franks and speaks:  
 "I love you, lords, in whom I well believe;  
 So many great battles you've fought for me,  
 Kings overthrown, and kingdoms have redeemed!  
 Guerdon I owe, I know it well indeed;  
 My lands, my wealth, my body are yours to keep.  
 For sons, for heirs, for brothers wreak  
 Who in Rencesvals were slaughtered yester-eve!  
 Mine is the right, ye know, gainst pagan breeds."  
 Answer the Franks: "Sire, 'tis the truth you speak."  
 Twenty thousand beside him Charles leads,  
 Who with one voice have sworn him fealty;  
 In straits of death they never will him leave.  
 There is not one thenceforth employs his spear,  
 But with their swords they strike in company.  
 The battle is straitened marvellously.  
 AOI.

### CCXLVII

Across that field the bold Malprimes canters;  
 Who of the Franks hath wrought there much great damage.  
 Naimes the Duke right haughtily regards him,  
 And goes to strike him, like a man of valour,  
 And of his shield breaks all the upper margin,  
 Tears both the sides of his embroidered ha'berk,  
 Through the carcass thrusts all his yellow banner;  
 So dead among sev'n hundred else he casts him.

**CCXLVIII**

King Canabeus, brother of the admiral,  
Has pricked his horse with spurs in either flank;  
He's drawn his sword, whose hilt is of crystal,  
And strikes Naimun on's helmet principal;  
Away from it he's broken off one half,  
Five of the links his brand of steel hath knapped;  
No pennyworth the hood is after that;  
Right to the flesh he slices through the cap;  
One piece of it he's flung upon the land.  
Great was the blow; the Duke, amazed thereat,  
Had fallen ev'n, but aid from God he had;  
His charger's neck he clasped with both his hands.  
Had the pagan but once renewed the attack,  
Then was he slain, that noble old vassal.  
Came there to him, with succour, Charles of France.  
AOI.

**CCXLIX**

Keen anguish then he suffers, that Duke Naimes,  
And the pagan, to strike him, hotly hastens.  
"Culvert," says Charles, "You'll get now as you gave him!"  
With vassalage he goes to strike that pagan,  
Shatters his shield, against his heart he breaks it,  
Tears the chin-guard above his hauberk mailed;  
So flings him dead: his saddle shall be wasted.

**CCL**

Bitter great grief has Charlemagne the King,  
Who Duke Naimun before him sees lying,  
On the green grass all his clear blood shedding.  
Then the Emperour to him this counsel gives:  
"Fair master Naimes, canter with me to win!  
The glutton's dead, that had you straitly pinned;  
Through his carcass my spear I thrust once in."  
Answers the Duke: "Sire, I believe it, this.  
Great proof you'll have of valour, if I live."  
They 'ngage them then, true love and faith swearing;  
A thousand score of Franks surround them still.  
Nor is there one, but slaughters, strikes and kills.  
AOI.

**CCLI**

Then through the field cantered that admiral,  
Going to strike the county Guineman;  
Against his heart his argent shield he cracked,  
The folds of his hauberk apart he slashed,  
Two of his ribs out of his side he hacked,  
So flung him dead, while still his charger ran.  
After, he slew Gebuin and Lorain,  
Richard the old, the lord of those Normans.  
"Preciuse," cry pagans, "is valiant!"

Baron, strike on; here have we our warrant!"  
AOI.

## CCLII

Who then had seen those Arrabit chevaliers,  
From Occiant, from Argoille and from Bascle!  
And well they strike and slaughter with their lances;  
But Franks, to escape they think it no great matter;  
On either side dead men to the earth fall crashing.  
Till even-tide 'tis very strong, that battle;  
Barons of France do suffer much great damage,  
Grief shall be there ere the two hosts be scattered.  
AOI.

## CCLIII

Right well they strike, both Franks and Arrabies,  
Breaking the shafts of all their burnished spears.  
Whoso had seen that shattering of shields,  
Whoso had heard those shining hauberks creak,  
And heard those shields on iron helmets beat,  
Whoso had seen fall down those chevaliers,  
And heard men groan, dying upon that field,  
Some memory of bitter pains might keep.  
That battle is most hard to endure, indeed.  
And the admiral calls upon Apollin  
And Tervagan and Mahum, prays and speaks:  
"My lords and gods, I've done you much service;  
Your images, in gold I'll fashion each;  
Against Carlun give me your warranty!"  
Comes before him his dear friend Gemalfin,  
Evil the news he brings to him and speaks:  
"Sir Baliganz, this day in shame you're steeped;  
For you have lost your son, even Malprime;  
And Canabeus, your brother, slain is he.  
Fairly two Franks have got the victory;  
That Emperour was one, as I have seen;  
Great limbs he has, he's every way Marquis,  
White is his beard as flowers in April."  
That admiral has bent his head down deep,  
And thereafter lowers his face and weeps,  
Fain would he die at once, so great his grief;  
He calls to him Jangleu from over sea.  
AOI.

## CCLIV

Says the admiral, "Jangleu, beside me stand!  
For you are proof, and greatly understand,  
Counsel from you I've ever sought to have.  
How seems it you, of Arrabits and Franks,  
Shall we from hence victorious go back?"  
He answers him: "Slain are you, Baligant!  
For from your gods you'll never have warrant.  
So proud is Charles, his men so valiant,

Never saw I a race so combatant.  
 But call upon barons of Occiant,  
 Turks and Enfruns, Arrabits and Giants.  
 No more delay: what must be, take in hand."

### CCLV

That admiral has shaken out his beard  
 That ev'n so white as thorn in blossom seems;  
 He'll no way hide, whateer his fate may be,  
 Then to his mouth he sets a trumpet clear,  
 And clearly sounds, so all the pagans hear.  
 Throughout the field rally his companies.  
 From Occiant, those men who bray and bleat,  
 And from Argoille, who, like dogs barking, speak;  
 Seek out the Franks with such a high folly,  
 Break through their line, the thickest press they meet  
 Dead from that shock they've seven thousand heaped.

### CCLVI

The count Oger no cowardice e'er knew,  
 Better vassal hath not his sark indued.  
 He sees the Franks, their columns broken through,  
 So calls to him Duke Tierris, of Argune,  
 Count Jozeran, and Gefreid, of Anjou;  
 And to Carlun most proud his reason proves:  
 "Behold pagans, and how your men they slew!  
 Now from your head please God the crown remove  
 Unless you strike, and vengeance on them do!"  
 And not one word to answer him he knew;  
 They spurred in haste, their horses let run loose,  
 And, wheresoeer they met the pagans, strook.  
 AOI.

### CCLVII

Now very well strikes the King Charlemagne,  
 Naimes the Duke, also Oger the Dane,  
 Geifreid d'Anjou, who that ensign displays.  
 Exceeding proof is Don Oger, the Dane;  
 He spurs his horse, and lets him run in haste,  
 So strikes that man who the dragon displays.  
 Both in the field before his feet he breaks  
 That king's ensign and dragon, both abased.  
 Baligant sees his gonfalon disgraced,  
 And Mahumet's standard thrown from its place;  
 That admiral at once perceives it plain,  
 That he is wrong, and right is Charlemain.  
 Pagan Arabs coyly themselves contain;  
 That Emperour calls on his Franks again:  
 "Say, barons, come, support me, in God's Name!"  
 Answer the Franks, "Question you make in vain;  
 All felon he that dares not exploits brave!"  
 AOI.

**CCLVIII**

Passes that day, turns into vesper-tide.  
 Franks and pagans still with their swords do strike.  
 Brave vassals they, who brought those hosts to fight,  
 Never have they forgotten their ensigns;  
 That admiral still "Preciuse" doth cry,  
 Charles "Monjoie," renowned word of pride.  
 Each the other knows by his clear voice and high;  
 Amid the field they're both come into sight,  
 Then, as they go, great blows on either side  
 They with their spears on their round targes strike;  
 And shatter them, beneath their buckles wide;  
 And all the folds of their hauberks divide;  
 But bodies, no; wound them they never might.  
 Broken their girths, downwards their saddles slide;  
 Both those Kings fall, themselves aground do find;  
 Nimble enough upon their feet they rise;  
 Most vassal-like they draw their swords outright.  
 From this battle they'll ne'er be turned aside  
 Nor make an end, without that one man die.  
 AOI.

**CCLIX**

A great vassal was Charles, of France the Douce;  
 That admiral no fear nor caution knew.  
 Those swords they had, bare from their sheaths they drew;  
 Many great blows on 's shield each gave and took;  
 The leather pierced, and doubled core of wood;  
 Down fell the nails, the buckles brake in two;  
 Still they struck on, bare in their sarks they stood.  
 From their bright helms the light shone forth anew.  
 Finish nor fail that battle never could  
 But one of them must in the wrong be proved.  
 AOI.

**CCLX**

Says the admiral: "Nay, Charles, think, I beg,  
 And counsel take that t'wards me thou repent!  
 Thou'st slain my son, I know that very well;  
 Most wrongfully my land thou challengest;  
 Become my man, a fief from me thou'lt get;  
 Come, serving me, from here to the Orient!"  
 Charle answers him: "That were most vile offence;  
 No peace nor love may I to pagan lend.  
 Receive the Law that God to us presents,  
 Christianity, and then I'll love thee well;  
 Serve and believe the King Omnipotent!"  
 Says Baligant: "Evil sermon thou saist."  
 They go to strikewith th'swords, are on their belts.  
 AOI.



**CCLXI**

In the admiral is much great virtue found;  
He strikes Carlun on his steel helm so brown,  
Has broken it and rent, above his brow,  
Through his thick hair the sword goes glancing round,  
A great palm's breadth and more of flesh cuts out,  
So that all bare the bone is, in that wound.  
Charles tottereth, falls nearly to the ground;  
God wills not he be slain or overpow'ed.  
Saint Gabriel once more to him comes down,  
And questions him "Great King, what doest thou?"

**CCLXII**

Charles, hearing how that holy Angel spake,  
Had fear of death no longer, nor dismay;  
Remembrance and a fresh vigour he's gained.  
So the admiral he strikes with France's blade,  
His helmet breaks, whereon the jewels blaze,  
Slices his head, to scatter all his brains,  
And, down unto the white beard, all his face;  
So he falls dead, recovers not again.  
"Monjoie," cries Charles, that all may know the tale.  
Upon that word is come to him Duke Naimes,  
Holds Tencendur, bids mount that King so Great.  
Pagans turn back, God wills not they remain.  
And Franks have all their wish, be that what may.

**CCLXIII**

Pagans are fled, ev'n as the Lord God wills;  
Chase them the Franks, and the Emperour therewith.  
Says the King then: "My Lords, avenge your ills,  
Unto your hearts' content, do what you will!  
For tears, this morn, I saw your eyes did spill."  
Answer the Franks: "Sir, even so we will."  
Then such great blows, as each may strike, he gives  
That few escape, of those remain there still.

**CCLXIV**

Great was the heat, the dust arose and blew;  
Still pagans fled, and hotly Franks pursued.  
The chase endured from there to Sarraguce.  
On her tower, high up clomb Bramimunde,  
Around her there the clerks and canons stood  
Of the false law, whom God ne'er loved nor knew;  
Orders they'd none, nor were their heads tonsured.  
And when she saw those Arrabits confused  
Aloud she cried: "Give us your aid, Mahume!  
Ah! Noble king, conquered are all our troops,  
And the admiral to shameful slaughter put!"  
When Marsile heard, towards the wall he looked,  
Wept from his eyes, and all his body stooped,  
So died of grief. With sins he's so corrupt;

The soul of him to Hell live devils took.

### CCLXV

Pagans are slain; the rest are put to rout  
Whom Charles hath in battle overpowered.  
Of Sarrauce the gates he's battered down,  
For well he knows there's no defence there now;  
In come his men, he occupies that town;  
And all that night they lie there in their pow'r.  
Fierce is that King, with 's hoary beard, and proud,  
And Bramimunde hath yielded up her towers;  
But ten ere great, and lesser fifty around.  
Great exploits his whom the Lord God endows!

### CCLXVI

Passes the day, the darkness is grown deep,  
But all the stars burn, and the moon shines clear.  
And Sarrauce is in the Emperour's keep.  
A thousand Franks he bids seek through the streets,  
The synagogues and the mahumeries;  
With iron malls and axes which they wield  
They break the idols and all the imageries;  
So there remain no fraud nor falsity.  
That King fears God, and would do His service,  
On water then Bishops their blessing speak,  
And pagans bring into the baptistry.  
If any Charles with contradiction meet  
Then hanged or burned or slaughtered shall he be.  
Five score thousand and more are thus redeemed,  
Very Christians; save that alone the queen  
To France the Douce goes in captivity;  
By love the King will her conversion seek.

### CCLXVII

Passes the night, the clear day opens now.  
Of Sarrauce Charles garrisons the tow'rs;  
A thousand knights he's left there, fighters stout;  
Who guard that town as bids their Emperour.  
After, the King and all his army mount,  
And Bramimunde a prisoner is bound,  
No harm to her, but only good he's vowed.  
So are they come, with joy and gladness out,  
They pass Nerbone by force and by vigour,  
Come to Burdele, that city of high valour.  
Above the altar, to Saint Sevrin endowed,  
Stands the olifant, with golden pieces bound;  
All the pilgrims may see it, who thither crowd.  
Passing Girunde in great ships, there abound,  
Ev'n unto Blaive he's brought his nephew down  
And Oliver, his noble companioun,  
And the Archbishop, who was so wise and proud.  
In white coffer he bids them lay those counts  
At Saint Romain: So rest they in that ground.

Franks them to God and to His Angels vow.  
Charles canters on, by valleys and by mounts,  
Not before Aix will he not make sojourn;  
Canters so far, on th'terrace he dismounts.  
When he is come into his lofty house,  
By messengers he seeks his judges out;  
Saxons, Baivers, Lothereincs and Frisouns,  
Germans he calls, and also calls Borgounds;  
From Normandy, from Brittany and Poitou,  
And those in France that are the sagest found.  
Thereon begins the cause of Gueneloun.

### CCLXVIII

That Emperour, returning out of Spain,  
Arrived in France, in his chief seat, at Aix,  
Clomb to th' Palace, into the hall he came.  
Was come to him there Alde, that fair dame;  
Said to the King: "Where's Rollanz the Captain,  
Who sware to me, he'd have me for his mate?"  
Then upon Charles a heavy sorrow weighed,  
And his eyes wept, he tore his beard again:  
"Sister, dear friend, of a dead man you spake.  
I'll give you one far better in exchange,  
That is Loewis, what further can I say;  
He is my son, and shall my marches take."  
Alde answered him: "That word to me is strange.  
Never, please God, His Angels and His Saints,  
When Rollant's dead shall I alive remain!"  
Her colour fails, at th' feet of Charlemain,  
She falls; she's dead. Her soul God's Mercy awaits!  
Barons of France weep therefore and complain.

### CCLXIX

Alde the fair is gone now to her rest.  
Yet the King thought she was but swooning then,  
Pity he had, our Emperour, and wept,  
Took her in's hands, raised her from th'earth again;  
On her shoulders her head still drooped and leant.  
When Charles saw that she was truly dead  
Four countesses at once he summoned;  
To a monast'ry of nuns they bare her thence,  
All night their watch until the dawn they held;  
Before the altar her tomb was fashioned well;  
Her memory the King with honour kept.  
AOI.

### CCLXX

That Emperour is now returned to Aix.  
The felon Guene, all in his iron chains  
Is in that town, before the King's Palace;  
Those serfs have bound him, fast upon his stake,  
In deer-hide thongs his hands they've helpless made,  
With clubs and whips they trounce him well and baste:

He has deserved not any better fate;  
In bitter grief his trial there he awaits.

### CCLXXI

Written it is, and in an ancient geste  
How Charles called from many lands his men,  
Assembled them at Aix, in his Chapelle.  
Holy that day, for some chief feast was held,  
Saint Silvester's that baron's, many tell.  
Thereon began the trial and defence  
Of Guenelun, who had the treason spelt.  
Before himself the Emperour has him led.  
AOI.

### CCLXXII

"Lords and barons," Charles the King doth speak,  
"Of Guenelun judge what the right may be!  
He was in th'host, even in Spain with me;  
There of my Franks a thousand score did steal,  
And my nephew, whom never more you'll see,  
And Oliver, in 's pride and courtesy,  
And, wealth to gain, betrayed the dozen peers."  
"Felon be I," said Guenes, "aught to conceal!  
He did from me much gold and wealth forfeit,  
Whence to destroy and slay him did I seek;  
But treason, no; I vow there's not the least."  
Answer the Franks: "Take counsel now must we."

### CCLXXIII

So Guenelun, before the King there, stood;  
Lusty his limbs, his face of gentle hue;  
Were he loyal, right baron-like he'd looked.  
He saw those Franks, and all who'd judge his doom,  
And by his side his thirty kinsmen knew.  
After, he cried aloud; his voice was full:  
"For th' Love of God, listen to me, baruns!  
I was in th' host, beside our Emperour,  
Service I did him there in faith and truth.  
Hatred of me had Rollant, his nephew;  
So he decreed death for me and dolour.  
Message I bare to king Marsiliun;  
By my cunning I held myself secure.  
To that fighter Rollant my challenge threw,  
To Oliver, and all their comrades too;  
Charles heard that, and his noble baruns.  
Vengeance I gat, but there's no treason proved."  
Answered the Franks: "Now go we to the moot."

### CCLXXIV

When Guenes sees, his great cause is beginning,  
Thirty he has around him of his kinsmen,  
There's one of them to whom the others listen,

'Tis Pinabel, who in Sorence castle liveth;  
 Well can he speak, soundly his reasons giving,  
 A good vassal, whose arm to fight is stiffened.  
 Says to him Guenes: "In you my faith is fixed.  
 Save me this day from death, also from prison."  
 Says Pinabel: "Straightway you'll be delivered.  
 Is there one Frank, that you to hang committeth?  
 Let the Emperour but once together bring us,  
 With my steel brand he shall be smartly chidden."  
 Guenes the count kneels at his feet to kiss them.

### CCLXXV

To th' counsel go those of Bavier and Saxe,  
 Normans also, with Poitevins and Franks;  
 Enough there are of Tudese and Germans.  
 Those of Alverne the greatest court'sy have,  
 From Pinabel most quietly draw back.  
 Says each to each: "'Twere well to let it stand.  
 Leave we this cause, and of the King demand  
 That he cry quits with Guenes for this act;  
 With love and faith he'll serve him after that.  
 Since he is dead, no more ye'll see Rollanz,  
 Nor any wealth nor gold may win him back.  
 Most foolish then is he, would do combat."  
 There is but one agrees not to their plan;  
 Tierri, brother to Don Geifreit, 's that man.  
 AOI.

### CCLXXVI

Then his barons, returning to Carlun,  
 Say to their King: "Sire, we beseech of you  
 That you cry quits with county Guenelun,  
 So he may serve you still in love and truth;  
 Nay let him live, so noble a man 's he proved.  
 Rollant is dead, no longer in our view,  
 Nor for no wealth may we his life renew."  
 Then says the King: "You're felons all of you!"  
 AOI.

### CCLXXVII

When Charles saw that all of them did fail,  
 Deep down he bowed his head and all his face  
 For th' grief he had, caitiff himself proclaimed.  
 One of his knights, Tierris, before him came,  
 Gefrei's brother, that Duke of Anjou famed;  
 Lean were his limbs, and lengthy and delicate,  
 Black was his hair and somewhat brown his face;  
 Was not too small, and yet was hardly great;  
 And courteously to the Emperour he spake:  
 "Fair' Lord and King, do not yourself dismay!  
 You know that I have served you many ways:  
 By my ancestors should I this cause maintain.  
 And if Rollant was forfeited to Guenes

Still your service to him full warrant gave.  
 Felon is Guene, since th' hour that he betrayed,  
 And, towards you, is perjured and ashamed:  
 Wherefore I judge that he be hanged and slain,  
 His carcass flung to th' dogs beside the way,  
 As a felon who felony did make.  
 But, has he a friend that would dispute my claim  
 With this my sword which I have girt in place  
 My judgement will I warrant every way."  
 Answer the Franks: "Now very well you spake."

## CCLXXVIII

Before the King is come now Pinabel;  
 Great is he, strong, vassalous and nimble;  
 Who bears his blow has no more time to dwell:  
 Says to him: "Sire, on you this cause depends;  
 Command therefore this noise be made an end.  
 See Tierri here, who hath his judgment dealt;  
 I cry him false, and will the cause contest."  
 His deer-hide glove in the King's hand he's left.  
 Says the Emperour: "Good pledges must I get."  
 Thirty kinsmen offer their loyal pledge.  
 "I'll do the same for you," the King has said;  
 Until the right be shewn, bids guard them well.  
 AOI.

## CCLXXIX

When Tierri sees that battle shall come after,  
 His right hand glove he offereth to Chares.  
 That Emperour by way of hostage guards it;  
 Four benches then upon the place he marshals  
 Where sit them down champions of either party.  
 They're chos'n aright, as the others' judgement cast them;  
 Oger the Dane between them made the parley.  
 Next they demand their horses and their armour.  
 AOI.

## CCLXXX

For battle, now, ready you might them see,  
 They're well confessed, absolved, from sin set free;  
 Masses they've heard, Communion received,  
 Rich offerings to those minsters they leave.  
 Before Carlun now both the two appear:  
 They have their spurs, are fastened on their feet,  
 And, light and strong, their hauberks brightly gleam;  
 Upon their heads they've laced their helmets clear,  
 And girt on swords, with pure gold hilted each;  
 And from their necks hang down their quartered shields;  
 In their right hands they grasp their trenchant spears.  
 At last they mount on their swift coursing steeds.  
 Five score thousand chevaliers therefor weep,  
 For Rollant's sake pity for Tierri feel.

God knows full well which way the end shall be.

### CCLXXXI

Down under Aix there is a pasture large  
Which for the fight of th' two barons is marked.  
Proof men are these, and of great vassalage,  
And their horses, unwearied, gallop fast;  
They spur them well, the reins aside they cast,  
With virtue great, to strike each other, dart;  
All of their shields shatter and rend apart.  
Their hauberks tear; the girths asunder start,  
The saddles slip, and fall upon the grass.  
Five score thousand weep, who that sight regard.  
AOI.

### CCLXXXII

Upon the ground are fallen both the knights;  
Nimble enough upon their feet they rise.  
Nimble and strong is Pinabel, and light.  
Each the other seeks; horses are out of mind,  
But with those swords whose hilts with gold are lined  
Upon those helms of steel they beat and strike:  
Great are the blows, those helmets to divide.  
The chevaliers of France do much repine.  
"O God!" says Charles, "Make plain to us the right!"

### CCLXXXIII

Says Pinabel "Tierri, I pray thee, yield:  
I'll be thy man, in love and fealty;  
For the pleasure my wealth I'll give to thee;  
But make the King with Guenelun agree."  
Answers Tierri: "Such counsel's not for me.  
Pure felon I, if e'er I that concede!  
God shall this day the right shew, us between!"  
AOI.

### CCLXXXIV

Then said Tierri "Bold art thou, Pinabel,  
Thou'rt great and strong, with body finely bred;  
For vassalage thy peers esteem thee well:  
Of this battle let us now make an end!  
With Charlemagne I soon will have thee friends;  
To Guenelun such justice shall be dealt  
Day shall not dawn but men of it will tell."  
"Please the Lord God, not so!" said Pinabel.  
"I would sustain the cause of my kindred  
No mortal man is there from whom I've fled;  
Rather I'd die than hear reproaches said."  
Then with their swords began to strike again  
Upon those helms that were with gold begemmed  
Into the sky the bright sparks rained and fell.  
It cannot be that they be sundered,

Nor make an end, without one man be dead.  
AOI.

### CCLXXXV

He's very proof, Pinabel of Sorence,  
Tierri he strikes, on 's helmet of Provence,  
Leaps such a spark, the grass is kindled thence;  
Of his steel brand the point he then presents,  
On Tierri's brow the helmet has he wrenched  
So down his face its broken halves descend;  
And his right cheek in flowing blood is drenched;  
And his hauberk, over his belly, rent.  
God's his warrant, Who death from him prevents.  
AOI.

### CCLXXXVI

Sees Tierris then 'that in the face he's struck,  
On grassy field runs clear his flowing blood;  
Strikes Pinabel on 's helmet brown and rough,  
To the nose-piece he's broken it and cut,  
And from his head scatters his brains in th' dust;  
Brandishes him on th' sword, till dead he's flung.  
Upon that blow is all the battle won.  
Franks cry aloud: "God hath great virtue done.  
It is proved right that Guenelun be hung.  
And those his kin, that in his cause are come."  
AOI.

### CCLXXXVII

Now that Tierris the battle fairly wins,  
That Emperour Charles is come to him;  
Forty barons are in his following.  
Naimes the Duke, Oger that Danish Prince,  
Geifrei d'Anjou, Willalme of Blaive therewith.  
Tierri, the King takes in his arms to kiss;  
And wipes his face with his great marten-skins;  
He lays them down, and others then they bring;  
The chevaliers most sweetly disarm him;  
An Arab mule they've brought, whereon he sits.  
With baronage and joy they bring him in.  
They come to Aix, halt and dismount therein.  
The punishment of the others then begins.

### CCLXXXVIII

His counts and Dukes then calls to him Carlun:  
"With these I guard, advise what shall be done.  
Hither they came because of Guenelun;  
For Pinabel, as pledges gave them up."  
Answer the Franks: "Shall not of them live one."  
The King commands his provost then, Basbrun:  
"Go hang them all on th' tree of cursed wood!  
Nay, by this beard, whose hairs are white enough,



If one escape, to death and shame thou'rt struck!"  
 He answers him: "How could I act, save thus?"  
 With an hundred serjeants by force they come;  
 Thirty of them there are, that straight are hung.  
 Who betrays man, himself and 's friends undoes.  
 AOI.

### CCLXXXIX

Then turned away the Baivers and Germans  
 And Poitevins and Bretons and Normans.  
 Fore all the rest, 'twas voted by the Franks  
 That Guenes die with marvellous great pangs;  
 So to lead forth four stallions they bade;  
 After, they bound his feet and both his hands;  
 Those steeds were swift, and of a temper mad;  
 Which, by their heads, led forward four sejeants  
 Towards a stream that flowed amid that land.  
 Sones fell Gue into perdition black;  
 All his sinews were strained until they snapped,  
 And all the limbs were from his body dragged.  
 On the green grass his clear blood gushed and ran.  
 Guenes is dead, a felon recreant.  
 Who betrays man, need make no boast of that.

### CCXC

When the Emperour had made his whole vengeance,  
 He called to him the Bishops out of France,  
 Those of Baviere and also the Germans:  
 "A dame free-born lies captive in my hands,  
 So oft she's heard sermons and reprimands,  
 She would fear God, and christening demands.  
 Baptise her then, so God her soul may have."  
 They answer him: "Sponsors the rite demands,  
 Dames of estate and long inheritance."  
 The baths at Aix great companies attract;  
 There they baptised the Queen of Sarazands,  
 And found for her the name of Juliane.  
 Christian is she by very cognisance.

### CCXCI

When the Emperour his justice hath achieved,  
 His mighty wrath's abated from its heat,  
 And Bramimunde has christening received;  
 Passes the day, the darkness is grown deep,  
 And now that King in 's vaulted chamber sleeps.  
 Saint Gabriel is come from God, and speaks:  
 "Summon the hosts, Charles, of thine Empire,  
 Go thou by force into the land of Bire,  
 King Vivien thou'lt succour there, at Imphe,  
 In the city which pagans have besieged.  
 The Christians there implore thee and beseech."  
 Right loth to go, that Emperour was he:  
 "God!" said the King: "My life is hard indeed!"

Tears filled his eyes, he tore his snowy beard.

*SO ENDS THE TALE WHICH TUROLD HATH CONCEIVED.*

# Geoffrey of Monmouth: Kings of Britain

## BOOK I.

### Chap. I.—The epistle dedicatory to Robert earl of Gloucester.

Whilst occupied on many and various studies, I happened to light upon the History of the Kings of Britain, and wondered that in the account which Gildas and Bede, in their elegant treatises, had given of them, I found nothing said of those kings who lived here before the Incarnation of Christ, nor of Arthur, and many others who succeeded after the Incarnation; though their actions both deserved immortal fame, and were also celebrated by many people in a pleasant manner and by heart, as if they had been written. Whilst I was intent upon these and such like thoughts, Walter, archdeacon of Oxford, a man of great eloquence, and learned in foreign histories, offered me a very ancient book in the British tongue, which, in a continued regular story and elegant style, related the actions of them all, from Brutus the first king of the Britons, down to Cadwallader the son of Cadwallo. At his request, therefore, though I had not made fine language my study, by collecting florid expressions from other authors, yet contented with my own homely style, I undertook the translation of that book into Latin. For if I had swelled the pages with rhetorical flourishes, I must have tired my readers, by employing their attention more upon my words than upon the history. To you, therefore, Robert earl of Gloucester, this work humbly sues for the favour of being so corrected by your advice, that it may not be thought to be the poor offspring of Geoffrey of Monmouth, but when polished by your refined wit and judgment, the production of him who had Henry the glorious king of England for his father, and whom we see an accomplished scholar and philosopher, as well as a brave soldier and expert commander; so that Britain with joy acknowledges, that in you she possesses another Henry.

### Chap. II.—The first inhabitants of Britain.

Britain, the best of islands, is situated in the Western Ocean, between France and Ireland, being eight hundred miles long, and two hundred broad. It produces every thing that is useful to man, with a plenty that never fails. It abounds with all kinds of metal, and has plains of large extent, and hills fit for the finest tillage, the richness of whose soil affords variety of fruits in their proper seasons. It has also forests well stored with all kinds of wild beasts; in its lawns cattle find good change of pasture, and bees variety of flowers for honey. Under its lofty mountains lie green meadows pleasantly situated, in which the gentle murmurs of crystal springs gliding along clear channels, give those that pass an agreeable invitation to lie down on their banks and slumber. It is likewise well watered with lakes and rivers abounding with fish; and besides the narrow sea which is on the Southern coast towards France, there are three noble rivers, stretching out like three arms, namely, the Thames, the Severn, and the Humber; by which foreign commodities from all countries are brought into it. It was formerly adorned with eight and twenty cities, of which some are in ruins and desolate, others are still standing, beautified with lofty church-towers, wherein religious worship is performed according to the Christian institution. It is lastly inhabited by five different nations, the Britons, Romans, Saxons, Picts, and Scots; whereof the Britons before the rest did formerly possess the whole island from sea to sea, till divine vengeance, punishing them for their

pride, made them give way to the Picts and Saxons. But in what manner, and from whence, they first arrived here, remains now to be related in what follows.

### Chap. III.—Brutus, being banished after the killing of his parents, goes into Greece.

After the Trojan war, Æneas, flying with Ascanius from the destruction of their city, sailed to Italy. There he was honourably received by king Latinus, which raised against him the envy of Turnus, king of the Rutuli, who thereupon made war against him. Upon their engaging in battle, Æneas got the victory, and having killed Turnus, obtained the kingdom of Italy, and with it Lavinia the daughter of Latinus. After his death, Ascanius, succeeding in the kingdom, built Alba upon the Tiber, and begat a son named Sylvius, who, in pursuit of a private amour, took to wife a niece of Lavinia. The damsel soon after conceived, and the father Ascanius, coming to the knowledge of it, commanded his magicians to consult of what sex the child should be. When they had satisfied themselves in the matter, they told him she would give birth to a boy, who would kill his father and mother, and after travelling over many countries in banishment, would at last arrive at the highest pitch of glory. Nor were they mistaken in their prediction; for at the proper time the woman brought forth a son, and died of his birth; but the child was delivered to a nurse and called Brutus.

At length, after fifteen years were expired, the youth accompanied his father in hunting, and killed him undesignedly by the shot of an arrow. For, as the servants were driving up the deer towards them, Brutus, in shooting at them, smote his father under the breast. Upon his death, he was expelled from Italy, his kinsmen being enraged at him for so heinous a deed. Thus banished he went into Greece, where he found the posterity of Helenus, son of Priamus, kept in slavery by Pandrasus, king of the Greeks. For, after the destruction of Troy, Pyrrhus, the son of Achilles, had brought hither in chains Helenus and many others; and to revenge on them the death of his father, had given command that they should be held in captivity. Brutus, finding they were by descent his old countrymen, took up his abode among them, and began to distinguish himself by his conduct and bravery in war, so as to gain the affection of kings and commanders, and above all the young men of the country. For he was esteemed a person of great capacity both in council and war, and signalized his generosity to his soldiers, by bestowing among them all the money and spoil he got. His fame, therefore, spreading over all countries, the Trojans from all parts began to flock to him, desiring under his command to be freed from subjection to the Greeks; which they assured him might easily be done, considering how much their number was now increased in the country, being seven thousand strong, besides women and children. There was likewise then in Greece a noble youth named Assaracus, a favourer of their cause. For he was descended on his mother's side from the Trojans, and placed great confidence in them, that he might be able by their assistance to oppose the designs of the Greeks. For his brother had a quarrel with him for attempting to deprive him of three castles which his father had given him at his death, on account of his being only the son of a concubine; but as the brother was a Greek, both by his father's and mother's side, he had prevailed with the king and the rest of the Greeks to espouse his cause. Brutus, having taken a view of the number of his men, and seen how Assaracus's castles

lay open to him, complied with their request.

#### **Chap. IV.—Brutus's letter to Pandrasus.**

Being, therefore, chosen their commander, he assembled the Trojans from all parts, and fortified the towns belonging to Assaracus. But he himself, with Assaracus and the whole body of men and women that adhered to him, retired to the woods and hills, and then sent a letter to the king in these words:—

“Brutus, general of the remainder of the Trojans, to Pandrasus, king of the Greeks, sends greeting. As it was beneath the dignity of a nation descended from the illustrious race of Dardanus, to be treated in your kingdom otherwise than the nobility of their birth required, they have betaken themselves to the protection of the woods. For they have preferred living after the manner of wild beasts, upon flesh and herbs, with the enjoyment of liberty, to continuing longer in the greatest luxury under the yoke of slavery. If this gives your majesty any offence, impute it not to them, but pardon it; since it is the common sentiment of every captive, to be desirous of regaining his former dignity. Let pity therefore move you to bestow on them freely their lost liberty, and permit them to inhabit the thickest of the woods, to which they have retired to avoid slavery. But if you deny them this favour, then by your permission and assistance let them depart into some foreign country.”

#### **Chap. V.—Brutus falling upon the forces of Pandrasus by surprise, routs them, and takes Antigonus, the brother of Pandrasus, with Anacletus, prisoner.**

Pandrasus, perceiving the purport of the letter, was beyond measure surprised at the boldness of such a message from those whom he had kept in slavery; and having called a council of his nobles, he determined to raise an army in order to pursue them. But while he was upon his march to the deserts, where he thought they were, and to the town of Sparatinum, Brutus made a sally with three thousand men, and fell upon him unawares. For having intelligence of his coming, he had got into the town the night before, with a design to break forth upon them unexpectedly, while unarmed and marching without order. The sally being made, the Trojans briskly attack them, and endeavour to make a great slaughter. The Greeks, astonished, immediately give way on all sides, and with the king at their head, hasten to pass the river Akalon, which runs near the place; but in passing are in great danger from the rapidity of the stream. Brutus galls them in their flight, and kills some of them in the stream, and some upon the banks; and running to and fro, rejoices to see them in both places exposed to ruin. But Antigonus, the brother of Pandrasus, grieved at this sight, rallied his scattered troops, and made a quick return upon the furious Trojans; for he rather chose to die making a brave resistance, than to be drowned in a muddy pool in a shameful flight. Thus attended with a close body of men, he encouraged them to stand their ground, and employed his whole force against the enemy with great vigour, but to little or no purpose; for the Trojans had arms, but the others none; and from this advantage they were more eager in the pursuit, and made a miserable slaughter; nor did they give over the assault till they had made nearly a total destruction, and taken Antigonus, and Anacletus his companion prisoners.

#### **Chap. VI.—The town of Sparatinum besieged by Pandrasus.**

Brutus, after the victory, reinforced the town with six hundred men, and then retired to the woods, where the Trojan people were expecting his protection. In the meantime Pandrasus, grieving at his own flight and his brother's captivity, endeavoured that night to re-assemble his broken forces, and the next morning went with a body of his people which he had got together, to besiege the town, into which he supposed Brutus had put himself with Antigonus and the rest of the prisoners that he had taken. As soon as he was arrived at the walls, and had viewed the situation of the castle, he divided his army into several bodies, and placed them

round it in different stations. One party was charged not to suffer any of the besieged to go out; another to turn the courses of the rivers; and a third to beat down the walls with battering rams and other engines. In obedience to those commands, they laboured with their utmost force to distress the besieged; and night coming on, made choice of their bravest men to defend their camp and tents from the incursions of the enemy, while the rest, who were fatigued with labour, refreshed themselves with sleep.

#### **Chap. VII.—The besieged ask assistance of Brutus.**

But the besieged, standing on the top of the walls, were no less vigorous to repel the force of the enemies' engines, and assault them with their own, and cast forth darts and firebrands with a unanimous resolution to make a valiant defence. And when a breach was made through the wall, they compelled the enemy to retire, by throwing upon them fire and scalding water. But being distressed through scarcity of provision and daily labour, they sent an urgent message to Brutus, to hasten to their assistance, for they were afraid they might be so weakened as to be obliged to quit the town. Brutus, though desirous of relieving them, was under great perplexity, as he had not men enough to stand a pitched battle, and therefore made use of a stratagem, by which he proposed to enter the enemies' camp by night, and having deceived their watch to kill them in their sleep. But because he knew this was impracticable without the concurrence and assistance of some Greeks, he called to him Anacletus, the companion of Antigonus, and with a drawn sword in his hand, spake to him after this manner:—

“Noble youth! your own and Antigonus's life is now at an end, unless you will faithfully perform what I command you. This night I design to invade the camp of the Greeks, and fall upon them unawares, but am afraid of being hindered in the attempt if the watch should discover the stratagem. Since it will be necessary, therefore, to have them killed first, I desire to make use of you to deceive them, that I may have the easier access to the rest. Do you therefore manage this affair cunningly. At the second hour of the night go to the watch, and with fair speeches tell them that you have brought away Antigonus from prison, and that he is come to the bottom of the woods, where he lies hid among the shrubs, and cannot get any farther, by reason of the fetters with which you shall pretend that he is bound. Then you shall conduct them, as if it were to deliver him, to the end of the wood, where I will attend with a band of men ready to kill them.”

#### **Chap. VIII.—Anacletus, in fear of death, betrays the army of the Greeks.**

Anacletus, seeing the sword threatening him with immediate death while these words were being pronounced, was so terrified as to promise upon oath, that on condition he and Antigonus should have longer life granted them, he would execute his command. Accordingly, the agreement being confirmed, at the second hour of the night he directs his way towards the Grecian camp, and when he was come near to it, the watch, who were then narrowly examining all the places where any one could hide, ran out from all parts to meet him, and demanded the occasion of his coming, and whether it was not to betray the army. He, with a show of great joy, made the following answer:—“I come not to betray my country, but having made my escape from the prison of the Trojans, I fly thither to desire you would go with me to Antigonus, whom I have delivered from Brutus's chains. For being not able to come with me for the weight of his fetters, I have a little while ago caused him to lie hid among the shrubs at the end of the wood, till I could meet with some one whom I might conduct to his assistance.” While they were in suspense about the truth of this story, there came one who knew him, and after he had saluted him, told them who he was; so that now, without any hesitation, they quickly called their absent companions, and followed him to the wood where he had told them Antigonus lay hid. But at length, as they were going among the shrubs, Brutus with his armed bands springs forth, and falls upon them, while under the greatest astonishment, with a most cruel slaughter. From thence he marches directly to the siege, and divides his men into three bands, assign-

ing to each of them a different part of the camp, and telling them to advance discreetly, and without noise; and when entered, not to kill any body till he with his company should be possessed of the king's tent, and should cause the trumpet to sound for a signal.

### Chap. IX.—The taking of Pandrasus.

When he had given them these instructions, they forthwith softly entered the camp in silence, and taking their appointed stations, awaited the promised signal, which Brutus delayed not to give as soon as he had got before the tent of Pandrasus, to assault which was the thing he most desired. At hearing the signal, they forthwith draw their swords, enter in among the men in their sleep, make quick destruction of them, and allowing no quarter, in this manner traverse the whole camp. The rest, awaked at the groans of the dying, and seeing their assailants, were like sheep seized with a sudden fear; for they despaired of life, since they had neither time to take arms, nor to escape by flight. They run up and down without arms among the armed, whithersoever the fury of the assault hurries them, but are on all sides cut down by the enemy rushing in. Some that might have escaped, were in the eagerness of flight dashed against rocks, trees, or shrubs, and increased the misery of their death. Others, that had only a shield, or some such covering for their defence, in venturing upon the same rocks to avoid death, fell down in the hurry and darkness of the night, and broke either legs or arms. Others, that escaped both these disasters, but did not know whither to fly, were drowned in the adjacent rivers; and scarcely one got away without some unhappy accident befalling him. Besides, the garrison in the town, upon notice of the coming of their fellow soldiers, sallied forth, and redoubled the slaughter.

### Chap. X.—A consultation about what is to be asked of the captive king.

But Brutus, as I said before, having possessed himself of the king's tent, made it his business to keep him a safe prisoner; for he knew he could more easily attain his ends by preserving his life than by killing him; but the party that was with him, allowing no quarter, made an utter destruction in that part which they had gained. The night being spent in this manner, when the next morning discovered to their view so great an overthrow of the enemy, Brutus, in transports of joy, gave full liberty to his men to do what they pleased with the plunder, and then entered the town with the king, to stay there till they had shared it among them; which done, he again fortified the castle, gave orders for burying the slain, and retired with his forces to the woods in great joy for the victory. After the rejoicings of his people on this occasion, their renowned general summoned the oldest of them and asked their advice, what he had best desire of Pandrasus, who, being now in their power, would readily grant whatever they would request of him, in order to regain his liberty. They, according to their different fancies, desired different things; some urged him to request that a certain part of the kingdom might be assigned them for their habitation; others that he would demand leave to depart, and to be supplied with necessaries for their voyage. After they had been a long time in suspense what to do, one of them, named Mempricius, rose up, and having made silence, spoke to them thus:—

“What can be the occasion of your suspense, fathers, in a matter which I think so much concerns your safety? The only thing you can request, with any prospect of a firm peace and security to yourselves and your posterity, is liberty to depart. For if you make no better terms with Pandrasus for his life than only to have some part of the country assigned you to live among the Greeks, you will never enjoy a lasting peace while the brothers, sons, or grandsons of those whom you killed yesterday shall continue to be your neighbours. So long as the memory of their fathers' deaths shall remain, they will be your mortal enemies, and upon the least trifling provocation will endeavour to revenge themselves. Nor will you be sufficiently numerous to withstand so great a multitude of people. And if you shall happen to fall out among yourselves, their number will daily increase, yours diminish. I propose, therefore, that you request of him his eldest daughter, Ignoge, for a wife for our general, and with her, gold, silver, corn, and whatever else

shall be necessary for our voyage. If we obtain this, we may with his leave remove to some other country.”

### Chap. XI.—Pandrasus gives his daughter Ignoge in marriage to Brutus, who, after his departure from Greece, falls upon a desert island, where he is told by the oracle of Diana what place he is to inhabit.

When he had ended his speech, in words to this effect, the whole assembly acquiesced in his advice, and moved that Pandrasus might be brought in among them, and condemned to a most cruel death unless he would grant this request. He was immediately brought in, and being placed in a chair above the rest, and informed of the tortures prepared for him unless he would do what was commanded him, he made them this answer:—

“Since my ill fate has delivered me and my brother Antigonus into your hands, I can do no other than grant your request, lest a refusal may cost us our lives, which are now entirely in your power. In my opinion life is preferable to all other considerations; therefore, wonder not that I am willing to redeem it at so great a price. But though it is against my inclination that I obey your commands, yet it seems matter of comfort to me that I am to give my daughter to so noble a youth, whose descent from the illustrious race of Priamus and Anchises is clear, both from that greatness of mind which appears in him, and the certain accounts we have had of it. For who less than he could have released from their chains the banished Trojans, when reduced under slavery to so many great princes? Who else could have encouraged them to make head against the Greeks? or with so small a body of men vanquished so numerous and powerful an army, and taken their king prisoner in the engagement? And, therefore, since this noble youth has gained so much glory by the opposition which he has made to me, I give him my daughter Ignoge, and also gold, silver, ships, corn, wine, and oil, and whatever you shall find necessary for your voyage. If you shall alter your resolution, and think fit to continue among the Greeks, I will grant you the third part of my kingdom for your habitation; if not, I will faithfully perform my promise, and for your greater security will stay as a hostage among you till I have made it good.”

Accordingly he held a council, and directed messengers to all the shores of Greece, to get ships together; which done, he delivered them to the Trojans, to the number of three hundred and twenty-four, laden with all kinds of provision, and married his daughter to Brutus. He made also a present of gold and silver to each man according to his quality. When everything was performed the king was set at liberty; and the Trojans, now released from his power, set sail with a fair wind. But Ignoge, standing upon the stern of the ship, swooned away several times in Brutus's arms, and with many sighs and tears lamented the leaving her parents and country, nor ever turned her eyes from the shore while it was in sight. Brutus, meanwhile, endeavoured to assuage her grief by kind words and embraces intermixed with kisses, and ceased not from these blandishments till she grew weary of crying and fell asleep. During these and other accidents, the winds continued fair for two days and a night together, when at length they arrived at a certain island called Leogecia, which had been formerly wasted by the incursions of pirates, and was then uninhabited. Brutus, not knowing this, sent three hundred armed men ashore to see who inhabited it; but they finding nobody, killed several kinds of wild beasts which they met with in the groves and woods, and came to a desolate city, in which they found a temple of Diana, and in it a statue of that goddess which gave answers to those that came to consult her. At last, loading themselves with the prey which they had taken in hunting, they return to their ships, and give their companions an account of this country and city. Then they advised their leader to go to the city, and after offering sacrifices, to inquire of the deity of the place, what country was allotted them for their place of settlement. To this proposal all assented; so that Brutus, attended with Gerion, the augur, and twelve of the oldest men, set forward to the temple, with all things necessary for the sacrifice. Being arrived at the place, and presenting themselves before the shrine with garlands

about their temples, as the ancient rites required, they made three fires to the three deities, Jupiter, Mercury, and Diana, and offered sacrifices to each of them. Brutus himself, holding before the altar of the goddess a consecrated vessel filled with wine, and the blood of a white hart, with his face looking up to the image, broke silence in these words:—

Goddess of woods, tremendous in the chase  
To mountain boars, and all the savage race!  
Wide o'er the ethereal walks extends thy sway,  
And o'er the infernal mansions void of day!  
Look upon us on earth! unfold our fate,  
And say what region is our destined seat?  
Where shall we next thy lasting temples raise?  
And choirs of virgins celebrate thy praise?

These words he repeated nine times, after which he took four turns round the altar, poured the wine into the fire, and then laid himself down upon the hart's skin, which he had spread before the altar, where he fell asleep. About the third hour of the night, the usual time for deep sleep, the goddess seemed to present herself before him, and foretell his future success as follows:—

Brutus! there lies beyond the Gallic bounds  
An island which the western sea surrounds,  
By giants once possessed; now few remain  
To bar thy entrance, or obstruct thy reign.  
To reach that happy shore thy sails employ;  
There fate decrees to raise a second Troy,  
And found an empire in thy royal line,  
Which time shall ne'er destroy, nor bounds confine.

Awakened by the vision, he was for some time in doubt with himself, whether what he had seen was a dream or a real appearance of the goddess herself, foretelling to what land he should go. At last he called to his companions, and related to them in order the vision he had in his sleep, at which they very much rejoiced, and were urgent to return to their ships, and while the wind favoured them, to hasten their voyage towards the west, in pursuit of what the goddess had promised. Without delay, therefore, they returned to their company, and set sail again, and after a course of thirty days came to Africa, being ignorant as yet whither to steer. From thence they came to the Philenian altars, and to a place called Salinæ, and sailed between Ruscicada and the mountains of Azara, where they underwent great danger from pirates, whom, notwithstanding, they vanquished, and enriched themselves with their spoils.

## Chap. XII.—Brutus enters Aquitaine with Corineus.

From thence, passing the river Malua, they arrived at Mauritania, where at last, for want of provisions, they were obliged to go ashore; and, dividing themselves into several bands, they laid waste the whole country. When they had well stored their ships, they steered to the Pillars of Hercules, where they saw some of those sea monsters, called Syrens, which surrounded their ships, and very nearly overturned them. However, they made a shift to escape, and came to the Tyrrhenian Sea, upon the shores of which they found four several nations descended from the banished Trojans, that had accompanied Antenor in his flight. The name of their commander was Corineus, a modest man in matters of council, and of great courage and boldness, who, in an encounter with any person, even of gigantic stature, would immediately overthrow him, as if he were a child. When they understood from whom he was descended, they joined company with him and those under his government, who from the name of their leader were afterwards called the Cornish people, and indeed were more serviceable to Brutus than the rest in all his engagements. From thence they came to Aquitaine, and entering the mouth of the Loire, cast anchor. There they stayed seven days and viewed the country. Goffarius Pictus, who was king of Aquitaine at that time, having an account brought him of the arrival of a foreign people with a great fleet upon his coasts, sent ambassadors to them to demand whether they brought with them peace or war. The ambassadors, on their way towards the fleet, met Corineus, who was come out with two hundred men, to hunt in the woods. They demanded of him, who gave him leave to enter the king's forests, and kill his game; (which by an ancient law nobody was allowed

to do without leave from the prince.) Corineus answered, that as for that matter there was no occasion for asking leave; upon which one of them, named Imbertus, rushing forward, with a full drawn bow levelled a shot at him. Corineus avoids the arrow and immediately runs up to him, and with his bow in his hand breaks his head. The rest narrowly escaped, and carried the news of this disaster to Goffarius. The Pictavian general was struck with sorrow for it, and immediately raised a vast army, to revenge the death of his ambassador. Brutus, on the other hand, upon hearing the rumour of his coming, sends away the women and children to the ships, which he took care to be well guarded, and commands them to stay there, while he, with the rest that were able to bear arms, should go to meet the army. At last an assault being made, a bloody fight ensued: in which after a great part of the day had been spent, Corineus was ashamed to see the Aquitanians so bravely stand their ground, and the Trojans maintaining the fight without victory. He therefore takes fresh courage, and drawing off his men to the right wing, breaks in upon the very thickest of the enemies, where he made such slaughter on every side, that at last he broke the line and put them all to flight. In this encounter he lost his sword, but by good fortune, met with a battle-axe, with which he claved down to the waist every one that stood in his way. Brutus and every body else, both friends and enemies, were amazed at his courage and strength, for he brandished about his battle-axe among the flying troops, and terrified them not a little with these insulting words, "Whither fly ye, cowards? whither fly ye, base wretches? stand your ground, that ye may encounter Corineus. What! for shame! do so many thousands of you fly one man? However, take this comfort for your flight, that you are pursued by one, before whom the Tyrrhenian giants could not stand their ground, but fell down slain in heaps together."

## Chap. XIII.—Goffarius routed by Brutus.

At these words one of them, named Subardus, who was a consul, returns with three hundred men to assault him; but Corineus with his shield wards off the blow, and lifting up his battle-axe gave him such a stroke upon the top of his helmet, that at once he claved him down to the waist; and then rushing upon the rest he made terrible slaughter by wheeling about his battle-axe among them, and, running to and fro, seemed more anxious to inflict blows on the enemy than careful to avoid those which they aimed at him. Some had their hands and arms, some their very shoulders, some again their heads, and others their legs cut off by him. All fought with him only, and he alone seemed to fight with all. Brutus seeing him thus beset, out of regard to him, runs with a band of men to his assistance: at which the battle is again renewed with vigour and with loud shouts, and great numbers slain on both sides. But now the Trojans presently gain the victory, and put Goffarius with his Pictavians to flight. The king after a narrow escape went to several parts of Gaul, to procure succours among such princes as were related or known to him. At that time Gaul was subject to twelve princes, who with equal authority possessed the whole country. These receive him courteously, and promise with one consent to expel the foreigners from Aquitaine.

## Chap. XIV.—Brutus, after his victory with Goffarius, ravages Aquitaine with fire and sword.

Brutus, in joy for the victory, enriches his men with the spoils of the slain, and then, dividing them into several bodies, marches into the country with a design to lay it waste, and load his fleet with the spoil. With this view he sets the cities on fire, seizes the riches that were in them, destroys the fields, and makes dreadful slaughter among the citizens and common people, being unwilling to leave so much as one alive of that wretched nation. While he was making this destruction over all Aquitaine, he came to a place where the city of Tours now stands, which he afterwards built, as Homer testifies. As soon as he had looked out a place convenient for the purpose, he pitched his camp there, for a place of safe retreat, when occasion should require. For he was afraid on account of Goffarius's approach with the kings and princes of

Gaul, and a very great army, which was now come near the place, ready to give him battle. Having therefore finished his camp, he expected to engage with Goffarius in two days' time, placing the utmost confidence in the conduct and courage of the young men under his command.

### **Chap. XV.—Goffarius's fight with Brutus.**

Goffarius, being informed that the Trojans were in those parts, marched day and night, till he came within a close view of Brutus's camp; and then with a stern look and disdainful smile, broke out into these expressions, "Oh wretched fate! Have these base exiles made a camp also in my kingdom? Arm, arm, soldiers, and march through their thickest ranks: we shall soon take these pitiful fellows like sheep, and disperse them throughout our kingdom for slaves." At these words they prepared their arms, and advanced in twelve bodies towards the enemy. Brutus, on the other hand, with his forces drawn up in order, went forth boldly to meet them, and gave his men directions for their conduct, where they should assault and where they should be upon the defensive. At the beginning of the attack, the Trojans had the advantage, and made a rapid slaughter of the enemy, of whom there fell near two thousand, which so terrified the rest, that they were on the point of running away. But, as the victory generally falls to that side which has very much the superiority in numbers, so the Gauls, being three to one in number, though overpowered at first, yet at last joining in a great body together, broke in upon the Trojans, and forced them to retire to their camp with much slaughter. The victory thus gained, they besieged them in their camp, with a design not to suffer them to stir out until they should either surrender themselves prisoners, or be cruelly starved to death with a long famine.

In the meantime, Corineus the night following entered into consultation with Brutus, and proposed to go out that night by by-ways, and conceal himself in an adjacent wood till break of day; and while Brutus should sally forth upon the enemy in the morning twilight, he with his company would surprise them from behind and put them to slaughter. Brutus was pleased with this stratagem of Corineus, who according to his engagement got out cunningly with three thousand men, and put himself under the covert of the woods. As soon as it was day Brutus marshalled his men and opened the camp to go out to fight. The Gauls meet him and begin the engagement: many thousands fall on both sides, neither party giving quarter. There was present a Trojan, named Turonus, the nephew of Brutus, inferior to none but Corineus in courage and strength of body. He alone with his sword killed six hundred men, but at last was unfortunately slain himself by the number of Gauls that rushed upon him. From him the city of Tours derived its name, because he was buried there. While both armies were thus warmly engaged, Corineus came upon them unawares, and fell fiercely upon the rear of the enemy, which put new courage into his friends on the other side, and made them exert themselves with increased vigour. The Gauls were astonished at the very shout of Corineus's men, and thinking their number to be much greater than it really was, they hastily quitted the field; but the Trojans pursued them, and killed them in the pursuit, nor did they desist till they had gained a complete victory. Brutus, though in joy for this great success, was yet afflicted to observe the number of his forces daily lessened, while that of the enemy increased more and more. He was in suspense for some time, whether he had better continue the war or not, but at last he determined to return to his ships while the greater part of his followers was yet safe, and hitherto victorious, and to go in quest of the island which the goddess had told him of. So without further delay, with the consent of his company, he repaired to the fleet, and loading it with the riches and spoils he had taken, set sail with a fair wind towards the promised island, and arrived on the coast of Totness.

### **Chap. XVI.—Albion divided between Brutus and Corineus.**

The island was then called Albion, and was inhabited by none but a few giants. Notwithstanding this, the pleasant situation of the

places, the plenty of rivers abounding with fish, and the engaging prospect of its woods, made Brutus and his company very desirous to fix their habitation in it. They therefore passed through all the provinces, forced the giants to fly into the caves of the mountains, and divided the country among them according to the directions of their commander. After this they began to till the ground and build houses, so that in a little time the country looked like a place that had been long inhabited. At last Brutus called the island after his own name Britain, and his companions Britons; for by these means he desired to perpetuate the memory of his name. From whence afterwards the language of the nation, which at first bore the name of Trojan, or rough Greek, was called British. But Corineus, in imitation of his leader, called that part of the island which fell to his share, Corinea, and his people Corineans, after his name; and though he had his choice of the provinces before all the rest, yet he preferred this country, which is now called in Latin Cornubia, either from its being in the shape of a horn (in Latin Cornu), or from the corruption of the said name. For it was a diversion to him to encounter the said giants, which were in greater numbers there than in all the other provinces that fell to the share of his companions. Among the rest was one detestable monster, named Goëmagot, in stature twelve cubits, and of such prodigious strength that at one shake he pulled up an oak as if it had been a hazel wand. On a certain day, when Brutus was holding a solemn festival to the gods, in the port where they at first landed, this giant with twenty more of his companions came in upon the Britons, among whom he made a dreadful slaughter. But the Britons at last assembling together in a body, put them to the rout, and killed them every one but Goëmagot. Brutus had given orders to have him preserved alive, out of a desire to see a combat between him and Corineus, who took a great pleasure in such encounters. Corineus, overjoyed at this, prepared himself, and throwing aside his arms, challenged him to wrestle with him. At the beginning of the encounter, Corineus and the giant, standing, front to front, held each other strongly in their arms, and panted aloud for breath; but Goëmagot presently grasping Corineus with all his might, broke three of his ribs, two on his right side and one on his left. At which Corineus, highly enraged, roused up his whole strength, and snatching him upon his shoulders, ran with him, as fast as the weight would allow him, to the next shore, and there getting upon the top of a high rock, hurled down the savage monster into the sea; where falling on the sides of craggy rocks, he was torn to pieces, and coloured the waves with his blood. The place where he fell, taking its name from the giant's fall, is called Lam Goëmagot, that is, Goëmagot's Leap, to this day.

### **Chap. XVII.—The building of new Troy by Brutus, upon the river Thames.**

Brutus, having thus at last set eyes upon his kingdom, formed a design of building a city, and with this view, travelled through the land to find out a convenient situation, and coming to the river Thames, he walked along the shore, and at last pitched upon a place very fit for his purpose. Here, therefore, he built a city, which he called New Troy; under which name it continued a long time after, till at last, by the corruption of the original word, it came to be called Trinovantum. But afterwards when Lud, the brother of Cassibellaun, who made war against Julius Cæsar, obtained the government of the kingdom, he surrounded it with stately walls, and towers of admirable workmanship, and ordered it to be called after his name, Kaer-Lud, that is, the City of Lud. But this very thing became afterwards the occasion of a great quarrel between him and his brother Nennius, who took offence at his abolishing the name of Troy in this country. Of this quarrel Gildas the historian has given a full account; for which reason I pass it over, for fear of debasing by my account of it, what so great a writer has so eloquently related.

### **Chap. XVIII.—New Troy being built, and laws made for the government of it, it is given to the citizens that were to inhabit it.**

After Brutus had finished the building of the city, he made choice of the citizens that were to inhabit it, and prescribed them laws for

their peaceable government. At this time Eli the priest governed in Judea, and the ark of the covenant was taken by the Philistines. At the same time, also, the sons of Hector, after the expulsion of the posterity of Antenor, reigned in Troy; as in Italy did Sylvius Æneas, the son of Æneas, the uncle of Brutus, and the third king of the Latins.

## BOOK II.

### Chap. I.—After the death of Brutus, his three sons succeed him in the kingdom.

During these transactions, Brutus had by his wife Ignoge three famous sons, whose names were Locrin, Albanact, and Kamber. These, after their father's death, which happened in the twenty-fourth year after his arrival, buried him in the city which he had built, and then having divided the kingdom of Britain among them, retired each to his government. Locrin, the eldest, possessed the middle part of the island, called afterwards from his name, Loegria. Kamber had that part which lies beyond the river Severn, now called Wales, but which was for a long time named Kambria; and hence that people still call themselves in their British tongue Kambri. Albanact, the younger brother, possessed the country he called Albania, now Scotland. After they had a long time reigned in peace together, Humber, king of the Huns, arrived in Albania, and having killed Albanact in battle, forced his people to fly to Locrin for protection.

### Chap. II.—Locrin, having routed Humber, falls in love with Estrildis.

Locrin, at hearing this news, joined his brother Kamber, and went with the whole strength of the kingdom to meet the king of the Huns, near the river now called Humber, where he gave him battle, and put him to the rout. Humber made towards the river in his flight, and was drowned in it, on account of which it has since borne his name. Locrin, after the victory, bestowed the plunder of the enemy upon his own men, reserving for himself the gold and silver which he found in the ships, together with three virgins of admirable beauty, whereof one was the daughter of a king in Germany, whom with the other two Humber had forcibly brought away with him, after he had ruined their country. Her name was Estrildis, and her beauty such as was hardly to be matched. No ivory or new-fallen snow, no lily could exceed the whiteness of her skin. Locrin, smitten with love, would have gladly married her, at which Corineus was extremely incensed, on account of the engagement which Locrin had entered into with him to marry his daughter.

### Chap. III.—Corineus resents the affront put upon his daughter.

He went, therefore, to the king, and wielding a battle-axe in his right hand, vented his rage against him in these words: "Do you thus reward me, Locrin, for the many wounds which I have suffered under your father's command in his wars with strange nations, that you must slight my daughter, and debase yourself to marry a barbarian? While there is strength in this right hand, that has been destructive to so many giants upon the Tyrrhenian coasts, I will never put up with this affront." And repeating this again and again with a loud voice, he shook his battle-axe as if he was going to strike him, till the friends of both interposed, and after they had appeased Corineus, obliged Locrin to perform his agreement.

### Chap. IV.—Locrin at last marries Guendolœna, the daughter of Corineus.

Locrin therefore married Corineus's daughter, named Guendolœna, yet still retained his love for Estrildis, for whom he made apartments under ground, in which he entertained her, and caused her to be honourably attended. For he was resolved at least to carry on a private amour with her, since he could not live with her openly for fear of Corineus. In this manner he concealed her, and made frequent visits to her for seven years together, without

the privacy of any but his most intimate domestics; and all under a pretence of performing some secret sacrifices to his gods, by which he imposed on the credulity of every body. In the meantime Estrildis became with child, and was delivered of a most beautiful daughter, whom she named Sabre. Guendolœna was also with child, and brought forth a son, who was named Maddan, and put under the care of his grandfather Corineus to be educated.

### Chap. V.—Locrin is killed; Estrildis and Sabre are thrown into a river.

But in process of time, when Corineus was dead, Locrin divorced Guendolœna, and advanced Estrildis to be queen. Guendolœna, provoked beyond measure at this, retired into Cornwall, where she assembled together all the forces of that kingdom, and began to raise disturbances against Locrin. At last both armies joined battle near the river Sture, where Locrin was killed by the shot of an arrow. After his death, Guendolœna took upon her the government of the whole kingdom, retaining her father's furious spirit. For she commanded Estrildis and her daughter Sabre to be thrown into the river now called the Severn, and published an edict through all Britain, that the river should bear the damsel's name, hoping by this to perpetuate her memory, and by that the infamy of her husband. So that to this day the river is called in the British tongue Sabren, which by the corruption of the name is in another language Sabrina.

### Chap. VI.—Guendolœna delivers up the kingdom to Maddan, her son, after whom succeeds Mempricius.

Guendolœna reigned fifteen years after the death of Locrin, who had reigned ten, and then advanced her son Maddan (whom she saw now at maturity) to the throne, contenting herself with the country of Cornwall for the remainder of her life. At this time Samuel the prophet governed in Judæa, Sylvius Æneas was yet living, and Homer was esteemed a famous orator and poet. Maddan, now in possession of the crown, had by his wife two sons, Mempricius and Malim, and ruled the kingdom in peace and with care forty years. As soon as he was dead, the two brothers quarrelled for the kingdom, each being ambitious of the sovereignty of the whole island. Mempricius, impatient to attain his ends, enters into treaty with Malim, under colour of making a composition with him, and, having formed a conspiracy, murdered him in the assembly where their ambassadors were met. By these means he obtained the dominion of the whole island, over which he exercised such tyranny, that he left scarcely a nobleman alive in it, and either by violence or treachery oppressed every one that he apprehended might be likely to succeed him, pursuing his hatred to his whole race. He also deserted his own wife, by whom he had a noble youth named Ebraucus, and addicted himself to sodomy, preferring unnatural lust to the pleasures of the conjugal state. At last, in the twentieth year of his reign, while he was hunting, he retired from his company into a valley, where he was surrounded by a great multitude of ravenous wolves, and devoured by them in a horrible manner. Then did Saul reign in Judæa, and Eurystheus in Lacedæmonia.

### Chap. VII.—Ebraucus, the successor of Mempricius, conquers the Gauls, and builds the towns Kaerebrauc, &c.

Mempricius being dead, Ebraucus, his son, a man of great stature and wonderful strength, took upon him the government of Britain, which he held forty years. He was the first after Brutus who invaded Gaul with a fleet, and distressed its provinces by killing their men and laying waste their cities; and having by these means enriched himself with an infinite quantity of gold and silver, he returned victorious. After this he built a city on the other side of the Humber, which, from his own name, he called Kaerebrauc, that is, the city of Ebraucus, about the time that David reigned in Judæa, and Sylvius Latinus in Italy; and that Gad, Nathan, and Asaph prophesied in Israel. He also built the city of Alclud towards Albani, and the town of mount Agned, called at this time the Castle



of Maidens, or the Mountain of Sorrow.

### **Chap. VIII.—Ebraucus's twenty sons go to Germany, and his thirty daughters to Sylvius Alba, in Italy.**

This prince had twenty sons and thirty daughters by twenty wives, and with great valour governed the kingdom of Britain sixty years. The names of his sons were, Brutus surnamed Greenshield, Margadud, Sisillius, Regin, Morivid, Bladud, Lagon, Bodloan, Kincar, Spaden, Gaul, Darden, Eldad, Ivor, Gangu, Hector, Kerin, Rud, Assarach, Buel. The names of his daughters were, Gloigni, Ignogni, Oudas, Guenliam, Gaudid, Angarad, Guendoloe, Tangustel, Gorgon, Medlan, Methahel, Ourar, Malure, Kambreda, Ragan, Gael, Ecub, Nest, Cheum, Stadud, Gladud, Ebren, Blagan, Aballac, Angaes, Galaes, (the most celebrated beauty at that time in Britain or Gaul,) Edra, Anaor, Stadiad, Egron. All these daughters their father sent into Italy to Sylvius Alba, who reigned after Sylvius Latinus, where they were married among the Trojan nobility, the Latin and Sabine women refusing to associate with them. But the sons, under the conduct of their brother Assaracus, departed in a fleet to Germany, and having, with the assistance of Sylvius Alba, subdued the people there, obtained that kingdom.

### **Chap. IX.—After Ebraucus reigns Brutus his son, after him Leil, and after Leil, Hudibras.**

But Brutus, surnamed Greenshield, stayed with his father, whom he succeeded in the government, and reigned twelve years. After him reigned Leil, his son, a peaceful and just prince, who, enjoying a prosperous reign, built in the north of Britain a city, called by his name, Kaerleil; at the same time that Solomon began to build the temple of Jerusalem, and the queen of Sheba came to hear his wisdom; at which time also Sylvius Epitus succeeded his father Alba, in Italy. Leil reigned twenty-five years, but towards the latter end of his life grew more remiss in his government, so that his neglect of affairs speedily occasioned a civil dissension in the kingdom. After him reigned his son, Hudibras, thirty-nine years, and composed the civil dissension among his people. He built Kaerlem or Canterbury, Kaerguen or Winchester, and the town of Mount Paladur, now Shaftesbury. At this place an eagle spoke, while the wall of the town was being built; and indeed I should have transmitted the speech to posterity, had I thought it true, as the rest of the history. At this time reigned Capys, the son of Epitus; and Haggai, Amos, Joel, and Azariah, were prophets in Israel.

### **Chap. X.—Bladud succeeds Hudibras in the kingdom, and practises magical operations.**

Next succeeded Bladud, his son, and reigned twenty years. He built Kaerbadus, now Bath, and made hot baths in it for the benefit of the public, which he dedicated to the goddess Minerva; in whose temple he kept fires that never went out nor consumed to ashes, but as soon as they began to decay were turned into balls of stone. About this time the prophet Elias prayed that it might not rain upon earth; and it did not rain for three years and six months. This prince was a very ingenious man, and taught necromancy in his kingdom, nor did he leave off pursuing his magical operations, till he attempted to fly to the upper region of the air with wings which he had prepared, and fell down upon the temple of Apollo, in the city of Trinovantum, where he was dashed to pieces.

### **Chap. XI.—Leir the son of Bladud, having no son, divides his kingdom among his daughters.**

After this unhappy fate of Bladud, Leir, his son was advanced to the throne, and nobly governed his country sixty years. He built upon the river Sore a city, called in the British tongue, Kaerleir, in the Saxon, Leircestre. He was without male issue, but had three daughters, whose names were Gonorilla, Regau, and Cordeilla, of whom he was dotingly fond, but especially of his youngest, Cordeilla. When he began to grow old, he had thoughts of dividing his kingdom among them, and of bestowing them on such husbands as were fit to be advanced to the government with them.

But to make trial who was worthy to have the best part of his kingdom, he went to each of them to ask which of them loved him most. The question being proposed, Gonorilla, the eldest, made answer, "That she called heaven to witness, she loved him more than her own soul." The father replied, "Since you have preferred my declining age before your own life, I will marry you, my dearest daughter, to whomsoever you shall make choice of, and give with you the third part of my kingdom." Then Regau, the second daughter, willing, after the example of her sister, to prevail upon her father's good nature, answered with an oath, "That she could not otherwise express her thoughts, but that she loved him above all creatures." The credulous father upon this made her the same promise that he did to her eldest sister, that is, the choice of a husband, with the third part of his kingdom. But Cordeilla, the youngest, understanding how easily he was satisfied with the flattering expressions of her sisters, was desirous to make trial of his affection after a different manner. "My father," said she, "is there any daughter that can love her father more than duty requires? In my opinion, whoever pretends to it, must disguise her real sentiments under the veil of flattery. I have always loved you as a father, nor do I yet depart from my purposed duty; and if you insist to have something more extorted from me, hear now the greatness of my affection, which I always bear you, and take this for a short answer to all your questions; look how much you have, so much is your value, and so much do I love you." The father, supposing that she spoke this out of the abundance of her heart, was highly provoked, and immediately replied, "Since you have so far despised my old age as not to think me worthy the love that your sisters express for me, you shall have from me the like regard, and shall be excluded from any share with your sisters in my kingdom. Notwithstanding, I do not say but that since you are my daughter, I will marry you to some foreigner, if fortune offers you any such husband; but will never, I do assure you, make it my business to procure so honourable a match for you as for your sisters; because, though I have hitherto loved you more than them, you have in requital thought me less worthy of your affection than they." And, without further delay, after consultation with his nobility, he bestowed his two other daughters upon the dukes of Cornwall and Albania, with half the island at present, but after his death, the inheritance of the whole monarchy of Britain.

It happened after this, that Aganippus, king of the Franks, having heard of the fame of Cordeilla's beauty, forthwith sent his ambassadors to the king to demand her in marriage. The father, retaining yet his anger towards her, made answer, "That he was very willing to bestow his daughter, but without either money or territories; because he had already given away his kingdom with all his treasure to his eldest daughters, Gonorilla and Regau." When this was told Aganippus, he, being very much in love with the lady, sent again to king Leir, to tell him, "That he had money and territories enough, as he possessed the third part of Gaul, and desired no more than his daughter only, that he might have heirs by her." At last the match was concluded; Cordeilla was sent to Gaul, and married to Aganippus.

### **Chap. XII.—Leir, finding the ingratitude of his two eldest daughters, betakes himself to his youngest, Cordeilla, in Gaul.**

A long time after this, when Leir came to be infirm through old age, the two dukes, on whom he had bestowed Britain with his two daughters, fostered an insurrection against him, and deprived him of his kingdom, and of all regal authority, which he had hitherto exercised with great power and glory. At length, by mutual agreement, Maglaunus, duke of Albania, one of his sons-in-law, was to allow him a maintenance at his own house, together with sixty soldiers, who were to be kept for state. After two years' stay with his son-in-law, his daughter Gonorilla grudged the number of his men, who began to upbraid the ministers of the court with their scanty allowance; and, having spoken to her husband about it, she gave orders that the numbers of her father's followers should be reduced to thirty, and the rest discharged. The father, resenting this treatment, left Maglaunus, and went to Henuinus, duke of Cornwall, to whom he had married his daughter Regau. Here he

met with an honourable reception, but before the year was at an end, a quarrel happened between the two families, which raised Regau's indignation; so that she commanded her father to discharge all his attendants but five, and to be contented with their service. This second affliction was insupportable to him, and made him return again to his former daughter, with hopes that the misery of his condition might move in her some sentiments of filial piety, and that he, with his family, might find a subsistence with her. But she, not forgetting her resentment, swore by the gods he should not stay with her, unless he would dismiss his retinue, and be contented with the attendance of one man; and with bitter reproaches she told him how ill his desire of vain-glorious pomp suited his age and poverty. When he found that she was by no means to be prevailed upon, he was at last forced to comply, and, dismissing the rest, to take up with one man only. But by this time he began to reflect more sensibly with himself upon the grandeur from which he had fallen, and the miserable state to which he was now reduced, and to enter upon thoughts of going beyond sea to his youngest daughter. Yet he doubted whether he should be able to move her commiseration, because (as was related above) he had treated her so unworthily. However, disdaining to bear any longer such base usage, he took ship for Gaul. In his passage he observed he had only the third place given him among the princes that were with him in the ship, at which, with deep sighs and tears, he burst forth into the following complaint:—

“O irreversible decrees of the Fates, that never swerve from your stated course! why did you ever advance me to an unstable felicity, since the punishment of lost happiness is greater than the sense of present misery? The remembrance of the time when vast numbers of men obsequiously attended me in the taking the cities and wasting the enemy's countries, more deeply pierces my heart than the view of my present calamity, which has exposed me to the derision of those who were formerly prostrate at my feet. Oh! the enmity of fortune! Shall I ever again see the day when I may be able to reward those according to their deserts who have forsaken me in my distress? How true was thy answer, Cordeilla, when I asked thee concerning thy love to me, ‘As much as you have, so much is your value, and so much do I love you.’ While I had anything to give they valued me, being friends, not to me, but to my gifts: they loved me then, but they loved my gifts much more: when my gifts ceased, my friends vanished. But with what face shall I presume to see you, my dearest daughter, since in my anger I married you upon worse terms than your sisters, who, after all the mighty favours they have received from me, suffer me to be in banishment and poverty?”

As he was lamenting his condition in these and the like expressions, he arrived at Karitia, where his daughter was, and waited before the city while he sent a messenger to inform her of the misery he was fallen into, and to desire her relief for a father who suffered both hunger and nakedness. Cordeilla was startled at the news, and wept bitterly, and with tears asked how many men her father had with him. The messenger answered, he had none but one man, who had been his armour-bearer, and was staying with him without the town. Then she took what money she thought might be sufficient, and gave it to the messenger, with orders to carry her father to another city, and there give out that he was sick, and to provide for him bathing, clothes, and all other nourishment. She likewise gave orders that he should take into his service forty men, well clothed and accoutred, and that when all things were thus prepared he should notify his arrival to king Aganippus and his daughter. The messenger quickly returning, carried Leir to another city, and there kept him concealed, till he had done every thing that Cordeilla had commanded.

### **Chap. XIII.—He is very honourably received by Cordeilla and the king of Gaul.**

As soon as he was provided with his royal apparel, ornaments, and retinue, he sent word to Aganippus and his daughter, that he was driven out of his kingdom of Britain by his sons-in-law, and was come to them to procure their assistance for recovering his dominions. Upon which they, attended with their chief ministers of state and the nobility of the kingdom, went out to meet him,

and received him honourably, and gave into his management the whole power of Gaul, till such time as he should be restored to his former dignity.

### **Chap. XIV.—Leir, being restored to the kingdom by the help of his son-in-law and Cordeilla, dies.**

In the meantime Aganippus sent officers over all Gaul to raise an army, to restore his father-in-law to his kingdom of Britain. Which done, Leir returned to Britain with his son and daughter and the forces which they had raised, where he fought with his sons-in-law and routed them. Having thus reduced the whole kingdom to his power, he died the third year after. Aganippus also died; and Cordeilla, obtaining the government of the kingdom, buried her father in a certain vault, which she ordered to be made for him under the river Sore, in Leicester, and which had been built originally under the ground to the honour of the god Janus. And here all the workmen of the city, upon the anniversary solemnity of that festival, used to begin their yearly labours.

### **Chap. XV.—Cordeilla, being imprisoned, kills herself. Margan, aspiring to the whole kingdom, is killed by Cunedagius.**

After a peaceful possession of the government for five years, Cordeilla began to meet with disturbances from the two sons of her sisters, being both young men of great spirit, whereof one, named Margan, was born to Maglaunus, and the other, named Cunedagius, to Henuinus. These, after the death of their fathers, succeeding them in their dukedoms, were incensed to see Britain subject to a woman, and raised forces in order to raise a rebellion against the queen; nor would they desist from hostilities, till, after a general waste of her countries, and several battles fought, they at last took her and put her in prison, where for grief at the loss of her kingdom she killed herself. After this they divided the island between them; of which the part that reaches from the north side of the Humber to Caithness, fell to Margan; the other part from the same river westward was Cunedagius's share. At the end of two years, some restless spirits that took pleasure in the troubles of the nation, had access to Margan, and inspired him with vain conceits, by representing to him how mean and disgraceful it was for him not to govern the whole island, which was his due by right of birth. Stirred up with these and the like suggestions, he marched with an army through Cunedagius's country, and began to burn all before him. The war thus breaking out, he was met by Cunedagius with all his forces, who attacked Margan, killing no small number of his men, and, putting him to flight, pursued him from one province to another, till at last he killed him in a town of Kambria, which since his death has been by the country people called Margan to this day. After the victory, Cunedagius gained the monarchy of the whole island, which he governed gloriously for three and thirty years. At this time flourished the prophets Isaiah and Hosea, and Rome was built upon the eleventh before the Kalends of May by the two brothers, Romulus and Remus.

### **Chap. XVI.—The successors of Cunedagius in the kingdom. Ferrex is killed by his brother Porrex, in a dispute for the government.**

At last Cunedagius dying, was succeeded by his son Rivallo, a fortunate youth, who diligently applied himself to the affairs of the government. In his time it rained blood three days together, and there fell vast swarms of flies, followed by a great mortality among the people. After him succeeded Gurgustius his son; after him Sisillius; after him Jago, the nephew of Gurgustius; after him Kinmarcus the son of Sisillius; after him Gorbogudo, who had two sons, Ferrex and Porrex.

When their father grew old they began to quarrel about the succession; but Porrex, who was the most ambitious of the two, forms a design of killing his brother by treachery, which the other discovering, escaped, and passed over into Gaul. There he procured aid from Suard king of the Franks, with which he returned

and made war upon his brother; coming to an engagement, Ferrex was killed and all his forces cut to pieces. When their mother, whose name was Widen, came to be informed of her son's death, she fell into a great rage, and conceived a mortal hatred against the survivor. For she had a greater affection for the deceased than for him, so that nothing less would appease her indignation for his death, than her revenging it upon her surviving son. She took therefore her opportunity when he was asleep, fell upon him, and with the assistance of her women tore him to pieces. From that time a long civil war oppressed the people, and the island became divided under the power of five kings, who mutually harassed one another.

### **Chap. XVII.—Dunwallo Molmutius gains the sceptre of Britain, from whom came the Molmutine laws.**

At length arose a youth of great spirit, named Dunwallo Molmutius, who was the son of Cloten king of Cornwall, and excelled all the kings of Britain in valour and gracefulness of person. When his father was dead, he was no sooner possessed of the government of that country, than he made war against Ymner king of Loegria, and killed him in battle. Hereupon Rudaucus king of Kambria, and Staterius king of Albania, had a meeting, wherein they formed an alliance together, and marched thence with their armies into Dunwallo's country to destroy all before them. Dunwallo met them with thirty thousand men, and gave them battle; and when a great part of the day was spent in the fight, and the victory yet dubious, he drew off six hundred of his bravest men, and commanded them to put on the armour of the enemies that were slain, as he himself also did, throwing aside his own. Thus accoutred he marched up with speed to the enemy's ranks, as if he was of their party, and approaching the very place where Rudaucus and Staterius were, commanded his men to fall upon them. In this assault the two kings were killed and many others with them. But Dunwallo Molmutius, fearing lest in this disguise his own men might fall upon him, returned with his companions to put off the enemy's armour, and take his own again; and then encouraged them to renew the assault, which they did with great vigour, and in a short time got the victory, by dispersing and putting to flight the enemy. From hence he marched into the enemy's countries, destroyed their towns and cities, and reduced the people under his obedience. When he had made an entire reduction of the whole island, he prepared for himself a crown of gold, and restored the kingdom to its ancient state. This prince established what the Britons call the Molmutine laws, which are famous among the English to this day. In these, among other things, of which St. Gildas wrote a long time after, he enacted, that the temples of the gods, as also cities, should have the privilege of giving sanctuary and protection to any fugitive or criminal, that should flee to them from his enemy. He likewise enacted, that the ways leading to those temples and cities, as also husbandman's ploughs, should be allowed the same privilege. So that in his day, the murders and cruelties committed by robbers were prevented, and every body passed safe without any violence offered him. At last, after a reign of forty years spent in these and other acts of government, he died, and was buried in the city of Trinovantum, near the temple of Concord, which he himself built, when he first established his laws.

## **BOOK III.**

### **Chap. I.—Brennius quarrels with Belinus his brother, and in order to make war against him, marries the daughter of the king of the Norwegians.**

After this a violent quarrel happened between his two sons Belinus and Brennius, who were both ambitious of succeeding to the kingdom. The dispute was, which of them should have the honour of wearing the crown. After a great many sharp conflicts that passed between them, the friends of both interposed, and brought them to agree on the division of the kingdom on these terms: that

Belinus should enjoy the crown of the island, with the dominions of Loegria, Kambria, and Cornwall, because, according to the Trojan constitution, the right of inheritance would come to him as the elder: and Brennius, as being the younger, should be subject to his brother, and have for his share Northumberland, which extended from the river Humber to Caithness. The covenant therefore being confirmed upon these conditions, they ruled the country for five years in peace and justice. But such a state of prosperity could not long stand against the endeavours of faction. For some lying incendiaries gained access to Brennius and addressed him in this manner:—

“What sluggish spirit has possessed you, that you can bear subjection to Belinus, to whom by parentage and blood you are equal; besides your experience in military affairs, which you have gained in several engagements, when you so often repulsed Cheulphus, general of the Morini, in his invasions of our country, and drove him out of your kingdom? Be no longer bound by a treaty which is a reproach to you, but marry the daughter of Elsingius, king of the Norwegians, that with his assistance you may recover your lost dignity.” The young man, inflamed with these and the like specious suggestions, hearkened to them, and went to Norway, where he married the king's daughter, as his flatterers had advised him.

### **Chap. II.—Brennius's sea-fight with Guichthlac, king of the Dacians. Guichthlac and Brennius's wife are driven ashore and taken by Belinus.**

In the meantime his brother, informed of this, was violently incensed, that without his leave he had presumed to act thus against him. Whereupon he marched into Northumberland, and possessed himself of that country and the cities in it, which he garrisoned with his own men. Brennius, upon notice given him of what his brother had done, prepared a fleet to return to Britain with a great army of Norwegians. But while he was under sail with a fair wind, he was overtaken by Guichthlac, king of the Dacians, who had pursued him. This prince had been deeply in love with the young lady that Brennius had married, and out of mere grief and vexation for the loss of her, had prepared a fleet to pursue Brennius with all expedition. In the sea-fight that happened on this occasion, he had the fortune to take the very ship in which the lady was, and brought her in among his companions. But during the engagement, contrary winds arose on a sudden, which brought on a storm, and dispersed the ships upon different shores: so that the king of the Dacians, being driven up and down, after a course of five days, arrived with the lady at Northumberland, under dreadful apprehensions, as not knowing upon what country this unforeseen casualty had thrown him. When this came to be known to the country people, they took them and carried them to Belinus, who was upon the sea-coast, expecting the arrival of his brother. There were with Guichthlac's ship three others, one of which had belonged to Brennius's fleet. As soon as they had declared to the king who they were, he was overjoyed at this happy accident, while he was endeavouring to revenge himself on his brother.

### **Chap. III.—Belinus in a battle routs Brennius, who thereupon flees to Gaul.**

A few days after appeared Brennius, with his fleet again got together, and arrived in Albania; and having received information of the capture of his wife and others, and that his brother had seized the kingdom of Northumberland in his absence, he sent his ambassadors to him, to demand the restitution of his wife and kingdom; and if he refused them, to declare that he would destroy the whole island from sea to sea, and kill his brother whenever he could come to an engagement with him. On the other hand, Belinus absolutely refused to comply with his demands, and assembling together the whole power of the island, went into Albania to give him battle. Brennius, upon advice that he had suffered a repulse, and that his brother was upon his march against him, advanced to meet him in a wood called Calaterium, in order to attack him. When they

were arrived on the field of battle, each of them divided his men into several bodies, and approaching one another, began the fight. A great part of the day was spent in it, because on both sides the bravest men were engaged; and much blood was shed by reason of the fury with which they encountered each other. So great was the slaughter, that the wounded fell in heaps, like standing corn cut down by reapers. At last the Britons prevailing, the Norwegians fled with their shattered troops to their ships, but were pursued by Belinus, and killed without mercy. Fifteen thousand men fell in the battle, nor were there a thousand of the rest that escaped unhurt. Brennius with much difficulty securing one ship, went as fortune drove him to the coasts of Gaul; but the rest that attended him, were forced to sculk up and down wherever their misfortunes led them.

#### **Chap. IV.—The king of Dacia, with Brennius's wife, is released out of prison.**

Belinus, after this victory, called a council of his nobility, to advise with them what he should do with the king of the Dacians, who had sent a message to him out of prison, that he would submit himself and the kingdom of Dacia to him, and also pay a yearly tribute, if he might have leave to depart with his mistress. He offered likewise to confirm this covenant with an oath, and the giving of hostages. When this proposal was laid before the nobility, they unanimously gave their assent that Belinus should grant Guichthlac his petition upon the terms offered. Accordingly he did grant it, and Guichthlac was released from prison, and returned with his mistress into Dacia.

#### **Chap. V.—Belinus revives and confirms the Molmutine laws, especially about the highways.**

Belinus now finding no body in the kingdom of Britain able to make head against him, and being possessed of the sovereignty of the whole island from sea to sea, confirmed the laws his father had made, and gave command for a settled execution of justice through his kingdom. But above all things he ordered that cities, and the roads leading to them, should enjoy the same privilege of peace that Dunwallo had established. But there arose a controversy about the roads, because the limits determining them were unknown. The king, therefore, willing to clear the law of all ambiguities, summoned all the workmen of the island together, and commanded them to pave a causeway of stone and mortar, which should run the whole length of the island, from the sea of Cornwall, to the shores of Caithness, and lead directly to the cities that lay along that extent. He commanded another to be made over the breadth of the kingdom, leading from Menevia, that was situated upon the Demetian Sea, to Hamo's Port, and to pass through the interjacent cities. Other two he also made obliquely through the island, for a passage to the rest of the cities. He then confirmed to them all honours and privileges, and prescribed a law for the punishment of any injury committed upon them. But if any one is curious to know all that he decreed concerning them, let him read the Molmutine laws, which Gildas the historian translated from British into Latin, and king Alfred into English.

#### **Chap. VI.—Brennius, being made duke of the Allobroges, returns to Britain to fight with his brother.**

While Belinus was thus reigning in peace and tranquillity, his brother Brennius, who (as we said before) was driven upon the coasts of Gaul, suffered great torments of mind. For it was a great affliction to him to be banished from his country, and to have no power of returning to retrieve his loss. Being ignorant what course to take, he went among the princes of Gaul, accompanied only with twelve men; and when he had related his misfortune to every one of them, but could procure assistance from none, he went at last to Seginus, duke of the Allobroges, from whom he had an honourable reception. During his stay here, he contracted such an intimacy with the duke, that he became the greatest favourite in the court. For in all affairs, both of peace and war, he showed

a great capacity, so that this prince loved him with a paternal affection. He was besides of a graceful aspect, tall and slender in stature, and expert in hunting and fowling, as became his princely birth. So great was the friendship between them, that the duke resolved to give him his only daughter in marriage; and in case he himself should have no male issue, he appointed him and his daughter to succeed him in his dukedom of the Allobroges after his death. But if he should yet have a son, then he promised his assistance to advance him to the kingdom of Britain. Neither was this the desire of the duke only, but of all the nobility of his court, with whom he had very much ingratiated himself. So then without farther delay the marriage was solemnized, and the princes of the country paid their homage to him, as the successor to the throne. Scarcely was the year at an end before the duke died; and then Brennius took his opportunity of engaging those princes of the country firmly in his interest, whom before he had obliged with his friendship. And this he did by bestowing generously upon them the duke's treasure, which had been hoarded up from the times of his ancestors. But that which the Allobroges most esteemed him for, was his sumptuous entertainments, and keeping an open house for all.

#### **Chap. VII.—Belinus and Brennius being made friends by the mediation of their mother, propose to subdue Gaul.**

When he had thus gained universal affection, he began to consult with himself how he might take revenge upon his brother Belinus. And when he had signified his intentions concerning it to his subjects, they unanimously concurred with him, and expressed their readiness to attend him to whatever kingdom he pleased to conduct them. He therefore soon raised a vast army, and having entered into a treaty with the Gauls for a free passage through their country into Britain, fitted out a fleet upon the coast of Neustria, in which he set sail, and with a fair wind arrived at the island. Upon hearing the rumour of his coming, his brother Belinus, accompanied with the whole strength of the kingdom, marched out to engage him. But when the two armies were drawn out in order of battle, and just ready to begin the attack, Conwenna, their mother, who was yet living, ran in great haste through the ranks, impatient to see her son, whom she had not seen for a long time. As soon, therefore, as she had with trembling steps reached the place where he stood, she threw her arms about his neck, and in transports kissed him; then uncovering her bosom, she addressed herself to him, in words interrupted with sighs, to this effect:—

“My son, remember these breasts which gave you suck, and the womb wherein the Creator of all things formed you, and from whence he brought you forth into the world, while I endured the greatest anguish. By the pains then which I suffered for you, I entreat you to hear my request: pardon your brother, and moderate your anger. You ought not to revenge yourself upon him who has done you no injury. As for what you complain of,—that you were banished your country by him,—if you duly consider the result, in strictness can it be called injustice? He did not banish you to make your condition worse, but forced you to quit a meaner that you might attain a higher dignity. At first you enjoyed only a part of a kingdom, and that in subjection to your brother. As soon as you lost that, you became his equal, by gaining the kingdom of the Allobroges. What has he then done, but raised you from a vassal to be a king? Consider farther, that the difference between you began not through him, but through yourself, who, with the assistance of the king of Norway, raised an insurrection against him.”

Moved by these representations of his mother, he obeyed her with a composed mind, and putting off his helmet of his own accord, went straight with her to his brother. Belinus, seeing him approach with a peaceable countenance, threw down his arms, and ran to embrace him; so that now, without more ado, they again became friends; and disarming their forces marched with them peaceably together to Trinovantum. And here, after consultation what enterprise to undertake, they prepared to conduct their confederate army into the provinces of Gaul, and reduce that entire country to their subjection.

### **Chap. VIII.—Belinus and Brennius, after the conquest of Gaul, march with their army to Rome.**

They accordingly passed over into Gaul the year after, and began to lay waste that country. The news of which spreading through those several nations, all the petty kings of the Franks entered into a confederacy, and went out to fight against them. But the victory falling to Belinus and Brennius, the Franks fled with their broken forces; and the Britons and Allobroges, elevated with their success, ceased not to pursue them till they had taken their kings, and reduced them to their power. Then fortifying the cities which they had taken, in less than a year they brought the whole kingdom into subjection. At last, after a reduction of all the provinces, they marched with their whole army towards Rome, and destroyed the cities and villages as they passed through Italy.

### **Chap. IX.—The Romans make a covenant with Brennius, but afterwards break it, for which reason Rome is besieged and taken by Brennius.**

In those days the two consuls of Rome were Gabius and Porsena, to whose care the government of the country was committed. When they saw that no nation was able to withstand the power of Belinus and Brennius, they came, with the consent of the senate to them, to desire peace and amity. They likewise offered large presents of gold and silver, and to pay a yearly tribute, on condition that they might be suffered to enjoy their own in peace. The two kings therefore, taking hostages of them, yielded to their petition, and drew back their forces into Germany. While they were employing their arms in harassing that people, the Romans repented of their agreement, and again taking courage, went to assist the Germans. This step highly enraged the kings against them, who concerted measures how to carry on a war with both nations. For the greatness of the Italian army was a terror to them. The result of their council was, that Belinus with the Britons stayed in Germany, to engage with the enemy there; while Brennius and his army marched to Rome, to revenge on the Romans their breach of treaty. As soon as the Italians perceived their design, they quitted the Germans, and hastened to get before Brennius, in his march to Rome. Belinus had intelligence of it, and speedily marched with his army the same night, and possessing himself of a valley through which the enemy was to pass, lay hid there in expectation of their coming. The next day the Italians came in full march to the place; but when they saw the valley glittering with the enemy's armour, they were struck with confusion, thinking Brennius and the Galli Senones were there. At this favourable opportunity, Belinus on a sudden rushed forth, and fell furiously upon them: the Romans on the other hand, thus taken by surprise, fled the field, since they neither were armed, nor marched in any order. But Belinus gave them no quarter, and was only prevented by night coming on, from making a total destruction of them. With this victory he went straight to Brennius, who had now besieged Rome three days. Then joining their armies, they assaulted the city on every side, and endeavoured to level the walls: and to strike a greater terror into the besieged, erected gibbets before the gates of the city, and threatened to hang up the hostages whom they had given, unless they would surrender. But the Romans, nothing moved by the sufferings of their sons and relations, continued inflexible, and resolute to defend themselves. They therefore sometimes broke the force of the enemy's engines, by other engines of their own, sometimes repulsed them from the walls with showers of darts. This so incensed the two brothers, that they commanded four and twenty of their noblest hostages to be hanged in the sight of their parents. The Romans, however, were only more hardened at the spectacle, and having received a message from Gabius and Porsena, their consuls, that they would come the next day to their assistance, they resolved to march out of the city, and give the enemy battle. Accordingly, just as they were ranging their troops in order, the consuls appeared with their re-assembled forces, marching up to the attack, and advancing in a close body, fell on the Britons and Allobroges by surprise, and being joined by the cit-

izens that sallied forth, killed no small number. The brothers, in great grief to see such destruction made of their fellow soldiers, began to rally their men, and breaking in upon the enemy several times, forced them to retire. In the end, after the loss of many thousands of brave men on both sides, the brothers gained the day, and took the city, not however till Gabius was killed and Porsena taken prisoner. This done, they divided among their men all the hidden treasure of the city.

### **Chap. X.—Brennius oppresses Italy in a most tyrannical manner. Belinus returns to Britain.**

After this complete victory, Brennius stayed in Italy, where he exercised unheard-of tyranny over the people. But the rest of his actions and his death, seeing that they are given in the Roman histories, I shall here pass over, to avoid prolixity and meddling with what others have treated of, which is foreign to my design. But Belinus returned to Britain, which he governed during the remainder of his life in peace; he repaired the cities that were falling to ruin, and built many new ones. Among the rest he built one upon the river Uske, near the sea of the Severn, which was for a long time called Caer-osc, and was the metropolis of Dimetia; but after the invasion of the Romans it lost its first name, and was called the City of Legions, from the Roman legions which used to take up their winter quarters in it. He also made a gate of wonderful structure in Trinovantum, upon the bank of the Thames, which the citizens call after his name Billingsgate to this day. Over it he built a prodigiously large tower, and under it a haven or quay for ships. He was a strict observer of justice, and re-established his father's laws everywhere throughout the kingdom. In his days there was so great an abundance of riches among the people, that no age before or after is said to have shown the like. At last, when he had finished his days, his body was burned, and the ashes put up in a golden urn, which they placed at Trinovantum, with wonderful art, on the top of the tower above-mentioned.

### **Chap. XI.—Gurgiunt Brabtruc, succeeding his father Belinus, reduces Dacia, which was trying to shake off his yoke.**

He was succeeded by Gurgiunt Brabtruc, his son, a sober prudent prince, who followed the example of his father in all his actions, and was a lover of peace and justice. When some neighbouring provinces rebelled against him, inheriting with them the bravery of his father, he repressed their insolence in several fierce battles, and reduced them to a perfect subjection. Among many other things it happened, that the king of the Dacians, who paid tribute in his father's time, refused not only tribute, but all manner of homage to him. This he seriously resented, and passed over in a fleet to Dacia, where he harassed the people with a most cruel war, slew their king, and reduced the country to its former dependence.

### **Chap. XII.—Ireland is given to be inhabited by the Barclenses, who had been banished out of Spain.**

At that time, as he was returning home from his conquest through the Orkney islands, he found thirty ships full of men and women; and upon his inquiring of them the occasion of their coming thither, their leader, named Partholoin, approached him in a respectful and submissive manner, and desired pardon and peace, telling him that he had been driven out of Spain, and was sailing round those seas in quest of a habitation. He also desired some small part of Britain to dwell in, that they might put an end to their tedious wanderings; for it was now a year and a half since he had been driven from his country, all of which time he and his company had been out at sea. When Gurgiunt Brabtruc understood that they came from Spain, and were called Barclenses, he granted their petition, and sent men with them to Ireland, which was then wholly uninhabited, and assigned it to them. There they grew up and increased in number, and have possessed that island to this very day. Gurgiunt Brabtruc after this ended his days in peace, and was buried in the City of Legions, which, after his

father's death, he ornamented with buildings and fortified with walls.

**Chap. XIII.—Guithelin, reigning after Gurgiunt Brabtruc, the Martian law is instituted by Martia, a noble woman.**

After him Guithelin wore the crown, which he enjoyed all his life, treating his subjects with mildness and affection. He had for his wife a noble lady named Martia, accomplished in all kinds of learning. Among many other admirable productions of her wit, she was the author of what the Britons call the Martian law. This also among other things king Alfred translated, and called it in the Saxon tongue, *Pa Marchtite Lage*. Upon the death of Guithelin, the government of the kingdom remained in the hands of this queen and her son Sisilius, who was then but seven years old, and therefore unfit to take the government upon himself alone.

**Chap. XIV.—Guithelin's successors in the kingdom.**

For this reason the mother had the sole management of affairs committed to her, out of a regard to her great sense and judgment. But on her death, Sisilius took the crown and government. After him reigned Kimarus his son, to whom succeeded Danius his brother. After his death the crown came to Morvidus, whom he had by his concubine Tangustela. He would have been a prince of extraordinary worth, had he not been addicted to immoderate cruelty, so far that in his anger he spared nobody, if any weapon were at hand. He was of a graceful aspect, extremely liberal, and of such vast strength as not to have his match in the whole kingdom.

**Chap. XV.—Morvidus, a most cruel tyrant, after the conquest of the king of the Morini, is devoured by a monster.**

In his time a certain king of the Morini arrived with a great force in Northumberland, and began to destroy the country. But Morvidus, with all the strength of the kingdom, marched out against him, and fought him. In this battle he alone did more than the greatest part of his army, and after the victory, suffered none of the enemy to escape alive. For he commanded them to be brought to him one after another, that he might satisfy his cruelty in seeing them killed; and when he grew tired of this, he gave orders that they should be flayed alive and burned. During these and other monstrous acts of cruelty, an accident happened which put a period to his wickedness. There came from the coasts of the Irish sea, a most cruel monster, that was continually devouring the people upon the sea-coasts. As soon as he heard of it, he ventured to go and encounter it alone; when he had in vain spent all his darts upon it, the monster rushed upon him, and with open jaws swallowed him up like a small fish.

**Chap. XVI.—Gorbonian, a most just king of the Britons.**

He had five sons, whereof the eldest, Gorbonian, ascended the throne. There was not in his time a greater lover of justice and equity, or a more careful ruler of the people. The performance of due worship to the gods, and doing justice to the common people, were his continual employments. Through all the cities of Britain, he repaired the temples of the gods, and built many new ones. In all his days, the island abounded with riches, more than all the neighbouring countries. For he gave great encouragement to husbandmen in their tillage, by protecting them against any injury or oppression of their lords; and the soldiers he amply rewarded with money, so that no one had occasion to do wrong to another. Amidst these and many other acts of his innate goodness, he paid the debt of nature, and was buried at Trinovantum.

**Chap. XVII.—Arthgallo is deposed by the Britons, and is succeeded by Elidure, who restores him again his kingdom.**

After him Arthgallo, his brother, was dignified with the crown, and in all his actions he was the very reverse of his brother. He everywhere endeavoured to depress the nobility, and advance the baser sort of the people. He plundered the rich, and by those means amassed vast treasures. But the nobility, disdaining to bear his tyranny any longer, made an insurrection against him, and deposed him; and then advanced Elidure, his brother, who was afterwards surnamed the pious, on account of his commiseration to Arthgallo in distress. For after five years' possession of the kingdom, as he happened to be hunting in the wood Calaterium, he met his brother that had been deposed. For he had travelled over several kingdoms, to desire assistance for the recovery of his lost dominions, but had procured none. And being now no longer able to bear the poverty to which he was reduced, he returned back to Britain, attended only by ten men, with a design to repair to those who had been formerly his friends. It was at this time, as he was passing through the wood, his brother Elidure, who little expected it, got sight of him, and forgetting all injuries, ran to him, and affectionately embraced him. Now as he had long lamented his brother's affliction, he carried him with him to the city Alclud, where he hid him in his bed-chamber. After this, he feigned himself sick, and sent messengers over the whole kingdom, to signify to all his prime nobility that they should come to visit him. Accordingly, when they were all met together at the city where he lay, he gave orders that they should come into his chamber one by one, softly, and without noise: his pretence for which was, that their talk would be a disturbance to his head, should they all crowd in together. Thus, in obedience to his commands, and without the least suspicion of any design, they entered his house one after another. But Elidure had given charge to his servants, who were set ready for the purpose, to take each of them as they entered, and cut off their heads, unless they would again submit themselves to Arthgallo his brother. Thus did he with every one of them apart, and compelled them, through fear, to be reconciled to Arthgallo. At last the agreement being ratified, Elidure conducted Arthgallo to York, where he took the crown from his own head, and put it on that of his brother. From this act of extraordinary affection to his brother, he obtained the surname of Pious. Arthgallo after this reigned ten years, and made amends for his former mal-administration, by pursuing measures of an entirely opposite tendency, in depressing the baser sort, and advancing men of good birth; in suffering every one to enjoy his own, and exercising strict justice towards all men. At last sickness seizing him, he died and was buried in the city Kaerleir.

**Chap. XVIII.—Elidure is imprisoned by Peredure, after whose death he is a third time advanced to the throne.**

Then Elidure was again advanced to the throne, and restored to his former dignity. But while in his government he followed the example of his eldest brother Gorbonian, in performing all acts of grace; his two remaining brothers, Vigenius and Peredure, raised an army, and made war against him, in which they proved victorious; so that they took him prisoner, and shut him up in the tower at Trinovantum, where they placed a guard over him. They then divided the kingdom betwixt them; that part which is from the river Humber westward falling to Vigenius's share, and the remainder with all Albania to Peredure's. After seven years Vigenius died, and so the whole kingdom came to Peredure, who from that time governed the people with generosity and mildness, so that he even excelled his other brothers who had preceded him, nor was any mention now made of Elidure. But irresistible fate at last removed him suddenly, and so made way for Elidure's release from prison, and advancement to the throne the third time; who finished the course of his life in just and virtuous actions, and after death left an example of piety to his successors.

### **Chap. XIX.—The names of Elidure's thirty-three successors.**

Elidure being dead, Gorbonian's son enjoyed the crown, and imitated his uncle's wise and prudent government. For he abhorred tyranny, and practised justice and mildness towards the people, nor did he ever swerve from the rule of equity. After him reigned Margan, the son of Arthgallo, who, being instructed by the examples of his immediate predecessors, held the government in peace. To him succeeded Enniaunus, his brother, who took a contrary course, and in the sixth year of his reign was deposed, for having preferred a tyrannical to a just and legal administration. In his room was placed his kinsman Idwallo, the son of Vigenius, who, being admonished by Enniaunus's ill success, became a strict observer of justice and equity. To him succeeded Runno, the son of Peredure, whose successor was Geruntius, the son of Elidure. After him reigned Catellus, his son; after Catellus, Coillus; after Coillus, Porrex; after Porrex, Cherin. This prince had three sons, Fulgenius, Eldadus, and Andragius, who all reigned one after another. Then succeeded Urianus, the son of Andragius; after whom reigned in order, Eliud, Cledaucus, Cletonus, Gurgintius, Merianus, Bleduno, Cap, Oenus, Sisilius, Blegabred. This last prince, in singing and playing upon musical instruments, excelled all the musicians that had been before him, so that he seemed worthy of the title of the God of Jesters. After him reigned Arthmail, his brother; after Arthmail, Eldol; to whom succeeded in order, Reddion, Rederchius, Samuilpenissel, Pir, Capoir, and Cligueillus the son of Capoir, a man prudent and mild in all his actions, and who above all things made it his business to exercise true justice among his people.

### **Chap. XX.—Heli's three sons; the first of whom, viz. Lud, gives name to the city of London.**

Next to him succeeded his son Heli, who reigned forty years. He had three sons, Lud, Cassibellaun, and Nennius; of whom Lud, being the eldest, succeeded to the kingdom after his father's death. He became famous for the building of cities, and for rebuilding the walls of Trinovantum, which he also surrounded with innumerable towers. He likewise commanded the citizens to build houses, and all other kinds of structures in it, so that no city in all foreign countries to a great distance round could show more beautiful palaces. He was withal a warlike man, and very magnificent in his feasts and public entertainments. And though he had many other cities, yet he loved this above them all, and resided in it the greater part of the year; for which reason it was afterwards called Kaerlud, and by the corruption of the word, Caerlondon; and again by change of languages, in process of time, London; as also by foreigners who arrived here, and reduced this country under their subjection, it was called Londres. At last, when he was dead, his body was buried by the gate which to this time is called in the British tongue after his name, Parthlud, and in the Saxon, Ludesgata. He had two sons, Androgeus and Tenuantius, who were incapable of governing on account of their age; and therefore their uncle Cassibellaun was preferred to the kingdom in their room. As soon as he was crowned, he began to display his generosity and magnificence to such a degree, that his fame reached to distant kingdoms; which was the reason that the monarchy of the whole kingdom came to be invested in him, and not in his nephews. Notwithstanding Cassibellaun, from an impulse of piety, would not suffer them to be without their share in the kingdom, but assigned a large part of it to them. For he bestowed the city of Trinovantum, with the dukedom of Kent, on Androgeus; and the dukedom of Cornwall on Tenuantius. But he himself, as possessing the crown, had the sovereignty over them, and all the other princes of the island.

## **BOOK IV.**

### **Chap. I.—Julius Cæsar invades Britain.**

About this time it happened, (as is found in the Roman histories,) that Julius Cæsar, having subdued Gaul, came to the shore of the

Ruteni. And when from thence he had got a prospect of the island of Britain, he inquired of those about him what country it was, and what people inhabited it. Then fixing his eyes upon the ocean, as soon as he was informed of the name of the kingdom and the people, he said: "In truth we Romans and the Britons have the same origin, since both are descended from the Trojan race. Our first father, after the destruction of Troy, was Æneas; theirs, Brutus, whose father was Sylvius, the son of Ascanius, the son of Æneas. But I am deceived, if they are not very much degenerated from us, and know nothing of the art of war, since they live separated by the ocean from the whole world. They may be easily forced to become our tributaries, and subjects to the Roman state. But before the Romans offer to invade or assault them, we must send them word that they pay tribute as other nations do, and submit themselves to the senate; for fear we should violate the ancient nobility of our father Priamus, by shedding the blood of our kinsmen." All which he accordingly took care to signify in writing to Cassibellaun; who in great indignation returned him an answer in the following letter.

### **Chap. II.—Cassibellaunus's letter to Julius Cæsar.**

"Cassibellaun, king of the Britons, to Caius Julius Cæsar. We cannot but wonder, Cæsar, at the avarice of the Roman people, since their insatiable thirst for money cannot let us alone, though the dangers of the ocean have placed us in a manner out of the world; but they must have the presumption to covet our substance, which we have hitherto enjoyed in quiet. Neither is this indeed sufficient: we must also choose subjection and slavery to them, before the enjoyment of our native liberty. Your demand, therefore, Cæsar, is scandalous, since the same vein of nobility flows from Æneas in both Britons and Romans, and one and the same chain of consanguinity unites us: which ought to be a band of firm union and friendship. It was that, which you should have demanded of us, and not slavery: we have learned to admit of the one, but never to bear the other. And so much have we been accustomed to liberty, that we are perfectly ignorant what it is to submit to slavery. And if even the gods themselves should attempt to deprive us of our liberty, we would, to the utmost of our power, resist them in defence of it. Know then, Cæsar, that we are ready to fight for that and our kingdom, if, as you threaten, you shall attempt to invade Britain."

### **Chap. III.—Cæsar is routed by Cassibellaun.**

On receiving this answer, Cæsar made ready his fleet, and waited for a fair wind to execute his threats against Cassibellaun. As soon as the wind stood fair, he hoisted his sails, and arrived with his army at the mouth of the river Thames. The ships were now just come close to land, when Cassibellaun with all his forces appeared on his march against them, and coming to the town of Dorobellum, he consulted with his nobility how to drive out the enemy. There was present with him Belinus, general of his army, by whose counsel the whole kingdom was governed. There were also his two nephews, Androgeus, duke of Trinovantum, and Tenuantius, duke of Cornwall, together with three inferior kings, Cridious, king of Albania, Guerthaeth of Venedotia, and Britael of Dimetia, who, as they had encouraged the rest to fight the enemy, gave their advice to march directly to Cæsar's camp, and drive them out of the country before they could take any city or town. For if he should possess himself of any fortified places, they said it would be more difficult to force him out, because he would then know whither to make a retreat with his men. To this proposal they all agreed, and advanced towards the shore where Julius Cæsar had pitched his camp. And now both armies drew out in order of battle, and began the fight, wherein both bows and swords were employed. Immediately the wounded fell in heaps on each side, and the ground was drenched with the blood of the slain, as much as if it had been washed with the sudden return of the tide. While the armies were thus engaged, it happened that Nennius and Androgeus, with the citizens of Canterbury and Trinovantum, whom they commanded, had the fortune to meet with the troop in which Cæsar himself was present. And upon an as-

sault made, the general's cohort was very nearly routed by the Britons falling upon them in a close body. During this action, fortune gave Nennius an opportunity of encountering Cæsar. Nennius therefore boldly made up to him, and was in great joy that he could but give so much as one blow to so great a man. On the other hand, Cæsar being aware of his design, stretched out his shield to receive him, and with all his might struck him upon the helmet with his drawn sword, which he lifted up again with an intention to finish his first blow, and make it mortal; but Nennius carefully prevented him with his shield, upon which Cæsar's sword glancing with great force from the helmet, became so firmly fastened therein, that when by the intervention of the troops they could no longer continue the encounter, the general was not able to draw it out again. Nennius, thus becoming master of Cæsar's sword, threw away his own, and pulling the other out, made haste to employ it against the enemy. Whomsoever he struck with it, he either cut off his head, or left him wounded without hopes of recovery. While he was thus exerting himself, he was met by Labienus, a tribune, whom he killed in the very beginning of the encounter. At last, after the greatest part of the day was spent, the Britons poured in so fast, and made such vigorous efforts, that by the blessing of God they obtained the victory, and Cæsar, with his broken forces, retired to his camp and fleet. The very same night, as soon as he had got his men together again, he went on board his fleet, rejoicing that he had the sea for his camp. And upon his companions dissuading him from continuing the war any longer, he acquiesced in their advice, and returned back to Gaul.

#### **Chap. IV.—Nennius, the brother of Cassibellaun, being wounded in battle by Cæsar, dies.**

Cassibellaun, in joy for this triumph, returned solemn thanks to God; and calling the companions of his victory together, amply rewarded every one of them, according as they had distinguished themselves. On the other hand, he was very much oppressed with grief for his brother Nennius, who lay mortally wounded, and at the very point of death. For Cæsar had wounded him in the encounter, and the blow which he had given him proved incurable; so that fifteen days after the battle he died, and was buried at Trinovantum, by the North Gate. His funeral obsequies were performed with regal pomp, and Cæsar's sword put into the tomb with him, which he had kept possession of, when struck into his shield in the combat. The name of the sword was *Crocea Mors* (Yellow Death), as being mortal to every body that was wounded with it.

#### **Chap. V.—Cæsar's inglorious return to Gaul.**

After this flight of Cæsar, and his arrival on the Gallic coast, the Gauls attempted to rebel and throw off his yoke. For they thought he was so much weakened, that his forces could be no longer a terror to them. Besides, a general report was spread among them, that Cassibellaun was now out at sea with a vast fleet to pursue him in his flight; on which account the Gauls, growing still more bold, began to think of driving him from their coasts. Cæsar, aware of their designs, was not willing to engage in a doubtful war with a fierce people, but rather chose to go to all their first nobility with open treasures, and reconcile them with presents. To the common people he promised liberty, to the dispossessed the restitution of their estates, and to the slaves their freedom. Thus he that had insulted them before with the fierceness of a lion, and plundered them of all, now, with the mildness of a lamb, fawns on them with submissive abject speeches, and is glad to restore all again. To these acts of meanness he was forced to condescend till he had pacified them, and was able to regain his lost power. In the meantime not a day passed without his reflecting upon his flight, and the victory of the Britons.

#### **Chap. VI.—Cassibellaun forms a stratagem for sinking Cæsar's ships.**

After two years were expired, he prepared to cross the sea again, and revenge himself on Cassibellaun, who having intelligence of his design, everywhere fortified his cities, repaired the ruined

walls, and placed armed men at all the ports. In the river Thames, on which Cæsar intended to sail up to Trinovantum, he caused iron and leaden stakes, each as thick as a man's thigh, to be fixed under the surface of the water, that Cæsar's ships might founder. He then assembled all the forces of the island, and took up his quarters with them near the sea-coasts, in expectation of the enemy's coming.

#### **Chap. VII.—Cæsar a second time vanquished by the Britons.**

After he had furnished himself with all necessaries, the Roman general embarked with a vast army, eager to revenge himself on a people that had defeated him; in which he undoubtedly would have succeeded, if he could but have brought his fleet safe to land; but this he was not able to do. For in sailing up the Thames to Trinovantum, the ships struck against the stakes, which so endangered them all on a sudden, that many thousands of the men were drowned, while the ships being pierced sank into the river. Cæsar, upon this, employed all his force to shift his sails, and hastened to get back again to land. And so those that remained, after a narrow escape, went on shore with him. Cassibellaun, who was present upon the bank, with joy observed the disaster of the drowned, but grieved at the escape of the rest; and upon his giving a signal to his men, made an attack upon the Romans, who, notwithstanding the danger they had suffered in the river, when landed, bravely withstood the Britons; and having no other fence to trust to but their own courage, they made no small slaughter; but yet suffered a greater loss themselves, than that which they were able to give the enemy. For their number was considerably diminished by their loss in the river; whereas the Britons being hourly increased with new recruits, were three times their number, and by that advantage defeated them. Cæsar, seeing he could no longer maintain his ground, fled with a small body of men to his ships, and made the sea his safe retreat; and as the wind stood fair, he hoisted his sails, and steered to the shore of the Morini. From thence he repaired to a certain tower, which he had built at a place called Odnea, before this second expedition into Britain. For he durst not trust the fickleness of the Gauls, who he feared would fall upon him a second time, as we have said already they did before, after the first flight he was forced to make before the Britons. And on that account he had built this tower for a refuge to himself, that he might be able to maintain his ground against a rebellious people, if they should make insurrection against him.

#### **Chap. VIII.—Evelinus kills Hirelglas. Androgeus desires Cæsar's assistance against Cassibellaun.**

Cassibellaun, elevated with joy for this second victory, published a decree, to summon all the nobility of Britain with their wives to Trinovantum, in order to perform solemn sacrifices to their tutelary gods who had given them the victory over so great a commander. Accordingly, they all appeared, and prepared a variety of sacrifices, for which there was a great slaughter of cattle. At this solemnity they offered forty thousand cows, and a hundred thousand sheep, and also fowls of several kinds without number, besides thirty thousand wild beasts of several kinds. As soon as they had performed these solemn honours to their gods, they feasted themselves on the remainder, as was usual at such sacrifices, and spent the rest of the day and night in various plays and sports. Amidst these diversions, it happened that two noble youths, whereof one was nephew to the king, the other to duke Androgeus, wrestled together, and afterwards had a dispute about the victory. The name of the king's nephew was Hirelglas, the other's Evelinus. As they were reproaching each other, Evelinus snatched up his sword and cut off the head of his rival. This sudden disaster put the whole court into a consternation, upon which the king ordered Evelinus to be brought before him, that he might be ready to undergo such punishment as the nobility should determine, and that the death of Hirelglas might be revenged upon him, if he were unjustly killed. Androgeus, suspecting the king's intentions, made answer that he had a court of his own, and that whatever should be alleged against his own men, ought to be de-



terminated there. If, therefore, he was resolved to demand justice of Evelinus, he might have it at Trinovantum, according to ancient custom. Cassibellaun, finding he could not attain his ends, threatened Androgeus to destroy his country with fire and sword, if he would not comply with his demands. But Androgeus, now incensed, scorned all compliance with him. On the other hand, Cassibellaun, in a great rage, hastened to make good his threats, and ravage the country. This forced Androgeus to make use of daily solicitations to the king, by means of such as were related to him, or intimate with him, to divert his rage. But when he found these methods ineffectual, he began in earnest to consider how to oppose him. At last, when all other hopes failed, he resolved to request assistance from Cæsar, and wrote a letter to him to this effect:—

"Androgeus, duke of Trinovantum, to Caius Julius Cæsar, instead of wishing death as formerly, now wishes health. I repent that ever I acted against you, when you made war against the king. Had I never been guilty of such exploits, you would have vanquished Cassibellaun, who is so swollen with pride since his victory, that he is endeavouring to drive me out of his coasts, who procured him that triumph. Is this a fit reward for my services? I have settled him in an inheritance; and he endeavours to disinherit me. I have a second time restored him to the kingdom: and he endeavours to destroy me. All this have I done for him in fighting against you. I call the gods to witness I have not deserved his anger, unless I can be said to deserve it for refusing to deliver up my nephew, whom he would have condemned to die unjustly. Of which, that you may be better able to judge, hear this account of the matter. It happened that for joy of the victory we performed solemn honours to our tutelary gods, in which after we had finished our sacrifices, our youth began to divert themselves with sports. Among the rest our two nephews, encouraged by the example of the others, entered the lists; and when mine had got the better, the other without any cause was incensed, and just going to strike him: but he avoided the blow, and taking him by the hand that held the sword, strove to wrest it from him. In this struggle the king's nephew happened to fall upon the sword's point, and died upon the spot. When the king was informed of it, he commanded me to deliver up the youth, that he might be punished for murder. I refused to do it; whereupon he invaded my provinces with all his forces, and has given me very great disturbance; flying, therefore, to your clemency, I desire your assistance, that by you I may be restored to my dignity, and by me you may gain possession of Britain. Let no doubts or suspicion of treachery in this matter detain you. Be influenced by the common motive of mankind; let past enmities beget a desire of friendship; and after defeat make you more eager for victory."

### Chap. IX.—Cassibellaun, being put to flight, and besieged by Cæsar, desires peace.

Cæsar, having read the letter, was advised by his friends not to go into Britain upon a bare verbal invitation of the duke, unless he would send such hostages as might be for his security. Without delay, therefore, Androgeus sent his son Scæva with thirty young noblemen nearly related to him. Upon delivery of the hostages, Cæsar, relieved from his suspicion, re-assembled his forces, and with a fair wind arrived at the port of Rutupi. In the meantime Cassibellaun had begun to besiege Trinovantum and ravage the country towns; but finding that Cæsar was arrived, he raised the siege and hastened to meet him. As soon as he entered a valley near Dorobernia, he saw the Roman army preparing their camp: for Androgeus had conducted them to this place, for the convenience of making a sudden assault upon the city. The Romans, seeing the Britons advancing towards them, quickly flew to their arms, and ranged themselves in several bodies. The Britons also put on their arms, and placed themselves in their ranks. But Androgeus with five thousand men lay hid in a wood hard by, to be ready to assist Cæsar, and spring forth on a sudden upon Cassibellaun and his party. Both armies now approached to begin the fight, some with bows and arrows, some with swords, so that much blood was shed on both sides, and the wounded fell down like leaves in autumn. While they were thus engaged, Andro-

geus sallied forth from the wood, and fell upon the rear of Cassibellaun's army, upon which the hopes of the battle entirely depended. And now, what with the breach which the Romans had made through them just before, what with the furious irruption of their own countrymen, they were no longer able to stand their ground, but were obliged with their broken forces to quit the field. Near the place stood a rocky mountain, on the top of which was a thick hazel wood. Hither Cassibellaun fled with his men after he found himself worsted; and having climbed up to the top of the mountain, bravely defended himself and killed the pursuing enemy. For the Roman forces with those of Androgeus pursued him to disperse his flying troops, and climbing up the mountain after them made many assaults, but all to little purpose; for the rockiness of the mountain and great height of its top was a defence to the Britons, and the advantage of higher ground gave them an opportunity of killing great numbers of the enemy. Cæsar hereupon besieged the mountain that whole night, which had now overtaken them, and shut up all the avenues to it; intending to reduce the king by famine, since he could not do it by force of arms. Such was the wonderful valour of the British nation in those times, that they were able to put the conqueror of the world twice to flight; and being ready to die for the defence of their country and liberty, they, even though defeated, withstood him whom the whole world could not withstand. Hence Lucan in their praise says of Cæsar,

With pride he sought the Britons, but when found,  
Dreaded their force, and fled the hostile ground.

Two days were now passed, when Cassibellaun having consumed all his provision, feared famine would oblige him to surrender himself prisoner to Cæsar. For this reason he sent a message to Androgeus to make his peace with Julius, lest the honour of the nation might suffer by his being taken prisoner. He likewise represented to him, that he did not deserve to be pursued to death for the annoyance which he had given him. As soon as the messengers had told this to Androgeus, he made answer:—"That prince deserves not to be loved, who in war is mild as a lamb, but in peace cruel as a lion. Ye gods of heaven and earth! Does my lord then condescend to entreat me now, whom before he took upon him to command? Does he desire to be reconciled and make his submission to Cæsar, of whom Cæsar himself had before desired peace? He ought therefore to have considered, that he who was able to drive so great a commander out of the kingdom, was able also to bring him back again. I ought not to have been so unjustly treated, who had then done him so much service, as well as now so much injury. He must be mad who either injures or reproaches his fellow soldiers by whom he defeats the enemy. The victory is not the commander's, but theirs who lose their blood in fighting for him. However, I will procure him peace if I can, for the injury which he has done me is sufficiently revenged upon him, since he sues for mercy to me."

### Chap. X.—Androgeus's speech to Cæsar.

Androgeus after this went to Cæsar, and after a respectful salutation addressed him in this manner:—"You have sufficiently revenged yourself upon Cassibellaun; and now let clemency take place of vengeance. What more is there to be done than that he make his submission and pay tribute to the Roman state?" To this Cæsar returned him no answer: upon which Androgeus said again; "My whole engagement with you, Cæsar, was only to reduce Britain under your power, by the submission of Cassibellaun. Behold! Cassibellaun is now vanquished, and Britain by my assistance become subject to you. What further service do I owe you? God forbid that I should suffer my sovereign, who sues to me for peace, and makes me satisfaction for the injury which he has done me, to be in prison or in chains. It is no easy matter to put Cassibellaun to death while I have life; and if you do not comply with my demand, I shall not be ashamed to give him my assistance." Cæsar, alarmed at these menaces of Androgeus, was forced to comply, and entered into peace with Cassibellaun, on condition that he should pay a yearly tribute of three thousand pounds of silver. So then Julius and Cassibellaun from this time became friends, and made presents to each other. After this, Cæsar

wintered in Britain, and the following spring returned into Gaul. At length he assembled all his forces, and marched towards Rome against Pompey.

### **Chap. XI.—Tenuantius is made king of Britain after Cassibellaun.**

After seven years had expired, Cassibellaun died and was buried at York. He was succeeded by Tenuantius, duke of Cornwall, and brother of Androgeus: for Androgeus was gone to Rome with Cæsar. Tenuantius therefore, now wearing the crown, governed the kingdom with diligence. He was a warlike man, and a strict observer of justice. After him Kymbelinus his son was advanced to the throne, being a great soldier, and brought up by Augustus Cæsar. He had contracted so great a friendship with the Romans, that he freely paid them tribute when he might have very well refused it. In his days was born our Lord Jesus Christ, by whose precious blood mankind was redeemed from the devil, under whom they had been before enslaved.

### **Chap. XII.—Upon Guiderius's refusing to pay tribute to the Romans, Claudius Cæsar invades Britain.**

Kymbelinus, when he had governed Britain ten years, begat two sons, the elder named Guiderius, the other Arviragus. After his death the government fell to Guiderius. This prince refused to pay tribute to the Romans; for which reason Claudius, who was now emperor, marched against him. He was attended in this expedition by the commander of his army, who was called in the British tongue, Lewis Hamo, by whose advice the following war was to be carried on. This man, therefore, arriving at the city of Portcester, [Portchester,] began to block up the gates with a wall, and denied the citizens all liberty of passing out. For his design was either to reduce them to subjection by famine, or kill them without mercy.

### **Chap. XIII.—Lewis Hamo, a Roman, by wicked treachery kills Guiderius.**

Guiderius, upon the news of Claudius's coming, assembled all the soldiery of the kingdom, and went to meet the Roman army. In the battle that ensued, he began the assault with great eagerness, and did more execution with his own sword than the greater part of his army. Claudius was now on the point of retreating to his ships, and the Romans very nearly routed, when the crafty Hamo, throwing aside his own armour, put on that of the Britons, and as a Briton fought against his own men. Then he exhorted the Britons to a vigorous assault, promising them a speedy victory. For he had learned their language and manners, having been educated among the British hostages at Rome. By these means he approached by little and little to the king, and seizing a favourable opportunity, stabbed him while under no apprehension of danger, and then escaped through the enemy's ranks to return to his men with the news of his detestable exploit. But Arviragus, his brother, seeing him killed, forthwith put off his own and put on his brother's habiliments, and, as if he had been Guiderius himself, encouraged the Britons to stand their ground. Accordingly, as they knew nothing of the king's disaster, they made a vigorous resistance, fought courageously, and killed no small number of the enemy. At last the Romans gave ground, and dividing themselves into two bodies, basely quitted the field. Cæsar with one part, to secure himself, retired to his ships; but Hamo fled to the woods, because he had not time to get to the ships. Arviragus, therefore, thinking that Claudius fled along with him, pursued him with all speed, and did not leave off harassing him from place to place, till he overtook him upon a part of the sea-coast, which, from the name of Hamo, is now called Southampton. There was at the same place a convenient haven for ships, and some merchant-ships at anchor. And just as Hamo was attempting to get on board them, Arviragus came upon him unawares, and forthwith killed him. And ever since that time the haven has been called Hamo's port.

### **Chap. XIV.—Arviragus, king of Britain, makes his submission to Claudius, who with his assistance conquers the Orkney islands.**

In the meantime, Claudius, with his remaining forces, assaulted the city above-mentioned, which was then called Kaerperis, now Portcester, and presently levelled the walls, and having reduced the citizens to subjection, went after Arviragus, who had entered Winchester. Afterwards he besieged that city, and employed a variety of engines against it. Arviragus, seeing himself in these straits, called his troops together, and opened the gates, to march out and give him battle. But just as he was ready to begin the attack, Claudius, who feared the boldness of the king and the bravery of the Britons, sent a message to him with a proposal of peace; choosing rather to reduce them by wisdom and policy, than run the hazard of a battle. To this purpose he offered a reconciliation with him, and promised to give him his daughter, if he would only acknowledge the kingdom of Britain subject to the Roman state. The nobility hereupon persuaded him to lay aside thoughts of war, and be content with Claudius's promise; representing to him at the same time, that it was no disgrace to be subject to the Romans, who enjoyed the empire of the whole world. By these and many other arguments he was prevailed upon to hearken to their advice, and make his submission to Cæsar. After which Claudius sent to Rome for his daughter, and then, with the assistance of Arviragus, reduced the Orkney and the provincial islands to his power.

### **Chap. XV.—Claudius gives his daughter Genuissa for a wife to Arviragus, and returns to Rome.**

As soon as the winter was over, those that were sent for Claudius's daughter returned with her, and presented her to her father. The damsel's name was Genuissa, and so great was her beauty, that it raised the admiration of all that saw her. After her marriage with the king, she gained so great an ascendant over his affections, that he in a manner valued nothing but her alone: insomuch that he was desirous to have the place honoured where the nuptials were solemnized, and moved Claudius to build a city upon it, for a monument to posterity of so great and happy a marriage. Claudius consented to it, and commanded a city to be built, which after his name is called Kaerglou, that is Gloucester, to this day, and is situated on the confines of Dimetia and Loegria, upon the banks of the Severn. But some say that it derived its name from Duke Gloius, a son that was born to Claudius there, and to whom, after the death of Arviragus, fell the dukedom of Dimetia. The city being finished, and the island now enjoying peace, Claudius returned to Rome, leaving to Arviragus the government of the British islands. At the same time the apostle Peter founded the Church of Antioch; and afterwards coming to Rome, was bishop there, and sent Mark, the evangelist, into Egypt to preach the gospel which he had written.

### **Chap. XVI.—Arviragus revolting from the Romans, Vespasian is sent into Britain.**

After the departure of Claudius, Arviragus began to show his wisdom and courage, to rebuild cities and towns, and to exercise so great authority over his own people, that he became a terror to the kings of remote countries. But this so elevated him with pride that he despised the Roman power, disdained any longer subjection to the senate, and assumed to himself the sole authority in every thing. Upon this news Vespasian was sent by Claudius to procure a reconciliation with Arviragus, or to reduce him to the subjection of the Romans. When, therefore, Vespasian arrived at the haven of Rutupi, Arviragus met him, and prevented his entering the port. For he brought so great an army along with him, that the Romans, for fear of his falling upon them, durst not come ashore. Vespasian upon this withdrew from that port, and shifting his sails arrived at the shore of Totness. As soon as he was landed, he marched directly to besiege Kaerpenhuelgoit, now Exeter; and after lying before it seven days, was overtaken by Arviragus and

his army, who gave him battle. That day great destruction was made in both armies, but neither got the victory. The next morning, by the mediation of queen Genuissa, the two leaders were made friends, and sent their men over to Ireland. As soon as winter was over, Vespasian returned to Rome, but Arviragus continued still in Britain. Afterwards, when he grew old, he began to show much respect to the senate, and to govern his kingdom in peace and tranquillity. He confirmed the old laws of his ancestors, and enacted some new ones, and made very ample presents to all persons of merit. So that his fame spread over all Europe, and he was both loved and feared by the Romans, and became the subject of their discourse more than any king in his time. Hence Juvenal relates how a certain blind man, speaking of a turbot that was taken, said:—

Arviragus shall from his chariot fall,  
Or thee his lord some captive king shall call.

In war none was more fierce than he, in peace none more mild, none more pleasing, or in his presents more magnificent. When he had finished his course of life, he was buried at Gloucester, in a certain temple which he had built and dedicated to the honour of Claudius.

### **Chap. XVII.—Rodric, leader of the Picts, is vanquished by Marius.**

His son Marius, a man of admirable prudence and wisdom, succeeded him in the kingdom. In his reign a certain king of the Picts, named Rodric, came from Scythia with a great fleet, and arrived in the north part of Britain, which is called Albania, and began to ravage that country. Marius therefore raising an army went in quest of him, and killed him in battle, and gained the victory; for a monument of which he set up a stone in the province, which from his name was afterwards called Westmoreland, where there is an inscription retaining his memory to this day. He gave the conquered people that came with Rodric liberty to inhabit that part of Albania which is called Caithness, that had been a long time desert and uncultivated. And as they had no wives, they desired to have the daughters and kinswomen of the Britons. But the Britons refused, disdaining to unite with such a people. Having suffered a repulse here, they sailed over into Ireland, and married the women of that country, and by their offspring increased their number. But let thus much suffice concerning them, since I do not propose to write the history of this people, or of the Scots, who derived their original from them and the Irish. Marius, after he had settled the island in perfect peace, began to love the Roman people, paying the tribute that was demanded of him; and in imitation of his father's example practised justice, law, peace, and every thing that was honourable in his kingdom.

### **Chap. XVIII.—Marius dying, is succeeded by Coillus.**

As soon as he had ended his days, his son Coillus took upon him the government of the kingdom. He had been brought up from his infancy at Rome, and having been taught the Roman manners, had contracted a most strict amity with them. He likewise paid them tribute, and declined making them any opposition, because he saw the whole world subject to them, and that no town or country was out of the limits of their power. By paying therefore what was required of him, he enjoyed his kingdom in peace: and no king ever showed greater respect to his nobility, not only permitting them to enjoy their own with quiet, but also binding them to him by his continual bounty and munificence.

### **Chap. XIX.—Lucius is the first British king that embraces the Christian faith, together with his people.**

Coillus had but one son, named Lucius, who, obtaining the crown after his father's decease, imitated all his acts of goodness, and seemed to his people to be no other than Coillus himself revived. As he had made so good a beginning, he was willing to make a better end: for which purpose he sent letters to pope Eleutherius, desiring to be instructed by him in the Christian religion. For

the miracles which Christ's disciples performed in several nations wrought a conviction in his mind; so that being inflamed with an ardent love of the true faith, he obtained the accomplishment of his pious request. For that holy pope, upon receipt of this devout petition, sent to him two most religious doctors, Faganus and Duvanus, who, after they had preached concerning the incarnation of the Word of God, administered baptism to him, and made him a proselyte to the Christian faith. Immediately upon this, people from all countries, assembling together, followed the king's example, and being washed in the same holy laver, were made partakers of the kingdom of heaven. The holy doctors, after they had almost extinguished paganism over the whole island, dedicated the temples, that had been founded in honour of many gods, to the one only God and his saints, and filled them with congregations of Christians. There were then in Britain eight and twenty flamens, as also three archflamens, to whose jurisdiction the other judges and enthusiasts were subject. These also, according to the apostolic command, they delivered from idolatry, and where they were flamens made them bishops, where archflamens, archbishops. The seats of the archflamens were at the three noblest cities, viz. London, York, and the City of Legions, which its old walls and buildings show to have been situated upon the river Uske in Glamorganshire. To these three, now purified from superstition, were made subject twenty-eight bishops, with their dioceses. To the metropolitan of York were subject Deira and Albania, which the great river Humber divides from Loegria. To the metropolitan of London were subject Loegria and Cornwall. These two provinces the Severn divides from Kambria or Wales, which was subject to the City of Legions.

### **Chap. XX.—Faganus and Duvanus give an account at Rome, of what they had done in Britain.**

At last, when they had made an entire reformation here, the two prelates returned to Rome, and desired the pope to confirm what they had done. As soon as they had obtained a confirmation, they returned again to Britain, accompanied with many others, by whose doctrine the British nation was in a short time strengthened in the faith. Their names and acts are recorded in a book which Gildas wrote concerning the victory of Aurelius Ambrosius; and what is delivered in so bright a treatise, needs not to be repeated here in a meaner style.

## **BOOK V.**

### **Chap. I.—Lucius dies without issue, and is a benefactor to the churches.**

In the meantime, the glorious king Lucius highly rejoiced at the great progress which the true faith and worship had made in his kingdom, and permitted the possessions and territories which formerly belonged to the temples of the gods, to be converted to a better use, and appropriated to Christian churches. And because a greater honour was due to them than to the others, he made large additions of lands and manor-houses, and all kinds of privileges to them. Amidst these and other acts of his great piety, he departed this life in the city of Gloucester, and was honourably buried in the cathedral church, in the hundred and fifty-sixth year after our Lord's incarnation. He had no issue to succeed him, so that after his decease there arose a dissension among the Britons, and the Roman power was much weakened.

### **Chap. II.—Severus, a senator, subdues part of Britain: his war with Fulgenius.**

When this news was brought to Rome, the senate despatched Severus, a senator, with two legions, to reduce the country to subjection. As soon as he was arrived, he came to a battle with the Britons, part of whom he obliged to submit to him, and the other part which he could not subdue he endeavoured to distress in several cruel engagements, and forced them to fly beyond Deira into Albania. Notwithstanding which they opposed him with all their might under the conduct of Fulgenius, and often made great

slaughter both of their own countrymen and of the Romans. For Fulgenius, brought to his assistance all the people of the islands that he could find, and so frequently gained the victory. The emperor, not being able to resist the irruptions which he made, commanded a wall to be built between Deira and Albania, to hinder his excursions upon them; they accordingly made one at the common charge from sea to sea, which for a long time hindered the approach of the enemy. But Fulgenius, when he was unable to make any longer resistance, made a voyage into Scythia, to desire the assistance of the Picts towards his restoration. And when he had got together all the forces of that country, he returned with a great fleet into Britain, and besieged York. Upon this news being spread through the country, the greatest part of the Britons deserted Severus, and went over to Fulgenius. However this did not make Severus desist from his enterprise: but calling together the Romans, and the rest of the Britons that adhered to him, he marched to the siege, and fought with Fulgenius; but the engagement proving very sharp, he was killed with many of his followers: Fulgenius also was mortally wounded. Afterwards Severus was buried at York, which city was taken by his legions. He left two sons, Bassianus and Geta, whereof Geta had a Roman for his mother, but Bassianus a Briton. Therefore upon the death of their father the Romans made Geta king, favouring him on account of his being a Roman by both his parents: but the Britons rejected him, and advanced Bassianus, as being their countryman by his mother's side. This proved the occasion of a battle between the two brothers, in which Geta was killed; and so Bassianus obtained the sovereignty.

### **Chap. III.—Carausius advanced to be king of Britain.**

At that time there was in Britain one Carausius, a young man of mean birth, who, having given proof of his bravery in many engagements, went to Rome, and solicited the senate for leave to defend with a fleet the maritime coasts of Britain, from the incursions of barbarians; which if they would grant him, he promised to do more for the honour and service of the commonwealth, than by delivering up to them the kingdom of Britain. The senate, deluded by his specious promises, granted him his request, and so, with his commission sealed, he returned to Britain. Then by wicked practices getting a fleet together, he enlisted into his service a body of the bravest youths, and putting out to sea, sailed round the whole kingdom, causing very great disturbance among the people. In the meantime he invaded the adjacent islands, where he destroyed all before him, countries, cities, and towns, and plundered the inhabitants of all they had. By this conduct he encouraged all manner of dissolute fellows to flock to him in hope of plunder, and in a very short time was attended by an army which no neighbouring prince was able to oppose. This made him begin to swell with pride, and to propose to the Britons, that they should make him their king; for which consideration he promised to kill and banish the Romans, and free the whole island from the invasions of barbarous nations. Accordingly obtaining his request, he fell upon Bassianus and killed him, and then took upon him the government of the kingdom. For Bassianus was betrayed by the Picts, whom Fulgenius his mother's brother had brought with him into Britain, and who being corrupted by the promises and presents of Carausius, instead of assisting Bassianus, deserted him in the very battle, and fell upon his men; so that the rest were put into a consternation, and not knowing their friends from their foes, quickly gave ground, and left the victory to Carausius. Then he, to reward the Picts for this success, gave them a habitation in Albania, where they continued afterwards mixed with the Britons.

### **Chap. IV.—Allectus kills Carausius, but is afterwards himself slain in flight by Asclepiodotus.**

When the news of these proceedings of Carausius arrived at Rome, the senate commissioned Allectus, with three legions, to kill the tyrant, and restore the kingdom of Britain to the Roman power. No sooner was he arrived, than he fought with Carausius, killed him, and took upon himself the government. After which he mis-

erably oppressed the Britons, for having deserted the commonwealth, and adhered to Carausius. But the Britons, not enduring this, advanced Asclepiodotus, duke of Cornwall, to be their king, and then unanimously marched against Allectus, and challenged him to battle. He was then at London, celebrating a feast to his tutelary gods; but being informed of the coming of Asclepiodotus, he quitted the sacrifice, and went out with all his forces to meet him, and engaged with him in a sharp fight. But Asclepiodotus had the advantage, and dispersed and put to flight Allectus's troops, and in the pursuit killed many thousands, as also king Allectus himself. After this victory, Livius Gallus, the colleague of Allectus, assembled the rest of the Romans, shut the gates of the city, and placed his men in the towers and other fortifications, thinking by these means either to make a stand against Asclepiodotus, or at least to avoid imminent death. But Asclepiodotus seeing this laid siege to the city, and sent word to all the dukes of Britain, that he had killed Allectus with a great number of his men, and was besieging Gallus and the rest of the Romans in London; and therefore earnestly entreated them to hasten to his assistance, representing to them withal, how easy it was to extirpate the whole race of the Romans out of Britain, provided they would all join their forces against the besieged. At this summons came the Dimetians, Venedotians, Deirans, Albanians, and all others of the British race. And as soon as they appeared before the duke, he commanded vast numbers of engines to be made, to beat down the walls of the city. Accordingly every one readily executed his orders with great bravery, and made a violent assault upon the city, the walls of which were in a very short time battered down, and a passage made into it. After these preparations, they began a bloody assault upon the Romans, who, seeing their fellow soldiers falling before them without intermission, persuaded Gallus to offer a surrender on the terms of having quarter granted them, and leave to depart: for they were now all killed except one legion, which still held out. Gallus consented to the proposal, and accordingly surrendered himself and his men to Asclepiodotus, who was disposed to give them quarter; but he was prevented by a body of Venedotians, who rushed upon them, and the same day cut off all their heads upon a brook within the city, which from the name of the commander was afterwards called in the British tongue Nautgallim, and in the Saxon Gallembourne.

### **Chap. V.—Asclepiodotus obtains the crown. Diocletian's massacre of the Christians in Britain.**

The Romans being thus defeated, Asclepiodotus, with the consent of the people, placed the crown upon his own head, and governed the country in justice and peace ten years, and curbed the insolence and outrages committed by plunderers and robbers. In his days began the persecution of the emperor Diocletian; and Christianity, which from the time of king Lucius had continued fixed and undisturbed, was almost abolished over the whole island. This was principally owing to Maximianus Herculus, general of that tyrant's army, by whose command all the churches were pulled down, and all the copies of the Holy Scriptures that could be found, were burned in the public markets. The priests also, with the believers under their care, were put to death, and with emulation pressed in crowds together for a speedy passage to the joys of heaven, as their proper dwelling place. God therefore magnified his goodness to us, forasmuch as he did, in that time of persecution, of his mere grace, light up the bright lamps of the holy martyrs, to prevent the spreading of gross darkness over the people of Britain; whose sepulchres and places of suffering might have been a means of inflaming our minds with the greatest fervency of divine love, had not the deplorable impiety of barbarians deprived us of them. Among others of both sexes who continued firm in the army of Christ, and suffered, were Alban of Verulam, and Julius and Aaron, both of the City of Legions. Of these, Alban, out of the fervour of his charity, when his confessor, Amphibalus, was pursued by the persecutors, and just ready to be apprehended, first hid him in his house, and then offered himself to die for him; imitating in this Christ himself, who laid down his life for his sheep. The other two, after being torn limb from limb,

in a manner unheard of, received the crown of martyrdom, and were elevated up to the gates of the heavenly Jerusalem.

### **Chap. VI.—An insurrection against Asclepiodotus, by Coel, whose daughter Helena Constantius marries.**

In the meantime Coel, duke of Kaercolvin or Colchester, made an insurrection against king Asclepiodotus, and in a pitched battle killed him, and took possession of his crown. The senate, hearing this, rejoiced at the king's death, who had given such disturbance to the Roman power: and reflecting on the damage which they had sustained by the loss of this kingdom, they sent Constantius the senator, a man of prudence and courage, who had reduced Spain under their subjection, and who was above all the rest industrious to promote the good of the commonwealth. Coel, having information of his coming, was afraid to engage him in battle, on account of a report, that no king was able to stand before him. Therefore, as soon as Constantius was arrived at the island, Coel sent ambassadors to him with offers of peace and submission, on condition that he should enjoy the kingdom of Britain, and pay no more than the usual tribute to the Roman state. Constantius consented to this proposal, and so, upon their giving hostages, peace was confirmed between them. The month after Coel was seized with a very great sickness, of which he died within eight days. After his decease, Constantius himself was crowned, and married the daughter of Coel, whose name was Helena. She surpassed all the ladies of the country in beauty, as she did all others of the time in her skill in music and the liberal arts. Her father had no other issue to succeed him on the throne; for which reason he was very careful about her education, that she might be better qualified to govern the kingdom. Constantius, therefore, having made her partner of his bed, had a son by her called Constantine. After eleven years were expired, he died at York, and bestowed the kingdom upon his son, who, within a few years after he was raised to this dignity, began to give proofs of heroic virtue, undaunted courage, and strict observance of justice towards his people. He put a stop to the depredations of robbers, suppressed the insolence of tyrants, and endeavoured everywhere to restore peace.

### **Chap. VII.—The Romans desire Constantine's assistance against the cruelty of Maxentius.**

At that time there was a tyrant at Rome, named Maxentius, who made it his endeavour to confiscate the estates of all the best of the nobility, and oppressed the commonwealth with his grievous tyranny. Whilst he, therefore, was proceeding in his cruelty, those that were banished fled to Constantine in Britain, and were honourably entertained by him. At last, when a great many such had resorted to him, they endeavoured to raise in him an abhorrence of the tyrant, and frequently expostulated with him after this manner:—"How long, Constantine, will you suffer our distress and banishment? Why do you delay to restore us to our native country? You are the only person of our nation that can restore to us what we have lost, by driving out Maxentius. For what prince is to be compared with the king of Britain, either for brave and gallant soldiers, or for large treasures? We entreat you to restore us to our estates, wives, and children, by conducting us with an army to Rome."

### **Chap. VIII.—Constantine, having reduced Rome, obtains the empire of the world. Octavius, duke of the Wisseans, is put to flight by Trahern.**

Constantine, moved with these and the like speeches, made an expedition to Rome, and reduced it under his power, and afterwards obtained the empire of the whole world. In this expedition he carried along with him three uncles of Helena, viz. Leolin, Trahern, and Marius, and advanced them to the degree of senators. In the meantime Octavius, duke of the Wisseans, rebelled against the Roman proconsuls, to whom the government of the island had been committed, and having killed them, took possession of the

throne. Constantine, upon information of this, sent Trahern, the uncle of Helena, with three legions to reduce the island. Trahern came to shore near the city, which in the British tongue is called Kaerperis, and having assailed it, took it in two days. This news spreading over the whole country, king Octavius assembled all the forces of the land, and went to meet him not far from Winchester, in a field called in the British tongue Maisuriam, where he engaged with him in battle, and routed him. Trahern, upon this loss, betook himself with his broken forces to his ships, and in them made a voyage to Albania, in the provinces of which he made great destruction. When Octavius received intelligence of this, he followed him with his forces, and encountered him in Westmoreland, but fled, having lost the victory. On the other hand, Trahern, when he found the day was his own, pursued Octavius, nor ever suffered him to be at rest till he had dispossessed him both of his cities and crown. Octavius, in great grief for the loss of his kingdom, went with his fleet to Norway, to obtain assistance from king Gombert. In the meantime he had given orders to his most intimate adherents to watch carefully all opportunities of killing Trahern, which accordingly was not long after done by the magistrate of a certain privileged town, who had a more than ordinary love for him. For as Trahern was one day upon a journey from London, he lay hid with a hundred men in the vale of a wood, through which he was to pass, and there fell upon him unawares, and killed him in the midst of his men. This news being brought to Octavius, he returned back to Britain, where he dispersed the Romans, and recovered the throne. In a short time after this, he arrived to such greatness and wealth that he feared nobody, and possessed the kingdom until the reign of Gratian and Valentinian.

### **Chap. IX.—Maximian is desired for a king of Britain.**

At last, in his old age, being willing to settle the government, he asked his council which of his family they desired to have for their king after his decease. For he had no son, and only one daughter, to whom he could leave the crown. Some, therefore, advised him to bestow his daughter with the kingdom upon some noble Roman, to the end that they might enjoy a firmer peace. Others were of opinion that Conan Meriadoc, his nephew, ought to be preferred to the throne, and the daughter married to some prince of another kingdom with a dowry in money. While these things were in agitation among them, there came Caradoc, duke of Cornwall, and gave his advice to invite over Maximian the senator, and to bestow the lady with the kingdom upon him, which would be a means of securing to them a lasting peace. For his father Leolin, the uncle of Constantine, whom we mentioned before, was a Briton, but by his mother and place of birth he was a Roman, and by both parents he was descended of royal blood. And there was a sure prospect of a firm and secure peace under him, on account of the right which he had to Britain by his descent from the emperors, and also from the British blood. But the duke of Cornwall, by delivering this advice, brought upon himself the displeasure of Conan, the king's nephew, who was very ambitious of succeeding to the kingdom, and put the whole court into confusion about it. However, Caradoc, being unwilling to recede from his proposal, sent his son Mauricius to Rome to acquaint Maximian with what had passed. Mauricius was a person of large and well-proportioned stature, as well as great courage and boldness, and could not bear to have his judgment contradicted without a recourse to arms and duelling. On presenting himself before Maximian, he met with a reception suitable to his quality, and had the greatest honours paid him of any that were about him. There happened to be at that time a great contest between Maximian and the two emperors, Gratian and Valentinian, on account of his being refused the third part of the empire, which he demanded. When, therefore, Mauricius saw Maximian ill-treated by the emperors, he took occasion from thence to address him in this manner: "Why need you, Maximian, stand in fear of Gratian, when you have so fair an opportunity of wresting the empire from him? Come with me into Britain, and you shall take possession of that crown. For king Octavius, being now grown old and infirm, desires nothing more than to find some such proper person, to bestow his kingdom

and daughter upon. He has no male issue, and therefore has asked the advice of his nobility, to whom he should marry his daughter with the kingdom; and they to his satisfaction have past a decree, that the kingdom and lady be given to you, and have sent me to acquaint you with it. So that if you go with me, and accomplish this affair, you may with the treasure and forces of Britain be able to return back to Rome, drive out the emperors, and gain the empire to yourself. For in this manner did your kinsman Constantius, and several others of our kings who raised themselves to the empire.”

### **Chap. X.—Maximian, coming into Britain, artfully declines fighting with Conan.**

Maximian was pleased with the offer, and took his journey to Britain; but in his way subdued the cities of the Franks, by which he amassed a great treasure of gold and silver, and raised men for his service in all parts. Afterwards he set sail with a fair wind, and arrived at Hamo’s Port; the news of which struck the king with fear and astonishment, who took this to be a hostile invasion. Whereupon he called to him his nephew Conan, and commanded him to raise all the forces of the kingdom, and go to meet the enemy. Conan, having made the necessary preparations, marched accordingly to Hamo’s Port, where Maximian had pitched his tents; who, upon seeing the approach of so numerous an army, was under the greatest perplexities what course to take. For as he was attended with a smaller body of men, and had no hopes of being entertained peaceably, he dreaded both the number and courage of the enemy. Under these difficulties he called a council of the oldest men, together with Mauricius, to ask their advice what was to be done at this critical juncture. “It is not for us,” said Mauricius, “to hazard a battle with such a numerous and powerful army: neither was the reduction of Britain by arms the end of our coming. Our business must be to desire peace and a hospitable treatment, till we can learn the king’s mind. Let us say that we are sent by the emperors upon an embassy to Octavius, and let us with artful speeches pacify the people.” When all had shown themselves pleased with this advice, he took with him twelve aged men with grey hairs, eminent beyond the rest for their quality and wisdom, and bearing olive-branches in their right hands, and went to meet Conan. The Britons, seeing they were men of a venerable age, and that they bore olive-branches as a token of peace, rose up before them in a respectful manner, and opened a way for their free access to their commander. Then presenting themselves before Conan Meriadoc, they saluted him in the name of the emperors and the senate, and told him, that Maximian was sent to Octavius upon an embassy from Gratian and Valentinian. Conan made answer: “Why is he then attended with so great a multitude? This does not look like the appearance of ambassadors, but the invasion of enemies.” To which Mauricius replied: “It did not become so great a man to appear abroad in a mean figure, or without soldiers for his guard; especially considering, that by reason of the Roman power, and the actions of his ancestors, he is become obnoxious to many kings. If he had but a small retinue, he might have been killed by the enemies of the commonwealth. He is come in peace, and it is peace which he desires. For, from the time of our arrival, our behaviour has been such as to give no offence to any body. We have bought necessities at our own expenses, as peaceable people do, and have taken nothing from any by violence.” While Conan was in suspense, whether to give them peace, or begin the battle, Caradoc, duke of Cornwall, with others of the nobility, came to him, and dissuaded him from proceeding in the war after this representation; whereupon, though much against his will, he laid down his arms, and granted them peace. Then he conducted Maximian to London, where he gave the king an account of the whole proceeding.

### **Chap. XI.—The kingdom of Britain is bestowed on Maximian.**

Caradoc, after this, taking along with him his son Mauricius, commanded everybody to withdraw from the king’s presence, and then addressed him in these words: “Behold, that which your more faithful and loyal subjects have long wished for, is now by the

good providence of God brought about. You commanded your nobility to give their advice, how to dispose of your daughter and kingdom, as being willing to hold the government no longer on account of your great age. Some, therefore, were for having the kingdom delivered up to Conan your nephew, and a suitable match procured for your daughter elsewhere; as fearing the ruin of our people, if any prince that is a stranger to our language should be set over us. Others were for granting the kingdom to your daughter and some nobleman of our own country, who should succeed you after your death. But the greater number recommended some person descended of the family of the emperors, on whom you should bestow your daughter and crown. For they promised themselves a firm and lasting peace, as the consequence of such a marriage, since they would be under the protection of the Roman state. See then! God has vouchsafed to bring to you a young man, who is both a Roman, and also of the royal family of Britain; and to whom, if you follow my advice, you will not delay to marry your daughter. And indeed, should you refuse him, what right could you plead to the crown of Britain against him? For he is the cousin of Constantine, and the nephew of king Coel, whose daughter Helena possessed the crown by an undeniable hereditary right.” When Caradoc had represented these things to him, Octavius acquiesced, and with the general consent of his people bestowed the kingdom and his daughter upon him. Conan Meriadoc, finding how things went, was beyond expression incensed, and, retiring into Albania, used all his interest to raise an army, that he might give disturbance to Maximian. And when he had got a great body of men together, he passed the Humber, and wasted the provinces on each side of it. At the news whereof, Maximian hastened to assemble his forces against him, and then gave him battle, and returned with victory. But this proved no decisive blow to Conan, who with his re-assembled troops still continued to ravage the provinces, and provoked Maximian to return again and renew the war, in which he had various success, being sometimes victorious, sometimes defeated. At last, after great damages done on both sides, they were brought by the mediation of friends to a reconciliation.

### **Chap. XII.—Maximian overthrows the Armoricans: his speech to Conan.**

Five years after this, Maximian, proud of the vast treasures that daily flowed in upon him, fitted out a great fleet, and assembled together all the forces in Britain. For this kingdom was now not sufficient for him; he was ambitious of adding Gaul also to it. With this view he set sail, and arrived first at the kingdom of Armorica, now called Bretagne, and began hostilities upon the Gallic people that inhabited it. But the Gauls, under the command of Imbaltus, met him, and engaged him in battle, in which the greater part being in danger, they were forced to fly, and leave Imbaltus with fifteen thousand men killed, all of them Armoricans. This severe overthrow was matter of the greatest joy to Maximian, who knew the reduction of that country would be very easy, after the loss of so many men. Upon this occasion he called Conan aside from the army, and smiling said:—“See, we have already conquered one of the best kingdoms in Gaul: we may now have hopes of gaining all the rest. Let us make haste to take the cities and towns, before the rumour of their danger spread to the remoter parts of Gaul, and raise all the people up in arms. For if we can but get possession of this kingdom, I make no doubt of reducing all Gaul under our power. Be not therefore concerned that you have yielded up the island of Britain to me, notwithstanding the hopes you once had of succeeding to it; because whatever you have lost in it, I will restore to you in this country. For my design is to advance you to the throne of this kingdom; and this shall be another Britain, which we will people with our own countrymen, and drive out the old inhabitants. The land is fruitful in corn, the rivers abound with fish, the woods afford a beautiful prospect, and the forests are everywhere pleasant; nor is there in my opinion anywhere a more delightful country.” Upon this, Conan, with a submissive bow, gave him his thanks, and promised to continue loyal to him as long as he lived.

### **Chap. XIII.—Redonum taken by Maximian.**

After this they marched with their forces to Redonum, and took it the same day. For the citizens, hearing of the bravery of the Britons, and what slaughter they had made, fled away with haste, leaving their wives and children behind them. And the rest of the cities and towns soon followed their example; so that there was an easy entrance into them for the Britons, who wherever they entered killed all they found left of the male sex, and spared only the women. At last, when they had wholly extirpated the inhabitants of all those provinces, they garrisoned the cities and towns with British soldiers, and made fortifications in several places. The fame of Maximian's exploits spreading over the rest of the provinces of Gaul, all their dukes and princes were in a dreadful consternation, and had no other hopes left but in their prayers to their gods. Maximian, finding that he had struck terror into them, began to think of still bolder attempts, and by profusely distributing presents, augmented his army. For all persons that he knew to be eager for plunder, he enlisted into his service, and by plentifully bestowing his money and other valuable things among them, kept them firm to his interest.

### **Chap. XIV.—Maximian, after the conquest of Gaul and Germany, makes Triers the seat of his empire.**

By these means he raised such a numerous army, as he thought would be sufficient for the conquest of all Gaul. Notwithstanding which he suspended his arms for a time, till he had settled the kingdom which he had taken, and peopled it with Britons. To this end he published a decree, for the assembling together of a hundred thousand of the common people of Britain, who were to come over to settle in the country; besides thirty thousand soldiers, to defend them from hostile attack. As soon as the people were arrived according to his orders, he distributed them through all the countries of Armorica, and made another Britain of it, and then bestowed it on Conan Meriadoc. But he himself, with the rest of his fellow soldiers, marched into the further part of Gaul, which, after many bloody battles, he subdued, as he did also all Germany, being everywhere victorious. But the seat of his empire he made at Triers, and fell so furiously upon the two emperors, Gratian and Valentinian, that he killed the one, and forced the other to flee from Rome.

### **Chap. XV.—A fight between the Aquitanians and Conan.**

In the meantime, the Gauls and Aquitanians gave disturbance to Conan and the Armorican Britons, and harassed them with their frequent incursions; but he as often defeated them, and bravely defended the country committed to him. After he had entirely vanquished them, he had a mind to bestow wives on his fellow soldiers, by whom they might have issue to keep perpetual possession of the country; and to avoid all mixture with the Gauls, he sent over to the island of Britain for wives for them. In order to accomplish this, messengers were sent to recommend the management of this affair to Dianotus, king of Cornwall, who had succeeded his brother Caradoc in that kingdom. He was a very noble and powerful prince, and to him Maximian had committed the government, while he was employed in affairs abroad. He had also a daughter of wonderful beauty, named Ursula, with whom Conan was most passionately in love.

### **Chap. XVI.—Guanius and Melga murder eleven thousand virgins. Maximian is killed at Rome.**

Dianotus, upon this message sent him by Conan, was very ready to execute his orders, and summoned together the daughters of the nobility from all provinces, to the number of eleven thousand; but of the meaner sort, sixty thousand; and commanded them all to appear together in the city of London. He likewise ordered ships to be brought from all shores, for their transportation to their future husbands. And though in so great a multitude many were pleased with this order, yet it was displeasing to the greater part,

who had a greater affection for their relations and native country. Nor, perhaps, were there wanting some who, preferring virginity to the married state, would have rather lost their lives in any country, than enjoyed the greatest plenty in wedlock. In short, most of them had views and wishes different from one another, had they been left to their own liberty. But now the ships being ready, they went on board, and sailing down the Thames, made towards the sea. At last, as they were steering towards the Armorican coast, contrary winds arose and dispersed the whole fleet. In this storm the greater part of the ships foundered; but the women that escaped the danger of the sea, were driven upon strange islands, and by a barbarous people either murdered or made slaves. For they happened to fall into the hands of the cruel army of Guanuis and Melga, who, by the command of Gratian, were making terrible destruction in Germany, and the nations on the sea-coast. Guanuis was king of the Huns, and Melga of the Picts, whom Gratian had engaged in his party, and had sent him into Germany to harass those of Maximian's party along the sea-coasts. While they were thus exercising their barbarous rage, they happened to light upon these virgins, who had been driven on those parts, and were so inflamed with their beauty, that they courted them to their brutish embraces; which, when the women would not submit to, the Ambrosians fell upon them, and without remorse murdered the greatest part of them. This done, the two wicked leaders of the Picts and Huns, Guanuis and Melga, being the partizans of Gratian and Valentinian, when they had learned that the island of Britain was drained of all its soldiers, made a speedy voyage towards it; and, taking into their assistance the people of the adjacent islands, arrived in Albania. Then joining in a body, they invaded the kingdom, which was left without either government or defence, and made miserable destruction among the common people. For Maximian, as we have already related, had carried away with him all the warlike youth that could be found, and had left behind him only the husbandmen, who had neither sense nor arms, for the defence of their country. Guanuis and Melga, finding that they were not able to make the least opposition, began to domineer most insolently, and to lay waste their cities and countries, as if they had only been pens of sheep. The news of this grievous calamity, coming to Maximian, he sent away Gratian Municeps, with two legions, to their assistance; who, as soon as they arrived, fought with the enemy, and after a most bloody victory over them, forced them to fly over into Ireland. In the meantime, Maximian was killed at Rome by Gratian's friends; and the Britons whom he had carried with him were also slain or dispersed. Those of them that could escape, went to their countrymen in Armorica, which was now called the other Britain.

## **BOOK VI.**

### **Chap. I.—Gratian, being advanced to the throne, is killed by the common people. The Britons desire the Romans to defend them against Guanuis and Melga.**

But Gratian Municeps, hearing of the death of Maximian, seized the crown, and made himself king. After this he exercised such tyranny that the common people fell upon him in a tumultuous manner, and murdered him. When this news reached other countries, their former enemies returned back from Ireland, and bringing with them the Scots, Norwegians, and Dacians, made dreadful devastations with fire and sword over the whole kingdom, from sea to sea. Upon this most grievous calamity and oppression, ambassadors are despatched with letters to Rome, to beseech, with tears and vows of perpetual subjection, that a body of men might be sent to revenge their injuries, and drive out the enemy from them. The ambassadors in a short time prevailed so far, that, unmindful of past injuries, the Romans granted them one legion, which was transported in a fleet to their country, and there speedily encountered the enemy. At last, after the slaughter of a vast multitude of them, they drove them entirely out of the country, and rescued the miserable people from their outrageous cruelty. Then they gave orders for a wall to be built between Albania and Deira, from one sea to the other, for a terror to the enemy, and

safeguard to the country. At that time Albania was wholly laid waste, by the frequent invasions of barbarous nations; and whatever enemies made an attempt upon the country, met with a convenient landing-place there. So that the inhabitants were diligent in working upon the wall, which they finished partly at the public, partly upon private charge.

## **Chap. II.—Guethelin's speech to the Britons when the Romans left them.**

The Romans, after this, declared to the Britons, that they should not be able for the future to undergo the fatigue of such laborious expeditions; and that it was beneath the dignity of the Roman state to harass so great and brave an army, both by land and sea, against base and vagabond robbers; but that they ought to apply themselves to the use of arms, and to fight bravely in defending to the utmost of their power, their country, riches, wives, children, and, what is dearer than all these, their liberty and lives. As soon as they had given them this exhortation, they commanded all the men of the island that were fit for war, to appear together at London, because the Romans were about to return home. When, therefore, they were all assembled, Guethelin, the metropolitan of London, had orders to make a speech to them, which he did in these words:—

“Though I am appointed by the princes here present to speak to you, I find myself rather ready to burst into tears, than to make an eloquent oration. It is a most sensible affliction to me to observe the weak and destitute state into which you are fallen since Maximian drew away with him all the forces and youth of this kingdom. You that were left were people wholly inexperienced in war, and occupied with other employments, as tilling the ground, and several kinds of mechanical trades. So that when your enemies from foreign countries came upon you, as sheep wandering without a shepherd, they forced you to quit your folds, till the Roman power restored you to them again. Must your hopes, therefore, always depend upon foreign assistance? And will you never use yourselves to handle arms against a band of robbers, that are by no means stronger than yourselves, if you are not dispirited by sloth and cowardice? The Romans are now tired with the continual voyages wherewith they are harassed to defend you against your enemies: they rather choose to remit to you the tribute you pay them, than undergo any longer this fatigue by land and sea. Because you were only the common people at the time when we had soldiers of our own, do you therefore think that manhood has quite forsaken you? Are not men in the course of human generation often the reverse of one another? Is not a ploughman often the father of a soldier, and a soldier of a ploughman? Does not the same diversity happen in a mechanic and a soldier? Since then, in this manner, one produces another, I cannot think it possible for manhood to be lost among them. As then you are men, behave yourselves like men: call upon the name of Christ, that he may inspire you with courage to defend your liberties.”

No sooner had he concluded his speech, than the people raised such a shout, that one would have thought them on a sudden inspired with courage from heaven.

## **Chap. III.—The Britons are again cruelly harassed by Guanius and Melga.**

After this the Romans encouraged the timorous people as much as they could, and left them patterns of their arms. They likewise commanded towers, having a prospect towards the sea, to be placed at proper distances along all the south coast, where their ships were, and from whence they feared the invasions of the barbarians. But, according to the proverb, “It is easier to make a hawk of a kite, than a scholar of a ploughman,” all learning to him is but as a pearl thrown before swine. Thus, no sooner had the Romans taken their farewell of them, than the two leaders, Guanius and Melga, issued forth from their ships, in which they had fled over into Ireland, and with their bands of Scots, Picts, Norwegians, Dacians, and others, whom they had brought along with them, seized upon all Albania as far as the very wall. Understanding, likewise, that the Romans were gone, never to return any more, they now, in a more insolent manner than before, began their devastations

in the island. Hereupon the country fellows upon the battlements of the walls sat night and day with quaking hearts, not daring to stir from their seats, and readier for flight than making the least resistance. In the meantime the enemies ceased not with their hooks to pull them down headlong, and dash the wretched herd to pieces upon the ground; who gained at least this advantage by their speedy death, that they avoided the sight of that most deplorable calamity, which forthwith threatened their relations and dearest children. Such was the terrible vengeance of God for that most wicked madness of Maximian, in draining the kingdom of all its forces, who, had they been present, would have repulsed any nation that invaded them; an evident proof of which they gave, by the vast conquests they made abroad, even in remote countries; and also by maintaining their own country in peace, while they continued here. But thus it happens when a country is left to the defence of country clowns. In short, quitting their high wall and their cities, the country people were forced again to fly, and to suffer a more fatal dispersion, a more furious pursuit of the enemy, a more cruel and more general slaughter than before; and like lambs before wolves, so was that miserable people torn to pieces by the merciless barbarians. Again, therefore, the wretched remainder send letters to Agitius, a man of great power among the Romans, to this effect. “To Agitius, thrice consul, the groans of the Britons.” And after some few other complaints they add: “The sea drives us to the barbarians, and the barbarians drive us back to the sea: thus are we tossed to and fro between two kinds of death, being either drowned or put to the sword.” Notwithstanding this most moving address, they procured no relief, and the ambassadors returning back in great heaviness, declared to their countrymen the repulse which they had suffered.

## **Chap. IV.—Guethelin desires succours of Aldroen.**

Hereupon, after a consultation together, Guethelin, archbishop of London, passed over into Lesser Britain, called then Armorica, or Letavia, to desire assistance of their brethren. At that time Aldroen reigned there, being the fourth king from Conan, to whom, as has been already related, Maximian had given that kingdom. This prince, seeing a prelate of so great dignity arrive, received him with honour, and inquired after the occasion of his coming. To whom Guethelin:—

“Your majesty can be no stranger to the misery which we, your Britons, have suffered (which may even demand your tears), since the time that Maximian drained our island of its soldiers, to people the kingdom which you enjoy, and which God grant you may long enjoy in peace. For against us the poor remains of the British race, all the people of the adjacent islands, have risen up, and made an utter devastation in our country, which then abounded with all kinds of riches; so that the people now are wholly destitute of all manner of sustenance, but what they can get in hunting. Nor had we any power or knowledge of military affairs left among us to encounter the enemy. For the Romans are tired of us, and have absolutely refused their assistance. So that now, deprived of all other hope, we come to implore your clemency, that you would furnish us with forces, and protect a kingdom, which is of right your own, from the incursions of barbarians. For who but yourself, ought, without your consent, to wear the crown of Constantine and Maximian, since the right your ancestors had to it is now devolved upon you? Prepare then your fleet, and go with me. Behold! I deliver the kingdom of Britain into your hands.”

To this Aldroen made answer: “There was a time formerly when I would not have refused to accept of the island of Britain, if it had been offered me; for I do not think there was anywhere a more fruitful country while it enjoyed peace and tranquillity. But now, since the calamities that have befallen it, it is become of less value, and odious both to me and all other princes. But above all things the power of the Romans was so destructive to it, that nobody could enjoy any settled state or authority in it, without loss of liberty, and bearing the yoke of slavery under them. And who would not prefer the possession of a lesser country with liberty, to all the riches of that island in servitude? The kingdom that is now under my subjection I enjoy with honour, and without paying



homage to any superior; so that I prefer it to all other countries, since I can govern it without being controlled. Nevertheless, out of respect to the right that my ancestors for many generations have had to your island, I deliver to you my brother Constantine with two thousand men, that with the good providence of God, he may free your country from the inroads of barbarians, and obtain the crown for himself. For I have a brother called by that name, who is an expert soldier, and in all other respects an accomplished man. If you please to accept of him, I will not refuse to send him with you, together with the said number of men; for indeed a larger number I do not mention to you, because I am daily threatened with disturbance from the Gauls." He had scarcely done speaking before the archbishop returned him thanks, and when Constantine was called in, broke out into these expressions of joy: "Christ conquers; Christ commands; Christ reigns: behold the king of desolate Britain! Be Christ only present, and behold our defence, our hope and joy." In short, the ships being got ready, the men who were chosen out from all parts of the kingdom, were delivered to Guethelin.

### **Chap. V.—Constantine, being made king of Britain, leaves three sons.**

When they had made all necessary preparations, they embarked, and arrived at the port of Totness; and then without delay assembled together the youth that was left in the island, and encountered the enemy; over whom, by the merit of the holy prelate, they obtained the victory. After this the Britons, before dispersed, flocked together from all parts, and in a council held at Silchester, promoted Constantine to the throne, and there performed the ceremony of his coronation. They also married him to a lady, descended from a noble Roman family, whom archbishop Guethelin had educated, and by whom the king had afterwards three sons, Constans, Aurelius Ambrosius, and Uther Pendragon. Constans, who was the eldest, he delivered to the church of Amphibalus in Winchester, that he might there take upon him the monastic order. But the other two, viz. Aurelius and Uther, he committed to the care of Guethelin for their education. At last, after ten years were expired, there came a certain Pict, who had entered in his service, and under pretence of holding some private discourse with him, in a nursery of young trees where nobody was present, stabbed him with a dagger.

### **Chap. VI.—Constans is by Vortigern crowned king of Britain.**

Upon the death of Constantine, a dissension arose among the nobility, about a successor to the throne. Some were for setting up Aurelius Ambrosius; others Uther Pendragon; others again some other persons of the royal family. At last, when they could come to no conclusion, Vortigern, consul of the Gewisseans, who was himself very ambitious of the crown, went to Constans the monk, and thus addressed himself to him: "You see your father is dead, and your brothers on account of their age are incapable of the government; neither do I see any of your family besides yourself, whom the people ought to promote to the kingdom. If you will therefore follow my advice, I will, on condition of your increasing my private estate, dispose the people to favour your advancement, and free you from that habit, notwithstanding that it is against the rule of your order." Constans, overjoyed at the proposal, promised, with an oath, that upon these terms he would grant him whatever he would desire. Then Vortigern took him, and investing him in his regal habiliments, conducted him to London, and made him king, though not with the free consent of the people. Archbishop Guethelin was then dead, nor was there any other that durst perform the ceremony of his unction, on account of his having quitted the monastic order. However, this proved no hindrance to his coronation, for Vortigern himself performed the ceremony instead of a bishop.

### **Chap. VII.—Vortigern treacherously contrives to get king Constans assassinated.**

Constans, being thus advanced, committed the whole government of the kingdom to Vortigern, and surrendered himself up so en-

tirely to his counsels, that he did nothing without his order. His own incapacity for government obliged him to do this, for he had learned any thing else rather than state affairs within his cloister. Vortigern became sensible of this, and therefore began to deliberate with himself what course to take to obtain the crown, of which he had been before extremely ambitious. He saw that now was his proper time to gain his end easily, when the kingdom was wholly intrusted to his management; and Constans, who bore the title of king, was no more than the shadow of one; for he was of a soft temper, a bad judge in matters of right, and not in the least feared, either by his own people, or by the neighbouring states. And as for his two brothers, Uther Pendragon and Aurelius Ambrosius, they were only children in their cradles, and therefore incapable of the government. There was likewise this farther misfortune, that all the older persons of the nobility were dead, so that Vortigern seemed to be the only man surviving, that had craft, policy, and experience in matters of state; and all the rest in a manner children, or raw youths, who only inherited the honours of their parents and relations that had been killed in the former wars. Vortigern, finding a concurrence of so many favourable circumstances, contrived how he might easily and cunningly depose Constans the monk, and immediately establish himself in his place. But in order to do this, he waited until he had first well established his power and interest in several countries. He therefore petitioned to have the king's treasures, and his fortified cities, in his own custody; pretending there was a rumour, that the neighbouring islanders designed an invasion of the kingdom. This being granted him, he placed his own creatures in those cities, to secure them for himself. Then having formed a scheme how to execute his treasonable designs, he went to the king, and represented to him the necessity of augmenting the number of his domestics, that he might more safely oppose the invasion of the enemy. "Have not I left all things to your disposal?" said Constans. "Do what you will as to that, so that they be but faithful to me." Vortigern replied, "I am informed that the Picts are going to bring the Dacians and Norwegians in upon us, with a design to give us very great annoyance. I would therefore advise you, and in my opinion it is the best course you can take, that you maintain some Picts in your court, who may do you good service among those of that nation. For if it is true that they are preparing to begin a rebellion, you may employ them as spies upon their countrymen in their plots and stratagems, so as easily to escape them." This was the dark treason of a secret enemy; for he did not recommend this out of regard to the safety of Constans, but because he knew the Picts to be a giddy people, and ready for all manner of wickedness; so that, in a fit of drunkenness or passion, they might easily be incensed against the king, and make no scruple to assassinate him. And such an accident, when it should happen, would make an open way for his accession to the throne, which he so often had in view. Hereupon he despatched messengers into Scotland, with an invitation to a hundred Pictish soldiers, whom accordingly he received into the king's household; and when admitted, he showed them more respect than all the rest of the domestics, by making them several presents, and allowing them a luxurious table, insomuch that they looked upon him as the king. So great was the regard they had for him, that they made songs of him about the streets, the subject of which was, that Vortigern deserved the government, deserved the sceptre of Britain; but that Constans was unworthy of it. This encouraged Vortigern to show them still more favour, in order the more firmly to engage them in his interest; and when by these practices he had made them entirely his creatures, he took an opportunity, when they were drunk, to tell them, that he was going to retire out of Britain, to see if he could get a better estate; for the small revenue he had then, he said, would not so much as enable him to maintain a retinue of fifty men. Then putting on a look of sadness, he withdrew to his own apartment, and left them drinking in the hall. The Picts at this sight were in inexpressible sorrow, as thinking what he had said was true, and murmuring said one to another, "Why do we suffer this monk to live? Why do not we kill him, that Vortigern may enjoy his crown? Who is so fit to succeed as he? A man so generous to us is worthy to rule, and deserves all the honour and dignity that we can bestow upon him."

### **Chap. VIII.—Aurelius Ambrosius and Uther Pendragon flee from Vortigern, and go to Lesser Britain.**

After this, breaking into Constans' bed-chamber, they fell upon him and killed him, and carried his head to Vortigern. At the sight of it, he put on a mournful countenance, and burst forth into tears, though at the same time he was almost transported with joy. However, he summoned together the citizens of London, (for that the fact was committed,) and commanded all the assassins to be bound, and their heads to be cut off for this abominable paricide. In the meantime there were some who had a suspicion, that this piece of villany was wholly the contrivance of Vortigern, and that the Picts were only his instruments to execute it. Others again as positively asserted his innocence. At last the matter being left in doubt, those who had the care of the two brothers, Aurelius Ambrosius, and Uther Pendragon, fled over with them into Lesser Britain, for fear of being killed by Vortigern. There they were kindly received by king Budes, who took care to give them an education suitable to their royal birth.

### **Chap. IX.—Vortigern makes himself king of Britain.**

Now Vortigern, seeing nobody to rival him in the kingdom, placed the crown on his own head, and thus gained the pre-eminence over all the rest of the princes. At last his treason being discovered, the people of the adjacent islands, whom the Picts had brought into Albania, made insurrection against him. For the Picts were enraged on account of the death of their fellow soldiers, who had been slain for the murder of Constans, and endeavoured to revenge that injury upon him. Vortigern therefore was daily in great distress, and lost a considerable part of his army in a war with them. He had likewise no less trouble from another quarter, for fear of Aurelius Ambrosius, and his brother Uther Pendragon, who, as we said before, had fled, on his account, into Lesser Britain. For he heard it rumoured, day after day, that they had now arrived at man's estate, and had built a vast fleet, with a design to return back to the kingdom, which was their undoubted right.

### **Chap. X.—Vortigern takes the Saxons that were new-comers, to his assistance.**

In the meantime there arrived in Kent three brigandines, or long galleys, full of armed men, under the command of two brothers, Horsa and Hengist. Vortigern was then at Dorobernia, now Canterbury, which city he used often to visit; and being informed of the arrival of some tall strangers in large ships, he ordered that they should be received peaceably, and conducted into his presence. As soon as they were brought before him, he cast his eyes upon the two brothers, who excelled all the rest both in nobility and gracefulness of person; and having taken a view of the whole company, asked them of what country they were, and what was the occasion of their coming into his kingdom. To whom Hengist (whose years and wisdom entitled him to a precedence), in the name of the rest, made the following answer:—

"Most noble king, Saxony, which is one of the countries of Germany, was the place of our birth; and the occasion of our coming was to offer our service to you or some other prince. For we were driven out of our native country, for no other reason, but that the laws of the kingdom required it. It is customary among us, that when we come to be overstocked with people, our princes from all the provinces meet together, and command all the youths of the kingdom to assemble before them; then casting lots, they make choice of the strongest and ablest of them, to go into foreign nations, to procure themselves a subsistence, and free their native country from a superfluous multitude of people. Our country, therefore, being of late overstocked, our princes met, and after having cast lots, made choice of the youth which you see in your presence, and have obliged us to obey the custom which has been established of old. And us two brothers, Hengist and Horsa, they made generals over them, out of respect to our ancestors, who enjoyed the same honour. In obedience, therefore, to the laws so

long established, we put out to sea, and under the good guidance of Mercury have arrived in your kingdom."

The king, at the name of Mercury, looking earnestly upon them, asked them what religion they professed. "We worship," replied Hengist, "our country's gods, Saturn and Jupiter, and the other deities that govern the world, but especially Mercury, whom in our language we call Woden, and to whom our ancestors consecrated the fourth day of the week, still called after his name Wodensday. Next to him we worship the powerful goddess, Frea, to whom they also dedicated the sixth day, which after her name we call Friday." Vortigern replied, "For your credulity, or rather incredulity, I am much grieved, but I rejoice at your arrival, which, whether by God's providence or some other agency, happens very seasonably for me in my present difficulties. For I am oppressed by my enemies on every side, and if you will engage with me in my wars, I will entertain you honourably in my kingdom, and bestow upon you lands and other possessions." The barbarians readily accepted his offer, and the agreement between them being ratified, they resided at his court. Soon after this, the Picts, issuing forth from Albania, with a very great army, began to lay waste the northern parts of the island. When Vortigern had information of it, he assembled his forces, and went to meet them beyond the Humber. Upon their engaging, the battle proved very fierce on both sides, though there was but little occasion for the Britons to exert themselves, for the Saxons fought so bravely, that the enemy, formerly so victorious, were speedily put to flight.

### **Chap. XI.—Hengist brings over great numbers of Saxons into Britain, his crafty petition to Vortigern.**

Vortigern, therefore, as he owed the victory to them, increased his bounty to them, and gave their general, Hengist, large possessions of land in Lindesia, for the subsistence of himself and his fellow soldiers. Hereupon Hengist, who was a man of experience and subtilty, finding how much interest he had with the king, addressed him in this manner:—"Sir, your enemies give you disturbance from all quarters, and few of your subjects love you. They all threaten you, and say, they are going to bring over Aurelius Ambrosius from Armorica, to depose you, and make him king. If you please, let us send to our country to invite over some more soldiers, that with our forces increased we may be better able to oppose them. But there is one thing which I would desire of your clemency, if I did not fear a refusal." Vortigern made answer, "Send your messengers to Germany, and invite over whom you please, and you shall have no refusal from me in whatever you shall desire." Hengist, with a low bow, returned him thanks, and said, "The possessions which you have given me in land and houses are very large, but you have not yet done me that honour which becomes my station and birth, because, among other things, I should have had some town or city granted me, that I might be entitled to greater esteem among the nobility of your kingdom. I ought to have been made a consul or prince, since my ancestors enjoyed both those dignities." "It is not in my power," replied Vortigern, "to do you so much honour, because you are strangers and pagans; neither am I yet so far acquainted with your manners and customs, as to set you upon a level with my natural born subjects. And, indeed, if I did esteem you as my subjects, I should not be forward to do so, because the nobility of my kingdom would strongly dissuade me from it." "Give your servant," said Hengist, "only so much ground in the place you have assigned me, as I can encompass with a leathern thong, for to build a fortress upon, as a place of retreat if occasion should require. For I will always be faithful to you, as I have been hitherto, and pursue no other design in the request which I have made." With these words the king was prevailed upon to grant him his petition; and ordered him to despatch messengers into Germany, to invite more men over speedily to his assistance. Hengist immediately executed his orders, and taking a bull's hide, made one thong out of the whole, with which he encompassed a rocky place that he had carefully made choice of, and within that circuit began to build a castle, which, when finished, took its name from the thong wherewith it had been measured; for it was afterwards called, in the British tongue, Kaercorei; in

Saxon, Thancaestre, that is, Thong Castle.

**Chap. XIII.—The bishops, Germanus and Lupus, restore the Christian faith that had been corrupted in Britain. Octa and Ebissa are four times routed by Vortimer.**

At that time came St. Germanus, bishop of Auxerre, and Lupus, bishop of Troyes, to preach the gospel to the Britons. For the Christian faith had been corrupted among them, partly by the pagans whom the king had brought into society with them, partly by the Pelagian heresy, with the poison whereof they had been a long time infected. But by the preaching of these holy men, the true faith and worship was again restored, the many miracles they wrought giving success to their labours. Gildas has in his elegant treatise given an account of the many miracles God wrought by them. The king being now, as we have said, possessed of the lady, Hengist said to him: "As I am your father, I claim the right of being your counsellor: do not therefore slight my advice, since it is to my countrymen you must owe the conquest of all your enemies. Let us invite over my son Octa and his brother Ebissa, who are brave soldiers, and give them the countries that are in the northern parts of Britain, by the wall, between Deira and Albania. For they will hinder the inroads of the barbarians, and so you shall enjoy peace on the other side of the Humber." Vortigern complied with his request, and ordered them to invite over whomsoever they knew able to assist him. Immediately upon the receipt of this message, came Octa, Ebissa, and Cherdich, with three hundred ships filled with soldiers, who were all kindly received by Vortigern, and had ample presents made them. For by their assistance he vanquished his enemies, and in every engagement proved victorious. Hengist in the meantime continued to invite over more and more ships, and to augment his numbers daily. Which when the Britons observed, they were afraid of being betrayed by them, and moved the king to banish them out of his coasts. For it was contrary to the rule of the gospel that Christians should hold fellowship, or have any intercourse, with pagans. Besides which, the number of those that were come over was now so great, that they were a terror to his subjects; and nobody could now know who was a pagan, or who a Christian, since pagans married the daughters and kinswomen of Christians. These things they represented to the king, and endeavoured to dissuade him from entertaining them, lest they might, by some treacherous conspiracy, prove an overmatch for the native inhabitants. But Vortigern, who loved them above all other nations on account of his wife, was deaf to their advice. For this reason the Britons quickly desert him, and unanimously set up Vortimer his son for their king; who at their instigation began to drive out the barbarians, and to make dreadful incursions upon them. Four battles he fought with them, and was victorious in all: the first upon the river Dereuent; the second upon the ford of Epsford, where Horsa and Catigern, another son of Vortigern, met and, after a sharp encounter, killed each other; the third upon the sea-shore, where the enemies fled shamefully to their ships, and betook themselves for refuge to the Isle of Thanet. But Vortimer besieged them there, and daily distressed them with his fleet. And when they were no longer able to bear the assaults of the Britons, they sent king Vortigern, who was present with them in all those wars, to his son Vortimer, to desire leave to depart, and return back safe to Germany. And while a conference upon this subject was being held, they in the meantime went on board their long galleys, and, leaving their wives and children behind them, returned back to Germany.

**Chap. XIV.—Vortimer's kindness to his soldiers at his death.**

Vortimer, after this great success, began to restore his subjects to their possessions which had been taken from them, and to show them all marks of his affection and esteem, and at the instance of St. Germanus to rebuild their churches. But his goodness quickly stirred up the enmity of the devil against him, who entering into the heart of his stepmother Rowen, excited her to contrive his death. For this purpose she consulted with the poisoners, and pro-

cured one who was intimate with him, whom she corrupted with large and numerous presents, to give him a poisonous draught; so that this brave soldier, as soon as he had taken it, was seized with a sudden illness, that deprived him of all hopes of life. Hereupon he forthwith ordered all his men to come to him, and having shown them how near he was to his end, distributed among them all the treasure his predecessors had heaped up, and endeavoured to comfort them in their sorrow and lamentation for him, telling them, he was only going the way of all flesh. But he exhorted those brave and warlike young men, who had attended him in all his victories, to persist courageously in the defence of their country against all hostile invasion; and with wonderful greatness of mind, commanded a brazen pyramid to be placed in the port where the Saxons used to land, and his body when dead to be buried on the top of it, that the sight of his tomb might frighten back the barbarians to Germany. For he said none of them would dare approach the country, that should but get a sight of his tomb. Such was the admirable bravery of this great man, who, as he had been a terror to them while living, endeavoured to be no less so when dead. Notwithstanding which, he was no sooner dead, than the Britons had no regard to his orders, but buried him at London.

**Chap. XV.—Hengist, having wickedly murdered the princes of Britain, keeps Vortigern prisoner.**

Vortigern, after the death of his son, was again restored to the kingdom, and at the request of his wife sent messengers into Germany to Hengist, with an invitation to return into Britain, but privately, and with a small retinue, to prevent a quarrel between the barbarians and his subjects. But Hengist, hearing that Vortimer was dead, raised an army of no less than three hundred thousand men, and fitting out a fleet returned with them to Britain. When Vortigern and the nobility heard of the arrival of so vast a multitude, they were immoderately incensed, and, after consultation together, resolved to fight them, and drive them from their coasts. Hengist, being informed of their design by messengers sent from his daughter, immediately entered into deliberation what course to pursue against them. After several stratagems had been considered, he judged it most feasible, to impose upon the nation by making show of peace. With this view he sent ambassadors to the king, to declare to him, that he had not brought so great a number of men for the purpose either of staying with him, or offering any violence to the country. But the reason why he brought them, was because he thought Vortimer was yet living, and that he should have occasion for them against him, in case of an assault. But now since he no longer doubted of his being dead, he submitted himself and his people to the disposal of Vortigern; so that he might retain as many of them as he should think fit, and whomsoever he rejected Hengist would allow to return back without delay to Germany. And if these terms pleased Vortigern, he desired him to appoint a time and place for their meeting, and adjusting matters according to his pleasure. When these things were represented to the king, he was mightily pleased, as being very unwilling to part with Hengist; and at last ordered his subjects and the Saxons to meet upon the kalends of May, which were now very near, at the monastery of Ambrus, for the settling of the matters above-mentioned. The appointment being agreed to on both sides, Hengist, with a new design of villany in his head, ordered his soldiers to carry every one of them a long dagger under their garments; and while the conference should be held with the Britons, who would have no suspicion of them, he would give them this word of command, "Nemet oure Saxas;" at which moment they were all to be ready to seize boldly every one his next man, and with his drawn dagger stab him. Accordingly they all met at the time and place appointed, and began to treat of peace; and when a fit opportunity offered for executing his villany, Hengist cried out, "Nemet oure Saxas;" and the same instant seized Vortigern, and held him by his cloak. The Saxons, upon the signal given, drew their daggers, and falling upon the princes, who little suspected any such design, assassinated them to the number of four hundred and sixty barons and consuls; to whose bodies St. Eldad afterwards gave Christian burial, not far from Kaercaradoc, now

Salisbury, in a burying-place near the monastery of Ambrius, the abbat, who was the founder of it. For they all came without arms, having no thoughts of anything but treating of peace; which gave the others a fairer opportunity of exercising their villainous design against them. But the pagans did not escape unpunished while they acted this wickedness; a great number of them being killed during this massacre of their enemies. For the Britons, taking up clubs and stones from the ground, resolutely defended themselves, and did good execution upon the traitors.

### **Chap. XVI.—Eldol's valiant exploit. Hengist forces Vortigern to yield up the strongest fortifications in Britain, in consideration of his release.**

There was present one Eldol, consul of Gloucester, who, at the sight of this treachery, took up a stake which he happened to find, and with that made his defence. Every blow he gave carried death along with it; and by breaking either the head, arms, shoulders, or legs of a great many, he struck no small terror into the traitors, nor did he move from the spot before he had killed with that weapon seventy men. But being no longer able to stand his ground against such numbers, he made his escape from them, and retired to his own city. Many fell on both sides, but the Saxons got the victory; because the Britons, having no suspicion of treachery, came unarmed, and therefore made a weaker defence. After the commission of this detestable villany, the Saxons would not kill Vortigern; but having threatened him with death and bound him, demanded his cities and fortified places in consideration of their granting him his life. He, to secure himself, denied them nothing; and when they had made him confirm his grants with an oath, they released him from his chains, and then marched first to London, which they took, as they did afterwards York, Lincoln, and Winchester; wasting the countries through which they passed, and destroying the people, as wolves do sheep when left by their shepherds. When Vortigern saw the desolation which they made, he retired into the parts of Cambria, not knowing what to do against so barbarous a people.

### **Chap. XVII.—Vortigern, after consultation with magicians, orders a youth to be brought that never had a father.**

At last he had recourse to magicians for their advice, and commanded them to tell him what course to take. They advised him to build a very strong tower for his own safety, since he had lost all his other fortified places. Accordingly he made a progress about the country, to find out a convenient situation, and came at last to Mount Erir, where he assembled workmen from several countries, and ordered them to build the tower. The builders, therefore, began to lay the foundation; but whatever they did one day the earth swallowed up the next, so as to leave no appearance of their work. Vortigern being informed of this again consulted with his magicians concerning the cause of it, who told him that he must find out a youth that never had a father, and kill him, and then sprinkle the stones and cement with his blood; for by those means, they said, he would have a firm foundation. Hereupon messengers were despatched away over all the provinces, to inquire out such a man. In their travels they came to a city, called afterwards Kaermerdin, where they saw some young men, playing before the gate, and went up to them; but being weary with their journey, they sat down in the ring, to see if they could meet with what they were in quest of. Towards evening, there happened on a sudden a quarrel between two of the young men, whose names were Merlin and Dabutius. In the dispute, Dabutius said to Merlin: "You fool, do you presume to quarrel with me? Is there any equality in our birth? I am descended of royal race, both by my father and mother's side. As for you, nobody knows what you are, for you never had a father." At that word the messengers looked earnestly upon Merlin, and asked the by-standers who he was. They told him, it was not known who was his father; but that his mother was daughter to the king of Dimetia, and that she lived in St. Peter's church among the nuns of that city.

### **Chap. XVIII.—Vortigern inquires of Merlin's mother concerning her conception of him.**

Upon this the messengers hastened to the governor of the city, and ordered him, in the king's name, to send Merlin and his mother to the king. As soon as the governor understood the occasion of their message, he readily obeyed the order, and sent them to Vortigern to complete his design. When they were introduced into the king's presence, he received the mother in a very respectful manner, on account of her noble birth; and began to inquire of her by what man she had conceived. "My sovereign lord," said she, "by the life of your soul and mine, I know nobody that begot him of me. Only this I know, that as I was once with my companions in our chambers, there appeared to me a person in the shape of a most beautiful young man, who often embraced me eagerly in his arms, and kissed me; and when he had stayed a little time, he suddenly vanished out of my sight. But many times after this he would talk with me when I sat alone, without making any visible appearance. When he had a long time haunted me in this manner, he at last lay with me several times in the shape of a man, and left me with child. And I do affirm to you, my sovereign lord, that excepting that young man, I know no body that begot him of me." The king full of admiration at this account, ordered Maugantius to be called, that he might satisfy him as to the possibility of what the woman had related. Maugantius, being introduced, and having the whole matter repeated to him, said to Vortigern: "In the books of our philosophers, and in a great many histories, I have found that several men have had the like original. For, as Apuleius informs us in his book concerning the Demon of Socrates, between the moon and the earth inhabit those spirits, which we will call incubuses. These are of the nature partly of men, and partly of angels, and whenever they please assume human shapes, and lie with women. Perhaps one of them appeared to this woman, and begot that young man of her."

### **Chap. XIX.—Merlin's speech to the king's magicians, and advice about the building of the tower.**

Merlin in the meantime was attentive to all that had passed, and then approached the king, and said to him, "For what reason am I and my mother introduced into your presence?"—"My magicians," answered Vortigern, "advised me to seek out a man that had no father, with whose blood my building is to be sprinkled, in order to make it stand."—"Order your magicians," said Merlin, "to come before me, and I will convict them of a lie." The king was surprised at his words, and presently ordered the magicians to come, and sit down before Merlin, who spoke to them after this manner: "Because you are ignorant what it is that hinders the foundation of the tower, you have recommended the shedding of my blood for cement to it, as if that would presently make it stand. But tell me now, what is there under the foundation? For something there is that will not suffer it to stand." The magicians at this began to be afraid, and made him no answer. Then said Merlin, who was also called Ambrose, "I entreat your majesty would command your workmen to dig into the ground, and you will find a pond which causes the foundation to sink." This accordingly was done, and then presently they found a pond deep under ground, which had made it give way. Merlin after this went again to the magicians, and said, "Tell me ye false sycophants, what is there under the pond." But they were silent. Then said he again to the king, "Command the pond to be drained, and at the bottom you will see two hollow stones, and in them two dragons asleep." The king made no scruple of believing him, since he had found true what he said of the pond, and therefore ordered it to be drained: which done, he found as Merlin had said; and now was possessed with the greatest admiration of him. Nor were the rest that were present less amazed at his wisdom, thinking it to be no less than divine inspiration.

## **BOOK VII.**

### **CONCERNING THE PROPHECIES OF MERLIN.**

### **Chap. I.—Geoffrey of Monmouth's preface to Merlin's prophecy.**

I had not got thus far in my history, when the subject of public discourse happening to be concerning Merlin, I was obliged to publish his prophecies at the request of my acquaintance, but especially of Alexander, bishop of Lincoln, a prelate of the greatest piety and wisdom. There was not any person, either among the clergy or laity, that was attended with such a train of knights and noblemen, whom his settled piety and great munificence engaged in his service. Out of a desire, therefore, to gratify him, I translated these prophecies, and sent them to him with the following letter.

### **Chap. II.—Geoffrey's letter to Alexander, bishop of Lincoln.**

"The regard which I owe to your great worth, most noble prelate, has obliged me to undertake the translation of Merlin's prophecies out of British into Latin, before I had made an end of the history which I had begun concerning the acts of the British kings. For my design was to have finished that first, and afterwards to have taken this work in hand; lest by being engaged on both at once, I should be less capable of attending with any exactness to either. Notwithstanding, since the deference which is paid to your penetrating judgment will screen me from censure, I have employed my rude pen, and in a coarse style present you with a translation out of a language with which you are unacquainted. At the same time, I cannot but wonder at your recommending this matter to one of my low genius, when you might have caused so many men of greater learning, and a richer vein of intellect, to undertake it; who, with their sublime strains, would much more agreeably have entertained you. Besides, without any disparagement to all the philosophers in Britain, I must take the liberty to say, that you yourself, if the business of your high station would give you leisure, are capable of furnishing us with loftier productions of this kind than any man living. However, since it was your pleasure that Geoffrey of Monmouth should be employed in this prophecy, he hopes you will favourably accept of his performance, and vouchsafe to give a finer turn to whatever you shall find unpished, or otherwise faulty in it."

### **Chap. III.—The prophecy of Merlin.**

As Vortigern, king of the Britons, was sitting upon the bank of the drained pond, the two dragons, one of which was white, the other red, came forth, and, approaching one another, began a terrible fight, and cast forth fire with their breath. But the white dragon had the advantage, and made the other fly to the end of the lake. And he, for grief at his flight, renewed the assault upon his pursuer, and forced him to retire. After this battle of the dragons, the king commanded Ambrose Merlin to tell him what it portended. Upon which he, bursting into tears, delivered what his prophetic spirit suggested to him, as follows:—

"Woe to the red dragon, for his banishment hasteneth on. His lurking holes shall be seized by the white dragon, which signifies the Saxons whom you invited over; but the red denotes the British nation, which shall be oppressed by the white. Therefore shall its mountains be levelled as the valleys, and the rivers of the valleys shall run with blood. The exercise of religion shall be destroyed, and churches be laid open to ruin. At last the oppressed shall prevail, and oppose the cruelty of foreigners. For a boar of Cornwall shall give his assistance, and trample their necks under his feet. The islands of the ocean shall be subject to his power, and he shall possess the forests of Gaul. The house of Romulus shall dread his courage, and his end shall be doubtful. He shall be celebrated in the mouths of the people; and his exploits shall be food to those that relate them. Six of his posterity shall sway the sceptre, but after them shall arise a German worm. He shall be advanced by a sea-wolf, whom the woods of Africa shall accompany. Religion shall be again abolished, and there shall be a translation of the metropolitan sees. The dignity of London shall adorn Dorobernia, and the seventh pastor of York shall be resorted to in the kingdom of Armorica. Menevia shall put on the pall of the City of Legions, and a preacher of Ireland shall be dumb on account of an

infant growing in the womb. It shall rain a shower of blood, and a raging famine shall afflict mankind. When these things happen, the red one shall be grieved; but when his fatigue is over, shall grow strong. Then shall misfortunes hasten upon the white one, and the buildings of his gardens shall be pulled down. Seven that sway the sceptre shall be killed, one of whom shall become a saint. The wombs of mothers shall be ripped up, and infants be abortive. There shall be a most grievous punishment of men, that the natives may be restored. He that shall do these things shall put on the brazen man, and upon a brazen horse shall for a long time guard the gates of London. After this, shall the red dragon return to his proper manners, and turn his rage upon himself. Therefore shall the revenge of the Thunderer show itself, for every field shall disappoint the husbandmen. Mortality shall snatch away the people, and make a desolation over all countries. The remainder shall quit their native soil, and make foreign plantations. A blessed king shall prepare a fleet, and shall be reckoned the twelfth in the court among the saints. There shall be a miserable desolation of the kingdom, and the floors of the harvests shall return to the fruitful forests. The white dragon shall rise again, and invite over a daughter of Germany. Our gardens shall be again replenished with foreign seed, and the red one shall pine away at the end of the pond. After that, shall the German worm be crowned, and the brazen prince buried. He has his bounds assigned him, which he shall not be able to pass. For a hundred and fifty years he shall continue in trouble and subjection, but shall bear sway three hundred. Then shall the north wind rise against him, and shall snatch away the flowers which the west wind produced. There shall be gilding in the temples, nor shall the edge of the sword cease. The German dragon shall hardly get to his holes, because the revenge of his treason shall overtake him. At last he shall flourish for a little time, but the decimation of Neustria shall hurt him. For a people in wood and in iron coats shall come, and revenge upon him his wickedness. They shall restore the ancient inhabitants to their dwellings, and there shall be an open destruction of foreigners. The seed of the white dragon shall be swept out of our gardens, and the remainder of his generation shall be decimated. They shall bear the yoke of slavery, and wound their mother with spades and ploughs. After this shall succeed two dragons, whereof one shall be killed with the sting of envy, but the other shall return under the shadow of a name. Then shall succeed a lion of justice, at whose roar the Gallican towers and the island dragons shall tremble. In those days gold shall be squeezed from the lily and the nettle, and silver shall flow from the hoofs of bellowing cattle. The frizzled shall put on various fleeces, and the outward habit denote the inward parts. The feet of barkers shall be cut off; wild beasts shall enjoy peace; mankind shall be grieved at their punishment; the form of commerce shall be divided; the half shall be round. The ravenousness of kites shall be destroyed, and the teeth of wolves blunted. The lion's whelps shall be transformed into sea-fishes; and an eagle shall build her nest upon Mount Aravius. Venedotia shall grow red with the blood of mothers, and the house of Corineus kill six brethren. The island shall be wet with night tears; so that all shall be provoked to all things. Woe to thee, Neustria, because the lion's brain shall be poured upon thee; and he shall be banished with shattered limbs from his native soil. Posterity shall endeavour to fly above the highest places; but the favour of new comers shall be exalted. Piety shall hurt the possessor of things got by impiety, till he shall have put on his Father: therefore, being armed with the teeth of a boar, he shall ascend above the tops of mountains, and the shadow of him that wears a helmet. Albania shall be enraged, and, assembling her neighbours, shall be employed in shedding blood. There shall be put into her jaws a bridle that shall be made on the coast of Armorica. The eagle of the broken covenant shall gild it over, and rejoice in her third nest. The roaring whelps shall watch, and, leaving the woods, shall hunt within the walls of cities. They shall make no small slaughter of those that oppose them, and shall cut off the tongues of bulls. They shall load the necks of roaring lions with chains, and restore the times of their ancestors. Then from the first to the fourth, from the fourth to the third, from the third to the second, the thumb shall roll in oil. The sixth shall overturn the walls of Ireland, and change the woods into a plain. He shall

reduce several parts to one, and be crowned with the head of a lion. His beginning shall lay open to wandering affection, but his end shall carry him up to the blessed, who are above. For he shall restore the seats of saints in their countries, and settle pastors in convenient places. Two cities he shall invest with two palls, and shall bestow virgin-presents upon virgins. He shall merit by this the favour of the Thunderer, and shall be placed among the saints. From him shall proceed a lynx penetrating all things, who shall be bent upon the ruin of his own nation; for, through him, Neustria shall lose both islands, and be deprived of its ancient dignity. Then shall the natives return back to the island; for there shall arise a dissension among foreigners. Also a hoary old man, sitting upon a snow-white horse, shall turn the course of the river Periron, and shall measure out a mill upon it with a white rod. Cadwallader shall call upon Conan, and take Albania into alliance. Then shall there be a slaughter of foreigners; then shall the rivers run with blood. Then shall break forth the fountains of Armorica, and they shall be crowned with the diadem of Brutus. Cambria shall be filled with joy; and the oaks of Cornwall shall flourish. The island shall be called by the name of Brutus: and the name given it by foreigners shall be abolished. From Conan shall proceed a warlike boar, that shall exercise the sharpness of his tusks within the Gallic woods. For he shall cut down all the larger oaks, and shall be a defence to the smaller. The Arabians and Africans shall dread him; for he shall pursue his furious course to the farther part of Spain. There shall succeed the goat of the Veneréal castle, having golden horns and a silver beard, who shall breathe such a cloud out of his nostrils, as shall darken the whole surface of the island. There shall be peace in his time; and corn shall abound by reason of the fruitfulness of the soil. Women shall become serpents in their gait, and all their motions shall be full of pride. The camp of Venus shall be restored; nor shall the arrows of Cupid cease to wound. The fountain of a river shall be turned into blood; and two kings shall fight a duel at Stafford for a lioness. Luxury shall overspread the whole ground; and fornication not cease to debauch mankind. All these things shall three ages see; till the buried kings shall be exposed to public view in the city of London. Famine shall again return; mortality shall return; and the inhabitants shall grieve for the destruction of their cities. Then shall come the board of commerce, who shall recall the scattered flocks to the pasture they had lost. His breast shall be food to the hungry, and his tongue drink to the thirsty. Out of his mouth shall flow rivers, that shall water the parched jaws of men. After this shall be produced a tree upon the Tower of London, which, having no more than three branches, shall overshadow the surface of the whole island with the breadth of its leaves. Its adversary, the north wind, shall come upon it, and with its noxious blast shall snatch away the third branch; but the two remaining ones shall possess its place, till they shall destroy one another by the multitude of their leaves; and then shall it obtain the place of those two, and shall give sustenance to birds of foreign nations. It shall be esteemed hurtful to native fowls; for they shall not be able to fly freely for fear of its shadow. There shall succeed the ass of wickedness, swift against the goldsmiths, but slow against the ravenousness of wolves. In those days the oaks of the forests shall burn, and acorns grow upon the branches of tei trees. The Severn sea shall discharge itself through seven mouths, and the river Uske burn seven months. Fishes shall die with the heat thereof; and of them shall be engendered serpents. The baths of Badon shall grow cold, and their salubrious waters engender death. London shall mourn for the death of twenty thousand; and the river Thames shall be turned into blood. The monks in their cowls shall be forced to marry, and their cry shall be heard upon the mountains of the Alps."

#### Chap. IV.—The continuation of the prophecy.

"Three springs shall break forth in the city of Winchester, whose rivulets shall divide the island into three parts. Whoever shall drink of the first, shall enjoy long life, and shall never be afflicted with sickness. He that shall drink of the second, shall die of hunger, and paleness and horror shall sit in his countenance. He that shall drink of the third, shall be surprised with sudden death,

neither shall his body be capable of burial. Those that are willing to escape so great a surfeit, will endeavour to hide it with several coverings, but whatever bulk shall be laid upon it, shall receive the form of another body. For earth shall be turned into stones; stones into water; wood into ashes; ashes into water, if cast over it. Also a damsel shall be sent from the city of the forest of Canute to administer a cure, who, after she shall have practised all her arts, shall dry up the noxious fountains only with her breath. Afterwards, as soon as she shall have refreshed herself with the wholesome liquor, she shall bear in her right hand the wood of Caledon, and in her left the forts of the walls of London. Wherever she shall go, she shall make sulphureous steps, which will smoke with a double flame. That smoke shall rouse up the city of Ruteni, and shall make food for the inhabitants of the deep. She shall overflow with rueful tears, and shall fill the island with her dreadful cry. She shall be killed by a hart with ten branches, four of which shall bear golden diadems; but the other six shall be turned into buffalo's horns, whose hideous sound shall astonish the three islands of Britain. The Daneian wood shall be stirred up, and breaking forth into a human voice, shall cry: Come, O Cambria, and join Cornwall to thy side, and say to Winchester, the earth shall swallow thee up. Translate the seat of thy pastor to the place where ships come to harbour, and the rest of the members will follow the head. For the day hasteneth, in which thy citizens shall perish on account of the guilt of perjury. The whiteness of wool has been hurtful to thee, and the variety of its tinctures. Woe to the perjured nation, for whose sake the renowned city shall come to ruin. The ships shall rejoice at so great an augmentation, and one shall be made out of two. It shall be rebuilt by Eric, loaden with apples, to the smell whereof the birds of several woods shall flock together. He shall add to it a vast palace, and wall it round with six hundred towers. Therefore shall London envy it, and triply increase her walls. The river Thames shall encompass it round, and the fame of the work shall pass beyond the Alps. Eric shall hide his apples within it, and shall make subterraneous passages. At that time shall the stones speak, and the sea towards the Gallic coast be contracted into a narrow space. On each bank shall one man hear another, and the soil of the island shall be enlarged. The secrets of the deep shall be revealed, and Gaul shall tremble for fear. After these things shall come forth a hern from the forest of Calaterium, which shall fly round the island for two years together. With her nocturnal cry she shall call together the winged kind, and assemble to her all sorts of fowls. They shall invade the tillage of husbandmen, and devour all the grain of the harvests. Then shall follow a famine upon the people, and a grievous mortality upon the famine. But when this calamity shall be over, a detestable bird shall go to the valley of Galabes, and shall raise it to be a high mountain. Upon the top thereof it shall also plant an oak, and build its nest in its branches. Three eggs shall be produced in the nest, from whence shall come forth a fox, a wolf, and a bear. The fox shall devour her mother, and bear the head of an ass. In this monstrous form shall she frighten her brothers, and make them fly into Neustria. But they shall stir up the tusky boar, and returning in a fleet shall encounter with the fox; who at the beginning of the fight shall feign herself dead, and move the boar to compassion. Then shall the boar approach her carcass, and standing over her, shall breathe upon her face and eyes. But she, not forgetting her cunning, shall bite his left foot, and pluck it off from his body. Then shall she leap upon him, and snatch away his right ear and tail, and hide herself in the caverns of the mountains. Therefore shall the de-luded boar require the wolf and bear to restore him his members; who, as soon as they shall enter into the cause, shall promise two feet of the fox, together with the ear and tail, and of these they shall make up the members of a hog. With this he shall be satisfied, and expect the promised restitution. In the meantime shall the fox descend from the mountains, and change herself into a wolf, and under pretence of holding a conference with the boar, she shall go to him, and craftily devour him. After that she shall transform herself into a boar, and feigning a loss of some members, shall wait for her brothers; but as soon as they are come, she shall suddenly kill them with her tusks, and shall be crowned with the head of a lion. In her days shall a serpent be brought forth, which shall be a destroyer of mankind. With its length it shall

encompass London, and devour all that pass by it. The mountain ox shall take the head of a wolf, and whiten his teeth in the Severn. He shall gather to him the flocks of Albania and Cambria, which shall drink the river Thames dry. The ass shall call the goat with the long beard, and shall borrow his shape. Therefore shall the mountain ox be incensed, and having called the wolf, shall become a horned bull against them. In the exercise of his cruelty he shall devour their flesh and bones, but shall be burned upon the top of Urian. The ashes of his funeral-pile shall be turned into swans, that shall swim on dry ground as on a river. They shall devour fishes in fishes, and swallow up men in men. But when old age shall come upon them, they shall become sea-wolves, and practise their frauds in the deep. They shall drown ships, and collect no small quantity of silver. The Thames shall again flow, and assembling together the rivers, shall pass beyond the bounds of its channel. It shall cover the adjacent cities, and overturn the mountains that oppose its course. Being full of deceit and wickedness, it shall make use of the fountain Galabes. Hence shall arise factions provoking the Venedotians to war. The oaks of the forest shall meet together, and encounter the rocks of the Gewisseans. A raven shall attend with the kites, and devour the carcasses of the slain. An owl shall build her nest upon the walls of Gloucester, and in her nest shall be brought forth an ass. The serpent of Malvernia shall bring him up, and put him upon many fraudulent practices. Having taken the crown, he shall ascend on high, and frighten the people of the country with his hideous braying. In his days shall the Pachaian mountains tremble, and the provinces be deprived of their woods. For there shall come a worm with a fiery breath, and with the vapour it sends forth shall burn up the trees. Out of it shall proceed seven lions deformed with the heads of goats. With the stench of their nostrils they shall corrupt women, and make wives turn common prostitutes. The father shall not know his own son, because they shall grow wanton like brute beasts. Then shall come the giant of wickedness, and terrify all with the sharpness of his eyes. Against him shall arise the dragon of Worcester, and shall endeavour to banish him. But in the engagement the dragon shall be worsted, and oppressed by the wickedness of the conqueror. For he shall mount upon the dragon, and putting off his garment shall sit upon him naked. The dragon shall bear him up on high, and beat his naked rider with his tail erected. Upon this the giant rousing up his whole strength, shall break his jaws with his sword. At last the dragon shall fold itself up under its tail, and die of poison. After him shall succeed the boar of Totness, and oppress the people with grievous tyranny. Gloucester shall send forth a lion, and shall disturb him in his cruelty, in several battles. He shall trample him under his feet, and terrify him with open jaws. At last the lion shall quarrel with the kingdom, and get upon the backs of the nobility. A bull shall come into the quarrel, and strike the lion with his right foot. He shall drive him through all the inns in the kingdom, but shall break his horns against the walls of Oxford. The fox of Kaerdubalem shall take revenge on the lion, and destroy him entirely with her teeth. She shall be encompassed by the adder of Lincoln, who with a horrible hiss shall give notice of his presence to a multitude of dragons. Then shall the dragons encounter, and tear one another to pieces. The winged shall oppress that which wants wings, and fasten its claws into the poisonous cheeks. Others shall come into the quarrel, and kill one another. A fifth shall succeed those that are slain, and by various stratagems shall destroy the rest. He shall get upon the back of one with his sword, and sever his head from his body. Then throwing off his garment, he shall get upon another, and put his right and left hand upon his tail. Thus being naked shall he overcome him, whom when clothed he was not able to deal with. The rest he shall gall in their flight, and drive them round the kingdom. Upon this shall come a roaring lion dreadful for his monstrous cruelty. Fifteen parts shall he reduce to one, and shall alone possess the people. The giant of the snow-white colour shall shine, and cause the white people to flourish. Pleasures shall effeminate the princes, and they shall suddenly be changed into beasts. Among them shall arise a lion swelled with human gore. Under him shall a reaper be placed in the standing corn, who, while he is reaping, shall be oppressed by him. A charioteer of York shall appease them, and having banished his lord, shall mount upon the chariot

which he shall drive. With his sword unsheathed shall he threaten the East, and fill the tracks of his wheels with blood. Afterwards he shall become a sea-fish, who, being roused up with the hissing of a serpent, shall engender with him. From hence shall be produced three thundering bulls, who having eaten up their pastures shall be turned into trees. The first shall carry a whip of vipers, and turn his back upon the next. He shall endeavour to snatch away the whip, but shall be taken by the last. They shall turn away their faces from one another, till they have thrown away the poisoned cup. To him shall succeed a husbandman of Albania, at whose back shall be a serpent. He shall be employed in ploughing the ground, that the country may become white with corn. The serpent shall endeavour to diffuse his poison, in order to blast the harvest. A grievous mortality shall sweep away the people, and the walls of cities shall be made desolate. There shall be given for a remedy the city of Claudius, which shall interpose the nurse of the scourger. For she shall bear a dose of medicine, and in a short time the island shall be restored. Then shall two successively sway the sceptre, whom a horned dragon shall serve. One shall come in armour, and shall ride upon a flying serpent. He shall sit upon his back with his naked body, and cast his right hand upon his tail. With his cry shall the seas be moved and he shall strike terror into the second. The second therefore shall enter into confederacy with the lion; but a quarrel happening, they shall encounter one another. They shall distress one another, but the courage of the beast shall gain the advantage. Then shall come one with a drum, and appease the rage of the lion. Therefore shall the people of the kingdom be at peace, and provoke the lion to a dose of physic. In his established seat he shall adjust the weights, but shall stretch out his hands into Albania. For which reason the northern provinces shall be grieved, and open the gates of the temples. The sign-bearing wolf shall lead his troops, and surround Cornwall with his tail. He shall be opposed by a soldier in a chariot, who shall transform that people into a boar. The boar shall therefore ravage the provinces, but shall hide his head in the depth of Severn. A man shall embrace a lion in wine, and the dazzling brightness of gold shall blind the eyes of beholders. Silver shall whiten in the circumference, and torment several wine presses. Men shall be drunk with wine, and, regardless of heaven, shall be intent upon the earth. From them shall the stars turn away their faces, and confound their usual course. Corn will wither at their malign aspects; and there shall fall no dew from heaven. The roots and branches will change their places, and the novelty of the thing shall pass for a miracle. The brightness of the sun shall fade at the amber of Mercury, and horror shall seize the beholders. Stilbon of Arcadia shall change his shield; the helmet of Mars shall call Venus. The helmet of Mars shall make a shadow; and the rage of Mercury pass his bounds. Iron Orion shall unsheath his sword: the marine Phœbus shall torment the clouds; Jupiter shall go out of his lawful paths; and Venus forsake her stated lines. The malignity of the star Saturn shall fall down in rain, and slay mankind with a crooked sickle. The twelve houses of the star shall lament the irregular excursions of their guests; and Gemini omit their usual embraces, and call the urn to the fountains. The scales of Libra shall hang obliquely, till Aries puts his crooked horns under them. The tail of Scorpio shall produce lightning, and Cancer quarrel with the Sun. Virgo shall mount upon the back of Sagittarius, and darken her virgin flowers. The chariot of the Moon shall disorder the zodiac, and the Pleiades break forth into weeping. No offices of Janus shall hereafter return, but his gate being shut shall lie hid in the chinks of Ariadne. The seas shall rise up in the twinkling of an eye, and the dust of the ancients shall be restored. The winds shall fight together with a dreadful blast, and their sound shall reach the stars."

## BOOK VIII.

### Chap. I.—Vortigern asks Merlin concerning his own death.

Merlin, by delivering these and many other prophecies, caused in all that were present an admiration at the ambiguity of his expressions. But Vortigern above all the rest both admired and applauded

the wisdom, and prophetic spirit of the young man: for that age had produced none that ever talked in such a manner before him. Being therefore curious to learn his own fate, he desired the young man to tell him what he knew concerning that particular. Merlin answered:—"Fly the fire of the sons of Constantine, if you are able to do it: already are they fitting out their ships: already are they leaving the Armorican shore: already are they spreading out their sails to the wind. They will steer towards Britain: they will invade the Saxon nation: they will subdue that wicked people; but they will first burn you being shut up in a tower. To your own ruin did you prove a traitor to their father, and invite the Saxons into the island. You invited them for your safeguard; but they came for a punishment to you. Two deaths instantly threaten you; nor is it easy to determine, which you can best avoid. For on the one hand the Saxons shall lay waste your country, and endeavour to kill you: on the other shall arrive the two brothers, Aurelius Ambrosius and Uther Pendragon, whose business will be to revenge their father's murder upon you. Seek out some refuge if you can: to-morrow they will be on the shore of Totness. The faces of the Saxons shall look red with blood, Hengist shall be killed, and Aurelius Ambrosius shall be crowned. He shall bring peace to the nation; he shall restore the churches; but shall die of poison. His brother Uther Pendragon shall succeed him, whose days also shall be cut short by poison. There shall be present at the commission of this treason your own issue, whom the boar of Cornwall shall devour." Accordingly the next day early, arrived Aurelius Ambrosius and his brother, with ten thousand men.

## **Chap. II.—Aurelius Ambrosius, being anointed king of Britain, burns Vortigern besieged in a tower.**

As soon as the news of his coming was divulged, the Britons, who had been dispersed by their great calamities, met together from all parts, and gaining this new accession of strength from their countrymen, displayed unusual vigour. Having assembled together the clergy, they anointed Aurelius king, and paid him the customary homage. And when the people were urgent to fall upon the Saxons, he dissuaded them from it, because his desire was to pursue Vortigern first. For the treason committed against his father so very much affected him, that he thought nothing done till that was first avenged. In pursuance therefore of this design, he marched with his army into Cambria, to the town of Genoreu, whither Vortigern had fled for refuge. That town was in the country of Hergin, upon the river Gania, in the mountain called Cloarius. As soon as Ambrosius was arrived there, bearing in his mind the murder of his father and brother, he spake thus to Eldol, duke of Gloucester.

"See, most noble duke, whether the walls of this city are able to protect Vortigern against my sheathing this sword in his bowels. He deserves to die, and you cannot, I suppose, be ignorant of his desert. Oh most villainous of men, whose crimes deserve inexpressible tortures! First he betrayed my father Constantine, who had delivered him and his country from the inroads of the Picts; afterwards my brother Constans whom he made king on purpose to destroy him. Again, when by his craft he had usurped the crown, he introduced pagans among the natives, in order to abuse those who continued steadfast in their loyalty to me: but by the good providence of God, he unwarily fell into the snare, which he had laid for my faithful subjects. For the Saxons, when they found him out in his wickedness, drove him from the kingdom; for which nobody ought to be concerned. But this I think matter of just grief, that this odious people, whom that detestable traitor invited over, has expelled the nobility, laid waste a fruitful country, destroyed the holy churches, and almost extinguished Christianity over the whole kingdom. Now, therefore, my countrymen, show yourselves men; first revenge yourselves upon him that was the occasion of all these disasters; then let us turn our arms against our enemies, and free our country from their brutish tyranny."

Immediately, therefore, they set their engines to work, and laboured to beat down the walls. But at last, when all other attempts failed, they had recourse to fire, which meeting with proper fuel ceased not to rage, till it had burned down the tower

and Vortigern in it.

## **Chap. III.—The praise of Aurelius's valour. The levity of the Scots exposed. Forces raised against Hengist.**

Hengist, with his Saxons, was struck with terror at this news, for he dreaded the valour of Aurelius. Such was the bravery and courage this prince was master of, that while he was in Gaul, there was none that durst encounter with him. For in all encounters he either dismounted his adversary, or broke his spear. Besides, he was magnificent in his presents, constant at his devotions, temperate in all respects, and above all things hated a lie. A brave soldier on foot, a better on horseback, and expert in the discipline of an army. Reports of these his noble accomplishments, while he yet continued in Armorican Britain, were daily brought over into the island. Therefore, the Saxons, for fear of him, retired beyond the Humber, and in those parts fortified the cities and towns; for that country always was a place of refuge to them; their safety lying in the neighbourhood of Scotland, which used to watch all opportunities of distressing the nation; for that country being in itself a frightful place to live in, and wholly uninhabited, had been a safe retreat for strangers. By its situation it lay open to the Picts, Scots, Dacians, Norwegians, and others, that came to plunder the island. Being, therefore, secure of a safe reception in this country, they fled towards it, that, if there should be occasion, they might retreat into it as into their own camp. This was good news to Aurelius, and made him conceive greater hopes of victory. So assembling his people quickly together, he augmented his army, and made an expeditious march towards the north. In his passage through the countries, he was grieved to see the desolation made in them, but especially that the churches were levelled with the ground; and he promised to rebuild them, if he gained the victory.

## **Chap. IV.—Hengist marches with his army against Aurelius, into the field of Maisbeli.**

But Hengist, upon his approach, took courage again, and chose out the bravest of his men, whom he exhorted to make a gallant defence, and not be daunted at Aurelius, who, he told them, had but few Armorican Britons with him, since their number did not exceed ten thousand. And as for the native Britons, he made no account of them, since they had been so often defeated by him. He therefore promised them the victory, and that they should come off safely, considering the superiority of their number, which amounted to two hundred thousand men in arms. After he had in this manner animated his men, he advanced with them towards Aurelius, into a field called Maisbeli, through which Aurelius was to pass. For his intention was to make a sudden assault by a surprise, and fall upon the Britons before they were prepared. But Aurelius perceived the design, and yet did not, on that account, delay going to the field, but rather pursued his march with more expedition. When he was come within sight of the enemy, he put his troops in order, commanding three thousand Armoricans to attend the cavalry, and drew out the rest together with the islanders into line of battle. The Dimetians he placed upon the hills, and the Venedotians in the adjacent woods. His reason for which was, that they might be there ready to fall upon the Saxons, in case they should flee in that direction.

## **Chap. V.—A battle between Aurelius and Hengist.**

In the meantime, Eldol, duke of Gloucester, went to the king, and said, "This one day should suffice for all the days of my life, if by good providence I could but get an opportunity to engage with Hengist; for one of us should die before we parted. I still retain deeply fixed in my memory the day appointed for our peaceably treating together, but which he villainously made use of to assassinate all that were present at the treaty, except myself only, who stood upon my defence with a stake which I accidentally found, until I made my escape. That very day proved fatal, through his treachery, to no less than four hundred and sixty barons and consuls, who all went unarmed. From that conspiracy God was



pleased to deliver me, by throwing a stake in my way, wherewith I defended myself and escaped." Thus spoke Eldol. Then Aurelius exhorted his companions to place all their hope in the Son of God, and to make a brave assault with one consent upon the enemy, in defence of their country. Nor was Hengist less busy on the other hand in forming his troops, and giving them directions how to behave themselves in the battle; and he walked himself through their several ranks, the more to spirit them up. At last, both armies, being drawn out in order of battle, began the attack, which they maintained with great bravery, and no small loss of blood, both to the Britons and Saxons. Aurelius animated the Christians, Hengist the pagans; and all the time of the engagement, Eldol's chief endeavour was to encounter Hengist, but he had no opportunity for it. For Hengist, when he found that his own men were routed, and that the Christians, by the especial favour of God, had the advantage, fled to the town called Kaerconan, now Cunneburg. Aurelius pursued him, and either killed or made slaves of all he found in the way. When Hengist saw that he was pursued by Aurelius, he would not enter the town, but assembled his troops, and prepared them to stand another engagement. For he knew the town would not hold out against Aurelius, and that his whole security now lay in his sword. At last Aurelius overtook him, and after marshalling his forces, began another most furious fight. And here the Saxons steadily maintained their ground, notwithstanding the numbers that fell. On both sides there was a great slaughter, the groans of the dying causing a greater rage in those that survived. In short, the Saxons would have gained the day, had not a detachment of horse from the Armorican Britons come in upon them. For Aurelius had appointed them the same station which they had in the former battle; so that, upon their advancing, the Saxons gave ground, and when once a little dispersed, were not able to rally again. The Britons, encouraged by this advantage, exerted themselves, and laboured with all their might to distress the enemy. All the time Aurelius was fully employed, not only in giving commands, but encouraging his men by his own example; for with his own hand he killed all that stood in his way, and pursued those that fled. Nor was Eldol less active in all parts of the field, running to and fro to assault his adversaries; but still his main endeavour was to find opportunity of encountering Hengist.

### **Chap. VI.—Hengist, in a duel with Eldol, is taken by him. The Saxons are slain by the Britons without mercy.**

As there were therefore several movements made by the parties engaged on each side, an opportunity occurred for their meeting, and briskly engaging each other. In this encounter of the two greatest champions in the field, the fire sparkled with the clashing of their arms, and every stroke in a manner produced both thunder and lightning. For a long time was the victory in suspense, as it seemed sometimes to favour the one, sometimes the other. While they were thus hotly engaged, Gorlois, duke of Cornwall, came up to them with the party he commanded, and did great execution upon the enemies' troops. At the sight of him, Eldol, assured of victory, seized on the helmet of Hengist, and by main force dragged him in among the Britons, and then in transports of joy cried out with a loud voice, "God has fulfilled my desire! My brave soldiers, down, down, with your enemies the Ambrons. The victory is now in your hands: Hengist is defeated, and the day is your own." In the meantime the Britons failed not to perform every one his part against the pagans, upon whom they made many vigorous assaults; and though they were obliged sometimes to give ground, yet their courage did not fail them in making a good resistance; so that they gave the enemy no respite till they had vanquished them. The Saxons therefore fled whithersoever their consternation hurried them, some to the cities, some to the woods upon the hills, and others to their ships. But Octa, the son of Hengist, made his retreat with a great body of men to York: and Eosa, his kinsman, to the city of Alclud, where he had a very large army for his guard.

### **Chap. VII.—Hengist is beheaded by Eldol.**

Aurelius, after this victory, took the city of Conan above-mentioned, and stayed there three days. During this time he gave orders for the burial of the slain, for curing the wounded, and for the ease and refreshment of his forces that were fatigued. Then he called a council of his principal officers, to deliberate what was to be done with Hengist. There was present at the assembly Eldad, bishop of Gloucester, and brother of Eldol, a prelate of very great wisdom and piety. As soon as he beheld Hengist standing in the king's presence, he demanded silence, and said, "Though all should be unanimous for setting him at liberty, yet would I cut him to pieces. The prophet Samuel is my warrant, who, when he had Agag, king of Amalek, in his power, hewed him in pieces, saying, As thy sword hath made women childless, so shall thy mother be childless among women. Do therefore the same to Hengist, who is a second Agag." Accordingly Eldol took his sword, and drew him out of the city, and then cut off his head. But Aurelius, who showed moderation in all his conduct, commanded him to be buried, and a heap of earth to be raised over his body, according to the custom of the pagans.

### **Chap. VIII.—Octa, being besieged in York, surrenders himself to the mercy of Aurelius.**

From hence Aurelius conducted his army to York, to besiege Octa, Hengist's son. When the city was invested, Octa was doubtful whether he should give him any opposition, and stand a siege against such a powerful army. After consultation upon it, he went out with his principal nobility that were present, carrying a chain in his hand, and sand upon his head, and presented himself to the king with this address: "My gods are vanquished, and I doubt not that the sovereign power is in your God, who has compelled so many noble persons to come before you in this suppliant manner. Be pleased therefore to accept of us, and of this chain. If you do not think us fit objects of your clemency, we here present ourselves ready to be fettered, and to undergo whatever punishment you shall adjudge us to." Aurelius was moved with pity at the spectacle, and demanded the advice of his council what should be done with them. After various proposals upon this subject, Eldad the bishop rose up, and delivered his opinion in these words: "The Gibeonites came voluntarily to the children of Israel to desire mercy, and they obtained it. And shall we Christians be worse than the Jews, in refusing them mercy? It is mercy which they beg, and let them have it. The island of Britain is large, and in many places uninhabited. Let us make a covenant with them, and suffer them at least to inhabit the desert places, that they may be our vassals for ever." The king acquiesced in Eldad's advice, and suffered them to partake of his clemency. After this Eosa and the rest that fled, being encouraged by Octa's success, came also, and were admitted to the same favour. The king therefore granted them the country bordering upon Scotland, and made a firm covenant with them.

### **Chap. IX.—Aurelius, having entirely routed the enemies, restores all things in Britain, especially ecclesiastical affairs, to their ancient state.**

The enemies being now entirely reduced, the king summoned the consuls and princes of the kingdom together at York, where he gave orders for the restoration of the churches, which the Saxons had destroyed. He himself undertook the rebuilding of the metropolitan church of that city, as also the other cathedral churches in that province. After fifteen days, when he had settled workmen in several places, he went to London, which city had not escaped the fury of the enemy. He beheld with great sorrow the destruction made in it, and recalled the remainder of the citizens from all parts, and began the restoration of it. Here he settled the affairs of the whole kingdom, revived the laws, restored the right heirs to the possessions of their ancestors; and those estates, whereof the heirs had been lost in the late grievous calamity, he distributed among his fellow soldiers. In these im-

portant concerns, of restoring the nation to its ancient state, repairing the churches, re-establishing peace and law, and settling the administration of justice, was his time wholly employed. From hence he went to Winchester, to repair the ruins of it, as he did of other cities; and when the work was finished there, he went, at the instance of bishop Eldad, to the monastery near Kaercaradoc, now Salisbury, where the consuls and princes, whom the wicked Hengist had treacherously murdered, lay buried. At this place was a convent that maintained three hundred friars, situated on the mountain of Ambrius, who, as is reported, had been the founder of it. The sight of the place where the dead lay, made the king, who was of a compassionate temper, shed tears, and at last enter upon thoughts, what kind of monument to erect upon it. For he thought something ought to be done to perpetuate the memory of that piece of ground, which was honoured with the bodies of so many noble patriots, that died for their country.

### **Chap. X.—Aurelius is advised by Merlin to remove the Giant's Dance from the mountain Killaraus.**

For this purpose he summoned together several carpenters and masons, and commanded them to employ the utmost of their art, in contriving some new structure, for a lasting monument to those great men. But they, in diffidence of their own skill, refusing to undertake it, Tremounus, archbishop of the City of Legions, went to the king, and said, "If any one living is able to execute your commands, Merlin, the prophet of Vortigern, is the man. In my opinion there is not in all your kingdom a person of a brighter genius, either in predicting future events, or in mechanical contrivances. Order him to come to you, and exercise his skill in the work which you design." Whereupon Aurelius, after he had asked a great many questions concerning him, despatched several messengers into the country to find him out, and bring him to him. After passing through several provinces, they found him in the country of the Gewisseans, at the fountain of Galabes, which he frequently resorted to. As soon as they had delivered their message to him, they conducted him to the king, who received him with joy, and, being curious to hear some of his wonderful speeches, commanded him to prophesy. Merlin made answer: "Mysteries of this kind are not to be revealed but when there is the greatest necessity for it. If I should pretend to utter them for ostentation or diversion, the spirit that instructs me would be silent, and would leave me when I should have occasion for it." When he had made the same refusal to all the rest present, the king would not urge him any longer about his predictions, but spoke to him concerning the monument which he designed. "If you are desirous," said Merlin, "to honour the burying-place of these men with an everlasting monument, send for the Giant's Dance, which is in Killaraus, a mountain in Ireland. For there is a structure of stones there, which none of this age could raise, without a profound knowledge of the mechanical arts. They are stones of a vast magnitude and wonderful quality; and if they can be placed here, as they are there, round this spot of ground, they will stand for ever."

### **Chap. XI.—Uther Pendragon is appointed with Merlin to bring over the Giant's Dance.**

At these words of Merlin, Aurelius burst into laughter, and said, "How is it possible to remove such vast stones from so distant a country, as if Britain was not furnished with stones fit for the work?" Merlin replied, "I entreat your majesty to forbear vain laughter; for what I say is without vanity. They are mystical stones, and of a medicinal virtue. The giants of old brought them from the farthest coast of Africa, and placed them in Ireland, while they inhabited that country. Their design in this was to make baths in them, when they should be taken with any illness. For their method was to wash the stones, and put their sick into the water, which infallibly cured them. With the like success they cured wounds also, adding only the application of some herbs. There is not a stone there which has not some healing virtue." When the Britons heard this, they resolved to send for the stones, and to make war upon the people of Ireland if they should offer to detain them. And to accomplish this business, they made choice

of Uther Pendragon, who was to be attended with fifteen thousand men. They chose also Merlin himself, by whose direction the whole affair was to be managed. A fleet being therefore got ready, they set sail, and with a fair wind arrived in Ireland.

### **Chap. XII.—Gillomanus being routed by Uther, the Britons bring over the Giant's dance into Britain.**

At that time Gillomanus, a youth of wonderful valour, reigned in Ireland; who, upon the news of the arrival of the Britons in his kingdom, levied a vast army, and marched out against them. And when he had learned the occasion of their coming, he smiled, and said to those about him, "No wonder a cowardly race of people were able to make so great a devastation in the island of Britain, when the Britons are such brutes and fools. Was ever the like folly heard of? What are the stones of Ireland better than those of Britain, that our kingdom must be put to this disturbance for them? To arms, soldiers, and defend your country; while I have life they shall not take from us the least stone of the Giant's Dance." Uther, seeing them prepared for a battle, attacked them; nor was it long ere the Britons had the advantage, who, having dispersed and killed the Irish, forced Gillomanus to flee. After the victory they went to the mountain Killaraus, and arrived at the structure of stones, the sight of which filled them both with joy and admiration. And while they were all standing round them, Merlin came up to them and said, "Now try your forces, young men, and see whether strength or art can do the most towards taking down these stones." At this word they all set to their engines with one accord, and attempted the removing of the Giant's Dance. Some prepared cables, others small ropes, others ladders for the work, but all to no purpose. Merlin laughed at their vain efforts, and then began his own contrivances. When he had placed in order the engines that were necessary, he took down the stones with an incredible facility, and gave directions for carrying them to the ships, and placing them therein. This done, they with joy set sail again, to return to Britain; where they arrived with a fair gale, and repaired to the burying-place with the stones. When Aurelius had notice of it, he sent messengers to all parts of Britain, to summon the clergy and people together to the mount of Ambrius, in order to celebrate with joy and honour the erection of the monument. Upon this summons appeared the bishops, abbats, and people of all other orders and qualities; and upon the day and place appointed for their general meeting, Aurelius placed the crown upon his head, and with royal pomp celebrated the feast of Pentecost, the solemnity whereof he continued the three following days. In the meantime, all places of honour that were vacant, he bestowed upon his domestics as rewards for their good services. At that time the two metropolitan sees of York and Legions were vacant; and with the general consent of the people, whom he was willing to please in this choice, he granted York to Sanxo, a man of great quality, and much celebrated for his piety; and the City of Legions to Dubricius, whom divine providence had pointed out as a most useful pastor in that place. As soon as he had settled these and other affairs in the kingdom, he ordered Merlin to set up the stones brought over from Ireland, about the sepulchre; which he accordingly did, and placed them in the same manner as they had been in the mountain Killaraus, and thereby gave a manifest proof of the prevalence of art above strength.

### **Chap. XIII.—Pascentius brings in the Saxons against the Britons.**

At the same time Pascentius, the son of Vortigern, who had fled over into Germany, was levying all the forces of that kingdom against Aurelius Ambrosius, with a design to revenge his father's death; and promised his men an immense treasure of gold and silver, if with their assistance he could succeed in reducing Britain under his power. When he had at last corrupted all the youth of the country with his large promises, he prepared a vast fleet, and arrived in the northern parts of the island, upon which he began to make great devastations. The king, on the other hand, hearing this news, assembled his army, and marching against them challenged the enraged enemy to a battle; the challenge was accepted, and by

the blessing of God the enemy was defeated and put to flight.

**Chap. XIV.—Pascentius, assisted by the king of Ireland, again invades Britain. Aurelius dies by the treachery of Eopa, a Saxon.**

Pascentius, after this flight, durst not return to Germany, but shifting his sails, went over to Gillomanus, in Ireland, by whom he was well received. And when he had given him an account of his misfortune, Gillomanus, in pity to him, promised him his assistance, and at the same time vented his complaint of the injuries done him by Uther, the brother of Aurelius, when he came for the Giant's Dance. At last, entering into confederacy together, they made ready their fleet, in which they embarked, and arrived at the city of Menevia. This news caused Uther Pendragon to levy his forces, and march into Cambria to fight them. For his brother Aurelius then lay sick at Winchester, and was not able to go himself. When Pascentius, Gillomanus, and the Saxons heard of it, they highly rejoiced, flattering themselves, that his sickness would facilitate to them the conquest of Britain. While this occurrence was the subject of the people's discourse, one of the Saxons, named Eopa, came to Pascentius, and said, "What reward will you give the man that shall kill Aurelius Ambrosius for you?" To whom Pascentius answered, "O that I could find a man of such resolution! I would give him a thousand pounds of silver, and my friendship for life; and if by good fortune I can but gain the crown, I promise upon oath to make him a centurion." To this Eopa replied, "I have learned the British language, and know the manners of the people, and have skill in physic. If, therefore, you will perform this promise, I will pretend to be a Christian and a Briton, and when, as a physician, I shall be admitted into the king's presence, I will make him a potion that shall despatch him. And to gain the readier access to him, I will put on the appearance of a devout and learned monk." Upon this offer, Pascentius entered into covenant with him, and confirmed what he had promised with an oath. Eopa, therefore, shaved his beard and head, and in the habit of a monk hastened to Winchester, loaded with vessels full of medical preparations. As soon as he arrived there, he offered his service to those that attended about the king, and was graciously received by them; for to them nobody was now more acceptable than a physician. Being introduced into the king's presence, he promised to restore him to his health, if he would but take his potions. Upon which he had his orders forthwith to prepare one of them, into which when he had secretly conveyed a poisonous mixture, he gave it the king. As soon as Aurelius had drunk it up, the wicked Ambron ordered him presently to cover himself close up, and fall asleep, that the detestable potion might the better operate. The king readily obeyed his prescriptions, and in hopes of his speedy recovery fell asleep. But the poison quickly diffused itself through all the pores and veins of his body, so that the sleep ended in death. In the meantime the wicked traitor, having cunningly withdrawn himself first from one and then from another, was no longer to be found in the court. During these transactions at Winchester, there appeared a star of wonderful magnitude and brightness, darting forth a ray, at the end of which was a globe of fire in form of a dragon, out of whose mouth issued forth two rays; one of which seemed to stretch out itself beyond the extent of Gaul, the other towards the Irish Sea, and ended in seven lesser rays.

**Chap. XV.—A comet presignifies the reign of Uther.**

At the appearance of this star, a general fear and amazement seized the people; and even Uther, the king's brother, who was then upon his march with his army into Cambria, being not a little terrified at it, was very curious to know of the learned men, what it portended. Among others, he ordered Merlin to be called, who also attended in this expedition to give his advice in the management of the war; and who, being now presented before him, was commanded to discover to him the signification of the star. At this he burst out into tears, and with a loud voice cried out, "O irreparable loss! O distressed people of Britain! Alas! the illustrious prince is departed! The renowned king of the Britons,

Aurelius Ambrosius, is dead! whose death will prove fatal to us all, unless God be our helper. Make haste, therefore, most noble Uther, make haste to engage the enemy: the victory will be yours, and you shall be king of all Britain. For the star, and the fiery dragon under it, signifies yourself, and the ray extending towards the Gallic coast, portends that you shall have a most potent son, to whose power all those kingdoms shall be subject over which the ray reaches. But the other ray signifies a daughter, whose sons and grandsons shall successively enjoy the kingdom of Britain."

**Chap. XVI.—Pascentius and Gillomanus are killed in battle.**

Uther, though he doubted of the truth of what Merlin had declared, pursued his march against the enemy, for he was now come within half a day's march of Menevia. When Gillomanus, Pascentius, and the Saxons were informed of his approach, they went out to give him battle. As soon as they were come within sight of each other, both armies began to form themselves into several bodies, and then advanced to a close attack, in which both sides suffered a loss of men, as usually happens in such engagements. At last, towards the close of the day, the advantage was on Uther's side, and the death of Gillomanus and Pascentius made a way for complete victory. So that the barbarians, being put to flight, hastened to their ships, but were slain by their pursuers. Thus, by the favour of Christ, the general had triumphant success, and then with all possible expedition, after so great a fatigue, returned back to Winchester: for he had now been informed, by messengers that arrived, of the king's sad fate, and of his burial by the bishops of the country, near the convent of Ambrius, within the Giant's Dance, which in his lifetime he had commanded to be made. For upon hearing the news of his death, the bishops, abbats, and all the clergy of that province, had met together at Winchester, to solemnize his funeral. And because in his lifetime he had given orders for his being buried in the sepulchre which he had prepared, they therefore carried his corpse thither, and performed his exsequies with royal magnificence.

**Chap. XVII.—Uther Pendragon is made king of Britain.**

But Uther his brother, having assembled the clergy of the kingdom, took the crown, and by universal consent was advanced to the kingdom. And remembering the explanation which Merlin had made of the star above-mentioned, he commanded two dragons to be made of gold, in likeness of the dragon which he had seen at the ray of the star. As soon as they were finished, which was done with wonderful nicety of workmanship, he made a present of one to the cathedral church of Winchester, but reserved the other for himself, to be carried along with him to his wars. From this time, therefore, he was called Uther Pendragon, which in the British tongue signifies the dragon's head; the occasion of this appellation being Merlin's predicting, from the appearance of a dragon, that he should be king.

**Chap. XVIII.—Octa and Eosa are taken in battle.**

In the meantime Octa the son of Hengist, and his kinsman Eosa, seeing they were no longer bound by the treaty which they had made with Aurelius Ambrosius, began to raise disturbances against the king, and infest his countries. For they were now joining with the Saxons whom Pascentius had brought over, and sending messengers into Germany for the rest. Being therefore attended with a vast army, he invaded the northern provinces, and in an outrageous manner destroyed all the cities and fortified places, from Albania to York. At last, as he was beginning the siege of that city, Uther Pendragon came upon him with the whole power of the kingdom, and gave him battle. The Saxons behaved with great gallantry, and, having sustained the assaults of the Britons, forced them to fly; and upon this advantage pursued them with slaughter to the mountain Damen, which was as long as they could do it with daylight. The mountain was high, and had a hazel-wood upon the top of it, and about the middle broken and cavernous rocks, which were a harbour to wild beasts. The

Britons made up to it, and stayed there all night among the rocks and hazel-bushes. But as it began to draw towards day, Uther commanded the consuls and princes to be called together, that he might consult with them in what manner to assault the enemy. Whereupon they forthwith appeared before the king, who commanded them to give their advice; and Gorlois, duke of Cornwall, had orders to deliver his opinion first, out of regard to his years and great experience. "There is no occasion," said he, "for ceremonies or speeches, while we see that it is still night: but there is for boldness and courage, if you desire any longer enjoyment of your life and liberty. The pagans are very numerous, and eager to fight, and we much inferior to them in number; so that if we stay till daybreak, we cannot, in my opinion, attack them to advantage. Come on, therefore, while we have the favour of the night, let us go down in a close body, and surprise them in their camp with a sudden assault. There can be no doubt of success, if with one consent we fall upon them boldly, while they think themselves secure, and have no expectation of our coming in such a manner." The king and all that were present, were pleased with his advice, and pursued it. For as soon as they were armed and placed in their ranks, they made towards the enemies' camp, designing a general assault. But upon approaching to it, they were discovered by the watch, who with sound of trumpet awakened their companions. The enemies being hereupon put into confusion and astonishment, part of them hastened towards the sea, and part ran up and down whithersoever their fear or precipitation drove them. The Britons, finding their coming discovered, hastened their march, and keeping still close together in their ranks, assailed the camp; into which when they had found an entrance, they ran with their drawn swords upon the enemy; who in this sudden surprise made but a faint defence against their vigorous and regular attack; and pursuing this blow with great eagerness they destroyed some thousands of the pagans, took Octa and Eosa prisoners, and entirely dispersed the Saxons.

### **Chap. XIX.—Uther, falling in love with Igerna, enjoys her by the assistance of Merlin's magical operations.**

After this victory Uther repaired to the city of Alclud, where he settled the affairs of that province, and restored peace everywhere. He also made a progress round all the countries of the Scots, and tamed the fierceness of that rebellious people, by such a strict administration of justice, as none of his predecessors had exercised before: so that in his time offenders were everywhere under great terror, since they were sure of being punished without mercy. At last, when he had established peace in the northern provinces, he went to London, and commanded Octa and Eosa to be kept in prison there. The Easter following he ordered all the nobility of the kingdom to meet at that city, in order to celebrate that great festival; in honour of which he designed to wear his crown. The summons was everywhere obeyed, and there was a great concourse from all cities to celebrate the day. So the king observed the festival with great solemnity, as he had designed, and very joyfully entertained his nobility, of whom there was a very great muster, with their wives and daughters, suitably to the magnificence of the banquet prepared for them. And having been received with joy by the king, they also expressed the same in their deportment before him. Among the rest was present Gorlois, duke of Cornwall, with his wife Igerna, the greatest beauty in all Britain. No sooner had the king cast his eyes upon her among the rest of the ladies, than he fell passionately in love with her, and little regarding the rest, made her the subject of all his thoughts. She was the only lady that he continually served with fresh dishes, and to whom he sent golden cups by his confidants; on her he bestowed all his smiles, and to her addressed all his discourse. The husband, discovering this, fell into a great rage, and retired from the court without taking leave: nor was there any body that could stop him, while he was under fear of losing the chief object of his delight. Uther, therefore, in great wrath commanded him to return back to court, to make him satisfaction for this affront. But Gorlois refused to obey; upon which the king was highly incensed, and swore he would destroy his country, if he did not speedily compound for

his offence. Accordingly, without delay, while their anger was hot against each other, the king got together a great army, and marched into Cornwall, the cities and towns whereof he set on fire. But Gorlois durst not engage with him, on account of the inferiority of his numbers; and thought it a wiser course to fortify his towns, till he could get succour from Ireland. And as he was under more concern for his wife than himself, he put her into the town of Tintagel, upon the sea-shore, which he looked upon as a place of great safety. But he himself entered the castle of Dimilioc, to prevent their being both at once involved in the same danger, if any should happen. The king, informed of this, went to the town where Gorlois was, which he besieged, and shut up all the avenues to it. A whole week was now past, when, retaining in mind his love to Igerna, he said to one of his confidants, named Ulfín de Ricaradoch: "My passion for Igerna is such, that I can neither have ease of mind, nor health of body, till I obtain her: and if you cannot assist me with your advice how to accomplish my desire, the inward torments I endure will kill me."—"Who can advise you in this matter," said Ulfín, "when no force will enable us to have access to her in the town of Tintagel? For it is situated upon the sea, and on every side surrounded by it; and there is but one entrance into it, and that through a straight rock, which three men shall be able to defend against the whole power of the kingdom. Notwithstanding, if the prophet Merlin would in earnest set about this attempt, I am of opinion, you might with his advice obtain your wishes." The king readily believed what he was so well inclined to, and ordered Merlin, who was also come to the siege, to be called. Merlin, therefore, being introduced into the king's presence, was commanded to give his advice, how the king might accomplish his desire with respect to Igerna. And he, finding the great anguish of the king, was moved by such excessive love, and said, "To accomplish your desire, you must make use of such arts as have not been heard of in your time. I know how, by the force of my medicines, to give you the exact likeness of Gorlois, so that in all respects you shall seem to be no other than himself. If you will therefore obey my prescriptions, I will metamorphose you into the true semblance of Gorlois and Ulfín into Jordan of Tintagel, his familiar friend; and I myself, being transformed into another shape, will make the third in the adventure; and in this disguise you may go safely to the town where Igerna is, and have admittance to her." The king complied with the proposal, and acted with great caution in this affair; and when he had committed the care of the siege to his intimate friends, underwent the medical applications of Merlin, by whom he was transformed into the likeness of Gorlois; as was Ulfín also into Jordan, and Merlin himself into Brícel; so that nobody could see any remains now of their former likeness. They then set forward on their way to Tintagel, at which they arrived in the evening twilight, and forthwith signified to the porter, that the consul was come; upon which the gates were opened, and the men let in. For what room could there be for suspicion, when Gorlois himself seemed to be there present? The king therefore stayed that night with Igerna, and had the full enjoyment of her, for she was deceived with the false disguise which he had put on, and the artful and amorous discourses wherewith he entertained her. He told her he had left his own place besieged, purely to provide for the safety of her dear self, and the town she was in; so that believing all that he said, she refused him nothing which he desired. The same night therefore she conceived of the most renowned Arthur, whose heroic and wonderful actions have justly rendered his name famous to posterity.

### **Chap. XX.—Gorlois being killed, Uther marries Igerna.**

In the meantime, as soon as the king's absence was discovered at the siege, his army unadvisedly made an assault upon the walls, and provoked the besieged count to a battle; who himself also, acting as inconsiderately as they, sallied forth with his men, thinking with such a small handful to oppose a powerful army; but happened to be killed in the very first brunt of the fight, and had all his men routed. The town also was taken; but all the riches of it were not shared equally among the besiegers, but every one greedily took what he could get, according as fortune or his own

strength favoured him. After this bold attempt, came messengers to Igera, with the news both of the duke's death, and of the event of the siege. But when they saw the king in the likeness of the consul, sitting close by her, they were struck with shame and astonishment at his safe arrival there, whom they had left dead at the siege; for they were wholly ignorant of the miracles which Merlin had wrought with his medicines. The king therefore smiled at the news, and embracing the countess, said to her: "Your own eyes may convince you that I am not dead, but alive. But notwithstanding, the destruction of the town, and the slaughter of my men, is what very much grieves me; so that there is reason to fear the king's coming upon us, and taking us in this place. To prevent which, I will go out to meet him, and make my peace with him, for fear of a worse disaster." Accordingly, as soon as he was out of the town, he went to his army, and having put off the disguise of Gorlois, was now Uther Pendragon again. When he had a full relation made to him how matters had succeeded, he was sorry for the death of Gorlois, but rejoiced that Igera was now at liberty to marry again. Then he returned to the town of Tintagel, which he took, and in it, what he impatiently wished for, Igera herself. After this they continued to live together with much affection for each other, and had a son and daughter, whose names were Arthur and Anne.

### **Chap. XXI.—Octa and Eosa renew the war. Lot, a consul, marries the king's daughter.**

In process of time the king was taken ill of a lingering distemper; and meanwhile the keepers of the prison, wherein Octa and Eosa (as we related before) led a weary life, had fled over with them into Germany, and occasioned great fear over the kingdom. For there was a report of their great levies in Germany, and the vast fleet which they had prepared for their return to destroy the island: which the event verified. For they returned in a great fleet, and with a prodigious number of men, and invaded the parts of Albania, where they destroyed both cities and inhabitants with fire and sword. Wherefore, in order to repulse the enemies, the command of the British army was committed to Lot of Londonesia, who was a consul, and a most valiant knight, and grown up to maturity both of years and wisdom. Out of respect to his eminent merits, the king had given him his daughter Anne, and entrusted him with the care of the kingdom, during his illness. In his expedition against the enemies he had various success, being often repulsed by them, and forced to retreat to the cities; but he oftener routed and dispersed them, and compelled them to flee sometimes into the woods, sometimes to their ships. So that in a war attended with so many turns of fortune, it was hard to know which side had the better. The greatest injury to the Britons was their own pride, in disdaining to obey the consul's commands; for which reason all their efforts against the enemy were less vigorous and successful.

### **Chap. XXII.—Uther, being ill, is carried in a horse-litter against the enemy.**

The island being by this conduct now almost laid waste, the king, having information of the matter, fell into a greater rage than his weakness could bear, and commanded all his nobility to come before him, that he might reprove them severely for their pride and cowardice. And as soon as they were all entered into his presence, he sharply rebuked them in menacing language, and swore he himself would lead them against the enemy. For this purpose he ordered a horse-litter to be made, in which he designed to be carried, for his infirmity would not suffer him to use any other sort of vehicle; and he charged them to be all ready to march against the enemy on the first opportunity. So, without delay, the horse-litter and all his attendants were got ready, and the day arrived which had been appointed for their march.

### **Chap. XXIII.—Octa and Eosa, with a great number of their men, are killed.**

The king, therefore, being put into his vehicle, they marched directly to Verulam, where the Saxons were grievously oppressing the people. When Octa and Eosa had intelligence that the Britons were come, and that the king was brought in a horse-litter, they

disdained to fight with him, saying, it would be a shame for such brave men to fight with one that was half dead. For which reason they retired into the city, and, as it were in contempt of any danger from the enemy, left their gates wide open. But Uther, upon information of this, instantly commanded his men to lay siege to the city, and assault the walls on all sides; which orders they strictly executed; and were just entering the breaches which they had made in the walls, and ready to begin a general assault, when the Saxons, seeing the advantages which the Britons had gained, and being forced to abate somewhat of their haughty pride, condescended so far as to put themselves into a posture of defence. They therefore mounted the walls, from whence they poured down showers of arrows, and repulsed the Britons. On both sides the contest continued till night released them from the fatigue of their arms, which was what many of the Britons desired, though the greater part of them were for having the matter quickly decided with the enemy. The Saxons, on the other hand, finding how prejudicial their own pride had been to them, and that the advantage was on the side of the Britons, resolved to make a sally at break of day, and try their fortune with the enemy in the open field; which accordingly was done. For no sooner was it daylight, than they marched out with this design, all in their proper ranks. The Britons, seeing them, divided their men into several bodies, and advancing towards them, began the attack first, their part being to assault, while the others were only upon the defensive. However, much blood was shed on both sides, and the greatest part of the day spent in the fight, when at last, Octa and Eosa being killed, the Saxons turned their backs, and left the Britons a complete victory. The king at this was in such an ecstasy of joy, that whereas before he could hardly raise up himself without the help of others, he now without any difficulty sat upright in his horse-litter of himself, as if he was on a sudden restored to health; and said with a laughing and merry countenance, "These Ambrons called me the half-dead king, because my sickness obliged me to lie on a horse-litter; and indeed so I was. Yet victory to me half dead, is better than to be safe and sound and vanquished. For to die with honour, is preferable to living with disgrace."

### **Chap. XXIV.—Uther, upon drinking spring water that was treacherously poisoned by the Saxons, dies.**

The Saxons, notwithstanding this defeat, persisted still in their malice, and entering the northern provinces, without respite infested the people there. Uther's purpose was to have pursued them; but his princes dissuaded him from it because his illness had increased since the victory. This gave new courage to the enemy, who left nothing unattempted to make conquest of the kingdom. And now they have recourse to their former treacherous practices, and contrive how to compass the king's death by secret villainy. And because they could have no access to him otherwise, they resolved to take him off by poison; in which they succeeded. For while he was lying ill at Verulam, they sent away some spies in a poor habit, to learn the state of the court; and when they had thoroughly informed themselves of the posture of affairs, they found out an expedient by which they might best accomplish their villainy. For there was near the court a spring of very clear water, which the king used to drink of, when his distemper had made all other liquors nauseous to him. This the detestable conspirators made use of to destroy him, by so poisoning the whole mass of water which sprang up, that the next time the king drank of it, he was seized with sudden death, as were also a hundred other persons after him, till the villainy was discovered, and a heap of earth thrown over the well. As soon as the king's death was divulged, the bishops and clergy of the kingdom assembled, and carried his body to the convent of Ambrius, where they buried it with regal solemnity, close by Aurelius Ambrosius, within the Giant's Dance.

## BOOK IX.

### Chap. I.—Arthur succeeds Uther his father in the kingdom of Britain, and besieges Colgrin.

Uther Pendragon being dead, the nobility from several provinces assembled together at Silchester, and proposed to Dubricius, archbishop of Legions, that he should consecrate Arthur, Uther's son, to be their king. For they were now in great straits, because, upon hearing of the king's death, the Saxons had invited over their countrymen from Germany, and, under the command of Colgrin, were attempting to exterminate the whole British race. They had also entirely subdued all that part of the island which extends from the Humber to the sea of Caithness. Dubricius, therefore, grieving for the calamities of his country, in conjunction with the other bishops, set the crown upon Arthur's head. Arthur was then fifteen years old, but a youth of such unparalleled courage and generosity, joined with that sweetness of temper and innate goodness, as gained him universal love. When his coronation was over, he, according to usual custom, showed his bounty and munificence to the people. And such a number of soldiers flocked to him upon it, that his treasury was not able to answer that vast expense. But such a spirit of generosity, joined with valour, can never long want means to support itself. Arthur, therefore, the better to keep up his munificence, resolved to make use of his courage, and to fall upon the Saxons, that he might enrich his followers with their wealth. To this he was also moved by the justice of the cause, since the entire monarchy of Britain belonged to him by hereditary right. Hereupon assembling the youth under his command, he marched to York, of which, when Colgrin had intelligence, he met him with a very great army, composed of Saxons, Scots, and Picts, by the river Douglas; where a battle happened, with the loss of the greater part of both armies. Notwithstanding, the victory fell to Arthur, who pursued Colgrin to York, and there besieged him. Baldulph, upon the news of his brother's flight, went towards the siege with a body of six thousand men, to his relief; for at the time of the battle he was upon the sea-coast, waiting the arrival of duke Cheldric with succours from Germany. And being now no more than ten miles distant from the city, his purpose was to make a speedy march in the night-time, and fall upon the enemy by way of surprise. But Arthur, having intelligence of his design, sent a detachment of six hundred horse, and three thousand foot, under the command of Cador, duke of Cornwall, to meet him the same night. Cador, therefore, falling into the same road along which the enemy was passing, made a sudden assault upon them, and entirely defeated the Saxons, and put them to flight. Baldulph was excessively grieved at this disappointment in the relief which he intended for his brother, and began to think of some other stratagem to gain access to him; in which if he could but succeed, he thought they might concert measures together for their safety. And since he had no other way for it, he shaved his head and beard, and put on the habit of a jester with a harp, and in this disguise walked up and down in the camp, playing upon his instrument as if he had been a harper. He thus passed unsuspected, and by a little and little went up to the walls of the city, where he was at last discovered by the besieged, who thereupon drew him up with cords, and conducted him to his brother. At this unexpected, though much desired meeting, they spent some time in joyfully embracing each other, and then began to consider various stratagems for their delivery. At last, just as they were considering their case desperate, the ambassadors returned from Germany, and brought with them to Albania a fleet of six hundred sail, laden with brave soldiers, under the command of Cheldric. Upon this news, Arthur was dissuaded by his council from continuing the siege any longer, for fear of hazarding a battle with so powerful and numerous an army.

### Chap. II.—Hoel sends fifteen thousand men to Arthur's assistance.

Arthur complied with their advice, and made his retreat to London, where he called an assembly of all the clergy and nobility of the kingdom, to ask their advice, what course to take against the

formidable power of the pagans. After some deliberation, it was agreed that ambassadors should be despatched into Armorica, to king Hoel, to represent to him the calamitous state of Britain. Hoel was the son of Arthur's sister by Dubricius, king of the Armorican Britons; so that, upon advice of the disturbances his uncle was threatened with, he ordered his fleet to be got ready, and, having assembled fifteen thousand men, he arrived with the first fair wind at Hamo's Port, and was received with all suitable honour by Arthur, and most affectionately embraced by him.

### Chap. III.—Arthur makes the Saxons his tributaries.

After a few days they went to relieve the city Kaerlindcoit, that was besieged by the pagans; which being situated upon a mountain, between two rivers in the province of Lindisia, is called by another name Lindocolinum. As soon as they arrived there with all their forces, they fought with the Saxons, and made a grievous slaughter of them, to the number of six thousand; part of whom were drowned in the rivers, part fell by the hands of the Britons. The rest in a great consternation quitted the siege and fled, but were closely pursued by Arthur, till they came to the wood of Celidon, where they endeavoured to form themselves into a body again, and make a stand. And here they again joined battle with the Britons, and made a brave defence, whilst the trees that were in the place secured them against the enemies' arrows. Arthur, seeing this, commanded the trees that were in that part of the wood to be cut down, and the trunks to be placed quite round them, so as to hinder their getting out; resolving to keep them pent up here till he could reduce them by famine. He then commanded his troops to besiege the wood, and continued three days in that place. The Saxons, having now no provisions to sustain them, and being just ready to starve with hunger, begged for leave to go out; in consideration whereof they offered to leave all their gold and silver behind them, and return back to Germany with nothing but their empty ships. They promised also that they would pay him tribute from Germany, and leave hostages with him. Arthur, after consultation, about it, granted their petition; allowing them only leave to depart, and retaining all their treasures, as also hostages for payment of the tribute. But as they were under sail on their return home, they repented of their bargain, and tacked about again towards Britain, and went on shore at Totness. No sooner were they landed, than they made an utter devastation of the country as far as the Severn sea, and put all the peasants to the sword. From thence they pursued their furious march to the town of Bath, and laid siege to it. When the king had intelligence of it, he was beyond measure surprised at their proceedings, and immediately gave orders for the execution of the hostages. And desisting from an attempt which he had entered upon to reduce the Scots and Picts, he marched with the utmost expedition to raise the siege; but laboured under very great difficulties, because he had left his nephew Hoel sick at Alclud. At length, having entered the province of Somerset, and beheld how the siege was carried on, he addressed himself to his followers in these words: "Since these impious and detestable Saxons have disdained to keep faith with me, I, to keep faith with God, will endeavour to revenge the blood of my countrymen this day upon them. To arms, soldiers, to arms, and courageously fall upon the perfidious wretches, over whom we shall, with Christ assisting us, undoubtedly obtain the victory."

### Chap. IV.—Dubricius's speech against the treacherous Saxons. Arthur with his own hand kills four hundred and seventy Saxons in one battle. Colgrin and Baldulph are killed in the same.

When he had done speaking, St. Dubricius, archbishop of Legions, going to the top of a hill, cried out with a loud voice, "You that have the honour to profess the Christian faith, keep fixed in your minds the love which you owe to your country and fellow subjects, whose sufferings by the treachery of the pagans will be an everlasting reproach to you, if you do not courageously de-

fend them. It is your country which you fight for, and for which you should, when required, voluntarily suffer death; for that itself is victory and the cure of the soul. For he that shall die for his brethren, offers himself a living sacrifice to God, and has Christ for his example, who condescended to lay down his life for his brethren. If therefore any of you shall be killed in this war, that death itself, which is suffered in so glorious a cause, shall be to him for penance and absolution of all his sins." At these words, all of them, encouraged with the benediction of the holy prelate, instantly armed themselves, and prepared to obey his orders. Also Arthur himself, having put on a coat of mail suitable to the grandeur of so powerful a king, placed a golden helmet upon his head, on which was engraven the figure of a dragon; and on his shoulders his shield called Priwen; upon which the picture of the blessed Mary, mother of God, was painted, in order to put him frequently in mind of her. Then girding on his Caliburn, which was an excellent sword made in the isle of Avallon, he graced his right hand with his lance, named Ron, which was hard, broad, and fit for slaughter. After this, having placed his men in order, he boldly attacked the Saxons, who were drawn out in the shape of a wedge, as their manner was. And they, notwithstanding that the Britons fought with great eagerness, made a noble defence all that day; but at length, towards sunset, climbed up the next mountain, which served them for a camp: for they desired no larger extent of ground, since they confided very much in their numbers. The next morning Arthur, with his army, went up the mountain, but lost many of his men in the ascent, by the advantage which the Saxons had in their station on the top, from whence they could pour down upon him with much greater speed, than he was able to advance against them. Notwithstanding, after a very hard struggle, the Britons gained the summit of the hill, and quickly came to a close engagement with the enemy, who again gave them a warm reception, and made a vigorous defence. In this manner was a great part of that day also spent; whereupon Arthur, provoked to see the little advantage he had yet gained, and that victory still continued in suspense, drew out his Caliburn, and, calling upon the name of the blessed Virgin, rushed forward with great fury into the thickest of the enemy's ranks; of whom (such was the merit of his prayers) not one escaped alive that felt the fury of his sword; neither did he give over the fury of his assault until he had, with his Caliburn alone, killed four hundred and seventy men. The Britons, seeing this, followed their leader in great multitudes, and made slaughter on all sides; so that Colgrin, and Baldulph his brother, and many thousands more, fell before them. But Cheldric, in this imminent danger of his men, betook himself to flight.

#### **Chap. V.—The Saxons, after their leader Cheldric was killed, are all compelled by Cadur to surrender.**

The victory being thus gained, the king commanded Cadur, duke of Cornwall, to pursue them, while he himself should hasten his march into Albania: from whence he had advice that the Scots and Picts were besieging Alclud, in which, as we said before, Hoel lay sick. Therefore he hastened to his assistance, for fear he might fall into the hands of the barbarians. In the meantime the duke of Cornwall, who had the command of ten thousand men, would not as yet pursue the Saxons in their flight, but speedily made himself master of their ships, to hinder their getting on board, and manned them with his best soldiers, who were to beat back the pagans in case they should flee thither: after this he hastily pursued the enemy, according to Arthur's command, and allowed no quarter to those he could overtake. So that they whose behaviour before was so cruel and insolent, now with timorous hearts fled for shelter, sometimes to the coverts of the woods, sometimes to mountains and caves, to prolong a wretched life. At last, when none of these places could afford them a safe retreat, they entered the Isle of Thanet with their broken forces; but neither did they there get free from the duke of Cornwall's pursuit, for he still continued slaughtering them, and gave them no respite till he had killed Cheldric, and taken hostages for the surrender of the rest.

#### **Chap. VI.—Arthur grants a pardon to the Scots and Picts, besieged at the Lake Lumond.**

Having therefore settled peace here, he directed his march to Alclud, which Arthur had relieved from the oppression of barbarians, and from thence conducted his army to Mureif, where the Scots and Picts were besieged; after three several battles with the king and his nephew, they had fled as far as this province, and entering upon the lake Lumond, sought for refuge in the islands that are upon it. This lake contains sixty islands, and receives sixty rivers into it which empty themselves into the sea by no more than one mouth. There is also an equal number of rocks in these islands, as also of eagles' nests in those rocks, which flocked together there every year, and, by the loud and general noise which they now made, foreboded some remarkable event that should happen to the kingdom. To these islands, therefore, had the enemy fled, thinking the lake would serve them instead of a fortification; but it proved of little advantage to them. For Arthur, having got together a fleet, sailed round the rivers, and besieged the enemy fifteen days together, by which they were so straitened with hunger, that they died by thousands. While he was harassing them in this manner Guillamurius, king of Ireland, came up in a fleet with a very great army of barbarians, in order to relieve the besieged. This obliged Arthur to raise the siege, and turn his arms against the Irish, whom he slew without mercy, and compelled the rest to return back to their country. After this victory, he proceeded in his first attempt, which was to extirpate the whole race of the Scots and Picts, and treated them with an unparalleled severity. And as he allowed quarter to none, the bishops of that miserable country, with all the inferior clergy, met together, and bearing the reliques of the saints and other consecrated things of the church before them, barefooted, came to implore the king's mercy for their people. As soon as they were admitted into his presence, they fell down upon their knees, and humbly besought him to have pity on their distressed country, since the sufferings which he had already made it undergo were sufficient; nor was there any necessity to cut off the small remainder to a man; and that he would allow them the enjoyment of a small part of the country, since they were willing to bear the yoke which he should impose upon them. The king was moved at the manner of their delivering this petition, and could not forbear expressing his clemency to them with tears; and at the request of those holy men, granted them pardon.

#### **Chap. VII.—Arthur relates the wonderful nature of some ponds.**

This affair being concluded, Hoel had the curiosity to view the situation of the lake, and wondered to find the number of the rivers, islands, rocks, and eagles' nests, so exactly correspond: and while he was reflecting upon it as something that appeared miraculous, Arthur came to him, and told him of another pond in the same province, which was yet more wonderful. For not far from thence was one whose length and breadth were each twenty feet, and depth five feet. But whether its square figure was natural or artificial, the wonder of it was, there were four different sorts of fishes in the four several corners of it, none of which were ever found in any other part of the pond but their own. He told him likewise of another pond in Wales, near the Severn, called by the country people Linligwan, into which when the sea flows, it receives it in the manner of a gulf, but so as to swallow up the tide, and never be filled, or have its banks covered by it. But at the ebbing of the sea, it throws out the waters which it had swallowed, as high as a mountain, and at last dashes and covers the banks with them. In the meantime, if all the people of that country should stand near with their faces towards it, and happened to have their clothes sprinkled with the dashing of the waves, they would hardly, if at all, escape being swallowed up by the pond. But with their backs towards it, they need not fear being dashed, though they stood upon the very banks.

### **Chap. VIII.—Arthur restores York to its ancient beauty, especially as to its churches.**

The king, after his general pardon granted to the Scots, went to York to celebrate the feast of Christ's nativity, which was now at hand. On entering the city, he beheld with grief the desolation of the churches; for upon the expulsion of the holy Archbishop Sanxo, and of all the clergy there, the temples which were half burned down, had no longer divine service performed in them: so much had the impious rage of the pagans prevailed. After this, in an assembly of the clergy and people, he appointed Pyramus his chaplain metropolitan of that see. The churches that lay level with the ground, he rebuilt, and (which was their chief ornament) saw them filled with assemblies of devout persons of both sexes. Also the nobility that were driven out by the disturbances of the Saxons, he restored to their country.

### **Chap. IX.—Arthur honours Augustel with the sceptre of the Scots; Urian with that of Mureif; and Lot with the consulship of Londonesia.**

There were there three brothers of royal blood, viz. Lot, Urian, and Augustel, who, before the Saxons had prevailed, held the government of those parts. Being willing therefore to bestow on these, as he did on others, the rights of their ancestors, he restored to Augustel the sovereignty over the Scots; his brother Urian he honoured with the sceptre of Mureif; and Lot, who in time of Aurelius Ambrosius had married his sister, by whom he had two sons, Walgan and Modred, he re-established in the consulship of Londonesia, and the other provinces belonging to him. At length, when the whole country was reduced by him to its ancient state, he took to wife Guanhumara, descended from a noble family of Romans, who was educated under duke Cadur, and in beauty surpassed all the women of the island.

### **Chap. X.—Arthur adds to his government Ireland, Iceland, Gothland, and the Orkneys.**

The next summer he fitted out a fleet, and made an expedition into Ireland, which he was desirous to reduce. Upon landing there, he was met by king Guillamurius before mentioned, with a vast number of men, who came with a design to fight him; but at the very beginning of the battle, those naked and unarmed people were miserably routed, and fled to such places as lay open to them for shelter. Guillamurius also in a short time was taken prisoner, and forced to submit; as were also all the other princes of the country after the king's example, being under great consternation at what had happened. After an entire conquest of Ireland, he made a voyage with his fleet to Iceland, which he also subdued. And now a rumour spreading over the rest of the islands, that no country was able to withstand him, Doldavius, king of Gothland, and Gunfadius, king of the Orkneys, came voluntarily, and made their submission, on a promise of paying tribute. Then, as soon as winter was over, he returned back to Britain, where having established the kingdom, he resided in it for twelve years together in peace.

### **Chap. XI.—Arthur subdues Norway, Dacia, Aquitaine, and Gaul.**

After this, having invited over to him all persons whatsoever that were famous for valour in foreign nations, he began to augment the number of his domestics, and introduced such politeness into his court, as people of the remotest countries thought worthy of their imitation. So that there was not a nobleman who thought himself of any consideration, unless his clothes and arms were made in the same fashion as those of Arthur's knights. At length the fame of his munificence and valour spreading over the whole world, he became a terror to the kings of other countries, who grievously feared the loss of their dominions, if he should make any attempt upon them. Being much perplexed with these anxious cares, they repaired their cities and towers, and built towns in convenient places, the better to fortify themselves against any enter-

prise of Arthur, when occasion should require. Arthur, being informed of what they were doing, was delighted to find how much they stood in awe of him, and formed a design for the conquest of all Europe. Then having prepared his fleet, he first attempted Norway, that he might procure the crown of it for Lot, his sister's husband. This Lot was the nephew of Sichelin, king of the Norwegians, who being then dead, had appointed him his successor in the kingdom. But the Norwegians, disdaining to receive him, had advanced one Riculf to the sovereignty, and having fortified their cities, thought they were able to oppose Arthur. Walgan, the son of Lot, was then a youth twelve years old, and was recommended by his uncle to the service of pope Supplicius, from whom he received arms. But to return to the history: as soon as Arthur arrived on the coast of Norway, king Riculf, attended with the whole power of that kingdom, met him, and gave him battle, in which, after a great loss of blood on both sides, the Britons at length had the advantage, and making a vigorous charge, killed Riculf and many others with him. Having thus defeated them, they set the cities on fire, dispersed the country people, and pursued the victory till they had reduced all Norway, as also Dacia, under the dominion of Arthur. After the conquest of these countries, and establishment of Lot upon the throne of Norway, Arthur made a voyage to Gaul, and dividing his army into several bodies, began to lay waste that country on all sides. The province of Gaul was then committed to Follo, a Roman tribune, who held the government of it under the emperor Leo. Upon intelligence of Arthur's coming, he raised all the forces that were under his command, and made war against him, but without success. For Arthur was attended with the youth of all the islands that he had subdued; for which reason he was reported to have such an army as was thought invincible. And even the greater part of the Gallic army, encouraged by his bounty, came over to his service. Therefore Follo, seeing the disadvantages he lay under, left his camp, and fled with a small number to Paris. There having recruited his army, he fortified the city, and resolved to stand another engagement with Arthur. But while he was thinking of strengthening himself with auxiliary forces in the neighbouring countries, Arthur came upon him unawares, and besieged him in the city. When a month had passed, Follo, with grief observing his people perish with hunger, sent a message to Arthur, that they two alone should decide the conquest for the kingdom in a duel: for being a person of great stature, boldness and courage, he gave this challenge in confidence of success. Arthur was extremely pleased at Follo's proposal, and sent him word back again, that he would give him the meeting which he desired. A treaty, therefore, being on both sides agreed to, they met together in the island without the city, where the people waited to see the event. They were both gracefully armed, and mounted on admirably swift horses; and it was hard to tell which gave greater hopes of victory. When they had presented themselves against each other with their lances aloft, they put spurs to their horses, and began a fierce encounter. But Arthur, who handled his lance more warily, struck it into the upper part of Follo's breast, and avoiding his enemy's weapon, laid him prostrate upon the ground, and was just going to despatch him with his drawn sword, when Follo, starting up on a sudden, met him with his lance couched, wherewith he mortally stabbed the breast of Arthur's horse, and caused both him and his rider to fall. The Britons, when they saw their king lying on the ground, fearing he was killed, could hardly be restrained from breach of covenant, and falling with one consent upon the Gauls. But just as they were upon rushing into the lists, Arthur hastily got up, and guarding himself with his shield, advanced with speed against Follo. And now they renewed the assault with great rage, eagerly bent upon one another's destruction. At length Follo, watching his advantage, gave Arthur a blow upon the forehead, which might have proved mortal, had he not blunted the edge of his weapon against the helmet. When Arthur saw his coat of mail and shield red with blood, he was inflamed with still greater rage, and lifting up his Caliburn with his utmost strength struck it through the helmet into Follo's head, and made a terrible gash. With this wound Follo fell down, tearing the ground with his spurs, and expired. As soon as this news was spread through the army, the citizens ran together, and opening the gates, surrendered the city to Arthur. After the victory,



he divided his army into two parts; one of which he committed to the conduct of Hoel, whom he ordered to march against Guitard, commander of the Pictavians; while he with the other part should endeavour to reduce the other provinces. Hoel upon this entered Aquitaine, possessed himself of the cities of that country, and after distressing Guitard in several battles, forced him to surrender. He also destroyed Gascony with fire and sword, and subdued the princes of it. At the end of nine years, in which time all the parts of Gaul were entirely reduced, Arthur returned back to Paris, where he kept his court, and calling an assembly of the clergy and people, established peace and the just administration of the laws in that kingdom. Then he bestowed Neustria, now called Normandy, upon Bedver, his butler; the province of Andegavia upon Caius, his sewer; and several other provinces upon his great men that attended him. Thus having settled the peace of the cities and countries there, he returned back in the beginning of spring to Britain.

### **Chap. XII.—Arthur summons a great many kings, princes, archbishops, &c. to a solemn assembly at the City of Legions.**

Upon the approach of the feast of Pentecost, Arthur, the better to demonstrate his joy after such triumphant success, and for the more solemn observation of that festival, and reconciling the minds of the princes that were now subject to him, resolved, during that season, to hold a magnificent court, to place the crown upon his head, and to invite all the kings and dukes under his subjection, to the solemnity. And when he had communicated his design to his familiar friends, he pitched upon the City of Legions as a proper place for his purpose. For besides its great wealth above the other cities, its situation, which was in Glamorganshire upon the river Uske, near the Severn sea, was most pleasant, and fit for so great a solemnity. For on one side it was washed by that noble river, so that the kings and princes from the countries beyond the seas might have the convenience of sailing up to it. On the other side, the beauty of the meadows and groves, and magnificence of the royal palaces with lofty gilded roofs that adorned it, made it even rival the grandeur of Rome. It was also famous for two churches; whereof one was built in honour of the martyr Julius, and adorned with a choir of virgins, who had devoted themselves wholly to the service of God; but the other, which was founded in memory of St. Aaron, his companion, and maintained a convent of canons, was the third metropolitan church of Britain. Besides, there was a college of two hundred philosophers, who, being learned in astronomy and the other arts, were diligent in observing the courses of the stars, and gave Arthur true predictions of the events that would happen at that time. In this place, therefore, which afforded such delights, were preparations made for the ensuing festival. Ambassadors were then sent into several kingdoms, to invite to court the princes both of Gaul and all the adjacent islands. Accordingly there came Augusel, king of Albania, now Scotland; Urian, king of Mureif; Cadwallo Lewirh, king of the Venedotians, now called the North Wales men; Sater, king of the Demetians, or South Wales men; Cador, king of Cornwall; also the archbishops of the three metropolitan sees, London, York, and Dubricius of the City of Legions. This prelate, who was primate of Britain, and legate of the apostolical see, was so eminent for his piety, that he could cure any sick person by his prayers. There came also the consuls of the principal cities, viz. Morvid, consul of Gloucester; Mauron, of Worcester; Anaraut, of Salisbury; Arthgal, of Cargueit or Warguit; Jugein, of Legecester; Cursalen, of Kaicester; Kimmare, duke of Dorobernia; Galluc, of Salisbury; Urgennius, of Bath; Jonathal, of Dorchester; Boso, of Ridoc, that is, Oxford. Besides the consuls, came the following worthies of no less dignity: Danaut, Map papo; Cheneus, Map coil; Pederdur, Mab eridur; Guiful, Map Ngoit; Regin, Map claut; Eddelein, Map cledauc; Kincar, Mab bagan; Kimmare; Gorboration, Map goit; Cloufaut, Rupmaneton; Kimbelin, Map trunat; Cathleus, Map catel; Kinlich, Map neton; and many others too tedious to enumerate. From the adjacent islands came Guillamurius, king of Ireland; Malvasius, king of Iceland; Doldavius, king of Gothland; Gunfasius, king of the Orkneys; Lot, king of Norway; Aschillius, king of

the Dacians. From the parts beyond the seas, came Holdin, king of Ruteni; Leodegarius, consul of Bolonia; Bedver, the butler, duke of Normandy; Borellus, of Cenomania; Caius, the sewer, duke of Andegavia; Guitard, of Pictavia; also the twelve peers of Gaul, whom Guerinus Carnotensis brought along with him: Hoel, duke of the Armorican Britons, and his nobility, who came with such a train of mules, horses, and rich furniture, as it is difficult to describe. Besides these, there remained no prince of any consideration on this side of Spain, who came not upon this invitation. And no wonder, when Arthur's munificence, which was celebrated over the whole world, made him beloved by all people.

### **Chap. XIII.—A description of the royal pomp at the coronation of Arthur.**

When all were assembled together in the city, upon the day of the solemnity, the archbishops were conducted to the palace, in order to place the crown upon the king's head. Therefore Dubricius, inasmuch as the court was kept in his diocese, made himself ready to celebrate the office, and undertook the ordering of whatever related to it. As soon as the king was invested with his royal habiliments, he was conducted in great pomp to the metropolitan church, supported on each side by two archbishops, and having four kings, viz. of Albania, Cornwall, Demetia, and Venedotia, whose right it was, bearing four golden swords before him. He was also attended with a concert of all sorts of music, which made most excellent harmony. On another part was the queen, dressed out in her richest ornaments, conducted by the archbishops and bishops to the Temple of Virgins; the four queens also of the kings last mentioned, bearing before her four white doves according to ancient custom; and after her there followed a retinue of women, making all imaginable demonstrations of joy. When the whole procession was ended, so transporting was the harmony of the musical instruments and voices, whereof there was a vast variety in both churches, that the knights who attended were in doubt which to prefer, and therefore crowded from the one to the other by turns, and were far from being tired with the solemnity, though the whole day had been spent in it. At last, when divine service was over at both churches, the king and queen put off their crowns, and putting on their lighter ornaments, went to the banquet; he to one palace with the men, and she to another with the women. For the Britons still observed the ancient custom of Troy, by which the men and women used to celebrate their festivals apart. When they had all taken their seats according to precedence, Caius the sewer, in rich robes of ermine, with a thousand young noblemen, all in like manner clothed with ermine, served up the dishes. From another part, Bedver the butler was followed with the same number of attendants, in various habits, who waited with all kinds of cups and drinking vessels. In the queen's palace were innumerable waiters, dressed with variety of ornaments, all performing their respective offices; which if I should describe particularly, I should draw out the history to a tedious length. For at that time Britain had arrived at such a pitch of grandeur, that in abundance of riches, luxury of ornaments, and politeness of inhabitants, it far surpassed all other kingdoms. The knights in it that were famous for feats of chivalry, wore their clothes and arms all of the same colour and fashion: and the women also no less celebrated for their wit, wore all the same kind of apparel; and esteemed none worthy of their love, but such as had given a proof of their valour in three several battles. Thus was the valour of the men an encouragement for the women's chastity, and the love of the women a spur to the soldier's bravery.

### **Chap. XIV.—After a variety of sports at the coronation, Arthur amply rewards his servants.**

As soon as the banquets were over, they went into the fields without the city, to divert themselves with various sports. The military men composed a kind of diversion in imitation of a fight on horseback; and the ladies, placed on the top of the walls as spectators, in a sportive manner darted their amorous glances at the courtiers, the more to encourage them. Others spent the remainder of the day in other diversions, such as shooting with bows and arrows,

tossing the pike, casting of heavy stones and rocks, playing at dice and the like, and all these inoffensively and without quarrelling. Whoever gained the victory in any of these sports, was rewarded with a rich prize by Arthur. In this manner were the first three days spent; and on the fourth, all who, upon account of their titles, bore any kind of office at this solemnity, were called together to receive honours and preferments in reward of their services, and to fill up the vacancies in the governments of cities and castles, archbishoprics, bishoprics, abbeys, and other posts of honour.

**Chap. XV.—A letter from Lucius Tiberius, general of the Romans, to Arthur being read, they consult about an answer to it.**

But St. Dubricius, from a pious desire of leading a hermit's life, made a voluntary resignation of his archiepiscopal dignity; and in his room was consecrated David, the king's uncle, whose life was a perfect example of that goodness which by his doctrine he taught. In place of St. Samson, archbishop of Dole, was appointed, with the consent of Hoel, king of the Armorican Britons, Chelanus, [Kilian] a priest of Llandaff, a person highly recommended for his good life and character. The bishopric of Silchester was conferred upon Mauganius, that of Winchester upon Diwanius, and that of Alclud upon Eledanuis. While he was disposing of these preferments upon them, it happened that twelve men of an advanced age, and venerable aspect, and bearing olive branches in their right hands, for a token that they were come upon an embassy, appeared before the king, moving towards him with a slow pace, and speaking with a soft voice; and after their compliments paid, presented him with a letter from Lucius Tiberius, in these words:—

"Lucius, procurator of the commonwealth, to Arthur, king of Britain, according to his desert. The insolence of your tyranny is what fills me with the highest admiration, and the injuries you have done to Rome still increase my wonder. But it is provoking to reflect, that you are grown so much above yourself, as wilfully to avoid seeing this: nor do you consider what it is to have offended by unjust deeds a senate, to whom you cannot be ignorant the whole world owes vassalage. For the tribute of Britain, which the senate had enjoined you to pay, and which used to be paid to the Roman emperors successively from the time of Julius Cæsar, you have had the presumption to withhold, in contempt of their imperial authority. You have seized upon the province of the Allobroges, and all the islands of the ocean, whose kings, while the Roman power prevailed in those parts, paid tribute to our ancestors. And because the senate have decreed to demand justice of you for such repeated injuries, I command you to appear at Rome before the middle of August the next year, there to make satisfaction to your masters, and undergo such sentence as they shall in justice pass upon you. Which if you refuse to do, I shall come to you, and endeavour to recover with my sword, what you in your madness have robbed us of."

As soon as the letter was read in the presence of the kings and consuls, Arthur withdrew with them into the Giant's Tower, which was at the entrance of the palace, to think what answer was fit to be returned to such an insolent message. As they were going up the stairs, Cadur, duke of Cornwall, who was a man of a merry disposition, said to the king in a jocose manner: "I have been till now under fear, lest the easy life which the Britons lead, by enjoying a long peace, might make them cowards, and extinguish the fame of their gallantry, by which they have raised their name above all other nations. For where the exercise of arms is wanting, and the pleasures of women, dice, and other diversions take place, no doubt, what remains of virtue, honour, courage, and thirst of praise, will be tainted with the rust of idleness. For now almost five years have passed, since we have been abandoned to these delights, and have had no exercise of war. Therefore, to deliver us from sloth, God has stirred up this spirit of the Romans, to restore our military virtues to their ancient state." In this manner did he entertain them with discourse, till they were come to their seats, on which when they were all placed, Arthur spoke to them after this manner.

**Chap. XVI.—Arthur, holding a council with the kings, desires every one of them to deliver their opinions.**

"My companions both in good and bad fortune, whose abilities both in counsel and war I have hitherto experienced; the present exigence of affairs, after the message which we have received, requires your careful deliberation and prudent resolutions; for whatever is wisely concerted, is easily executed. Therefore we shall be the better able to bear the annoyance which Lucius threatens to give us, if we unanimously apply ourselves to consider how to overcome it. In my opinion we have no great reason to fear him, when we reflect upon the unjust pretence on which he demands tribute of us. He says he has a right to it, because it was paid to Julius Cæsar, and his successors, who invaded Britain with an army at the invitation of the ancient Britons, when they were quarrelling among themselves, and by force reduced the country under their power, when weakened by civil dissension. And because they gained it in this manner, they had the injustice to take tribute of it. For that can never be possessed justly, which is gained by force and violence. So that he has no reasonable grounds to pretend we are of right his tributaries. But since he has the presumption to make an unjust demand of us, we have certainly as good reason to demand of him tribute from Rome; let the longer sword therefore determine the right between us. For if Rome has decreed that tribute ought to be paid to it from Britain, on account of its having been formerly under the yoke of Julius Cæsar, and other Roman emperors; I for the same reason now decree, that Rome ought to pay tribute to me, because my predecessors formerly held the government of it. For Belinus, that glorious king of the Britons, with the assistance of his brother Brennus, duke of the Allobroges, after they had hanged up twenty noble Romans in the middle of the market-place, took their city, and kept possession of it a long time. Likewise Constantine, the son of Helena, and Maximian [Maximus], who were both my kinsmen, and both wore the crown of Britain, gained the imperial throne of Rome. Do not you, therefore, think that we ought to demand tribute of the Romans? As for Gaul and the adjacent islands of the ocean, we have no occasion to return them any answer, since they did not defend them, when we attempted to free them from their power." As soon as he had done speaking to this effect, Hoel, king of the Armorican Britons, who had the precedence of the rest, made answer in these words.

**Chap. XVII.—The opinion of Hoel, king of Armorica, concerning a war with the Romans.**

"After the most profound deliberation that any of us shall be able to make, I think better advice cannot be given, than what your majesty in your great wisdom and policy now offers. Your speech, which is no less wise than eloquent, has superseded all consultation on our part; and nothing remains for us to do, but to admire and gratefully acknowledge your majesty's firmness of mind, and depth of policy, to which we owe such excellent advice. For if upon this motive you are pleased to make an expedition to Rome, I doubt not but it will be crowned with glorious success; since it will be undertaken for the defence of our liberties, and to demand justly of our enemies, what they have unjustly demanded of us. For that person who would rob another, deserves to lose his own by him against whom the attempt is made. And, therefore, since the Romans threatened us with this injury, it will undoubtedly turn to their own loss, if we can have but an opportunity of engaging with them. This is what the Britons universally desire; this is what we have promised us in the Sibylline prophecies, which expressly declare, that the Roman empire shall be obtained by three persons, natives of Britain. The oracle is fulfilled in two of them, since it is manifest (as your majesty observed) that those two celebrated princes, Belinus and Constantine, governed the Roman empire: and now you are the third to whom this supreme dignity is promised. Make haste, therefore, to receive what God makes no delay to give you; to subdue those who are ready to receive your yoke; and to advance us all, who for your advancement will spare

neither limbs nor life. And that you may accomplish this, I myself will attend you in person with ten thousand men."

### **Chap. XVIII.—The opinion of Augusel.**

When Hoel concluded his speech, Augusel, king of Albania, declared his good affection to the cause after this manner. "I am not able to express the joy that has transported me, since my lord has declared to us his designs. For we seem to have done nothing by all our past wars with so many and potent princes, if the Romans and Germans be suffered to enjoy peace, and we do not severely revenge on them the grievous oppressions which they formerly brought upon this country. But now, since we are at liberty to encounter them, I am overwhelmed with joy and eagerness of desire, to see a battle with them, when the blood of those cruel oppressors will be no less acceptable to me than a spring of water is to one who is parched with thirst. If I shall but live to see that day, how sweet will be the wounds which I shall then either receive or give? Nay, how sweet will be even death itself, when suffered in revenging the injuries done to our ancestors, in defending our liberties, and in promoting the glory of our king! Let us then begin with these poltroons, and spoil them of all their trophies, by making an entire conquest of them. And I for my share will add to the army two thousand horse, besides foot."

### **Chap. XIX.—They unanimously agree upon a war with the Romans.**

To the same effect spoke all the rest, and promised each of them their full quota of forces; so that besides those promised by the duke of Armorica, the number of men from the island of Britain alone was sixty thousand, all completely armed. But the kings of the other islands, as they had not been accustomed to any cavalry, promised their quota of infantry; and, from the six provincial islands, viz. Ireland, Iceland, Gothland, the Orkneys, Norway, and Dacia, were reckoned a hundred and twenty thousand. From the duchies of Gaul, that is, of the Ruteni, the Portunians, the Estrusians, the Cenomanni, the Andegavians, and Pictavians, were eighty thousand. From the twelve consulships of those who came along with Guerinus Carnotensis, twelve hundred. All together made up a hundred and eighty-three thousand two hundred, besides foot which did not easily fall under number.

### **Chap. XX.—Arthur prepares for a war, and refuses to pay tribute to the Romans.**

King Arthur, seeing all unanimously ready for his service, ordered them to return back to their countries with speed, and get ready the forces which they had promised, and to hasten to the general rendezvous upon the kalends of August, at the mouth of the river Barba, that from thence they might advance with them to the borders of the Allobroges, to meet the Romans. Then he sent word to the emperors by their ambassadors; that as to paying them tribute, he would in no wise obey their commands; and that the journey he was about to make to Rome, was not to stand the award of their sentence, but to demand of them what they had judicially decreed to demand of him. With this answer the ambassadors departed; and at the same time also departed all the kings and noblemen, to perform with all expedition the orders that had been given them.

## **BOOK X.**

### **Chap. I.—Lucius Tiberius calls together the eastern kings against the Britons.**

Lucius Tiberius, on receiving this answer, by order of the senate published a decree, for the eastern kings to come with their forces, and assist in the conquest of Britain. In obedience to which there came in a very short time, Epistrophius, king of the Grecians; Mustensar, king of the Africans; Alifantinam, king of Spain; Hirtacius, king of the Parthians; Boccus, of the Medes; Sertorius, of Libya; Teucer, king of Phrygia; Seres, king of the Itureans; Pandrasus, king of Egypt; Micipsa, king of Babylon; Polytetes, duke of Bithynia; Teucer, duke of Phrygia; Evander, of Syria; Æthion, of Bœotia; Hippolytus, of Crete, with the generals and nobility

under them. Of the senatorian order also came, Lucius Catellus, Marius Lepidus, Caius Metellus Cotta, Quintus Milvius Catulus, Quintus Carutius, and as many others as made up the number of forty thousand one hundred and sixty.

### **Chap. II.—Arthur commits to his nephew Modred the government of Britain. His dream at Hamo's Port.**

After the necessary dispositions were made, upon the kalends of August, they began their march towards Britain, which when Arthur had intelligence of, he committed the government of the kingdom to his nephew Modred, and queen Guanhumara, and marched with his army to Hamo's Port, where the wind stood fair for him. But while he, surrounded with all his numerous fleet, was sailing joyfully with a brisk gale, it happened that about midnight he fell into a very sound sleep, and in a dream saw a bear flying in the air, at the noise of which all the shores trembled; also a terrible dragon flying from the west, which enlightened the country with the brightness of its eyes. When these two met, they began a dreadful fight; but the dragon with its fiery breath burned the bear which often assaulted him, and threw him down scorched to the ground. Arthur upon this awaking, related his dream to those that stood about him, who took upon them to interpret it, and told him that the dragon signified himself, but the bear, some giant that should encounter with him; and that the fight portended the duel that would be between them, and the dragon's victory the same that would happen to himself. But Arthur conjectured it portended something else, and that the vision was applicable to himself and the emperor. As soon as the morning after this night's sail appeared, they found themselves arrived at the mouth of the river Barba. And there they pitched their tents, to wait the arrival of the kings of the islands and the generals of the other provinces.

### **Chap. III.—Arthur kills a Spanish giant who had stolen away Helena, the niece of Hoel.**

In the meantime Arthur had news brought him, that a giant of monstrous size was come from the shores of Spain, and had forcibly taken away Helena, the niece of duke Hoel, from her guard, and fled with her to the top of that which is now called Michael's Mount; and that the soldiers of the country who pursued him were able to do nothing against him. For whether they attacked him by sea or land, he either overturned their ships with vast rocks, or killed them with several sorts of darts, besides many of them that he took and devoured half alive. The next night, therefore, at the second hour, Arthur, taking along with him Caius the sewer, and Bedver the butler, went out privately from the camp, and hastened towards the mountain. For being a man of undaunted courage, he did not care to lead his army against such monsters; both because he could in this manner animate his men by his own example, and also because he was alone sufficient to deal with them. As soon as they came near the mountain, they saw a fire burning upon the top of it, and another on a lesser mountain, that was not far from it. And being in doubt upon which of them the giant dwelt, they sent away Bedver to know the certainty of the matter. So he, finding a boat, sailed over in it first to the lesser mountain, to which he could in no other way have access, because it was situated in the sea. When he had begun to climb up to the top of it, he was at first frightened with a dismal howling cry of a woman from above, and imagined the monster to be there: but quickly rousing up his courage, he drew his sword, and having reached the top, found nothing but the fire which he had before seen at a distance. He discovered also a grave newly made, and an old woman weeping and howling by it, who at the sight of him instantly cried out in words interrupted with sighs, "O, unhappy man, what misfortune brings you to this place? O the inexpressible tortures of death that you must suffer! I pity you, I pity you, because the detestable monster will this night destroy the flower of your youth. For that most wicked and odious giant, who brought the duke's niece, whom I have just now buried here, and me, her nurse, along with her into this mountain, will come and immediately murder you in a most cruel manner. O deplorable fate! This most illustrious princess, sinking under the fear her ten-

der heart conceived, while the foul monster would have embraced her, fainted away and expired. And when he could not satiate his brutish lust upon her, who was the very soul, joy, and happiness of my life, being enraged at the disappointment of his bestial desire, he forcibly committed a rape upon me, who (let God and my old age witness) abhorred his embraces. Fly, dear sir, fly, for fear he may come, as he usually does, to lie with me, and finding you here most barbarously butcher you." Bedver, moved at what she said, as much as it is possible for human nature to be, endeavoured with kind words to assuage her grief, and to comfort her with the promise of speedy help: and then returned back to Arthur, and gave him an account of what he had met with. Arthur very much lamented the damsel's sad fate, and ordered his companions to leave him to deal with him alone; unless there was an absolute necessity, and then they were to come in boldly to his assistance. From hence they went directly to the next mountain, leaving their horses with their armour-bearers, and ascended to the top, Arthur leading the way. The deformed savage was then by the fire, with his face besmeared with the clotted blood of swine, part of which he already devoured, and was roasting the remainder upon spits by the fire. But at the sight of them, whose appearance was a surprise to him, he hastened to his club, which two strong men could hardly lift from the ground. Upon this the king drew his sword, and guarding himself with his shield, ran with all his speed to prevent his getting it. But the other, who was not ignorant of his design, had by this time snatched it up, and gave the king such a terrible blow upon his shield, that he made the shores ring with the noise, and perfectly stunned the king's ears with it. Arthur, fired with rage at this, lifted up his sword, and gave him a wound in the forehead, which was not indeed mortal, but yet such as made the blood gush out over his face and eyes, and so blinded him; for he had partly warded off the stroke from his forehead with his club, and prevented its being fatal. However, his loss of sight, by reason of the blood flowing over his eyes, made him exert himself with greater fury, and like an enraged boar against a hunting-spear, so did he rush in against Arthur's sword, and grasping him about the waist, forced him down upon his knees. But Arthur, nothing daunted, slipped out of his hands, and so exerted himself with his sword, that he gave the giant no respite till he had struck it up to the very back through his skull. At this the hideous monster raised a dreadful roar, and like an oak torn up from the roots by the winds, so did he make the ground resound with his fall. Arthur, bursting out into a fit of laughter at the sight, commanded Bedver to cut off his head, and give it to one of the armour-bearers, who was to carry it to the camp, and there expose it to public view, but with orders for the spectators of this combat to keep silence. He told them he had found none of so great strength, since he killed the giant Ritho, who had challenged him to fight, upon the mountain Aravius. This giant had made himself furs of the beards of kings he had killed, and had sent word to Arthur carefully to cut off his beard and send it to him; and then, out of respect to his pre-eminence over other kings, his beard should have the honour of the principal place. But if he refused to do it, he challenged him to a duel, with this offer, that the conqueror should have the furs, and also the beard of the vanquished for a trophy of his victory. In his conflict, therefore, Arthur proved victorious, and took the beard and spoils of the giant: and, as he said before, had met with none that could be compared to him for strength, till his last engagement. After this victory, they returned at the second watch of the night to the camp with the head; to see which there was a great concourse of people, all extolling this wonderful exploit of Arthur, by which he had freed the country from a most destructive and voracious monster. But Hoel, in great grief for the loss of his niece, commanded a mausoleum to be built over her body in the mountain where she was buried, which, taking the damsel's name, is called Helena's Tomb to this day.

#### **Chap. IV. Arthur's ambassadors to Lucius Tiberius deliver Pelreius Cotta, whom they took prisoner to Arthur.**

As soon as all the forces were arrived which Arthur expected, he marched from thence to Augustodunum, where he supposed the

general was. But when he came to the river Alba, he had intelligence brought him of his having encamped not far off, and that he was come with so vast an army, that he would not be able to withstand it. However, this did not deter him from pursuing his enterprise; but he pitched his camp upon the bank of the river, to facilitate the bringing up of his forces, and to secure his retreat, if there should be occasion; and sent Boso the consul of Oxford, and Guerinus Carnotensis, with his nephew Walgan, to Lucius Tiberius, requiring him either to retire from the coasts of Gaul, or come the next day, that they might try their right to that country with their swords. The retinue of young courtiers that attended Walgan, highly rejoicing at this opportunity, were urgent with him to find some occasion for a quarrel in the commander's camp, that so they might engage the Romans. Accordingly they went to Lucius, and commanded him to retire out of Gaul, or hazard a battle the next day. But while he was answering them, that he was not come to retire, but to govern the country, there was present Caius Quintilianus, his nephew, who said, "That the Britons were better at boasting and threatening, than they were at fighting." Walgan immediately took fire at this, and ran upon him with his drawn sword, wherewith he cut off his head, and then retreated speedily with his companions to their horses. The Romans, both horse and foot, pursued to revenge the loss of their countryman upon the ambassadors, who fled with great precipitation. But Guerinus Carnotensis, just as one of them was come up to him, rallied on a sudden, and with his lance struck at once through his armour and the very middle of his body, and laid him prostrate on the ground. The sight of this noble exploit raised the emulation of Boso of Oxford, who, wheeling about his horse, struck his lance into the throat of the first man he met with, and dismounted him mortally wounded. In the meantime, Marcellus Mutius, with great eagerness to revenge Quintilian's death, was just upon the back of Walgan, and laid hold of him; which the other quickly obliged him to quit, by cleaving both his helmet and head to the breast with his sword. He also bade him, when he arrived at the infernal regions, tell the man he had killed in the camp, "That in this manner the Britons showed their boasting and threatening." Then having re-assembled his men, he encouraged them to despatch every one his pursuer in the same manner as he had done; which accordingly they did not fail to accomplish. Notwithstanding, the Romans continued their pursuit with lances and swords, wherewith they annoyed the others, though without slaughter or taking any prisoners. But as they came near a certain wood, a party of six thousand Britons, who seeing the flight of the consuls, had hid themselves, to be in readiness for their assistance, sallied forth, and putting spurs to their horses, rent the air with their loud shouts, and being well fenced with their shields, assaulted the Romans suddenly, and forced them to fly. And now it was the Britons' turn to pursue, which they did with better success, for they dismounted, killed, or took several of the enemy. Petreius, the senator, upon this news, hastened to the assistance of his countrymen with ten thousand men, and compelled the Britons to retreat to the wood from whence they had sallied forth; though not without loss of his own men. For the Britons, being well acquainted with the ground, in their flight killed a great number of their pursuers. The Britons thus giving ground, Hider, with another reinforcement of five thousand men, advanced with speed to sustain them; so that they again faced those, upon whom they had turned their backs, and renewed the assault with great vigour. The Romans also stood their ground, and continued the fight with various success. The great fault of the Britons was, that though they had been very eager to begin the fight, yet when begun they were less careful of the hazard they ran. Whereas the Romans were under better discipline, and had the advantage of a prudent commander, Petreius Cotta, to tell them where to advance, and where to give ground, and by these means did great injury to the enemy. When Boso observed this, he drew off from the rest a large party of those whom he knew to be the stoutest men, and spoke to them after this manner: "Since we have begun this fight without Arthur's knowledge, we must take care that we be not defeated in the enterprise. For, if we should, we shall both very much endanger our men, and incur the king's high displeasure. Rouse up your courage, and follow me through the Roman

squadrons, that with the favour of good fortune we may either kill or take Petreius prisoner." With this they put spurs to their horses, and piercing through the enemies' thickest ranks, reached the place where Petreius was giving his commands. Boso hastily ran in upon him, and grasping him about the neck, fell with him to the ground, as he had intended. The Romans hereupon ran to his delivery, as did the Britons to Boso's assistance; which occasioned on both sides great slaughter, noise, and confusion, while one party strove to rescue their leader, and the other to keep him prisoner. So that this proved the sharpest part of the whole fight, and wherein their spears, swords, and arrows had the fullest employment. At length, the Britons, joining in a close body, and sustaining patiently the assaults of the Romans, retired to the main body of their army with Petreius: which they had no sooner done, than they again attacked them, being now deprived of their leader, very much weakened, dispirited, and just beginning to flee. They, therefore, eagerly pursued, beat down, and killed several of them, and as soon as they had plundered them, pursued the rest: but they took the greatest number of them prisoners, being desirous to present them to the king. When they had at last sufficiently harassed them, they returned with their plunder and prisoners to the camp; where they gave an account of what had happened, and presented Petreius Cotta with the other prisoners before Arthur, with great joy for the victory. Arthur congratulated them upon it, and promised them advancement to greater honours, for behaving themselves so gallantly when he was absent from them. Then he gave his command to some of his men, to conduct the prisoners the next day to Paris, and deliver them to be kept in custody there till further orders. The party that were to undertake this charge, he ordered to be conducted by Cador, Bedver, and the two consuls, Borellus and Richerius, with their servants, till they should be out of all fear of disturbance from the Romans.

#### **Chap. V.—The Romans attack the Britons with a very great force, but are put to flight by them.**

But the Romans, happening to get intelligence of their design, at the command of their general chose out fifteen thousand men, who that night were to get before the others in their march, and rescue their fellow soldiers out of their hands. They were to be commanded by Vulteius Catellus and Quintus Carutius, senators, as also Evander, king of Syria, and Sertorius, king of Libya. Accordingly they began their march that very night, and possessed themselves of a place convenient for lying in ambuscade, through which they supposed the others would pass. In the morning the Britons set forward along the same road with their prisoners, and were now approaching the place in perfect ignorance of the cunning stratagem of the enemy. No sooner had they entered it, than the Romans, to their great surprise, sprang forth and fell furiously upon them. Notwithstanding, the Britons, at length recovering from their consternation, assembled together, and prepared for a bold opposition, by appointing a party to guard the prisoners, and drawing out the rest in order of battle against the enemy. Richerius and Bedver had the command of the party that were set over the prisoners; but Cador, duke of Cornwall, and Borellus headed the others. But all the Romans had made their sally without being placed in any order, and cared not to form themselves, that they might lose no time in the slaughter of the Britons, whom they saw busied in marshalling their troops, and preparing only for their defence. By this conduct the Britons were extremely weakened, and would have shamefully lost their prisoners, had not good fortune rendered them assistance. For Guiltard, commander of the Pictavians, happened to get information of the designed stratagem, and was come up with three thousand men, by the help of which they at last got the advantage, and paid back the slaughter upon their insolent assailants. Nevertheless, the loss which they sustained at the beginning of this action was very considerable. For they lost Borellus, the famous consul of the Cenomanni, in an encounter with Evander, king of Syria, who stuck his lance into his throat; besides four noblemen, viz. Hirelgas Deperirus, Mauricius Cadorcanensis, Aliduc of Tintagel, and Hider his son, than whom braver men were hardly to be found.

But yet neither did this loss dispirit the Britons, but rather made them more resolute to keep the prisoners, and kill the enemy. The Romans, now finding themselves unable to maintain the fight any longer, suddenly quitted the field, and made towards their camp; but were pursued with slaughter by the Britons, who also took many of them, and allowed them no respite till they had killed Vulteius Catellus and Evander, king of Syria, and wholly dispersed the rest. After which they sent away their former prisoners to Paris, whither they were to conduct them, and returned back with those newly taken to the king; to whom they gave great hopes of a complete conquest of their enemies, since very few of the great number that came against them had met with any success.

#### **Chap. VI.—Lucius Tiberius goes to Lengriæ. Arthur, designing to vanquish him, by a stratagem possesses himself of the valley of Suesia.**

These repeated disasters wrought no small disturbance in the mind of Lucius Tiberius, and made him hesitate whether to bring it to a general battle with Arthur, or to retire into Augustodunum, and stay till the emperor Leo with his forces could come to his assistance. At length, giving way to his fears, he entered Lengriæ with his army, intending to reach the other city the night following. Arthur, finding this, and being desirous to get before him in his march, left the city on the left hand, and the same night entered a certain valley called Suesia, through which Lucius was to pass. There he divided his men into several bodies, commanding one legion, over which Morvid, consul of Gloucester, was appointed general, to wait close by, that he might retreat to them if there should be occasion, and from thence rally his broken forces for a second battle. The rest he divided into seven parts, in each of which he placed five thousand five hundred and fifty-five men, all completely armed. He also appointed different stations to his horse and foot, and gave command that just as the foot should advance to the attack, the horse, keeping close together in their ranks, should at the same moment march up obliquely, and endeavour to put the enemy into disorder. The companies of foot were, after the British manner, drawn out into a square, with a right and left wing, under the command of Augusel, king of Albania, and Cador, duke of Cornwall; the one presiding over the right wing, the other over the left. Over another party were placed the two famous consuls, Guerinus of Chartres and Boso of Richiden, called in the Saxon tongue Oxineford; over a third were Aschillius, king of the Dacians, and Lot, king of the Norwegians; the fourth being commanded by Hoel, duke of the Armoricans, and Walgan, the king's nephew. After these were four other parties placed in the rear; the first commanded by Caius the sewer, and Bedver the butler; the second by Holdin, duke of the Ruteni, and Guiltard of the Pictavians; the third by Vigenis of Legecester, Jonathal of Dorchester, and Cursalem of Caicester; the fourth by Urbgenius of Bath. Behind all these, Arthur, for himself and the legion that was to attend near him, made choice of a place, where he set up a golden dragon for a standard, whither the wounded or fatigued might in case of necessity retreat, as into their camp. The legion that was with him consisted of six thousand six hundred and sixty-six men.

#### **Chap. VII.—Arthur's exhortation to his soldiers.**

After he had thus placed them all in their stations, he made the following speech to his soldiers:—"My brave countrymen, who have made Britain the mistress of thirty kingdoms, I congratulate you upon your late noble exploit, which to me is a proof that your valour is so far from being impaired, that it is rather increased. Though you have been five years without exercise, wherein the softening pleasures of an easy life had a greater share of your time than the use of arms; yet all this has not made you degenerate from your natural bravery, which you have shown in forcing the Romans to flee. The pride of their leaders has animated them to attempt the invasion of your liberties. They have tried you in battle, with numbers superior to yours, and have not been

able to stand before you; but have basely withdrawn themselves into that city, from which they are now ready to march out, and to pass through this valley in their way to Augustodunum; so that you may have an opportunity of falling upon them unawares like a flock of sheep. Certainly they expected to find in you the cowardice of the Eastern nations, when they thought to make your country tributary, and you their slaves. What, have they never heard of your wars, with the Dacians, Norwegians, and princes of the Gauls, whom you reduced under my power, and freed from their shameful yoke? We, then, that have had success in a greater war, need not doubt of it in a less, if we do but endeavour with the same spirit to vanquish these poltroons. You shall want no rewards of honour, if as faithful soldiers you do but strictly obey my commands. For as soon as we have routed them, we will march straight to Rome, and take it; and then all the gold, silver, palaces, towers, towns, cities, and other riches of the vanquished shall be yours." He had hardly done speaking before they all with one voice declared, that they were ready to suffer death, rather than quit the field while he had life.

### Chap. VIII.—Lucius Tiberius, discovering Arthur's design, in a speech animates his followers to fight.

But Lucius Tiberius, discovering the designs that were formed against him, would not flee, as he had at first intended, but taking new courage, resolved to march to the same valley against them; and calling together his principal commanders, spoke to them in these words:—"Venerable fathers, to whose empire both the Eastern and Western kingdoms owe obedience, remember the virtues of your ancestors, who were not afraid to shed their blood, when the vanquishing of the enemies of the commonwealth required it; but to leave an example of their courage and military virtues to their posterity, behaved themselves in all battles with that contempt of death, as if God had given them some security against it. By this conduct they often triumphed, and by triumphing escaped death. Such was the reward of their virtue from Divine Providence, which overrules all events. The increase of the commonwealth, and of their own valour was owing to this; and all those virtues that usually adorn the great, as integrity, honour, and munificence, flourishing a long time in them, raised them and their posterity to the empire of the whole world. Let their noble examples animate you: rouse up the spirit of the ancient Romans, and be not afraid to march out against our enemies that are lying in ambush before us in the valley, but boldly with your swords demand of them your just rights. Do not think that I retired into this city for fear of engaging with them; but I thought that, as their pursuit of us was rash and foolish, so we might hence on a sudden intercept them in it, and by dividing their main body make a great slaughter of them. But now, since they have altered the measures which we supposed they had taken, let us also alter ours. Let us go in quest of them and bravely fall upon them; or if they shall happen to have the advantage in the beginning of the battle, let us only stand our ground during the fury of their first assault, and the victory will undoubtedly be ours; for in many battles this manner of conduct has been attended with victory." As soon as he had made an end of speaking these and other things, they all declared their assent, promised with an oath to stand by him, and hastened to arm themselves. Which when they had done, they marched out of Lengriæ to the valley where Arthur had drawn out his forces in order of battle. Then they also began to marshal their army, which they divided into twelve companies, and according to the Roman manner of battle, drew out each company into the form of a wedge, consisting of six thousand six hundred and sixty-six men. Each company also had its respective leaders, who were to give direction when to advance, or when to be upon the defensive. One of them was headed by Lucius Catellus the senator, and Alifantinam, king of Spain; another by Hirtacius, king of the Parthians, and Marius Lepidus, a senator; a third by Boccus, king of the Medes, and Caius Metellus, a senator; a fourth by Sertorius, king of Libya, and Quintus Milvius, a senator. These four companies were placed in the front of the army. In the rear of these were four others, whereof one was commanded by Serses, king of the Iture-

ans; another by Pandrasus, king of Egypt; a third by Polytetes, duke of Bithynia; a fourth by Teucer, duke of Phrygia. And again behind all these four others, whereof the commanders were Quintus Carucius, a senator, Lælius Ostiensis, Sulpitius Subuculus, and Mauricius Sylvanus. As for the general himself, he was sometimes in one place, sometimes another, to encourage and direct as there should be occasion. For a standard he ordered a golden eagle to be firmly set up in the centre, for his men to repair to whenever they should happen to be separated from their company.

### Chap. IX.—A battle between Arthur and Lucius Tiberius.

And now the Britons and Romans stood presenting their arms at one another; when forthwith at the sound of the trumpets, the company that was headed by the king of Spain and Lucius Catellus, boldly rushed forward against that which the king of Scotland and duke of Cornwall led, but were not able to make the least breach in their firm ranks. So that while these stood their ground, up came Guerinus and Boso with a body of horse upon their full speed, broke through the party that began the assault, and met with another which the king of the Parthians was leading up against Aschillius, king of Dacia. After this first onset, there followed a general engagement of both armies with great violence, and several breaches were made on each side. The shouts, the slaughter, the quantity of blood spilled, and the agonies of the dying, made a dreadful scene of horror. At first, the Britons sustained a great loss, by having Bedver the butler killed, and Caius the sewer mortally wounded. For, as Bedver met Boccus, king of the Medes, he fell dead by a stab of his lance amidst the enemies' troops. And Caius, in endeavouring to revenge his death, was surrounded by the Median troops, and there received a mortal wound, yet as a brave soldier he opened himself a way with the wing which he led, killed and dispersed the Medes, and would have made a safe retreat with all his men, had he not met the king of Libya with the forces under him, who put his whole company into disorder; yet not so great, but that he was still able to get off with a few, and flee with Bedver's corps to the golden dragon. The Neustrians grievously lamented at the sight of their leader's mangled body; and so did the Andegavians, when they beheld their consul wounded. But there was now no room for complaints, for the furious and bloody shocks of both armies made it necessary to provide for their own defence. Therefore Hirelgas, the nephew of Bedver, being extremely enraged at his death, called up to him three hundred men, and like a wild boar amongst a pack of dogs, broke through the enemies' ranks with his horse, making towards the place where he had seen the standard of the king of the Medes; little regarding what might befall him, if he could but revenge the loss of his uncle. At length he reached the place, killed the king, brought off his body to his companions, and laid it by that of his uncle, where he mangled it in the same manner. Then calling with a loud voice to his countrymen, he animated their troops, and vehemently pressed them to exert themselves to the utmost, now that their spirits were raised, and the enemy disheartened; and especially as they had the advantage of them in being placed in better order, and so might the more grievously annoy them. Encouraged with this exhortation, they began a general assault upon the enemy, which was attended with a terrible slaughter on both sides. For on the part of the Romans, besides many others, fell Alifantinam, king of Spain, Micipsa of Babylon, as also Quintus Milvius and Marius Lepidus, senators. On the part of the Britons, Holdin, king of the Ruteni, Leodegarius of Bolonia, and three consuls of Britain, Cursalem of Caicester, Galluc of Salisbury, and Urbgenius of Bath. So that the troops which they commanded, being extremely weakened, retreated till they came to the army of the Armorican Britons, commanded by Hoel and Walgan. But these, being inflamed at the retreat of their friends, encouraged them to stand their ground, and caused them with the help of their own forces to put their pursuers to flight. While they continued this pursuit, they beat down and killed several of them, and gave them no respite, till they came to the general's troop; who, seeing the distress of his companions, hastened to their assistance.

### **Chap. X.—Hoel and Walgan signalize their valour in the fight.**

And now in this latter encounter the Britons were worsted, with the loss of Kimarcoc, consul of Trigeria, and two thousand with him; besides three famous noblemen, Richomarcus, Bloccovius, and Jagivius of Bodloan, who, had they but enjoyed the dignity of princes, would have been celebrated for their valour through all succeeding ages. For, during this assault which they made in conjunction with Hoel and Walgan, there was not an enemy within their reach that could escape the fury of their sword or lance. But upon their falling in among Lucius's party, they were surrounded by them, and suffered the same fate with the consul and the other men. The loss of these men made those matchless heroes, Hoel and Walgan, much more eager to assault the general's ranks, and to try on all sides where to make the greatest impression. But Walgan, whose valour was never to be foiled, endeavoured to gain access to Lucius himself, that he might encounter him, and with this view beat down and killed all that stood in his way. And Hoel, not inferior to him, did no less service in another part, by spiring up his men, and giving and receiving blows among the enemy with the same undaunted courage. It was hard to determine, which of them was the stoutest soldier.

### **Chap. XI.—Lucius Tiberius being killed, the Britons obtain the victory.**

But Walgan, by forcing his way through the enemy's troops, as we said before, found at last (what he had wished for) access to the general, and immediately encountered him. Lucius, being then in the flower of his youth, and a person of great courage and vigour, desired nothing more than to engage with such a one as might put his strength to its full trial. Putting himself, therefore, into a posture of defence, he received Walgan with joy, and was not a little proud to try his courage with one of whom he had heard such great things. The fight continued between them a long time, with great force of blows, and no less dexterity in warding them off, each being resolved upon the other's destruction. During this sharp conflict between them, the Romans, on a sudden, recovering their courage, made an assault upon the Armoricans, and having relieved their general, repulsed Hoel and Walgan, with their troops, till they found themselves unawares met by Arthur and the forces under him. For he, hearing of the slaughter that was a little before made of his men, had speedily advanced with his legion, and drawing out his Caliburn, spoke to them, with a loud voice, after this manner: "What are you doing, soldiers? Will you suffer these effeminate wretches to escape? Let not one of them get off alive. Remember the force of your arms, that have reduced thirty kingdoms under my subjection. Remember your ancestors, whom the Romans, when at the height of their power, made tributary. Remember your liberties, which these pitiful fellows, that are much your inferiors, attempt to deprive you of. Let none of them escape alive. What are you doing?" With these expostulations, he rushed upon the enemy, made terrible havoc among them, and not a man did he meet but at one blow he laid either him or his horse dead upon the ground. They, therefore, in astonishment fled from him, as a flock of sheep from a fierce lion, whom raging hunger provokes to devour whatever happens to come near him. Their arms were no manner of protection to them against the force with which this valiant prince wielded his Caliburn. Two kings, Sertorius of Libya, and Polytetes of Bithynia, unfortunately felt its fury, and had their heads cut off by it. The Britons, when they saw the king performing such wonders, took courage again. With one consent they assaulted the Romans, kept close together in their ranks, and while they assailed the foot in one part, endeavoured to beat down and pierce through the horse in another. Notwithstanding, the Romans made a brave defence, and at the instigation of Lucius laboured to pay back their slaughter upon the Britons. The eagerness and force that were now shown on both sides were as great as if it was the beginning of the battle. Arthur continued to do great execution with his own hand, and encouraged the Britons to maintain the fight; as Lucius Tiberius did the Romans, and made them perform many memorable exploits. He himself, in the meantime, was very active in going from place to place, and

suffered none to escape with life that happened to come within the reach of his sword or lance. The slaughter that was now made on both sides was very dreadful, and the turns of fortune various, sometimes the Britons prevailing, sometimes the Romans. At last, while this sharp dispute continued Morvid, consul of Gloucester with his legion, which, as we said before, was placed between the hills, came up with speed upon the rear of the enemy, and to their great surprise assaulted, broke through, and dispersed them with great slaughter. This last and decisive blow proved fatal to many thousands of Romans, and even to the general Lucius himself, who was killed among the crowds with a lance by an unknown hand. But the Britons, by long maintaining the fight, at last with great difficulty gained the victory.

### **Chap. XII.—Part of the Romans flee; the rest, of their own accord, surrender themselves for slaves.**

The Romans, being now, therefore, dispersed, betook themselves through fear, some to the by-ways and woods, some to the cities and towns, and all other places, where they could be most safe; but were either killed or taken and plundered by the Britons who pursued: so that great part of them voluntarily and shamefully held forth their hands, to receive their chains, in order to prolong for a while a wretched life. In all which the justice of Divine Providence was very visible; considering how unjustly the ancestors of the Britons were formerly invaded and harassed by those of the Romans; and that these stood only in defence of that liberty, which the others would have deprived them of; and refused the tribute, which the others had no right to demand.

### **Chap. XIII.—The bodies of the slain are decently buried, each in their respective countries.**

Arthur, after he had completed his victory, gave orders for separating the bodies of his nobility from those of the enemy, and preparing a pompous funeral for them; and that, when ready, they should be carried to the abbeyes of their respective countries, there to be honourably buried. But Bedver the butler was, with great lamentation of the Neustrians, carried to his own city Bajocæ, which Bedver the first, his great grandfather, had built. There he was, with great solemnity, laid close by the wall, in a burying-place on the south side of the city. But Cheudo was carried, grievously wounded to Camus, a town which he had himself built, where in a short time he died of his wounds, and was buried, as became a duke of Andegavia, in a convent of hermits, which was in a wood not far from the town. Also Holdin, duke of Ruteni, was carried to Flanders, and buried in his own city Terivana. The other consuls and noblemen were conveyed to the neighbouring abbeyes, according to Arthur's orders. Out of his great clemency, also, he ordered the country people to take care of the burial of the enemy, and to carry the body of Lucius to the senate, and tell them, that was the only tribute which Britain ought to pay them. After this he stayed in those parts till the next winter was over, and employed his time in reducing the cities of the Allobroges. But at the beginning of the following summer, as he was on his march towards Rome, and was beginning to pass the Alps, he had news brought him that his nephew Modred, to whose care he had entrusted Britain, had by tyrannical and treasonable practices set the crown upon his own head; and that queen Guanhumara, in violation of her first marriage, had wickedly married him.

## **BOOK XI.**

### **Chap. I.—Modred makes a great slaughter of Arthur's men, but is beaten, and flees to Winchester.**

Of the matter now to be treated of, most noble consul, Geoffrey of Monmouth shall be silent; but will, nevertheless, though in a mean style, briefly relate what he found in the British book above-mentioned, and heard from that most learned historian, Walter, archdeacon of Oxford, concerning the wars which this renowned

king, upon his return to Britain after this victory, waged against his nephew. As soon, therefore, as the report, of this flagrant wickedness reached him, he immediately desisted from his enterprise against Leo, king of the Romans; and having sent away Hoel, duke of the Armoricians, with the army of Gaul, to restore peace in those parts, returned back with speed to Britain, attended only by the kings of the islands, and their armies. But the wicked traitor, Modred, had sent Cheldric, the Saxon leader, into Germany, there to raise all the forces he could find, and return with all speed: and in consideration of this service, had promised him all that part of the island, which reaches from the Humber to Scotland, and whatever Hengist and Horsa had possessed of Kent in the time of Vortigern. So that he, in obedience to his commands, had arrived with eight hundred ships filled with pagan soldiers, and had entered into covenant to obey the traitor as his sovereign; who had also drawn to his assistance the Scots, Picts, Irish, and all others whom he knew to be enemies to his uncle. His whole army, taking pagans and Christians together, amounted to eighty thousand men; with the help of whom he met Arthur just after his landing at the port of Rutupi, and joining battle with him, made a very great slaughter of his men. For the same day fell Augusel, king of Albania, and Walgan, the king's nephew, with innumerable others. Augusel was succeeded in his kingdom by Eventus, his brother Urian's son, who afterwards performed many famous exploits in those wars. After they had at last, with much difficulty, got ashore, they paid back the slaughter, and put Modred and his army to flight. For, by long practice in war, they had learned an excellent way of ordering their forces; which was so managed, that while their foot were employed either in an assault or upon the defensive, the horse would come in at full speed obliquely, break through the enemy's ranks, and so force them to flee. Nevertheless, this perjured usurper got his forces together again, and the night following entered Winchester. As soon as queen Guanhumara heard this, she immediately, despairing of success, fled from York to the City of Legions, where she resolved to lead a chaste life among the nuns in the church of Julius the Martyr, and entered herself one of their order.

### **Chap. II.—Modred, after being twice besieged and routed, is killed. Arthur, being wounded, gives up the kingdom to Constantine.**

But Arthur, whose anger was now much more inflamed, upon the loss of so many hundreds of his fellow soldiers, after he had buried his slain, went on the third day to the city, and there besieged the traitor, who, notwithstanding, was unwilling to desist from his enterprise, but used all methods to encourage his adherents, and marching out with his troops prepared to fight his uncle. In the battle that followed hereupon, great numbers lost their lives on both sides; but at last Modred's army suffered most, so that he was forced to quit the field shamefully. From hence he made a precipitate flight, and, without taking any care for the burial of his slain, marched in haste towards Cornwall. Arthur, being inwardly grieved that he should so often escape, forthwith pursued him into that country as far as the river Cambula, where the other was expecting his coming. And Modred, as he was the boldest of men, and always the quickest at making an attack, immediately placed his troops in order, resolving either to conquer or to die, rather than continue his flight any longer. He had yet remaining with him sixty thousand men, out of whom he composed three bodies, which contained each of them six thousand six hundred and sixty-six men: but all the rest he joined in one body; and having assigned to each of the other parties their leaders, he took the command of this upon himself. After he had made this disposition of his forces, he endeavoured to animate them, and promised them the estates of their enemies if they came off with victory. Arthur, on the other side, also marshalled his army, which he divided into nine square companies, with a right and left wing; and having appointed to each of them their commanders, exhorted them to make a total rout of those robbers and perjured villains, who, being brought over into the island from foreign countries at the instance of the arch-traitor, were attempting to rob them of all their

honours. He likewise told them that a mixed army composed of barbarous people of so many different countries, and who were all raw soldiers and inexperienced in war, would never be able to stand against such brave veteran troops as they were, provided they did their duty. After this encouragement given by each general to his fellow soldiers, the battle on a sudden began with great fury; wherein it would be both grievous and tedious to relate the slaughter, the cruel havoc, and the excess of fury that was to be seen on both sides. In this manner they spent a good part of the day, till Arthur at last made a push with his company, consisting of six thousand six hundred and sixty-six men, against that in which he knew Modred was; and having opened a way with their swords, they pierced quite through it, and made a grievous slaughter. For in this assault fell the wicked traitor himself, and many thousands with him. But notwithstanding the loss of him, the rest did not flee, but running together from all parts of the field maintained their ground with undaunted courage. The fight now grew more furious than ever, and proved fatal to almost all the commanders and their forces. For on Modred's side fell Cheldric, Elasius, Egbrict, and Bunignus, Saxons; Gillapatric, Gillamor, Gistafel, and Gillarius, Irish; also the Scots and Picts, with almost all their leaders: on Arthur's side, Olbrict, king of Norway; Aschillius, king of Dacia; Cador Limenic Cassibellaun, with many thousands of others, as well Britons as foreigners, that he had brought with him. And even the renowned king Arthur himself was mortally wounded; and being carried thence to the isle of Avallon to be cured of his wounds, he gave up the crown of Britain to his kinsman Constantine, the son of Cador, duke of Cornwall, in the five hundred and forty-second year of our Lord's incarnation.

### **Chap. III.—Constantine meets with disturbances from the Saxons and Modred's sons.**

Upon Constantine's advancement to the throne, the Saxons, with the two sons of Modred, made insurrection against him, though without success; for after many battles they fled, one to London, the other to Winchester, and possessed themselves of those places. Then died Saint Daniel, the pious prelate of the church of Bangor; and Theon, bishop of Gloucester, was elected archbishop of London. At the same time also died David, the pious archbishop of Legions, at the city of Menevia, in his own abbey; which he loved above all the other monasteries of his diocese, because Saint Patrick, who had prophetically foretold his birth, was the founder of it. For during his residence there among his friars, he was taken with a sudden illness, of which he died, and, at the command of Malgo, king of the Venedotians, was buried in that church. He was succeeded in the metropolitan see by Cynoc, bishop of the church of Llan-Patern, who was thus promoted to a higher dignity.

### **Chap. IV.—Constantine, having murdered the two sons of Modred, is himself killed by Conan.**

But Constantine pursued the Saxons, and reduced them under his yoke. He also took the two sons of Modred; and one of them, who had fled for sanctuary to the church of St. Amphibalus, in Winchester, he murdered before the altar. The other had hidden himself in a convent of friars at London, but at last was found out by him, brought before the altar, and there put to death. Three years after this, he himself, by the vengeance of God pursuing him, was killed by Conan, and buried close by Uther Pendragon within the structure of stones, which was set up with wonderful art not far from Salisbury, and called in the English tongue, Stonehenge.

### **Chap. V.—Aurelius Conan reigns after Constantine.**

After him succeeded Aurelius Conan, his nephew, a youth of wonderful valour; who, as he gained the monarchy of the whole island, would have been worthy the crown of it, had he not delighted in civil war. He raised disturbances against his uncle, who ought to have reigned after Constantine, and cast him into prison; and then killing his two sons, obtained the kingdom, but died in the second



year of his reign.

**Chap. VI.—Wortiporius, being declared king, conquers the Saxons.**

After Conan succeeded Wortiporius, against whom the Saxons made insurrection, and brought over their countrymen from Germany in a very great fleet. But he gave them battle and came off with victory, so that he obtained the monarchy of the whole kingdom, and governed the people carefully and peacefully four years.

**Chap. VII.—Malgo, king of Britain, and a most graceful person, addicts himself to sodomy.**

After him succeeded Malgo, one of the handsomest of men in Britain, a great scourge of tyrants, and a man of great strength, extraordinary munificence, and matchless valour, but addicted very much to the detestable vice of sodomy, by which he made himself abominable to God. He also possessed the whole island, to which, after a cruel war, he added the six provincial islands, viz. Ireland, Iceland, Gothland, the Orkneys, Norway, and Dacia.

**Chap. VIII.—Britain, in the flame of a civil war under king Careticus, is miserably wasted by the Saxons and Africans.**

After Malgo succeeded Careticus, a lover of civil war, and hateful to God and to the Britons. The Saxons, discovering his fickle disposition, went to Ireland for Gormund, king of the Africans, who had arrived there with a very great fleet, and had subdued that country. From thence, at their traitorous instigation, he sailed over into Britain, which the perfidious Saxons in one part, in another the Britons by their continual wars among themselves were wholly laying waste. Entering therefore into alliance with the Saxons, he made war upon king Careticus, and after several battles fought, drove him from city to city, till at length he forced him to Cirencester, and there besieged him. Here Isembard, the nephew of Lewis, king of the Franks, came and made a league of amity with him, and out of respect to him renounced the Christian faith, on condition that he would assist him to gain the kingdom of Gaul from his uncle, by whom, he said, he was forcibly and unjustly expelled out of it. At last, after taking and burning the city, he had another fight with Careticus, and made him flee beyond the Severn into Wales. He then made an utter devastation of the country, set fire to the adjacent cities, and continued these outrages until he had almost burned up the whole surface of the island from the one sea to the other; so that the tillage was everywhere destroyed, and a general destruction made of the husbandmen and clergy, with fire and sword. This terrible calamity caused the rest to flee whithersoever they had any hopes of safety.

**Chap. IX.—The author upbraids the Britons.**

"Why foolish nation! oppressed with the weight of your abominable wickedness, why did you, in your insatiable thirst after civil wars, so weaken yourself by domestic confusions, that whereas formerly you brought distant kingdoms under your yoke, now, like a good vineyard degenerated and turned to bitterness, you cannot defend your country, your wives, and children, against your enemies? Go on, go on in your civil dissensions, little understanding the saying in the Gospel, 'Every kingdom divided against itself shall be brought to desolation, and a house divided against itself shall fall.' Since then your kingdom was divided against itself; since the rage of civil discord, and the fumes of envy, have darkened your minds, since your pride would not suffer you to pay obedience to one king; you see, therefore, your country made desolate by impious pagans, and your houses falling one upon another; which shall be the cause of lasting sorrow to your posterity. For the barbarous lionesses shall see their whelps enjoying the towns, cities, and other possessions of your children; from which they shall be miserably expelled, and hardly if ever recover their former flourishing state."

**Chap. X.—Loegria is again inhabited by the Saxons. The Britons, with their bishops, retire into Cornwall and Wales.**

But to return to the history; when the inhuman tyrant, with many thousands of his Africans, had made a devastation almost over the whole island, he yielded up the greater part of it, called Loegria, to the Saxons, whose villainy had been the occasion of his arrival. Therefore the remainder of the Britons retired into the western parts of the kingdom, that is, Cornwall and Wales; from whence they continually made frequent and fierce irruptions upon the enemy. The three archbishops, viz. the archbishop of Legions, Theon of London, and Thadiocus of York, when they beheld all the churches in their jurisdiction lying level with the ground, fled with all the clergy that remained after so great a destruction, to the coverts of the woods in Wales, carrying with them the relics of the saints, for fear the sacred bones of so many holy men of old might be destroyed by the barbarians, if they should leave them in that imminent danger, and themselves instantly suffer martyrdom. Many more went over in a great fleet into Armorican Britain; so that the whole church of the two provinces, Loegria and Northumberland, had its convents destroyed. But these things I shall relate elsewhere, when I translate the book concerning their banishment.

**Chap. XI.—The Britons lose their kingdom.**

For a long time after this the Britons were dispossessed of the crown of the kingdom, and the monarchy of the island, and made no endeavours to recover their ancient dignity; but even that part of the country which yet remained to them, being subject not to one king, but three tyrants, was often wasted by civil wars. But neither did the Saxons yet obtain the crown, but were also subject to three kings, who harassed sometimes one another, sometimes the Britons.

**Chap. XII.—Augustine, being sent by pope Gregory into Britain, preaches the gospel to the Angles.**

In the meantime Augustine was sent by pope Saint Gregory into Britain, to preach the word of God to the Angles, who, being blinded with pagan superstition, had entirely extinguished Christianity in that part of the island which they possessed. But among the Britons, the Christian faith still flourished, and never failed among them from the time of pope Eleutherius, when it was first planted here. But when Augustine came, he found in their province seven bishoprics and an archbishopric, all filled with most devout prelates, and a great number of abbeyes; by which the flock of Christ was still kept in good order. Among the rest, there was in the city of Bangor a most noble church, in which it is reported there was so great a number of monks, that when the monastery was divided into seven parts, having each their priors over them, not one of them had less than three hundred monks, who all lived by the labour of their own hands. The name of their abbat was Dinooth, a man admirably skilled in the liberal arts; who, when Augustine required the subjection of the British bishops, and would have persuaded them to undertake the work of the gospel with him among the Angles, answered him with several arguments, that they owed no subjection to him, neither would they preach to their enemies; since they had their own archbishop, and because the Saxon nation persisted in depriving them of their country. For this reason they esteemed them their mortal enemies, reckoned their faith and religion as nothing, and would no more communicate with the Angles than with dogs.

**Chap. XIII.—Ethelfrid kills a great number of the British monks, but is at last routed by the Britons.**

Therefore Ethelbert, king of Kent, when he saw that the Britons disdained subjection to Augustine, and despised his preaching, was highly provoked, and stirred up Ethelfrid, king of the Northumbrians, and the other petty kings of the Saxons, to raise a great army, and march to the city of Bangor, to destroy the abbat

Dinoth, and the rest of the clergy who held them in contempt. At his instigation, therefore, they assembled a prodigious army, and in their march to the province of the Britons, came to Legecester, where Brocmail, consul of the city, was awaiting their coming. To the same city were come innumerable monks and hermits from several provinces of the Britons, but especially from the city of Bangor, to pray for the safety of their people. Whereupon Ethelfrid, king of the Northumbrians, collecting all his forces, joined battle with Brocmail, who, having a less army to withstand him, at last quitted the city and fled, though not without having made a great slaughter of the enemy. But Ethelfrid, when he had taken the city, and understood upon what occasion the monks were come thither, commanded his men to turn their arms first against them; and so two hundred of them were honoured with the crown of martyrdom, and admitted into the kingdom of heaven that same day. From thence this Saxon tyrant proceeded on his march to Bangor; but upon the news of his outrageous madness, the leaders of the Britons, viz. Blederic, duke of Cornwall, Margadud, king of the Demetians, and Cadwan, of the Venedotians, came from all parts to meet him, and joining battle with him, wounded him, and forced him to flee; and killed of his army to the number of ten thousand and sixty-six men. On the Britons' side fell Blederic, duke of Cornwall, who was their commander in those wars.

## BOOK XII.

### Chap. I.—Cadwan acquires by treaty all Britain on this side of the Humber, and Ethelfrid the rest.

After this all the princes of the Britons met together at the city of Legecester, and consented to make Cadwan their king, that under his command they might pursue Ethelfrid beyond the Humber. Accordingly, as soon as he was crowned, they flocked together from all parts, and passed the Humber; of which when Ethelfrid received intelligence, he entered into a confederacy with all the Saxon kings, and went to meet Cadwan. At last, as they were forming their troops for a battle, their friends came, and made peace between them on these terms: that Cadwan should enjoy that part of Britain which lies on this side of the Humber, and Ethelfrid that which is beyond it. As soon as they had confirmed this agreement with an oath made to their hostages, there commenced such a friendship between them, that they had all things common. In the meantime it happened, that Ethelfrid banished his own wife and married another, and bore so great a hatred to her that was banished, that he would not suffer her to live in the kingdom of Northumberland. Whereupon she, being with child, went to king Cadwan, that by his mediation she might be restored to her husband. But when Ethelfrid could by no means be brought to consent to it, she continued to live with Cadwan, till she was delivered of the son which she had conceived. A short time after her delivery, Cadwan also had a son born to him by the queen, his wife. Then were the two boys brought up together in a manner suitable to their royal birth, one of which was called Cadwalla, the other Edwin. When they were nearly arrived at men's estate, their parents sent them to Salomon, king of the Armorican Britons, that in his court they might learn the discipline of war, and other princely qualifications. This prince, therefore, received them graciously, and admitted them to an intimacy with him; so that there was none of their age in the whole court, that had a free access, or more familiarly discoursed with the king than they. At last he himself was an eye-witness of their exploits against the enemy, in which they very much signalized their valour.

### Chap. II.—Cadwalla breaks the covenant he had made with Edwin.

In process of time, when their parents were dead, they returned to Britain, where they took upon them the government of the kingdom, and began to form the same friendship as their fathers. Two years after this, Edwin asked leave of Cadwalla to wear a crown, and to celebrate the same solemnities, as had been used of old in Northumberland. And when they had begun a treaty upon this subject by the river Douglas, that the matter might be adjusted ac-

cording to the advice of their wise counsellors, it happened that Cadwalla was lying on the other side of the river in the lap of a certain nephew of his, whose name was Brian. While ambassadors were negotiating between them, Brian wept, and shed tears so plentifully, that the king's face and beard were wet with them. The king, imagining that it rained, lifted up his face, and seeing the young man in tears, asked him the occasion of such sudden grief. "Good reason," said he, "have I to weep continually, as well as the whole British nation, which has groaned under the oppression of barbarians ever since the time of Malgo, and has not yet got a prince, to restore it to its ancient flourishing state. And even the little honour that it had left, is lessened by your indulgence; since the Saxons, who are only strangers, and always traitors to our country, must now be permitted to wear the same crown as you do. For when once they shall attain to regal dignity, it will be a great addition to their glory in the country from whence they came; and they will the sooner invite over their countrymen, for the utter extirpation of our race. For they have been always accustomed to treachery, and never to keep faith with any; which I think should be a reason for our keeping them under, and not for exalting them. When king Vortigern first retained them in his service, they made a show of living peaceably, and fighting for our country, till they had an opportunity of practising their wickedness; and then they returned evil for good, betrayed him, and made a cruel massacre of the people of the kingdom. Afterwards they betrayed Aurelius Ambrosius, to whom, even after the most tremendous oaths of fidelity, at a banquet with him they gave a draught of poison. They also betrayed Arthur, when, setting aside the covenant by which they were bound, they joined with his nephew Modred, and fought against him. Lastly, they broke faith with king Careticus, and brought upon him Gormund, king of the Africans, by whose disturbances our people were robbed of their country, and the king disgracefully driven out."

### Chap. III.—A quarrel between Cadwalla and Edwin.

At the mention of these things, Cadwalla repented of entering into this treaty, and sent word to Edwin that he could by no means induce his counsellors to consent to his petition. For they alleged that it was contrary to law and the ancient establishment, that an island, which has always had no more than one crown, should be now under subjection to two crowned heads. This message incensed Edwin, and made him break off the conference, and retire into Northumberland, saying, he would be crowned without Cadwalla's leave. When Cadwalla was told this, he declared to him by his ambassadors that he would cut off his crowned head, if he presumed to wear a crown within the kingdom of Britain.

### Chap. IV.—Cadwalla is vanquished by Edwin, and driven out of the kingdom.

This proved the occasion of a war between them, in which, after several engagements between their men, they at last met together themselves beyond the Humber, and had a battle, wherein Cadwalla lost many thousands of his followers, and was put to flight. From hence he marched with precipitation through Albania, and went over to Ireland. But Edwin, after this victory, led his army through the provinces of the Britons, and burning the cities before him, grievously afflicted the citizens and country people. During this exercise of his cruelty, Cadwalla never ceased endeavouring to return back to his country in a fleet, but without success; because to whatever port he steered, Edwin met him with his forces, and hindered his landing. For there was come to him from Spain a very skilful soothsayer, named Pellitus, who, by the flight of birds and the courses of the stars, foretold all the disasters that would happen. By these means Edwin, getting knowledge of Cadwalla's return, prepared to meet him, and shattered his ships so that he drowned his men, and beat him off from all his ports. Cadwalla, not knowing what course to take, was almost in despair of ever returning. At last it came into his head to go to Salomon, king of the Armorican Britons, and desire his assistance and advice, to enable him to return to his kingdom. And so, as he was steering towards Armorica, a strong tempest rose on a sudden, which dis-

persed the ships of his companions, and in a short time left no two of them together. The pilot of the king's ship was seized immediately with so great a fear, that quitting the stern, he left the vessel to the disposal of fortune; so that all that night it was tossed up and down in great danger by the raging waves. The next morning they arrived at a certain island called Garnareia, where with great difficulty they got ashore. Cadwalla was forthwith seized with such grief for the loss of his companions, that for three days and nights together he refused to eat, but lay sick upon his bed. The fourth day he was taken with a very great longing for some venison, and causing Brian to be called, made him acquainted with it. Whereupon Brian took his bow and quiver, and went through the island, that if he could light on any wild beast, he might make booty of it. And when he had walked over the whole island without finding what he was in quest of, he was extremely concerned that he could not gratify his master's desire; and was afraid his sickness would prove mortal if his longing were not satisfied. He, therefore, fell upon a new device, and cut a piece of flesh out of his own thigh, which he roasted upon a spit, and carried to the king for venison. The king, thinking it to be real venison, began to eat of it to his great refreshment, admiring the sweetness of it, which he fancied exceeded any flesh he ever had tasted before. At last, when he had fully satisfied his appetite, he became more cheerful, and in three days was perfectly well again. Then the wind standing fair, he got ready his ship, and hoisting sails they pursued their voyage, and arrived at the city Kidaleta. From thence they went to king Salomon, by whom they were received kindly and with all suitable respect; and as soon as he had learned the occasion of their coming, he made them a promise of assistance, and spoke to them as follows.

#### **Chap. V.—The speech of Salomon, king of Armorica, to Cadwalla.**

"It is a grief to us, noble youths, that the country of your ancestors is oppressed by a barbarous nation, and that you are ignominiously driven out of it. But since other men are able to defend their kingdoms, it is a wonder your people should lose so fruitful an island, and not be able to withstand the nation of the Angles, whom our countrymen hold in contempt. While the people of this country lived together with yours in Britain, they bore sway over all the provincial kingdoms, and never could be subdued by any nation but the Romans. Neither did the Romans do this by their own power, as I have been lately informed, but by a dissension among the nobility of the island. And even the Romans, though they held it under their subjection for a time, yet upon the loss and slaughter of their rulers, were driven out with disgrace. But after the Britons came into this province under the conduct of Maximian and Conan, those that remained never had the happiness afterwards of holding an uninterrupted possession of the crown. For though many of their princes maintained the ancient dignity of their ancestors, yet their weak heirs that succeeded, though more in number, entirely lost it, upon the invasion of their enemies. Therefore I am grieved for the weakness of your people, since we are of the same race with you, and the name of Britons is common to you, and to the nation that bravely defends their country, which you see at war with all its neighbours."

#### **Chap. VI.—Cadwalla's answer to Salomon.**

When he had concluded his speech, Cadwalla, who was a little put to the blush, answered him after this manner: "Royal sir, whose descent is from a race of kings, I give you many thanks for your promise of assisting me to recover my kingdom. But what you say is a wonder, that my people have not maintained the dignity of their ancestors, since the time that the Britons came to these provinces, I am far from thinking to be such. For the noblest men of the whole kingdom followed those leaders, and there remained only the baser sort to enjoy their honours; who being raised to a high quality, on a sudden were puffed up above their station; and growing wanton with riches gave themselves up to commit such fornication as is not so much as named among the Gentiles; and (as Gildas the historian testifies) were not only guilty of this vice, but of all the enormities that are incident to human nature.

And what chiefly prevailed, to the entire overthrow of all goodness, was the hatred of truth with its assertors, the love of a lie with the inventors of it, the embracing of evil for good, the veneration of wickedness for grace, the receiving of Satan for an angel of light. Kings were anointed, not for the sake of God, but such as were more cruel than the rest; and were soon after murdered by their anointers, without examination, having chosen others yet more cruel in their room. But if any of them showed any mildness, or seemed a favourer of truth, against him, as the subverter of Britain, were all their malice and their weapons bent. In short, things pleasing to God or displeasing, with them had the same weight, even if the worse were not the weightier. Therefore were all affairs managed contrary to public safety, as if the true physician of all had left them destitute of cure. And thus was every thing done without discretion, and that not only by secular men, but by the Lord's flock and its pastors. Therefore it is not to be wondered, that such a degenerate race, so odious to God for their vices, lost a country which they had so heinously corrupted. For God was willing to execute his vengeance upon them, by suffering a foreign people to come upon them, and drive them out of their possessions. Notwithstanding it would be a worthy act, if God would permit it, to restore our subjects to their ancient dignity, to prevent the reproach that may be thrown upon our race, that we were weak rulers, who did not exert ourselves in our own defence. And I do the more freely ask your assistance, as you are of the same blood with us. For the great Malgo, who was the fourth king of Britain after Arthur, had two sons, named Enniaunus and Runo. Enniaunus begot Belin; Belin, Jago; Jago, Cadwan, who was my father. Runo, who, after his brother's death, was driven out by the Saxons, came to this province and bestowed his daughter on duke Hoel, the son of that great Hoel who shared with Arthur in his conquests. Of her was born Alan; of Alan, Hoel your father, who while he lived was a terror to all Gaul."

#### **Chap. VII.—Brian kills Edwin's magician.**

In the meantime, while he was spending the winter with Salomon, they entered into a resolution, that Brian should pass over into Britain, and take some method to kill Edwin's magician, lest he might by his usual art inform him of Cadwalla's coming. And when with this design he had arrived at Hamo's Port, he took upon him the habit of a poor man, and made himself a staff of iron sharp at the end, with which he might kill the magician if he should happen to meet with him. From thence he went to York, where Edwin then resided; and having entered that city joined himself to the poor people that waited for alms before the king's gate. But as he was going to and fro, it happened that his sister came out of the hall, with a basin in her hand, to fetch water for the queen. She had been taken by Edwin at the city of Worcester, when after Cadwalla's flight he was acting his hostilities upon the provinces of the Britons. As she was therefore passing by Brian, he immediately knew her, and, breaking forth into tears, called to her with a low voice; at which the damsel turning her face, was in doubt at first who it could be, but upon a nearer approach discovered it to be her brother, and was near falling into a swoon, for fear that he might by some unlucky accident be known and taken by the enemy. She therefore refrained from saluting him, or entering into familiar discourse with him, but told him, as if she was talking upon some other subject, the state of the court, and showed him the magician, that he was inquiring for, who was at that very time walking among the poor people, while the alms were being distributed among them. Brian, as soon as he had taken knowledge of the man, ordered his sister to steal out privately from her apartment the night following, and come to him near an old church without the city, where he would conceal himself in expectation of her. Then dismissing her, he thrust himself in among the crowd of poor people, in that part where Pelitus was placing them. And the same moment he got access to him, he lifted up his staff, and at once gave him a stab under the breast which killed him. This done, he threw away his staff, and passed among the rest undistinguished and unsuspected by any of the bystanders, and by good providence got to the place of concealment which he had appointed. His sister, when night came on, endeav-

oured all she could to get out, but was not able; because Edwin, being terrified at the killing of Pellitus, had set a strict watch about the court, who, making a narrow search, refused to let her go out. When Brian found this, he retired from that place, and went to Exeter, where he called together the Britons, and told them what he had done. Afterwards having despatched away messengers to Cadwalla, he fortified that city, and sent word to all the British nobility, that they should bravely defend their cities and towns, and joyfully expect Cadwalla's coming to their relief in a short time with auxiliary forces from Salomon. Upon the spreading of this news over the whole island, Penda, king of the Mercians, with a very great army of Saxons, came to Exeter, and besieged Brian.

### **Chap. VIII.—Cadwalla takes Penda, and routs his army.**

In the meantime Cadwalla arrived with ten thousand men, whom king Salomon had delivered to him; and with them he marched straight to the siege against king Penda. But, as he was going, he divided his forces into four parts, and then made no delay to advance and join battle with the enemy, wherein Penda was forthwith taken, and his army routed. For, finding no other way for his own safety, he surrendered himself to Cadwalla, and gave hostages, with a promise that he would assist him against the Saxons. Cadwalla, after this success against him, summoned together his nobility, that had been a long time in a decaying state, and marched to Northumberland against Edwin, and made continual devastations in that country. When Edwin was informed of it, he assembled all the petty kings of the Angles, and meeting the Britons in a field called Heathfield, presently gave them battle, but was killed, and almost all the people with him, together with Osfrid, his son, and Godbold, king of the Orkneys, who had come to their assistance.

### **Chap. IX.—Cadwalla kills Osric and Aidan in fight.**

Having thus obtained the victory, Cadwalla marched through the provinces of the Angles, and committed such outrages upon the Saxons, that he neither spared age nor sex; for his resolution being to extirpate the whole race out of Britain, all that he found he put to extreme tortures. After this he had a battle with Osric, Edwin's successor, and killed him together with his two nephews, who ought to have reigned after him. He also killed Aidan, king of the Scots, who came to their assistance.

### **Chap. X.—Oswald routs Penda in fight, but is killed by Cadwalla coming in upon him.**

Their deaths made room for Oswald to succeed to the kingdom of Northumberland; but Cadwalla drove him, with the rest that had given him disturbance, to the very wall which the emperor Severus had formerly built between Britain and Scotland. Afterwards he sent Penda, king of the Mercians, and the greatest part of his army, to the same place, to give him battle. But Oswald, as he was besieged one night by Penda, in the place called Heavenfield, that is, the Heavenly Field, set up there our Lord's cross, and commanded his men to speak with a very loud voice these words: "Let us all kneel down, and pray the Almighty, living and true God, to defend us from the proud army of the king of Britain, and his wicked leader Penda. For he knows how justly we wage this war for the safety of our people." They all therefore did as he commanded them, and advanced at break of day against the enemy, and by their faith gained the victory. Cadwalla, upon hearing this news, being inflamed with rage, assembled his army, and went in pursuit of the holy king Oswald; and in a battle which he had with him at a place called Burne, Penda broke in upon him and killed him.

### **Chap. XI.—Oswy submits to Cadwalla. Penda desires leave of Cadwalla to make war against him.**

Oswald, with many thousands of his men, being killed, his brother Oswy succeeded him in the kingdom of Northumberland, and by

making large presents of gold and silver to Cadwalla, who was now possessed of the government of all Britain, made his peace and submission to him. Upon this Alfrid, his brother, and Ethelwald, his brother's son, began an insurrection; but, not being able to hold out against him, they fled to Penda, king of the Mercians, desiring him to assemble his army and pass the Humber with them, that he might deprive Oswy of his kingdom. But Penda, fearing to break the peace, which Cadwalla had settled through the kingdom of Britain, deferred beginning any disturbance without his leave, till he could some way work him up, either to make war himself upon Oswy, or allow him the liberty of doing it. At a certain Pentecost therefore, when Cadwalla was celebrating that festival at London, and for the greater solemnity wore the crown of Britain, all the kings of the Angles, excepting only Oswy, being present, as also all the dukes of the Britons; Penda went to the king, and inquired of him the reason, why Oswy alone was wanting, when all the princes of the Saxons were present. Cadwalla answered, that his sickness was the cause of it; to which the other replied, that he had sent over to Germany for more Saxons, to revenge the death of his brother Oswald upon them both. He told him further, that he had broken the peace of the kingdom, as being the sole author of the war and dissension among them; since Ethelfrid, king of Northumberland, and Ethelwald, his brother's son, had been by him harassed with a war, and driven out of their own country. He also desired leave, either to kill him, or banish him the kingdom.

### **Chap. XII.—Cadwalla is advised to suffer Penda to make an insurrection against Oswy.**

This matter caused the king to enter upon much deliberation, and hold a private consultation with his intimate friends, what course to take. Among the rest that offered their proposals, Margadud, king of the Dimetians, spoke as follows:—"Royal sir, since you have proposed to expel the race of the Angles from the coasts of Britain, why do you alter your resolution, and suffer them to continue in peace among us? At least you should permit them to fall out among themselves, and let our country owe its deliverance to their own civil broils. No faith is to be kept with one that is treacherous, and is continually laying snares for him to whom he owes fidelity. Such have the Saxons always been to our nation, from the very first time of their coming among us. What faith ought we to keep with them? Let Penda immediately have leave to go against Oswy, that by this civil dissension and destruction of one another, our island may get rid of them."

### **Chap. XIII.—Penda is killed by Oswy. Cadwalla dies.**

By these and other words to the same effect, Cadwalla was prevailed upon to grant the permission desired. And Penda, having assembled a vast army, went to the Humber, and laying waste that country, began a fierce war upon the king. Oswy was at last reduced to such extremity, that he was forced to promise him innumerable royal ornaments, and other presents more than one would believe, if he would desist from ruining his country, and return home without committing any more hostilities. But when the other could by no entreaties be prevailed upon to do it, the king, in hopes of divine assistance, though he had a less army, however, gave him battle near the River Winwid, and having killed Penda and thirty other commanders, gained the victory. Penda's son Wulfred, by a grant from Cadwalla, succeeded to the kingdom, and joining with Eafa and Eadbert, two leaders of the Mercians, rebelled against Oswy; but at last, by Cadwalla's command, made peace with him. At length, after forty-eight years were expired, that most noble and potent king of the Britons, Cadwalla, being grown infirm with age and sickness, departed this life upon the fifteenth before the kalends of December. The Britons embalmed his body, and placed it with wonderful art in a brazen statue, which was cast according to the measure of his stature. This statue they set up with complete armour, on an admirable and beautiful brazen horse, over the western gate of London, for a monument of the above-mentioned victory, and for a terror to the

Saxons. They also built under it a church in honour of St. Martin, in which divine ceremonies are celebrated for him and the others who departed in the faith.

#### **Chap. XIV.—Cadwallader succeeds Cadwalla.**

He was succeeded in the kingdom by Cadwallader, his son, whom Bede calls the youth Elidwalda. At first he maintained the government with peace and honour; but after twelve years' enjoyment of the crown, he fell into a fit of sickness, and a civil war broke out among the Britons. His mother was Penda's sister, by the same father but a different mother, descended from the noble race of the Gewisseans. For Cadwalla, after his reconciliation with her brother, made her the partner of his bed, and had Cadwallader by her.

#### **Chap. XV.—The Britons are compelled, by pestilence and famine, to leave Britain. Cadwallader's lamentation.**

During his sickness, the Britons, (as we said before,) quarrelling among themselves, made a wicked destruction of a rich country; and this again was attended with another misfortune. For this besotted people was punished with a grievous and memorable famine; so that every province was destitute of all sustenance, except what could be taken in hunting. After the famine followed a terrible pestilence, which in a short time destroyed such multitudes of people, that the living were not sufficient to bury the dead. Those of them that remained, flying their country in whole troops together, went to the countries beyond the sea, and while they were under sail, they with a mournful howling voice sang, "Thou hast given us, O God, like sheep appointed for meat, and hast scattered us among the heathen." Also Cadwallader himself, in his voyage, with his miserable fleet to Armorica, made this addition to the lamentation, "Woe to us sinners, for our grievous impieties, wherewith we have not ceased to provoke God, while we had space for repentance. Therefore the revenge of his power lies heavy upon us, and drives us out of our native soil, which neither the Romans of old, nor the Scots or Picts afterwards, nor yet the treacherous Saxons with all their craft, were able to do. But in vain have we recovered our country so often from them; since it was not the will of God that we should perpetually hold the government of it. He who is the true Judge, when he saw we were by no means to be reclaimed from our wickedness, and that no human power could expel our race, was willing to chastise our folly himself; and has turned his anger against us, by which we are driven out in crowds from our native country. Return, therefore, ye Romans; return, Scots and Picts; return, Ambrons and Saxons: behold, Britain lies open to you, being by the wrath of God made desolate, which you were never able to do. It is not your valour that expels us; but the power of the supreme King, whom we have never ceased to provoke."

#### **Chap. XVI.—Cadwallader with his people goes to Alan. The Saxons seize all Britain.**

With these dolorous complaints he arrived at the Armorican coast, and went with his whole company to king Alan, the nephew of Salomon by whom he was honourably received. So that Britain, being now destitute of its ancient inhabitants, excepting a few in Wales that escaped the general mortality, became a frightful place even to the Britons themselves for eleven years after. Neither was it at the same time more favourable to the Saxons, who died in it without intermission. Notwithstanding the remainder of them, after this raging plague was ceased, according to their old custom sent word over to their countrymen, that the island of Britain was now freed of its native inhabitants, and lay open to them, if they would come over and inhabit it. As soon as they had received this information, that odious people, gathering together an innumerable multitude of men and women, arrived in Northumberland, and inhabited the provinces that lay desolate from Albania to Cornwall. For there was now nobody to hinder them, excepting the poor remains of the Britons, who continued together in

the thickets of the woods in Wales. From that time the power of the Britons ceased in the island, and the Angles began their reign.

#### **Chap. XVII.—Cadwallader is by the voice of an angel deterred from returning to Britain.**

After some time, when the people had recovered strength, Cadwallader, being mindful of his kingdom, which was now free from the contagion of the pestilence, desired assistance of Alan towards the recovery of his dominions. The king granted his request; but as he was getting ready a fleet, he was commanded by the loud voice of an angel to desist from his enterprise. For God was not willing that the Britons should reign any longer in the island, before the time came of which Merlin prophetically foretold Arthur. It also commanded him to go to Rome to pope Sergius, where, after doing penance, he should be enrolled among the saints. It told him withal, that the Britons, by the merit of their faith, should again recover the island, when the time decreed for it was come. But this would not be accomplished before they should be possessed of his reliques, and transport them from Rome into Britain. At the same time also the reliques of the other saints should be found, which had been hidden on account of the invasion of pagans; and then at last would they recover their lost kingdom. When the holy prince had received the heavenly message, he went straight to king Alan, and gave him an account of what had been told him.

#### **Chap. XVIII.—Cadwallader goes to Rome and dies.**

Then Alan had recourse to several books, as the prophecies of the eagle that prophesied at Shaftesbury, and the verses of Sibyl and Merlin; and made diligent search in them, to see whether the revelation made to Cadwallader agreed with those written oracles. And when he could find nothing contradictory to it, he admonished Cadwallader to submit to the divine dispensation, and laying aside the thoughts of Britain, perform what the angelical voice had commanded him. But he urged him to send his son Ivor and his nephew Ini over into the island, to govern the remainder of the Britons; lest a nation, descended of so ancient a race, should lose their liberty by the incursions of barbarians. Then Cadwallader, renouncing worldly cares for the sake of God and his everlasting kingdom, went to Rome, and was confirmed by pope Sergius: and being seized with a sudden illness, was, upon the twelfth before the kalends of May, in the six hundred and eighty-ninth year of our Lord's incarnation freed from the corruption of the flesh, and admitted into the glories of the heavenly kingdom.

#### **Chap. XIX.—The two Britons, Ivor and Ini, in vain attack the nation of the Angles. Athelstan the first king of the Angles.**

As soon as Ivor and Ini had got together their ships, they with all the forces they could raise, arrived in the island, and for forty-nine years together fiercely attacked the nation of the Angles, but to little purpose. For the above-mentioned mortality and famine, together with the inveterate spirit of faction that was among them, had made this proud people so much degenerate, that they were not able to gain any advantage of the enemy. And being now also overrun with barbarism, they were no longer called Britons, but Gualenses, Welshmen; a word derived either from Gualo their leader, or Guales their queen, or from their barbarism. But the Saxons managed affairs with more prudence, maintained peace and concord among themselves, tilled their grounds, rebuilt their cities and towns, and so throwing off the dominion of the Britons, bore sway over all Loegria, under their leader Athelstan, who first wore a crown amongst them. But the Welshmen, being very much degenerated from the nobility of the Britons, never after recovered the monarchy of the island; on the contrary, by quarrels among themselves, and wars with the Saxons, their country was a perpetual scene of misery and slaughter.

**Chap. XX.—Geoffrey of Monmouth's conclusion.**

But as for the kings that have succeeded among them in Wales, since that time, I leave the history of them to Caradoc of Lancarvan, my contemporary; as I do also the kings of the Saxons to William of Malmesbury, and Henry of Huntingdon. But I advise them to be silent concerning the kings of the Britons, since they have not that book written in the British tongue, which Walter, archdeacon of Oxford, brought out of Brittany, and which being a true history, published in honour of those princes, I have thus taken care to translate.

# Táin Bó Cúalnge

*Here beginneth Táin Bó Cúalnge The Cualnge Cattle-raid*

## I. THE PILLOW-TALK

Once of a time, that Ailill and Medb had spread their royal bed in Cruachan, the stronghold of Connacht, such was the pillow-talk that befell betwixt them:

Quoth Ailill: "True is the saying, lady, 'She is a well-off woman that is a rich man's wife.'" "Aye, that she is," answered the wife; "but wherefore opin'st thou so?" "For this," Ailill replied, "that thou art this day better off than the day that first I took thee." Then answered Medb: "As well-off was I before I ever saw thee." "It was a wealth, forsooth, we never heard nor knew of," Ailill said; "but a woman's wealth was all thou hadst, and foes from lands next thine were used to carry off the spoil and booty that they took from thee." "Not so was I," quoth Medb; "the High King of Erin himself was my sire, Eochu Fedlech ('the Enduring') son of Finn, by name, who was son of Findoman, son of Finden, son of Findguin, son of Rogen Ruad ('the Red'), son of Rigen, son of Blathacht, son of Beothacht, son of Enna Agnech, son of Oengus Turbech. Of daughters, had he six: Derbriu, Ethne and Ele, Clothru, Mugain and Medb, myself, that was the noblest and seemliest of them. 'Twas I was the goodliest of them in bounty and gift-giving, in riches and treasures. 'Twas I was best of them in battle and strife and combat. 'Twas I that had fifteen hundred royal mercenaries of the sons of aliens exiled from their own land, and as many more of the sons of freemen of the land. And there were ten men with every one of these hirelings, and nine men with every hireling, and eight men with every hireling, and seven men with every hireling, and six men with every hireling, and five men with every hireling, and four men with every hireling, and three men with every hireling, and two men with every hireling, and one hireling with every hireling. These were as a standing household-guard," continued Medb; "hence hath my father bestowed one of the five provinces of Erin upon me, even the province of Cruachan; wherefore 'Medb of Cruachan' am I called. Men came from Finn son of Ross Ruad ('the Red'), king of Leinster, to seal me for a wife, and I refused him; and from Carbre Niafer ('the Champion') son of Ross Ruad ('the Red'), king of Temair, to woo me, and I refused him; and they came from Conchobar son of Fachtna Fathach ('the Mighty'), king of Ulster, and I refused him in like wise. They came from Eochu Bec ('the Small'), and I went not; for 'tis I that exacted a singular bride-gift, such as no woman before me had ever required of a man of the men of Erin, namely, a husband without avarice, without jealousy, without fear. For should he be mean, the man with whom I should live, we were ill-matched together, inasmuch as I am great in largess and gift-giving, and it would be a disgrace for my husband if I should be better at spending than he, and for it to be said that I was superior in wealth and treasures to him, while no disgrace would it be were one as great as the other. Were my husband a coward, 'twere as unfit for us to be mated, for I by myself and alone break battles and fights and combats, and 'twould be a reproach for my husband should his wife be more full of life than himself, and no reproach our being equally bold. Should he be jealous, the husband with whom I should live, that too would not suit me, for there never was a time that I had not my paramour. Howbeit, such a husband have I found, namely in thee thyself, Ailill son of Ross Ruad ('the Red') of Leinster. Thou wast not churlish; thou wast not jealous; thou wast

not a sluggard. It was I plighted thee, and gave purchase-price to thee, which of right belongs to the bride—of clothing, namely, the raiment of twelve men, a chariot worth thrice seven bondmaids, the breadth of thy face of red gold, the weight of thy left forearm of silvered bronze. Whoso brings shame and sorrow and madness upon thee, no claim for compensation nor satisfaction hast thou therefor that I myself have not, but it is to me the compensation belongs," said Medb, "for a man dependent upon a woman's maintenance is what thou art."

"Nay, not such was my state," said Ailill; "but two brothers had I; one of them over Temair, the other over Leinster; namely, Finn, over Leinster, and Carbre, over Temair. I left the kingship to them because they were older but not superior to me in largess and bounty. Nor heard I of province in Erin under woman's keeping but this province alone. And for this I came and assumed the kingship here as my mother's successor; for Mata of Muresc, daughter of Magach of Connacht, was my mother. And who could there be for me to have as my queen better than thyself, being, as thou wert, daughter of the High King of Erin?" "Yet so it is," pursued Medb, "my fortune is greater than thine." "I marvel at that," Ailill made answer, "for there is none that hath greater treasures and riches and wealth than I: yea, to my knowledge there is not."

## II. THE OCCASION OF THE TÁIN

Then were brought to them the least precious of their possessions, that they might know which of them had the more treasures, riches and wealth. Their pails and their cauldrons and their iron-wrought vessels, their jugs and their keeves and their eared pitchers were fetched to them.

Likewise, their rings and their bracelets and their thumb-rings and their golden treasures were fetched to them, and their apparel, both purple and blue and black and green, yellow, vari-coloured and gray, dun, mottled and brindled.

Their numerous flocks of sheep were led in from fields and meeds and plains. These were counted and compared, and found to be equal, of like size, of like number; however, there was an uncommonly fine ram over Medb's sheep, and he was equal in worth to a bondmaid, but a corresponding ram was over the ewes of Ailill.

Their horses and steeds and studs were brought from pastures and paddocks. There was a noteworthy horse in Medb's herd and he was of the value of a bondmaid; a horse to match was found among Ailill's.

Then were their numerous droves of swine driven from woods and shelving glens and wolds. These were numbered and counted and claimed. There was a noteworthy boar With Medb, and yet another with Ailill.

Next they brought before them their droves of cattle and their herds and their roaming flocks from the brakes and wastes of the province.

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These were counted and numbered and claimed, and were the same for both, equal in size, equal in number, except only there was an especial bull of the bawn of Ailill, and he was a calf of one of Medb's cows, and Finnbennach ('the Whitehorned') was

his name. But he, deeming it no honour to be in a woman's possession, had left and gone over to the kine of the king. And it was the same to Medb as if she owned not a pennyworth, forasmuch as she had not a bull of his size amongst her cattle.

Then it was that macRoth the messenger was summoned to Medb, and Medb strictly bade macRoth to learn where there might be found a bull of that likeness in any of the provinces of Erin. "Verily," said macRoth, "I know where the bull is that is best and better again, in the province of Ulster, in the hundred of Cualnge, in the house of Darè son of Fiachna; even Donn Cualnge ('the Brown Bull of Cualnge') he is called."

"Go thou to him, macRoth, and ask for me of Darè the loan for a year of the Brown Bull of Cualnge, and at the year's end he shall have the meed of the loan, to wit, fifty heifers and the Donn Cualnge himself. And bear thou a further boon with thee, macRoth. Should the border-folk and those of the country grudge the loan of that rare jewel that is the Brown Bull of Cualnge, let Darè himself come with his bull, and he shall get a measure equalling his own land of the smooth Plain of Ai and a chariot of the worth of thrice seven bondmaids and he shall enjoy my own close friendship."

Thereupon the messengers fared forth to the house of Darè son of Fiachna. This was the number wherewith macRoth went, namely, nine couriers. Anon welcome was lavished on macRoth in Darè's house—fitting, welcome it was—chief messenger of all was macRoth. Darè asked of macRoth what had brought him upon the journey and why he was come. The messenger announced the cause for which he was come and related the contention between Medb and Ailill.

"And it is to beg the loan of the Brown Bull of Cualnge to match the Whitehorned that I am come," said he; "and thou shalt receive the hire of his loan, even fifty heifers and the Brown of Cualnge himself. And yet more I may add: Come thyself with thy bull and thou shalt have of the land of the smooth soil of Mag Ai as much as thou ownest here, and a chariot of the worth of thrice seven bondmaids and enjoy Medb's friendship to boot."

At these words Darè was well pleased, and he leaped for joy so that the seams of his flock-bed rent in twain beneath him.

"By the truth of our conscience," said he; "however the Ulstermen take it, whether ill or well, this time this jewel shall be delivered to Ailill and to Medb, the Brown of Cualnge to wit, into the land of Connacht." Well pleased was macRoth at the words of the son of Fiachna.

Thereupon they were served, and straw and fresh rushes were spread under them. The choicest of food was brought to them and a feast was served to them and soon they were noisy and drunken. And a discourse took place between two of the messengers. "Tis true what I say," spoke the one; "good is the man in whose house we are." "Of a truth, he is good." "Nay, is there one among all the men of Ulster better than he?" persisted the first. "In sooth, there is," answered the second messenger. "Better is Conchobar whose man he is, Conchobar who holds the kingship of the province. And though all the Ulstermen gathered around him, it were no shame for them. Yet is it passing good of Darè, that what had been a task for the four mighty provinces of Erin to bear away from the land of Ulster, even the Brown Bull of Cualnge, is surrendered so freely to us nine footmen."

Hereupon a third runner had his say: "What is this ye dispute about?" he asked. "Yon runner says, 'A good man is the man in whose house we are.'" "Yea, he is good," saith the other. "Is there among all the Ulstermen any that is better than he?" demanded the first runner further. "Aye, there is," answered the second runner; "better is Conchobar whose man he is; and though all the Ulstermen gathered around him, it were no shame for them. Yet, truly good it is of Darè, that what had been a task for four of the grand provinces of Erin to bear away out of the borders of Ulster is handed over even unto us nine footmen." "I would not grudge to see a retch of blood and gore in the mouth whereout that was said; for, were the bull not given willingly, yet should he be taken by force!"

At that moment it was that Darè macFiachna's chief steward came into the house and with him a man with drink and another with food, and he heard the foolish words of the runners; and

anger came upon him, and he set down their food and drink for them and he neither said to them, "Eat," nor did he say, "Eat not."

Straightway he went into the house where was Darè macFiachna and said: "Was it thou that hast given that notable jewel to the messengers, the Brown Bull of Cualnge?" "Yea, it was I," Darè made answer. "Verily, it was not the part of a king to give him. For it is true what they say: Unless thou hadst bestowed him of thine own free will, so wouldst thou yield him in despite of thee by the host of Ailill and Medb and by the great cunning of Fergus macRoig." "I swear by the gods whom I worship," spoke Darè, "they shall in no wise take by foul means what they cannot take by fair!"

There they abide till morning. Betimes on the morrow the runners arise and proceed to the house where is Darè. "Acquaint us, lord, how we may reach the place where the Brown Bull of Cualnge is kept." "Nay then," saith Darè; "but were it my wont to deal foully with messengers or with travelling folk or with them that go by the road, not one of you would depart alive!" "How sayest thou?" quoth macRoth. "Great cause there is," replied Darè; "ye said, unless I yielded in good sort, I should yield to the might of Ailill's host and Medb's and the great cunning of Fergus."

"Even so," said macRoth, "whatever the runners drunken with thine ale and thy viands have said, 'tis not for thee to heed nor mind, nor yet to be charged on Ailill and on Medb." "For all that, macRoth, this time I will not give my bull, if ever I can help it!"

Back then the messengers go till they arrive at Cruachan, the stronghold of Connacht. Medb asks their tidings, and macRoth makes known the same: that they had not brought his bull from Darè. "And the reason?" demanded Medb. MacRoth recounts to her how the dispute arose. "There is no need to polish knots over such affairs as that, macRoth; for it was known," said Medb, "if the Brown Bull of Cualnge would not be given with their will, he would be taken in their despite, and taken he shall be!"

To this point is recounted the Occasion of the Táin.

### III. THE RISING-OUT OF THE MEN OF CONNACHT AT CRUACHAN AI

A mighty host was now assembled by the men of Connacht, that is, by Ailill and Medb, and they sent word to the three other provinces, and messengers were despatched from Medb to the Manè that they should gather in Cruachan, the seven Manè with their seven divisions; to wit: Manè "Motherlike," Manè "Fatherlike," and Manè "All-comprehending", 'twas he that possessed the form of his mother and of his father and the dignity of them both; Manè "Mildly-submissive," and Manè "Greatly-submissive," Manè "Boastful" and Manè "the Dumb."

Other messengers were despatched by Ailill to the sons of Maga; to wit: to Cet ('the First') son of Maga, Anluan ('the Brilliant Light') son of Maga, and Maccorb ('Chariot-child') son of Maga, and Bascell ('the Lunatic') son of Maga, and En ('the Bird') son of Maga, Dochè son of Maga; and Scandal ('Insult') son of Maga.

These came, and this was their muster, thirty hundred armed men. Other messengers were despatched from them to Cormac Conlongas ('the Exile') son of Conchobar and to Fergus macRoig, and they also came, thirty hundred their number.

Now Cormac had three companies which came to Cruachan. Before all, the first company. A covering of close-shorn black hair upon them. Green mantles and many-coloured cloaks wound about them; therein, silvern brooches. Tunics of thread of gold next to their skin, reaching down to their knees, with interweaving of red gold. Bright-handled swords they bore, with guards of silver. Long shields they bore, and there was a broad, grey spearhead on a slender shaft in the hand of each man. "Is that Cormac, yonder?" all and every one asked. "Not he, indeed," Medb made answer.

The second troop. Newly shorn hair they wore and manes on the back of their heads, fair, comely indeed. Dark-blue cloaks they all had about them. Next to their skin, gleaming-white tunics, with red ornamentation, reaching down to their calves. Swords they had with round hilts of gold and silvern fist-guards, and shining shields upon them and five-pronged spears in their hands. "Is yon-



der man Cormac?" all the people asked. "Nay, verily, that is not he," Medb made answer.

Then came the last troop. Hair cut broad they wore; fair-yellow, deep-golden, loose-flowing back hair down to their shoulders upon them. Purple cloaks, fairly bedizened, about them; golden, embellished brooches over their breasts; and they had curved shields with sharp, chiselled edges around them and spears as long as the pillars of a king's house in the hand of each man. Fine, long, silken tunics with hoods they wore to the very instep. Together they raised their feet, and together they set them down again. "Is that Cormac, yonder?" asked all. "Aye, it is he, this time," Medb made answer.

Thus the four provinces of Erin gathered in Cruachan Ai. They pitched their camp and quarters that night, so that a thick cloud of smoke and fire rose between the four fords of Ai, which are, Ath Moga, Ath Bercna, Ath Slissen and Ath Coltna. And they tarried for the full space of a fortnight in Cruachan, the hostel of Connacht, in wassail and drink and every disport, to the end that their march and muster might be easier. And their poets and druids would not let them depart from thence till the end of a fortnight while awaiting good omen. And then it was that Medb bade her charioteer to harness her horses for her, that she might go to address herself to her druid, to seek for light and for augury from him.

#### IV. THE FORETELLING

When Medb came to the place where her druid was, she craved light and augury of him. "Many there be," saith Medb, "who do part with their kinsmen and friends here to-day, and from their homes and their lands, from father and from mother; and unless unscathed every one shall return, upon me will they cast their sighs and their ban, for it is I that have assembled this levy. Yet there goeth not forth nor stayeth there at home any dearer to me than are we to ourselves. And do thou discover for us whether we ourselves shall return, or whether we shall never return."

And the druid made answer, "Whoever comes not, thou thyself shalt come." "Wait, then," spake the charioteer, "let me wheel the chariot by the right, that thus the power of a good omen may arise that we return again." Then the charioteer wheeled his chariot round and Medb went back again, when she espied a thing that surprised her: A lone virgin of marriageable age standing on the hindpole of a chariot a little way off drawing nigh her. And thus the maiden appeared: Weaving lace was she, and in her right hand was a bordering rod of silvered bronze with its seven strips of red gold at the sides. A many-spotted green mantle around her; a bulging, strong-headed pin of gold in the mantle over her bosom; a hooded tunic, with red interweaving, about her. A ruddy, fair-faced countenance she had, narrow below and broad above. She had a blue-grey and laughing eye; each eye had three pupils. Dark and black were her eyebrows; the soft, black lashes threw a shadow to the middle of her cheeks. Red and thin were her lips. Shiny and pearly were her teeth; thou wouldst believe they were showers of white pearls that had rained into her head. Like to fresh Parthian crimson were her lips. As sweet as the strings of lutes when long sustained they are played by master players' hands was the melodious sound of her voice and her fair speech.

As white as snow in one night fallen was the sheen of her skin and her body that shone outside of her dress. Slender and very white were her feet; rosy, even, sharp-round nails she had; two sandals with golden buckles about them. Fair-yellow, long, golden hair she wore; three braids of hair she wore; two tresses were wound around her head; the other tress from behind threw a shadow down on her calves. The maiden carried arms, and two black horses were under her chariot.

Medb gazed at her. "And what doest thou here now, O maiden?" asked Medb. "I impart to thee thine advantage and good fortune in thy gathering and muster of the four mighty provinces of Erin against the land of Ulster on the Raid for the Kine of Cualnge." "Wherefore doest thou this for me?" asked Medb. "Much cause have I. A bondmaid 'mid thy people am I." "Who of my people art thou and what is thy name?" asked Medb. "Not hard, in sooth, to say. The prophetess Fedelm, from the Sid ('the Fairy

Mound') of Cruachan, a poetess of Connacht am I." "Whence comest thou?" asked Medb. "From Alba, after learning prophetic skill," the maiden made answer. "Hast thou the form of divination?" "Verily, have I," the maiden said. "Look, then, for me, how will my undertaking be." The maiden looked. Then spake Medb:—

"Good now,

"Tell, O Fedelm, prophet-maid,  
How beholdest thou our host?"

Fedelm answered and spoke:

"Crimson-red from blood they are;  
I behold them bathed in red!"

"That is no true augury," said Medb. "Verily, Conchobar with the Ulstermen is in his 'Pains' in Emain; thither fared my messengers and brought me true tidings; naught is there that we need dread from Ulster's men. But speak truth, O Fedelm:—

"Tell, O Fedelm, prophet-maid,  
How beholdest thou our host?"

"Crimson-red from blood they are;  
I behold them bathed in red!"

"That is no true augury. Cuscraid Mend ('the Stammerer') of Macha, Conchobar's son, is in Inis Cuscraid ('Cuscraid's Isle') in his 'Pains.' Thither fared my messengers; naught need we fear from Ulster's men. But speak truth, O Fedelm:—

"Tell, O Fedelm, prophet-maid,  
How beholdest thou our host?"

"Crimson-red from blood they are;  
I behold them bathed in red!"

"Eogan, Durthacht's son, is in Rath Airthir ('the Eastern Rath') in his 'Pains.' Thither went my messengers. Naught need we dread from Ulster's men. But speak truth, O Fedelm:—

"Tell, O Fedelm, prophet-maid,  
How beholdest thou our host?"

"Crimson-red from blood they are;  
I behold them bathed in red!"

"Celtchar, Uthechar's son, is in his fort at Lethglas in his 'Pains,' and a third of the Ulstermen with him. Thither fared my messengers. Naught have we to fear from Ulster's men. And Fergus son of Roig son of Eochaid is with us here in exile, and thirty hundred with him. But speak truth, O Fedelm:—

"Tell, O Fedelm, prophet-maid,  
How beholdest thou our host?"

"Crimson-red from blood they are;  
I behold them bathed in red!"

"Meseemeth this not as it seemeth to thee," quoth Medb, "for when Erin's men shall assemble in one place, there quarrels will arise and broils, contentions and disputes amongst them about the ordering of themselves in the van or rear, at ford or river, over who shall be first at killing a boar or a stag or a deer or a hare. But, look now again for us and speak truth, O Fedelm:—

"Tell, O Fedelm, prophet-maid,  
How beholdest thou our host?"

"Crimson-red from blood they are;  
I behold them bathed in red!"

Therewith she began to prophesy and to foretell the coming of Cuchulain to the men of Erin, and she chanted a lay:—

"Fair, of deeds, the man I see;  
Wounded sore is his fair skin;  
On his brow shines hero's light;  
Victory's seat is in his face!  
"Seven gems of champions brave  
Deck the centre of his orbs;  
Naked are the spears he bears,  
And he hooks a red cloak round!  
"Noblest face is his, I see;  
He respects all womankind.  
Young the lad and fresh his hue,  
With a dragon's form in fight!

"I know not who is the Hound,  
 Culann's hight, of fairest fame;  
 But I know full well this host  
 Will be smitten red by him!  
 "Four small swords—a brilliant feat—  
 He supports in either hand;  
 These he'll ply upon the host,  
 Each to do its special deed!  
 "His Gae Bulga, too, he wields,  
 With his sword and javelin.  
 Lo, the man in red cloak girt  
 Sets his foot on every hill!  
 "Two spears from the chariot's left  
 He casts forth in orgy wild.  
 And his form I saw till now  
 Well I know will change its guise!  
 "On to battle now he comes;  
 If ye watch not, ye are doomed.  
 This is he seeks ye in fight  
 Brave Cuchulain, Sualtaim's son!  
 "All your host he'll smite in twain,  
 Till he works your utter ruin.  
 All your heads ye'll leave with him.  
 Fedelm, prophet-maid, hides not!  
 "Gore shall flow from warriors' wounds;  
 Long 'twill live in memory.  
 Bodies hacked and wives in tears,  
 Through the Smith's Hound whom I see!"

Thus far the Augury and the Prophecy and the Preface of the Tale, and the Occasion of its invention and conception, and the Pillow-talk which Ailill and Medb had in Cruachan. Next follows the Body of the Tale itself.

## V. THIS IS THE ROUTE OF THE TÁIN

and the Beginning of the Expedition and the Names of the Roads which the hosts of the four of the five grand provinces of Erin took into the land of Ulster. On Monday after Summer's end they set forth and proceeded:

South-east from Cruachan Ai, by Mag Cruimm, over Tuaim Mona ('the Hill of Turf'), by Turlach Teora Crich ('the Creek of three Lands'), by Cul ('the Nook') of Silinne, by Dubloch ('Black Lough'), by Fid Dubh ('Black Woods'), by Badbga, by Coltain, by the Shannon, by Glune Gabur, by Mag Trega, by Tethba in the north, by Tethba in the south, by Cul ('the Nook'), by Ochain, northwards by Uatu, eastwards by Tiarthechta, by Ord ('the Hammer'), by Slaiss ('the Strokes'), southwards, by Indeoín ('the Anvil'), by Carn, by Meath, by Ortrach, by Findglassa Assail, ('White Stream of Assail'), by Drong, by Delt, by Duelt, by Delinn, by Selaig, by Slabra, by Slechta, where swords hewed out roads before Medb and Ailill, by Cul ('the Nook') of Siblinne, by Dub ('the Blackwater'), by Ochonn southwards, by Catha, by Cromma southwards, by Tromma, eastwards by Fodromma, by Slane, by Gort Slane, to the south of Druim Liccé, by Ath Gabla, by Ardachad ('Highfield'),

northwards by Feorainn, by Finnabair ('White Plain'), by Assa southwards, by Airne, by Aurthuile, by Druim Salfind ('Salfind Ridge'), by Druim Cain, by Druim Caimthechta, by Druim macDega, by the little Eo Dond ('Brown Tree'), by the great Eo Dond, by Meide in Togmaill ('Ferret's Neck'), by Meide in Eoin, ('Bird's Neck'), by Baile ('the Town'), by Aile, by Dall Scena, by Ball Scena, by Ross Mor ('Great Point'), by Scuap ('the Broom'), by Imscuap, by Cenn Ferna, by Anmag, by Fid Mor ('Great Wood') in Crannach of Cualnge, by Colbtha, by Crond in Cualnge, by Druim Cain on the road to Midluachar, from Finnabair of Cualnge. It is at that point that the hosts of Erin divided over the province in pursuit of the bull. For it was by way of those places they went until they reached Finnabair. Here endeth the Title. The Story begineth in order.

## VI. THE MARCH OF THE HOST

On the first stage the hosts went from Cruachan, they slept the night at Cul Silinne, where to-day is Cargin's Lough. And in that place was fixed the tent of Ailill son of Ross, and the trappings were arranged, both bedding and bed-clothes. The tent of Fergus macRoig was on his right hand; Cormac Conlongas, Conchobar's son, was beside him; Ith macEtgaith next to that; Fiachu mac-Firaba, the son of Conchobar's daughter, at its side; Connall Cernach at its side, Gobnenn macLurnig at the side of that. The place of Ailill's tent was on the right on the march, and thirty hundred men of Ulster beside him. And the thirty hundred men of Ulster on his right hand had he to the end that the whispered talk and conversation and the choice supplies of food and of drink might be the nearer to them.

Medb of Cruachan, daughter of Eocho Fedlech, moreover, was at Ailill's left. Finnabair ('Fairbrow'), daughter of Ailill and Medb, at her side, besides servants and henchmen. Next, Flidais Foltchain ('of the Lovely Hair'), wife first of Ailill Finn ('the Fair'). She took part in the Cow-spoil of Cualnge after she had slept with Fergus; and she it was that every seventh night brought sustenance in milk to the men of Erin on the march, for king and queen and prince and poet and pupil.

Medb remained in the rear of the host that day in quest of tidings and augury and knowledge. She called to her charioteer to get ready her nine chariots for her, to make a circuit of the camp that she might learn who was loath and who eager to take part in the hosting. With nine chariots she was wont to travel, that the dust of the great host might not soil her. Medb suffered not her chariot to be let down nor her horses unyoked until she had made a circuit of the camp.

Then, when she had reviewed the host, were Medb's horses unyoked and her chariots let down, and she took her place beside Ailill macMata. And Ailill asked tidings of Medb: who was eager and who was loath for the warfare. "Futile for all is the emprise but for one troop only, namely the division of the Galian ('of Leinster)," quoth Medb. "Why blamest thou these men?" queried Ailill. "It is not that we blame them," Medb made answer. "What good service then have these done that they are praised above all?" asked Ailill. "There is reason to praise them," said Medb. "Splendid are the warriors. When the others begin making their pens and pitching their camp, these have finished building their bothies and huts. When the rest are building their bothies and huts, these have finished preparing their food and drink. When the rest are preparing their food and drink, these have finished eating and feasting, and their harps are playing for them. When all the others have finished eating and feasting, these are by that time asleep. And even as their servants and thralls are distinguished above the servants and thralls of the men of Erin, so shall their heroes and champions be distinguished beyond the heroes and champions of the men of Erin this time on this hosting. It is folly then for these to go, since it is those others will enjoy the victory of the host." "So much the better, I trow," replied Ailill; "for it is with us they go and it is for us they fight." "They shall not go with us nor shall they fight for us," cried Medb. "Let them stay at home then," said Ailill. "Stay they shall not," answered Medb. "They will fall on us in the rear and will seize our land against us." "What shall they do then," Finnabair asked, "if they go not out nor yet remain at home?" "Death and destruction and slaughter is what I desire for them," answered Medb. "For shame then on thy speech," spake Ailill; "'tis a woman's advice, for that they pitch their tents and make their pens so promptly and unwearily." "By the truth of my conscience," cried Fergus, "not thus shall it happen, for they are allies of us men of Ulster. No one shall do them to death but he that does death to myself along with them!"

"Not to me oughtest thou thus to speak, O Fergus," then cried Medb, "for I have hosts enough to slay and slaughter thee with the division of Leinstermen round thee. For there are the seven Manè, that is, my seven sons with their seven divisions, and the sons of Maga with their seven divisions, and Ailill with his division, and I myself with my own body-guard besides. We are strong enough here to kill and slaughter thee with thy cantred of the Leinstermen round thee!"

"It befits thee not thus to speak to me," said Fergus, "for I have with me here in alliance with us Ulstermen, the seven Under-kings of Munster, with their seven cantreds. Here we have what is best of the youths of Ulster, even the division of the Black Banishment. Here we have what is best of the noble youths of Ulster, even the division of the Galian ('of Leinster'). Furthermore, I myself am bond and surety and guarantee for them, since ever they left their own native land. I will give thee battle in the midst of the camp, and to me will they hold steadfast on the day of battle. More than all that," added Fergus, "these men shall be no subject of dispute. By that I mean I will never forsake them. For the rest, we will care for these warriors, to the end that they get not the upper hand of the host.

"The number of our force is seventeen cantreds, besides our rabble and our women-folk—for with each king was his queen in Medb's company—and our striplings; the eighteenth division is namely the cantred of the Galian. This division of Leinstermen I will distribute among all the host of the men of Erin in such wise that no five men of them shall be in any one place." "That pleaseth me well," said Medb: "let them be as they may, if only they be not in the battle-order of the ranks where they now are in such great force."

Forthwith Fergus distributed the cantred of the Galian among the men of Erin in such wise that there were not five men of them in any one place.

Thereupon, the troops set out on their way and march. It was no easy thing for their kings and their leaders to attend to that mighty host. They took part in the expedition according to the several tribes and according to the several stems and the several districts wherewith they had come, to the end that they might see one other and know one other, that each man might be with his comrades and with his friends and with his kinsfolk on the march. They declared that in such wise they should go. They also took counsel in what manner they should proceed on their hosting. Thus they declared they should proceed: Each host with its king, each troop with its lord, and each band with its captain; each king and each prince of the men of Erin by a separate route on his halting height apart. They took counsel who was most proper to seek tidings in advance of the host between the two provinces. And they said it was Fergus, inasmuch as the expedition was an obligatory one with him, for it was he that had been seven years in the kingship of Ulster. And after Conchobar had usurped the kingship and after the murder of the sons of Usnech who were under his protection and surety, Fergus left the Ultonians, and for seventeen years he was away from Ulster in exile and in enmity. For that reason it was fitting that he above all should go after tidings.

So the lead of the way was entrusted to Fergus. Fergus before all fared forth to seek tidings, and a feeling of love and affection for his kindred of the men of Ulster came over him, and he led the troops astray in a great circuit to the north and the south. And he despatched messengers with warnings to the Ulstermen, who were at that time in their 'Pains' except Cuchulain and his father Sualtaim. And he began to detain and delay the host until such time as the men of Ulster should have gathered together an army. Because of affection he did so.

Medb perceived this and she upbraided him for it, and chanted the lay:—

Medb:

"Fergus, speak, what shall we say?  
What may mean this devious way?  
For we wander north and south;  
Over other lands we stray!"

Fergus:

"Medb, why art thou so perturbed?  
There's no treacherous purpose here.  
Ulster's land it is, O queen,  
Over which I've led thy host!"

Medb:

"Ailill, splendid with his hosts,  
Fears thee lest thou should'st betray.

Thou hast not bent all thy mind  
To direct us on our way!"

Fergus:

"Not to bring the host to harm  
Make these changing circuits I.  
Haply could I now avoid  
Sualtach's son, the Blacksmith's Hound!"

Medb:

"Ill of thee to wrong our host,  
Fergus, son of Ross the Red;  
Much good hast thou found with us,  
Fergus, in thy banishment!"

"If thou showest our foemen love,  
No more shalt thou lead our troops;  
Haply someone else we'll find  
To direct us on our way!"

"I will be in the van of the troops no longer," cried Fergus; "but do thou find another to go before them." For all that, Fergus kept his place in the van of the troops.

The four mighty provinces of Erin passed that night on Cul Silinne. The sharp, keen-edged anxiety for Cuchulain came upon Fergus and he warned the men of Erin to be on their guard, because there would come upon them the rapacious lion, and the doom of foes, the vanquisher of multitudes, and the chief of retainers, the mangler of great hosts, the hand that dispenseth treasures, and the flaming torch, even Cuchulain son of Sualtaim. And thus he foreshadowed him and chanted a lay, and Medb responded:—

Fergus:

"Well for ye to heed and watch,  
With array of arms and men.  
He will come, the one we fear,  
Murthemne's great, deedful youth!"

Medb:

"How so dear, this battle-rede,  
Comes from thee, Roig's son most bold.  
Men and arms have I enough  
To attend Cuchulain here!"

Fergus:

"Thou shalt need them, Medb of Ai,  
Men and arms for battle hard,  
With the grey steed's horseman brave.  
All the night and all the day!"

Medb:

"I have kept here in reserve  
Heroes fit for fight and spoil;  
Thirty hundred hostage-chiefs,  
Leinster's bravest champions they.  
Fighting men from Cruachan fair,  
Braves from clear-streamed Luachair,  
Four full realms of goodly Gaels  
Will defend me from this man!"

Fergus:

"Rich in troops from Mourne and Bann,  
Blood he'll draw o'er shafts of spears;  
He will cast to mire and sand  
These three thousand Leinstermen.  
With the swallow's swiftest speed,  
With the rush of biting wind,  
So bounds on my dear brave Hound,  
Breathing slaughter on his foes!"

Medb:

"Fergus, should he come 'tween us,  
To Cuchulain bear this word:  
He were prudent to stay still;  
Cruachan holds a check in store."

Fergus:

"Valiant will the slaughter be  
 Badb's wild daughter gloats upon.  
 For the Blacksmith's Hound will spill  
 Showers of blood on hosts of men!"

After this lay the men of the four grand provinces of Erin marched on the morrow over Moin Coltna ('the Marsh of Coltain') eastwards that day; and there met them eight score deer in a single herd. The troops spread out and surrounded and killed them so that none of them escaped.

But there is one event to add: Although the division of the Galian had been dispersed among the men of Erin, wherever there was a man of the Galian, it was he that got them, except five deer only which was the men of Erin's share thereof, so that one division took all the eight score deer.

Then they proceed to Mag Trega and they unyoke there and prepare their food. It is said that it is there that Dubthach recited this stave:—

"Grant ye have not heard till now,  
 Giving ear to Dubthach's fray:  
 Dire-black war upon ye waits,  
 'Gainst the Whitehorned of Queen Medb!  
 "There will come the chief of hosts,  
 War for Murthemne to wage.  
 Ravens shall drink garden's milk,  
 This the fruit of swineherds' strife  
 "Turf Cron will hold them back,  
 Keep them back from Murthemne,  
 Till the warriors' work is done  
 On Ochainé's northern mount!  
 "Quick,' to Cormac, Ailill cries;  
 'Go and seek ye out your son,  
 Loose no cattle from the fields,  
 Lest the din of the host reach them!'  
 "Battle they'll have here eftsoon,  
 Medb and one third of the host.  
 Corpses will be scattered wide  
 If the Wildman come to you!"

Then Nemain, the Badb to wit, attacked them, and that was not the quietest of nights they had, with the noise of the churl, namely Dubthach, in their sleep. Such fears he scattered amongst the host straightway, and he hurled a great stone at the throng till Medb came to check him. They continued their march then till they slept a night in Granard Tethba in the north, after the host had made a circuitous way across sloughs and streams.

It was on that same day, after the coming of the warning from Fergus to the Ulstermen, that Cuchulain son of Sualtaim, and Sualtaim Sidech ('of the Fairy Mound'), his father, when they had received the warning from Fergus, came so near on their watch for the host that their horses grazed in pasture round the pillar-stone on Ard Cuillenn ('the Height of Cuillenn'). Sualtaim's horses cropped the grass north of the pillar-stone close to the ground; Cuchulain's cropped the grass south of the pillar-stone even to the ground and the bare stones. "Well, O master Sualtaim," said Cuchulain; "the thought of the host is fixed sharp upon me to-night, so do thou depart for us with warnings to the men of Ulster, that they remain not in the smooth plains but that they betake themselves to the woods and wastes and steep glens of the province, if so they may keep out of the way of the men of Erin." "And thou, lad, what wilt thou do?" "I must go southwards to Temair to keep tryst with the maid of Fedlimid Nocruthach ('of the Nine Forms') Conchobar's daughter, according to my own agreement, till morning." "Alas, that one should go on such a journey," said Sualtaim, "and leave the Ulstermen under the feet of their foes and their enemies for the sake of a tryst with a woman!" "For all that, I needs must go. For, an I go not, the troth of men will be held for false and the promises of women held for true."

Sualtaim departed with warnings to the men of Ulster. Cuchulain strode into the wood, and there, with a single blow, he lopped the prime sapling of an oak, root and top, and with only one foot and one hand and one eye he exerted himself; and he made a twirling thereof and set an ogam script on the plug of the ring, and set the ring round the narrow part of the pillar-stone on Ard ('the

Height') of Cuillenn. He forced the ring till it reached the thick of the pillar-stone. Thereafter Cuchulain went his way to his tryst with the woman.

Touching the men of Erin, the account follows here: They came up to the pillar-stone at Ard Cuillenn, which is called Crossa Coil to-day, and they began looking out upon the province that was unknown to them, the province of Ulster. And two of Medb's people went always before them in the van of the host, at every camp and on every march, at every ford and every river and every gap. They were wont to do so that they might save the brooches and cushions and cloaks of the host, so that the dust of the multitude might not soil them and that no stain might come on the princes' raiment in the crowd or the crush of the hosts or the throng;—these were the two sons of Nera, who was the son of Nuathar, son of Tacan, two sons of the house-stewards of Cruachan, Err and Innell, to wit. Fraech and Fochnam were the names of their charioteers.

The nobles of Erin arrived at the pillar-stone and they there beheld the signs of the browsing of the horses, cropping around the pillar, and they looked close at the rude hoop which the royal hero had left behind about the pillar-stone. Then sat they down to wait till the army should come, the while their musicians played to them. And Ailill took the withy in his hand and placed it in Fergus' hand, and Fergus read the ogam script graven on the plug of the withy, and made known to the men of Erin what was the meaning of the ogam writing that was on it. When Medb came, she asked, "Why wait ye here?" "Because of yonder withy we wait," Fergus made answer; "there is an ogam writing on its binding and this is what it saith: 'Let no one go past here till a man be found to throw a withy like unto this, using only one hand and made of a single branch, and I except my master Fergus.' Truly," Fergus added, "it was Cuchulain threw it, and it was his steeds that grazed this plain." And he placed the hoop in the hands of the druids, and it is thus he began to recite and he pronounced a lay:—

"What bespeaks this withe to us,  
 What purports its secret rede?  
 And what number cast it here,  
 Was it one man or a host?  
 "If ye go past here this night,  
 And bide not one night in camp.  
 On ye'll come the tear-flesh Hound;  
 Yours the blame, if ye it scorn!  
 "Evil on the host he'll bring,  
 If ye go your way past this.  
 Find, ye druids, find out here,  
 For what cause this withe was made!"  
 A druid speaks:  
 "Cut by hero, cast by chief,  
 As a perfect trap for foes.  
 Stayer of lords—with hosts of men—  
 One man cast it with one hand!  
 "With fierce rage the battle 'gins  
 Of the Smith's Hound of Red Branch.  
 Bound to meet this madman's rage;  
 This the name that's on the withe!  
 "Would the king's host have its will—  
 Else they break the law of war—  
 Let some one man of ye cast,  
 As one man this withe did cast!  
 "Woes to bring with hundred fights  
 On four realms of Erin's land;  
 Naught I know 'less it be this  
 For what cause the withe was made!"

After that lay: "I pledge you my word," said Fergus, "if so ye set at naught yon withy and the royal hero that made it, and if ye go beyond without passing a night's camp and quarterage here, or until a man of you make a withy of like kind, using but one foot and one eye and one hand, even as he made it, certain it is, whether ye be under the ground or in a tight-shut house, the man that wrote the ogam hereon will bring slaughter and bloodshed upon ye before the hour of rising on the morrow, if ye make light of him!" "That, surely, would not be pleasing to us," quoth Medb, "that any one should straightway spill our blood or besmurch us

red, now that we are come to this unknown province, even to the province of Ulster. More pleasing would it be to us, to spill another's blood and redden him." "Far be it from us to set this withy at naught," said Ailill, "nor shall we make little of the royal hero that wrought it, rather will we resort to the shelter of this great wood, that is, Fiduinn, ('the Wood of the Dún') southwards till morning. There will we pitch our camp and quarters."

Thereupon the hosts advanced, and as they went they felled the wood with their swords before their chariots, so that Slechta ('the Hewn Road') is still the by-name of that place where is Partraige Beca ('the Lesser Partry') south-west of Cenannas na Rig ('Kells of the Kings') near Cul Sibrille.

According to other books, it is told as follows: After they had come to Fiduinn they saw a chariot and therein a beautiful maiden. It is there that the conversation between Medb and Fedelm the seeress took place that we spoke of before, and it is after the answer she made to Medb that the wood was cut down: "Look for me," said Medb, "how my journey will be." "It is hard for me," the maiden made answer, "for no glance of eye can I cast upon them in the wood." "Then it is plough-land this shall be," quoth Medb; "we will cut down the wood." Now, this was done, so that this is the name of the place, Slechta, to wit.

They slept in Cul Sibrille, which is Cenannas. A heavy snow fell on them that night, and so great it was that it reached to the shoulders of the men and to the flanks of the horses and to the poles of the chariots, so that all the provinces of Erin were one level plane from the snow. But no huts nor bothies nor tents did they set up that night, nor did they prepare food nor drink, nor made they a meal nor repast. None of the men of Erin wot whether friend or foe was next him until the bright hour of sunrise on the morrow.

Certain it is that the men of Erin experienced not a night of encampment or of station that held more discomfort or hardship for them than that night with the snow at Cul Sibrille. The four grand provinces of Erin moved out early on the morrow with the rising of the bright-shining sun glistening on the snow and marched on from that part into another.

Now, as regards Cuchulain: It was far from being early when he arose from his tryst. And then he ate a meal and took a repast, and he remained until he had washed himself and bathed on that day.

He called to his charioteer to lead out the horses and yoke the chariot. The charioteer led out the horses and yoked the chariot, and Cuchulain mounted his chariot. And they came on the track of the army. They found the trail of the men of Erin leading past them from that part into another. "Alas, O master Laeg," cried Cuchulain, "by no good luck went we to our tryst with the woman last night. Would that we had not gone thither nor betrayed the Ultonians. This is the least that might be looked for from him that keeps guard on the marches, a cry, or a shout, or an alarm, or to call, 'Who goes the road?' This it fell not unto us to say. The men of Erin have gone past us, without warning, without complaint, into the land of Ulster." "I foretold thee that, O Cuchulain," said Laeg. "Even though thou wentest to thy woman-tryst last night, such a disgrace would come upon thee." "Good now, O Laeg, go thou for us on the trail of the host and make an estimate of them, and discover for us in what number the men of Erin went by us."

Laeg came on the track of the host, and he went to the front of the trail and he came on its sides and he went to the back of it. "Thou art confused in thy counting, O Laeg, my master," quoth Cuchulain. "Confused I must be," Laeg replied. "It is not confusedly that I should see, if I should go," said Cuchulain. "Come into the chariot then, and I will make a reckoning of them." The charioteer mounted the chariot and Cuchulain went on the trail of the hosts and after a long while he made a reckoning of them. "Even thou, it is not easy for thee. Thou art perplexed in thy counting, my little Cuchulain," quoth Laeg. "Not perplexed," answered Cuchulain; "it is easier for me than for thee. For I have three magical virtues: Gift of sight, gift of understanding, and gift of reckoning. For I know the number wherewith the hosts went past us, namely, eighteen cantreds. Nay more: the eighteenth cantred has been distributed among the entire host of the men of Erin, so that their number is not clear, namely, that of the cantred of Leinster-

men." This here is the third cunningest and most difficult reckoning that ever was made in Erin. These were: The reckoning by Cuchulain of the men of Erin on the Táin, the reckoning by Lug Lamfota ('Long-hand') of the host of the Fomorians in the Battle of Moytura, and the reckoning by Incel of the host in the Hostel of Da Derga.

Now, many and divers were the magic virtues that were in Cuchulain that were in no one else in his day. Excellence of form, excellence of shape, excellence of build, excellence in swimming, excellence in horsemanship, excellence in chess and in draughts, excellence in battle, excellence in contest, excellence in single combat, excellence in reckoning, excellence in speech, excellence in counsel, excellence in bearing, excellence in laying waste and in plundering from the neighbouring border.

"Good, my friend Laeg. Brace the horses for us to the chariot; lay on the goad for us on the horses; drive on the chariot for us and give thy left board to the hosts, to see can we overtake the van or the rear or the midst of the hosts, for I will cease to live unless there fall by my hand this night a friend or foe of the men of Erin."

Then it was that the charioteer gave the prick to the steeds. He turned his left board to the hosts till he arrived at Turloch Caille More ('the Creek of the Great Wood') northwards of Cnogba na Rig ('Knowth of the Kings') which is called Ath Gabla ('the Ford of the Fork'). Thereupon Cuchulain went round the host till he came to Ath Grenca. He went into the wood at that place and sprang out of his chariot, and he lopped off a four-pronged fork, root and top, with a single stroke of his sword. He pointed and charred it and put a writing in ogam on its side, and he gave it a long throw from the hinder part of his chariot with the tip of a single hand, in such wise that two-thirds of it sank into the ground and only one-third was above it in the mid part of the stream, so that no chariot could go thereby on this side or that.

Then it was that the same two striplings surprised him, namely, the two sons of Nera son of Nuathar son of Tacan, while engaged in that feat. And they vied which of the twain would be the first to fight and contend with Cuchulain, which of them would inflict the first wound upon him and be the first to behead him. Cuchulain turned on them, and straightway he struck off their four heads from themselves Eirr and Indell and from Foich and Fochlam, their drivers, and he fixed a head of each man of them on each of the prongs of the pole. And Cuchulain let the horses of the party go back in the direction of the men of Erin, to return by the same road, their reins loose around their ears and their bellies red and the bodies of the warriors dripping their blood down outside on the ribs of the chariots. Thus he did, for he deemed it no honour nor deemed he it fair to take horses or garments or arms from corpses or from the dead. And then the troops saw the horses of the party that had gone out in advance before them, and the headless bodies of the warriors oozing their blood down on the ribs of the chariots (and their crimsoned trappings upon them). The van of the army waited for the rear to come up, and all were thrown into confusion of striking, that is as much as to say, into a tumult of arms.

Medb and Fergus and the Manè and the sons of Maga drew near. For in this wise was Medb wont to travel, and nine chariots with her alone; two of these chariots before her, and two chariots behind, and two chariots at either side, and her own chariot in the middle between them. This is why Medb did so, that the turves from the horses' hoofs, or the flakes of foam from the bridle-bits, or the dust of the mighty host or of the numerous throng might not reach the queen's diadem of gold which she wore round her head. "What have we here?" queried Medb. "Not hard to say," each and all made answer; "the horses of the band that went out before us are here and their bodies lacking their heads in their chariots." They held a council and they felt certain it was the sign of a multitude and of the approach of a mighty host, and that it was the Ulstermen that had come and that it was a battle that had taken place before them on the ford. And this was the counsel they took: to despatch Cormac Conlongas, Conchobar's son, from them to learn what was at the ford; because, even though the Ulstermen might be there, they would not kill the son of their own king. Thereupon Cormac Conlongas, Conchobar's son, set forth and this was the complement with which he went, ten hun-

dred in addition to twenty hundred armed men, to ascertain what was at the ford. And when he was come, he saw naught save the fork in the middle of the ford, with four heads upon it dripping their blood down along the stem of the fork into the stream of the river, and a writing in ogam on the side, and the signs of the two horses and the track of a single chariot-driver and the marks of a single warrior leading out of the ford going therefrom to the eastward. By that time, the nobles of Erin had drawn nigh to the ford and they all began to look closely at the fork. They marvelled and wondered who had set up the trophy. "Are yonder heads those of our people?" Medb asked. "They are our people's, and our chosen ones," answered Ailill. One of their men deciphered the ogam-writing that was on the side of the fork, to wit: 'A single man cast this fork with but a single hand; and go ye not past it till one man of you throw it with one hand, excepting Fergus.' "What name have ye men of Ulster for this ford till now, Fergus?" asked Ailill. "Ath Grenca," answered Fergus; "and Ath Gabla ('Ford of the Fork') shall now be its name forever from this fork," said Fergus. And he recited the lay:—

"Grenca's ford shall change its name,  
From the strong and fierce Hound's deed.  
Here we see a four-pronged fork,  
Set to prove all Erin's men!  
"On two points—as sign of war—  
Are Fraech's head and Fochnam's head;  
On its other points are thrust  
Err's head and Innell's withal!  
"And yon ogam on its side,  
Find, ye druids, in due form,  
Who has set it upright there?  
What host drove it in the ground?"  
(A druid answers:)  
"Yon forked pole—with fearful strength—  
Which thou seest, Fergus, there,  
One man cut, to welcome us,  
With one perfect stroke of sword!  
"Pointed it and shouldered it—  
Though this was no light exploit—  
After that he flung it down,  
To uproot for one of you!  
"Grenca was its name till now—  
All will keep its memory—  
Fork-ford be its name for aye,  
From the fork that's in the ford!"

After the lay, spake Ailill: "I marvel and wonder, O Fergus, who could have sharpened the fork and slain with such speed the four that had gone out before us." "Fitter it were to marvel and wonder at him who with a single stroke lopped the fork which thou seest, root and top, pointed and charred it and flung it the length of a throw from the hinder part of his chariot, from the tip of a single hand, so that it sank over two-thirds into the ground and that naught save one-third is above; nor was a hole first dug with his sword, but through a grey stone's flag it was thrust, and thus it is geis for the men of Erin to proceed to the bed of this ford till one of ye pull out the fork with the tip of one hand, even as he erewhile drove it down."

"Thou art of our hosts, O Fergus," said Medb;

avert this necessity from us, and do thou draw the fork for us from the bed of the ford." "Let a chariot be brought me," cried Fergus, "till I draw it out, that it may be seen that its butt is of one hewing." And a chariot was brought to Fergus, and Fergus laid hold with a truly mighty grip on the fork, and he made splinters and scraps of the chariot. "Let another chariot be brought me," cried Fergus. Another chariot was brought to Fergus, and Fergus made a tug at the fork and again made fragments and splinters of the chariot, both its box and its yoke and its wheels. "Again let a chariot be brought me," cried Fergus. And Fergus exerted his strength on the fork, and made pieces and bits of the chariot. There where the seventeen chariots of the Connachtmen's chariots were, Fergus made pieces and bits of them all, and yet he failed to draw the fork from the bed of the ford. "Come now, let it be, O Fergus," cried Medb; "break our people's chariots no more. For

hadst thou not been now engaged on this hosting, by this time should we have come to Ulster, driving divers spoils and cattle-herds with us. We wot wherefore thou workest all this, to delay and detain the host till the Ulstermen rise from their 'Pains' and offer us battle, the battle of the Tain."

"Bring me a swift chariot," cried Fergus. And his own chariot was brought to Fergus, and Fergus gave a tug at the fork, and nor wheel nor floor nor one of the chariot-poles creaked nor cracked. Even though it was with his strength and prowess that the one had driven it down, with his might and doughtiness the other drew it out,—the battle-champion, the gap-breaker of hundreds, the crushing sledge, the stone-of-battle for enemies, the head of retainers, the foe of hosts, the hacking of masses, the flaming torch and the leader of mighty combat. He drew it up with the tip of one hand till it reached the slope of his shoulder, and he placed the fork in Ailill's hand. Ailill scanned it; he regarded it near. "The fork, meseems, is all the more perfect," quoth Ailill; "for a single stroke I see on it from butt to top." "Aye, all the more perfect," Fergus replied. And Fergus began to sing praise of Cuchulain, and he made a lay thereon:—

"Here behold the famous fork,  
By which cruel Cuchulain stood.  
Here he left, for hurt to all,  
Four heads of his border-foes!  
"Surely he'd not flee therefrom,  
'Fore aught man, how brave or bold.  
Though the scatheless Hound this left,  
On its hard rind there is gore!  
"To its hurt the host goes east,  
Seeking Cualnge's wild Brown bull.  
Warriors' cleaving there shall be,  
'Neath Cuchulain's baneful sword!  
"No gain will their stout bull be,  
For which sharp-armed war will rage;  
At the fall of each head's skull  
Erin's every tribe shall weep!  
'I have nothing to relate  
As regards Dechtiré's son.  
Men and women hear the tale  
Of this fork, how it came here!"

After this lay: "Let us pitch our booths and tents," said Ailill, "and let us make ready food and drink, and let us sing songs and strike up harps, and let us eat and regale ourselves, for, of a truth, never before nor since knew the men of Erin a night of encampment or of entrenchment that held sorer discomfort or distress for them than yester-night. Let us give heed to the manner of folk to whom we go and let us hear somewhat of their deeds and famous tales."

They raised their booths and pitched their tents. They got ready their food and drink, and songs were sung and harping intoned by them, and feasting and eating indulged in, and they were told of the feats of Cuchulain.

And Ailill inquired of Fergus: "I marvel and wonder who could have come to us to our lands and slain so quickly the four that had gone out before us. Is it likely that Conchobar son of Fachtina Fatach ('the Mighty'), High King of Ulster, has come to us?" "It is never likely that he has," Fergus answered; "for a shame it would be to speak ill of him in his absence. There is nothing he would not stake for the sake of his honour. For if he had come hither to the border of the land, there would have come armies and troops and the pick of the men of Erin that are with him. And even though against him in one and the same place, and in one mass and one march and one camp, and on one and the same hill were the men of Erin and Alba, Britons and Saxons, he would give them battle, before him they would break and it is not he that would be routed."

"A question, then: Who would be like to have come to us? Is it like that Cuscraid Mend ('the Stammerer') of Macha would have come, Conchobar's son, from Inis Cuscraid?" "Nay then, it is not; he, the son of the High King," Fergus answered. "There is nothing he would not hazard for the sake of his honour. For were it he that had come hither, there would have come the sons of kings and the royal leaders of Ulster and Erin that are serving as hirelings with

him. And though there might be against him in one and the same place, in one mass and one march and one camp, and on one and the same hill the men of Erin and Alba, Britons and Saxons, he would give them battle, before him they would break and it is not he that would be routed."

"I ask, then, whether Eogan son of Durthacht, King of Fernmag, would have come?" "In sooth, it is not likely. For, had he come hither, the pick of the men of Fernmag would have come with him, battle he would give them, before him they would break, and it is not he that would be routed."

"I ask, then: Who would be likely to have come to us? Is it likely that he would have come, Celtchai son of Uthechar?" "No more is it likely that it was he. A shame it would be to make light of him in his absence, him the battle-stone for the foes of the province, the head of all the retainers and the gate-of-battle of Ulster. And even should there be against him in one place and one mass and one march and one camp, and on one and the same hill all the men of Erin from the west to the east, from the south to the north, battle he would give them, before him they would break and it is not he that would be routed."

"I ask, then: Who would be like to have come to us?" asked Ailill. "I know not," Fergus replied, "unless it be the little lad, my nursing and Conchobar's. Cuchulain ('the Wolf-dog of Culann the Smith') he is called. He is the one who could have done the deed," answered Fergus. "He it is who could have lopped the tree with one blow from its root, could have killed the four with the quickness wherewith they were killed and could have come to the border with his charioteer."

"Of a truth," spake Ailill, "I heard from ye of this little boy once on a time in Cruachan. What might be the age of this little boy now?" "It is by no means his age that is most formidable in him," answered Fergus. "Because, manful were his deeds, those of that lad, at a time when he was younger than he now is. In his fifth year he went in quest of warlike deeds amongst the lads of Emain Macha. In his sixth year he went to learn skill in arms and feats with Scathach, and he went to woo Emer; in his seventh year he took arms; in his seventeenth year he is at this time." "How so!" exclaimed Medb. "Is there even now amongst the Ulstermen one his equal in age that is more redoubtable than he?" "We have not found there a man-at-arms that is harder, nor a point that is keener, more terrible nor quicker, nor a more bloodthirsty wolf, nor a raven more flesh-loving, nor a wilder warrior, nor a match of his age that would reach to a third or a fourth the likes of Cuchulain. Thou findest not there," Fergus went on, "a hero his peer, nor a lion that is fiercer, nor a plank of battle, nor a sledge of destruction, nor a gate of combat, nor a doom of hosts, nor a contest of valour that would be of more worth than Cuchulain. Thou findest not there one that could equal his age and his growth, his dress and his terror, his size and his splendour, his fame and his voice, his shape and his power, his form and his speech, his strength and his feats and his valour, his smiting, his heat and his anger, his dash, his assault and attack, his dealing of doom and affliction, his roar, his speed, his fury, his rage, and his quick triumph with the feat of nine men on each sword's point above him, like unto Cuchulain."

"We make not much import of him," quoth Medb. "It is but a single body he has; he shuns being wounded; he avoids being taken. They do say his age is but that of a girl to be wed. His deeds of manhood have not yet come, nor will he hold out against tried men, this young, beardless elf-man of whom thou spokest." "We say not so," replied Fergus, "for manful were the deeds of the lad at a time when he was younger than he now is."

## VII. THE YOUTHFUL EXPLOITS OF CUCHULAIN

"Now this lad was reared in the house of his father and mother at Dairgthech ('the Oak House'), namely, in the plain of Murthemne, and the tales of the youths of Emain were told to him. For there are always thrice fifty boys at play there," said Fergus. "Forasmuch as in this wise Conchobar passed his reign ever since he, the king, assumed his sovereignty, to wit: As soon as he arose, forthwith in settling the cares and affairs of the province; thereafter, the day

he divided in three: first, the first third he spent a-watching the youths play games of skill and of hurling; the next third of the day, a-playing draughts and chess, and the last third a-feasting on meat and a-quaffing ale, till sleep possessed them all, the while minstrels and harpers lulled him to sleep. For all that I am a long time in banishment because of him, I give my word," said Fergus, "there is not in Erin nor in Alba a warrior like of Conchobar."

"And the lad was told the tales of the boys and the boy-troop in Emain; and the child said to his mother, he would go to have part in the games on the play-field of Emain. "It is too soon for thee, little son," said his mother; "wait till there go with thee a champion of the champions of Ulster, or some of the attendants of Conchobar to enjoin thy protection and thy safety on the boy-troop." "I think it too long for that, my mother," the little lad answered, "I will not wait for it. But do thou show me what place lies Emain Macha." "Northwards, there; it is far away from thee," said his mother, "the place wherein it lies, and the way is hard. Sliab Fuait lies between thee and Emain." "At all hazards, I will essay it," he answered.

"The boy fared forth and took his playthings with him. His little lath-shield he took, and his hurley of bronze and his ball of silver; and he took his little javelin for throwing; and his toy-staff he took with its fire-hardened butt-end, and he began to shorten the length of his journey with them. He would give the ball a stroke with the hurl-bat, so that he sent it a long distance from him. Then with a second throw he would cast his hurley so that it went a distance no shorter than the first throw. He would hurl his little darts, and let fly his toy-staff, and make a wild chase after them. Then he would catch up his hurl-bat and pick up the ball and snatch up the dart, and the stock of the toy-staff had not touched the ground when he caught its tip which was in the air.

"He went his way to the mound-seat of Emain, where was the boy-troop. Thrice fifty youths were with Folloman, Conchobar's son, at their games on the fair-green of Emain.

"The little lad went on to the play-field into the midst of the boys, and he whipped the ball between his two legs away from them, nor did he suffer it to travel higher up than the top of his knee, nor did he let it lower down than his ankle, and he drove it and held it between his two legs and not one of the boys was able to get a prod nor a stroke nor a blow nor a shot at it, so that he carried it over the brink of the goal away from them. Then he goes to the youths without binding them to protect him. For no one used to approach them on their play-field without first securing from them a pledge of protection. He was weetless thereof.

"Then they all gazed upon him. They wondered and marvelled. "Come, boys!" cried Folloman, Conchobar's son, "the urchin insults us. Throw yourselves all on yon fellow, and his death shall come at my hands; for it is geis among you for any youth to come into your game, without first entrusting his safety to you. And do you all attack him together, for we know that yon wight is some one of the heroes of Ulster; and they shall not make it their wont to break into your sports without first entrusting their safety and protection to you."

"Thereupon they all set upon him together. They cast their thrice fifty hurl-bats at the poll of the boy's head. He raises his single toy-staff and wards off the thrice fifty hurlies, so that they neither hurt him nor harm him, and he takes a load of them on his back. Then they throw their thrice fifty balls at the lad. He raises his upper arm and his forearm and the palms of his hands against them and parries the thrice fifty balls, and he catches them, each single ball in his bosom. They throw at him the thrice fifty play-spears charred at the end. The boy raises his little lath-shield against them and fends off the thrice fifty play-staffs, and they all remain stuck in his lath-shield. Thereupon contortions took hold of him. Thou wouldst have weened it was a hammering where-with each hair was hammered into his head, with such an uprising it rose. Thou wouldst have weened it was a spark of fire that was on every single hair there. He closed one of his eyes so that it was no wider than the eye of a needle. He opened the other wide so that it was as big as the mouth of a mead-cup. He stretched his mouth from his jaw-bones to his ears; he opened his mouth wide to his jaw so that his gullet was seen. The champion's light rose up from his crown.

"It was then he ran in among them. He scattered fifty king's sons of them over the ground underneath him before they got to the gate of Emain. Five of them," Fergus continued, "dashed headlong between me and Conchobar, where we were playing chess, even on Cennchaem ('Fair-head') the chessboard of Conchobar, on the mound-seat of Emain. The little boy pursued them to cut them off. Then he sprang over the chessboard after the nine. Conchobar seized the little lad by the wrists. 'Hold, little boy. I see 'tis not gently thou dealest with the boy-band.' 'Good reason I have,' quoth the little lad. 'From home, from mother and father I came to play with them, and they have not been good to me. I had not a guest's honour at the hands of the boy-troop on my arrival, for all that I came from far-away lands.' 'How is that? Who art thou, and what is thy name?' asked Conchobar. 'Little Setanta am I, son of Sualtaim. Son am I to Dechtiré, thine own sister; and not through thee did I expect to be thus aggrieved.' 'How so, little one?' said Conchobar. 'Knewest thou not that it is forbidden among the boy-troop, that it is geis for them for any boy to approach them in their land without first claiming his protection from them?' 'I knew it not,' said the lad. 'Had I known it, I would have been on my guard against them.' 'Good, now, ye boys,' Conchobar cried; 'take ye upon you the protection of the little lad.' 'We grant it, indeed,' they made answer.

"The little lad went into the game again under the protection of the boy-troop. Thereupon they loosed hands from him, and once more he rushed amongst them throughout the house. He laid low fifty of their princes on the ground under him. Their fathers thought it was death he had given them. That was it not, but stunned they were with front-blows and mid-blows and long-blows. 'Hold!' cried Conchobar. 'Why art thou yet at them?' 'I swear by my gods whom I worship' (said the boy) 'they shall all come under my protection and shielding, as I have put myself under their protection and shielding. Otherwise I shall not lighten my hands off them until I have brought them all to earth.' 'Well, little lad, take thou upon thee the protection of the boy-troop.' 'I grant it, indeed,' said the lad. Thereupon the boy-troop went under his protection and shielding.

"Then they all went back to the play-field, and the boys whom he had overthrown there arose. Their nurses and tutors helped them.

"Now, once upon a time," continued Fergus, "when he was a gilla, he slept not in Emain Macha till morning." "Tell me," Conchobar said to him, "why sleepest thou not in Emain Macha, Cuchulain?" "I sleep not, unless it be equally high at my head and my feet." Then Conchobar had a pillar-stone set up at his head and another at his feet, and between them a bed apart was made for him.

"Another time a certain man went to wake him, and the lad struck him with his fist in the neck or in the forehead, so that it drove in the front of his forehead on to his brain and he overthrew the pillar-stone with his forearm." "It is known," exclaimed Ailill, "that that was the fist of a champion and the arm of a hero." "And from that time," continued Fergus, "no one durst wake him, so that he used to wake of himself.

"Then, another time, he played ball on the play-field east of Emain, and he was alone on one side against the thrice fifty boys. He always worsted in every game in the east in this way. Thereafter the lad began to use his fists on them, so that fifty boys of them died thereof. He took to flight then, till he took refuge under the cushion of Conchobar's couch. The Ulstermen sprang up all around him. I, too, sprang up, and Conchobar, thereat. The lad himself rose up under the couch, so that he hove up the couch and the thirty warriors that were on it withal, so that he bore it into the middle of the house. Straightway the Ulstermen sat around him in the house. We settled it then," continued Fergus, "and reconciled the boy-troop to him afterwards.

"The broil of war arose between Ulster and Eogan son of Durthacht. The Ulstermen go forth to the war. The lad Setanta is left behind asleep. The men of Ulster are beaten. Conchobar and Cuscaid Menn ('the Stammerer') of Macha are left on the field and many besides them. Their groans awaken the lad. Thereat he stretches himself, so that the two stones are snapped that are near him. This took place in the presence of Bricriu yonder," Fergus

added. "Then he gets up. I meet him at the door of the liss, I being severely wounded. 'Hey, God keep thy life, O Fergus my master,' says he; 'where is Conchobar?' 'I know not,' I answer. Thereupon he goes out. The night is dark. He makes for the battlefield, until he sees before him a man and half his head on him and half of another man on his back. 'Help me, Cuchulain,' he cries; 'I have been stricken, and I bear on my back half of my brother. Carry it for me a while.' 'I will not carry it,' says he. Thereupon the man throws the load at him. Cuchulain throws it back from him. They grapple with one another. Cuchulain is overthrown. Then I heard something. It was Badb from the corpses: 'Ill the stuff of a warrior that is there under the feet of a phantom.' Thereat Cuchulain arises from underneath him, and he strikes off his head with his playing-stick and proceeds to drive the ball before him over the field of battle.

"Is my master Conchobar on this battle-field?" That one makes answer. He goes towards him, to where he espies him in a ditch and the earth piled around him on both sides to hide him. "Wherefore art thou come to the battle-field?" Conchobar asks; "is it that thou mightst see mortal terror there?" Then Cuchulain lifts him out of the ditch. The six strong men of Ulster that were with us could not have lifted him out more bravely. "Get thee before us to yonder house," says Conchobar, "to make me a fire there." He kindles a great fire for him. "Good now," quoth Conchobar, "if one would bring me a roast pig, I would live." "I will go fetch it," says Cuchulain. Thereupon he sallies out, when he sees a man at a cooking-pit in the heart of the wood. One of his hands holds his weapons therein, the other roasts the pork. Ill-favoured, indeed, is the man. For the which, Cuchulain attacks him and takes his head and his pig with him. Conchobar eats the pig then. "Let us go to our house," says Conchobar. They meet Cuscraid son of Conchobar and there were heavy wounds on him. Cuchulain carries him on his back. The three then proceed to Emain Macha.

"Another time the Ulstermen were in their 'Pains.' Now, there was no 'Pains' amongst us," Fergus continued, "in women or boys, nor in any one outside the borders of Ulster, nor in Cuchulain and his father. It was for this reason no one dared shed the blood of the men of Ulster, for that the 'Pains' fell on the one that wounded them. There came thrice nine men from the Isles of Faiche. They pass over our rear fort, the whiles we are in our 'Pains.' The women scream in the fort. The youths are in the play-field. They come at the cry. When the boys catch sight of the swarthy men, they all take to flight save Cuchulain alone. He hurls the handstones and his playing-staff at them. He slays nine of them and they leave fifty wounds on him and proceed thence on their journey.

"A youngster did that deed," Fergus continued, "at the close of five years after his birth, when he overthrew the sons of champions and warriors at the very door of their liss and dún. No need is there of wonder or surprise, if he should do great deeds, if he should come to the confines of the land, if he should cut off the four-pronged fork, if he should slay one man or two men or three men or four men, when there are seventeen full years of him now on the Cattle-lifting of Cualnge." "In sooth, then, we know that youth," spoke out Conall Cernach ('the Victorious'), "and it is all the better we should know him, for he is a fosterling of our own."

## VIIa. THE SLAYING OF THE SMITH'S HOUND BY CUCHULAIN, AND THE REASON HE IS CALLED CUCHULAIN

Then it was that Cormac Conlongas son of Conchobar spake: "Again that little lad performed a second deed in the following year." "What deed was that?" asked Ailill.

"A goodly smith there was in the land of Ulster, Culann the Smith, by name. He made ready a feast for Conchobar and set out for Emain to invite him. He made known to him that only a few should come with him, that he should bring none but a true guest along, forasmuch as it was not a domain or lands of his own that he had, but the fruit of his two hands, his sledges and anvils, his fists and his tongs. Conchobar replied that only a few would go



to him.

"Culann went back to the stithy to prepare and make ready meat and drink in readiness for the king. Conchobar sat in Emain till it was time to set out for the feast, till came the close of the day. The king put his fine, light travelling apparel about him, and went with fifty chariot-chiefs of those that were noblest and most illustrious of the heroes, and betook him to the boys before starting, to bid them farewell. It was always his custom to visit and revisit them when going and coming, to seek his blessing of the boys. Conchobar came on to the fair-green, and he saw a thing that astounded him: Thrice fifty boys at one end of the green and a single boy at the other, and the single boy won the victory at the goal and at hurling from the thrice fifty boys. When it was at hole-play they were—a game of hole that used to be played on the fair-green of Emain—and it was their turn to drive and his to keep guard, he would catch the thrice fifty balls just outside of the hole, and not one went by him into the hole. When it was their turn to keep guard and his to drive, he would send the thrice fifty balls into the hole without fail, and the boys were unable to ward them off. When it was at tearing off each other's garments they played, he would strip off them their thrice fifty suits so that they were quite naked, and they were not able all of them to take as much as the brooch from his mantle. When it was at wrestling they were, he would throw those same thrice fifty boys to the ground under him, and they did not succeed all of them around him in lifting him up. Conchobar looked with wonder at the little lad. "O, ye youths," cried Conchobar. "Hail to the land whence cometh the lad ye see, if the deeds of his manhood shall be such as are those of his boyhood!" "Tis not just to speak thus," exclaimed Fergus; "e'en as the little lad grows, so will his deeds of manhood grow with him." "The little lad shall be called to us, that he may come with us to enjoy the feast to which we go." The little lad was summoned to Conchobar. "Good, my lad," said Conchobar. "Come thou with us to enjoy the feast whereto we go, for thou art a guest." "Nay, but I will not go," the little boy answered. "How so?" asked Conchobar. "Forasmuch as the boys have not yet had their fill of games and of sport, and I will not leave them till they have had enough play." "It is too long for us to await thee till then, little boy, and by no means shall we wait." "Go then before us," said the little boy, "and I will follow after ye." "Thou knowest naught of the way, little boy," said Conchobar. "I will follow the trail of the company and of the horses and chariots."

"Thereafter Conchobar came to the house of Culann the Smith. The king was waited upon and all were shown honour, as befitted their rank and calling and privileges, nobility and gentle accomplishment. Straw and fresh rushes were spread out under them. They commenced to carouse and make merry. Culann inquired of Conchobar: "Hast thou, O king, appointed any to come after thee this night to this dún?" "No, I appointed no one," replied Conchobar, for he had forgotten the little lad whom he had charged to come after him. "Why so?" asked Conchobar. "An excellent bloodhound have I, that was brought from Spain. There are three chains upon him, and three men at each chain. Because of our goods and our cattle he is slipped and the liss is closed. When his dog-chain is loosed from him, no one dares approach the same cantred with him to make a course or a circuit, and he knows no one but myself. The power of hundreds is in him for strength." Then spake Conchobar, "Let the dún be opened for the ban-dog, that he may guard the cantred." The dog-chain is taken off the ban-dog, and he makes a swift round of the cantred. And he comes to the mound whereon he was wont to keep guard of the stead, and there he was, his head couched on his paws, and wild, untameable, furious, savage, ferocious, ready for fight was the dog that was there.

"As for the boys: They were in Emain until the time came for them to disperse. Each of them went to the house of his father and mother, of his foster-mother and foster-father. Then the little lad went on the trail of the party, till he reached the house of Culann the Smith. He began to shorten the way as he went with his play-things. He threw his ball and threw his club after it, so that it hit the ball. The one throw was no greater than the other. Then he threw his staff after them both, so that it reached the ball and the club before ever they fell. Soon the lad came up. When he was nigh to the green of the fort wherein were Culann and Conchobar,

he threw all his play-things before him except only the ball. The watch-dog descried the lad and bayed at him, so that in all the countryside was heard the howl of the watch-hound. And not a division of feasting was what he was inclined to make of him, but to swallow him down at one gulp past the cavity of his chest and the width of his throat and the pipe of his breast. And it interfered not with the lad's play, although the hound made for him. And the lad had not with him any means of defence, but he hurled an unerring cast of the ball, so that it passed through the gullet of the watch-dog's neck and carried the guts within him out through his back door, and he laid hold of the hound by the two legs and dashed him against a pillar-stone that was near him, so that every limb of him sprang apart, so that he broke into bits all over the ground. Conchobar heard the yelp of the ban-dog. Conchobar and his people could not move; they weened they would not find the lad alive before them. "Alas, O warriors," cried Conchobar; "in no good luck have we come to enjoy this feast." "How so?" asked all. "The little lad who has come to meet me, my sister's son, Setanta son of Sualtaim, is undone through the hound." As one man, arose all the renowned men of Ulster. Though a door of the hostel was thrown wide open, they all rushed in the other direction out over the palings of the fortress. But fast as they all got there, faster than all arrived Fergus, and he lifted the little lad from the ground on the slope of his shoulder and bore him into the presence of Conchobar. They put him on Conchobar's knee. A great alarm arose amongst them that the king's sister's son should have been all but killed. And Culann came out, and he saw his slaughter-hound in many pieces. He felt his heart beating against his breast. Whereupon he went into the dún. "Welcome thy coming, little lad," said Culann, "because of thy mother and father, but not welcome is thy coming for thine own sake. Yet would that I had not made a feast." "What hast thou against the lad?" queried Conchobar. "Not luckily for me hast thou come to quaff my ale and to eat my food; for my substance is now a wealth gone to waste, and my livelihood is a livelihood lost now after my dog. He hath kept honour and life for me. Good was the friend thou hast robbed me of, even my dog, in that he tended my herds and flocks and stock for me; he was the protection of all our cattle, both afield and at home." "Be not angered thereat, O Culann my master," said the little boy. "It is no great matter, for I will pass a just judgement upon it." "What judgement thereon wilt thou pass, lad?" Conchobar asked. "If there is a whelp of the breed of that dog in Erin, he shall be reared by me till he be fit to do business as was his sire. Till then myself will be the hound to protect his flocks and his cattle and his land and even himself in the meanwhile. And I will safeguard the whole plain of Murthemne, and no one will carry off flock nor herd without that I know it."

"Well hast thou given judgement, little lad," said Conchobar. "In sooth, we ourselves could not give one that would be better," said Cathba. "Why should it not be from this that thou shouldst take the name Cuchulain, ('Wolfhound of Culann')?" "Nay, then," answered the lad; "dearer to me mine own name, Setanta son of Sualtaim." "Say not so, lad," Cathba continued; "for the men of Erin and Alba shall hear that name and the mouths of the men of Erin and Alba shall be full of that name!" "It pleaseth me so, whatever the name that is given me," quoth the little lad. Hence the famous name that stuck to him, namely Cuchulain, after he had killed the hound that was Culann's the Smith's.

"A little lad did that deed," added Cormac Conlongas son of Conchobar, "when he had completed six years after his birth, when he slew the watch-dog that hosts nor companies dared not approach in the same cantred. No need would there be of wonder or of surprise if he should come to the edge of the marches, if he should cut off the four-pronged fork, if he should slay one man or two men or three men or four men, now when his seventeen years are completed on the Cattle-driving of Cualnge!"

## VIIIb. THE TAKING OF ARMS BY CUCHULAIN AND THE SLAYING OF THE THREE SONS OF NECHT SCENE IS NOW TOLD HERE

"The little lad performed a third deed in the following year," said Fiachu son of Firaba. "What deed performed he?" asked Ailill.

"Cathba the druid was with his son, namely Conchobar son of Ness, imparting learning to his pupils in the north-east of Emain, and eight eager pupils in the class of druidic cunning were with him. That is the number that Cathba instructed. One of them questioned his teacher, what fortune and presage might there be for the day they were in, whether it was good or whether it was ill. Then spake Cathba: "The little boy that takes arms this day shall be splendid and renowned for deeds of arms above the youths of Erin and the tales of his high deeds shall be told forever, but he shall be short-lived and fleeting." Cuchulain overheard what he said, though far off at his play-feats south-west of Emain; and he threw away all his play-things and hastened to Conchobar's sleep-room to ask for arms. "All good attend thee, O king of the Fenè!" cried the little lad. "This greeting is the speech of one soliciting something of some one. What wouldst thou, lad?" said Conchobar. "To take arms," the lad made answer. "Who hath advised thee, little boy?" asked Conchobar. "Cathba the druid," said the lad. "He would not deceive thee, little boy," said Conchobar. Conchobar gave him two spears and a sword and a shield. The little boy shook and brandished the arms in the middle of the house so that he made small pieces and fragments of them. Conchobar gave him other two spears and a shield and a sword. He shook and brandished, flourished and poised them, so that he shivered them into small pieces and fragments. There were where the fourteen suits of arms which Conchobar had in Emain, in reserve in case of breaking of weapons or for equipping the youths and the boys—to the end that whatever boy assumed arms, it might be Conchobar that gave him the equipment of battle, and the victory of cunning would be his thenceforward—even so, this little boy made splinters and fragments of them all.

"Truly these arms here are not good, O Conchobar my master," the stripling cried. "Herefrom cometh not what is worthy of me." Conchobar gave him his own two spears and his shield and his sword. He shook and he brandished, he bent and he poised them so that tip touched butt, and he brake not the arms and they bore up against him, and he saluted the king whose arms they were. "Truly, these arms are good," said the little boy; "they are suited to me. Hail to the king whose arms and equipment these are. Hail to the land whereout he is come!"

"Then Cathba the druid chanced to come into the tent, and what he said was, "Hath he yonder taken arms?" Cathba asked. "Aye, then, it must be," Conchobar answered. "Not by his mother's son would I wish them to be taken this day," said Cathba. "How so? Was it not thyself advised him?" Conchobar asked. "Not I, in faith," replied Cathba. "What mean'st thou, bewitched elf-man?" cried Conchobar to Cuchulain. "Is it a lie thou hast told us?" "But be not wroth thereat, O my master Conchobar," said the little boy. "No lie have I told; for yet is it he that advised me, when he taught his other pupils this morning. For his pupil asked him what luck might lie in the day, and he said: The youth that took arms on this day would be illustrious and famous, that his name would be over the men of Erin for ever, and that no evil result would be on him thereafter, except that he would be fleeting and short-lived. To the south of Emain I heard him, and then I came to thee." "That I avow to be true," spake Cathba. "Good indeed is the day, glorious and renowned shalt thou be, the one that taketh arms, yet passing and short lived!" "Noble the gift!" cried Cuchulain. "Little it recks me, though I should be but one day and one night in the world, if only the fame of me and of my deeds live after me!"

"Another day one of them asked of the druids for what that day would be propitious. "The one that mounts a chariot to-day," Cathba answered, "his name will be renowned over Erin for ever." Now Cuchulain heard that. He went to Conchobar and said to him, "O Conchobar my master, give me a chariot!" He gave him a chariot. "Come, lad, mount the chariot, for this is the next thing

for thee."

"He mounted the chariot. He put his hands between the two poles of the chariot, and the first chariot he mounted withal he shook and tossed about him till he reduced it to splinters and fragments. He mounted the second chariot, so that he made small pieces and fragments of it in like manner. Further he made pieces of the third chariot. There were where the seventeen chariots which Conchobar kept for the boy-troop and youths in Emain, the lad made small pieces and fragments of them and they did not withstand him. "These chariots here are not good, O my master Conchobar," said the little boy; "my merit cometh not from them." "Where is Ibar son of Rianganabair?" asked Conchobar. "Here, in sooth, am I," Ibar answered. "Take with thee mine own two steeds for him yonder, and yoke my chariot." Thereupon the charioteer took the horses and yoked the chariot. Then the little boy mounted the chariot and Conchobar's charioteer with him. He shook the chariot about him, and it withstood him, and he broke it not. "Truly this chariot is good," cried the lad, "and this chariot is suited to me." The charioteer turned the chariot under him. "Prithee, little boy," said Ibar, "come out of the chariot now and let the horses out on their pasture." "It is yet too soon, O Ibar," the lad answered. "The horses are fair. I, too, am fair, thy little lad. Only let us go on a circuit of Emain to-day and thou shalt have a reward therefor, to-day being my first day of taking arms, to the end that it be a victory of cunning for me."

"Thrice they made the circuit of Emain. "Leave the horses now to their grazing, O little boy," said Ibar. "It is yet too soon, O Ibar," the little lad answered; "let us keep on, that the boys may give me a blessing to-day the first day of my taking arms." They kept their course to the place where the boys were. "Is it arms he yonder has taken?" each one asked. "Of a truth, are they." "May it be for victory, for first wounding and triumph. But we deem it too soon for thee to take arms, because thou departest from us at the game-feats." "By no means will I leave ye, but for luck I took arms this day." "Now, little boy, leave the horses to their grazing," said Ibar. "It is still too soon for that, O Ibar," the lad answered. "Ply the goad on the horses," said he. "What way, then?" the charioteer asked. "As far as the road shall lead," answered Cuchulain. "And this great road winding by us, what way leads it?" the lad asked. "What is that to thee?" Ibar answered. "But thou art a pleasant wight, I trow, little lad," quoth Ibar. "I wish, fellow, to inquire about the high-road of the province, what stretch it goes?" "To Ath na Foraie ('the Ford of Watching') in Sliab Fuait it goes," Ibar answered. "Wherefore is it called 'the Ford of Watching,' knowest thou?" "Yea, I know it well," Ibar made answer. "A stout warrior of Ulster is on watch and on guard there every day, so that there come no strange youths into Ulster to challenge them to battle, and he is a champion to give battle in behalf of the whole province. Likewise if men of song leave the Ulstermen and the province in dudgeon, he is there to soothe them by proffering treasures and valuables, and so to save the honour of the province. Again, if men of song enter the land, he is the man that is their surety that they win the favour of Conchobar, so that songs and lays made for him will be the first to be sung after their arrival in Emain." "Knowest thou who is at the ford to-day?" "Yea, I know," Ibar answered; "Conall Cernach ('the Triumphant'), the heroic, warlike son of Amargin, royal champion of Erin," Ibar answered. "Thither guide us, fellow, that so we reach the ford."

"Onwards they drove into sight of the ford where was Conall. Now it fell to Conall Cernach to guard the province that day. For each champion of Ulster spent his day on Sliab Fuait to protect him that came with a lay or to fight with a warrior, so that some one would be there to meet him, in order that none might come to Emain unperceived. "Are those arms he yonder has taken?" asked Conall. "Of a truth, are they," Ibar made answer. "May it be for victory and for triumph and first wounding," said Conall; "but we think it too soon for thee to take arms, because thou art not yet capable of deeds. Were it surety he needed, he that should come hither," he continued, "so wouldst thou furnish a perfect warrant amongst the Ulstermen, and the nobles of the province would rise up to support thee in the contest." "What dost thou here, O Conall my master?" asked the lad. "Watch and ward of the province, lad, I keep here," Conall made answer. "Do thou go home now, O mas-

ter Conall," said the lad, "and leave me the watch and guard of the province to keep here." "Say not so, little son," replied Conall; "twould be enough, were it to protect one that came with a song; were it to fight with a man, however, that is still too soon for thee; thou art not yet able to cope with a goodly warrior." "Then, will I keep on to the south," said the little boy, "to Fertas ('the Bank') of Loch Echtrann for a while; champions are wont to take stand there; perchance I may redden my hands on friend or on foe this day." "I will go, little boy," said Conall, "to save thee, that thou go not alone into peril on the border." "Not so," said the lad. "But I will go," said Conall; "for the men of Ulster will blame me for leaving thee to go alone on the border."

"Conall's horses were caught for him and his chariot was yoked and he set out to protect the little boy. When Conall came up abreast of him, Cuchulain felt certain that, even though a chance came to him, Conall would not permit him to use it. He picked up a hand-stone from the ground which was the full of his grasp. He hurled it from him from his sling the length of a stone-shot at the yoke of Conall's chariot, so that he broke the chariot-collar in two and thereby Conall fell to the ground, so that the nape of his neck went out from his shoulder. "What have we here, boy?" asked Conall; "why throwest thou the stone?" "It is I threw it to see if my cast be straight, or how I cast at all, or if I have the stuff of a warrior in me." "A bane on thy cast and a bane on thyself as well. E'en though thou leavest thy head this time with thine enemies, I will go no further to protect thee." "'Twas what I craved of thee," answered he; "for it is geis amongst you men of Ulster to proceed, after a mishap has befallen your chariots. Go back to Emain, O Conall, and leave me here to keep watch." "That pleaseth me well," replied Conall. Conall turned back northwards again to the Ford of Watching. Thereafter Conall Cernach went not past that place.

As for the little boy, he fared southwards to Fertas Locha Echtrann. He remained there till the end of the day and they found no one there before them. "If we dared tell thee, little boy," spoke Ibar, "it were time for us to return to Emain now; for dealing and carving and dispensing of food is long since begun in Emain, and there is a place assigned for thee there. Every day it is appointed thee to sit between Conchobar's feet, while for me there is naught but to tarry among the hostlers and tumblers of Conchobar's household. For that reason, methinks it is time to have a scramble among them." "Fetch then the horses for us." The charioteer fetched the horses and the lad mounted the chariot. "But, O Ibar, what hill is that there now, the hill to the north?" the lad asked. "Now, that is Sliab Moduirn," Ibar answered. "Let us go and get there," said Cuchulain. Then they go on till they reach it. When they reached the mountain, Cuchulain asked, "And what is that white cairn yonder on the height of the mountain?" "And that is Finncham ('the White Cairn') of Sliab Moduirn," Ibar answered. "But yonder cairn is beautiful," exclaimed the lad. "It surely is beautiful," Ibar answered. "Lead on, fellow, till we reach yonder cairn." "Well, but thou art both a pleasant and tedious inquisitor, I see," exclaimed Ibar; "but this is my first journey and my first time with thee. It shall be my last time till the very day of doom, if once I get back to Emain."

"Howbeit they went to the top of the hill. "It is pleasant here, O Ibar," the little boy exclaimed. "Point out to me Ulster on every side, for I am no wise acquainted with the land of my master Conchobar." The horseman pointed him out Ulster all around him. He pointed him out the hills and the fields and the mounts of the province on every side. He pointed him out the plains and the dűns and the strongholds of the province. "'Tis a goodly sight, O Ibar," exclaimed the little lad. "What is that indented, angular, bordered and glenny plain to the south of us?" "Mag Breg," replied Ibar. "Tell thou to me the buildings and forts of that plain." The gilla taught him the name of every chief dűn between Temair and Cenannas, Temair and Taltiu, Cletech and Cnogba and Brug ('the Fort') of Mac ind Oc. He pointed out to him then the dűn of the three sons of Necht Scenű ('the Fierce'): Foill and Fandall and Tuachall, their names; Fer Ulli son of Lugaid was their father, and Necht from the mouth of the Scenű was their mother. Now the Ulstermen had slain their father; it was for that reason they were at war with Ulster. "But are those not Necht's sons, that boast that not more of the Ulstermen are alive than have fallen at their

hands?" "The same, in sooth," answered the gilla. "On with us to the dűn of the macNechta," cried the little boy. "Alas, in truth, that thou sayest so," quoth Ibar; "'tis a peril for us." "Truly, not to avoid it do we go," answered Cuchulain. "We know it is an act of great folly for us to say so, but whoever may go," said Ibar, "it will not be myself." "Living or dead, go there thou shalt," the little boy cried. "'Tis alive I shall go to the south," answered Ibar, "and dead I shall be left at the dűn, I know, even at the dűn of the macNechta."

"They push on to the dűn and they unharness their horses in the place where the bog and the river meet south of the dűn of the macNechta. And the little boy sprang out of the chariot onto the green. Thus was the green of the dűn, with a pillar-stone upon it and an iron band around that, and a band for prowess it was, and there was a writing in ogam at its joint, and this is the writing it bore: 'Whoever should come to the green, if he be a champion, it is geis for him to depart from the green without giving challenge to single combat. The lad deciphered the writing and put his two arms around the pillar-stone. Just as the pillar-stone was with its ring, he flung it with a cast of his hand into the moat, so that a wave passed over it. "Methinks," spake Ibar, "it is no better now than to be where it was. And we know thou shalt now get on this green the thing thou desirest, even the token of death, yea, of doom and destruction!" For it was the violation of a geis of the sons of Necht Scenű to do that thing. "Good, O Ibar, spread the chariot-coverings and its skins for me that I may snatch a little sleep." "Woe is me, that thou sayest so," answered the gilla; "for a foeman's land is this and not a green for diversion." And Cuchulain said to the gilla, "Do not awaken me for a few but awaken me for many." The gilla arranged the chariot-coverings and its skins under Cuchulain, and the lad fell asleep on the green.

"Then came one of the macNechta on to the fair-green, to wit, Foill son of Necht. Then was the charioteer sore afraid, for he durst not waken him, for Cuchulain had told him at first not to waken him for a few. "Unyoke not the horses, gilla," cried Foill. "I am not fain to, at all," answered Ibar; "the reins and the lines are still in my hand." "Whose horses are those, then?" Foill asked. "Two of Conchobar's horses," answered the gilla; "the two of the dappled heads." "That is the knowledge I have of them. And what hath brought these steeds here to the borders?" "A tender youth that has assumed arms amongst us to-day for luck and good omen," the horseboy answered, "is come to the edges of the marshes to display his comeliness." "May it not be for victory nor for triumph, his first-taking of arms," exclaimed Foill. "Let him not stop in our land and let the horses not graze here any longer. If I knew he was fit for deeds, it is dead he should go back northwards to Emain and not alive!" "In good sooth, he is not fit for deeds," Ibar answered; "it is by no means right to say it of him; it is the seventh year since he was taken from the crib. Think not to earn enmity," Ibar said further to the warrior; "and moreover the child sleepeth."

"The little lad raised his face from the ground and drew his hand over his face, and he became as one crimson wheelball from his crown to the ground. "Not a child am I, at all, but it is to seek battle with a man that this child here is come. Aye, but I am fit for deeds!" the lad cried. "That pleaseth me well," said the champion; "but more like than what thou sayest, meseemeth, thou art not fit for deeds." "Thou wilt know that better if we go to the ford. But, go fetch thy weapons, for I see it is in the guise of a churl thou art come, and I slay nor charioteers nor grooms nor folk without arms." The man went apace after his arms. "Now thou shouldst have a care for us against yonder man that comes to meet thee, little lad," said Ibar. "And why so?" asked the lad. "Foill son of Necht is the man thou seest. Neither points nor edges of weapons can harm him." "Not before me shouldst thou say that, O Ibar," quoth the lad. "I will put my hand to the lath-trick for him, namely, to the apple of twice-melted iron, and it will light upon the disc of his shield and on the flat of his forehead, and it will carry away the size of an apple of his brain out through the back of his head, so that it will make a sieve-hole outside of his head, till the light of the sky will be visible through his head."

"Foill son of Necht came forth. Cuchulain took the lath-trick in hand for him and threw it from him the length of his cast, so that it lighted on the flat of his shield and on the front of his forehead and carried away the bulk of an apple of his brain out through the back

of his head, so that it made a sieve-hole thereof outside of his head, till the light of the sky might be seen through his head. He went to him then and struck off the head from the trunk. Thereafter he bore away his spoils and his head with him.

"Then came the second son out on the green, his name Tuachall ('the Cunning') son of Necht. "Aha, I see thou wouldst boast of this deed," quoth Tuachall. "In the first place I deem it no cause to boast for slaying one champion," said Cuchulain; "thou shalt not boast of it this time, for thou shalt fall by my hand." "Off with thee for thine arms, then, for 'tis not as a warrior thou art come." The man rushed after his arms. "Thou shouldst have a care for us against yon man, lad," said Ibar. "How so?" the lad asked. "Tuachall son of Necht is the man thou beholdest. And he is nowise miss-named, for he falls not by arms at all. Unless thou worstest him with the first blow or with the first shot or with the first touch, thou wilt not worst him ever, because of his craftiness and the skill wherewith he plays round the points of the weapons." "That should not be said before me, O Ibar," cried the lad. "I swear by the god by whom my people swear, he shall never again ply his skill on the men of Ulster. I will put my hand on Conchobar's well-tempered lance, on the Craisech Nemè ('the Venomous Lance'). It will be an outlaw's hand to him. It will light on the shield over his belly, and it will crush through his ribs on the farther side after piercing his heart in his breast. That would be the smiting cast of an enemy and not the friendliness of a fellow countryman! From me he shall not get sick-nursing or care till the brink of doom."

"Tuachall son of Necht came forth on the green, and the lad laid his hand on Conchobar's lance against him, and it struck the shield above his belly and broke through the ribs on the farther side after piercing his heart within his breast. He struck off his head or ever it reached the ground. Thereafter Cuchulain carried off his head and his spoils with him to his own charioteer.

"Then came the youngest of the sons forth on the green, namely, Fandall son of Necht. "Fools were the folk who fought with thee here," cried Fandall. "How, now!" cried the lad. "Come down to the pool, where thy foot findeth not bottom." Fandall rushed on to the pool. "Thou shouldst be wary for us of him, little boy," said Ibar. "Why should I then?" asked the lad. "Fandall son of Necht is the man whom thou seest. For this he bears the name Fandall ('the Swallow'): like a swallow or weasel he courseth the sea; the swimmers of the world cannot reach him." "Thou shouldst not speak thus before me, O Ibar," said the lad. "I swear, never again will he ply that feat on the men of Ulster. Thou knowest the river that is in our land, in Emain, the Callann. When the boys frequent it with their games of sport and when the water is not beneath them, if the surface is not reached by them all, I do carry a boy over it on either of my palms and a boy on either of my shoulders, and I myself do not even wet my ankles under the weight of them."

"They met upon the water and they engaged in wrestling upon it, and the little boy closed his arms over Fandall, so that the sea came up even with him, and he gave him a deft blow with Conchobar's sword and chopped off his head from the trunk, and left the body to go down with the stream, and he carried off the head and the spoils with him.

"Thereupon Cuchulain went into the dún and pillaged the place and burned it so that its buildings were no higher than its walls. And they turned on their way to Sliab Fuait and carried the three heads of Necht's sons with them. Soon Cuchulain heard the cry of their mother after them, of Necht Scenè, namely." "Now I will not give over my spoils," cried Cuchulain, "till I reach Emain Macha." Thereupon Cuchulain and Ibar set out for Emain Macha with their spoils. It was then Cuchulain spoke to his charioteer: "Thou didst promise us a good run," said Cuchulain, "and we need it now because of the storm and pursuit that is after us." Forthwith they hasten to Sliab Fuait. Such was the speed of the course they held over Breg, after the urging of the charioteer, that the horses of the chariot overtook the wind and the birds in their flight and Cuchulain caught the throw he had cast from his sling or ever it reached the ground.

"When they came to Sliab Fuait they espied a herd of wild deer before them. "What are those many cattle, O Ibar, those nimble ones yonder?" asked the lad; "are they tame or are they other

deer?" "They are real wild deer, indeed," Ibar answered; "herds of wild deer that haunt the wastes of Sliab Fuait." "Which," asked Cuchulain, "would the men of Ulster deem best, to bring them dead or alive?" "More wonderful, alive," answered the charioteer; "not every one can do it so; but dead, there is none of them cannot do it. Thou canst not do this, carry off any of them alive." "Truly I can," said Cuchulain. "Ply the goad for us on the horses into the bog, to see can we take some of them." The charioteer drove a goad into the horses. It was beyond the power of the king's over-fat steeds to keep up with the deer. Soon the horses stuck in the marsh. The lad got down from the chariot and as the fruit of his run and his race, in the morass which was around him, he caught two of the swift, stout deer. He fastened them to the back poles and the bows and the thongs of the chariot.

"They continued their way to the mound-seat of Emain, where they saw flocks of white swans flying by them. "What are those birds there, O Ibar?" the lad asked; "are yonder birds tame or are they other birds?" "Indeed, they are real wild birds," Ibar answered; "flocks of swans are they that come from the rocks and crags and islands of the great sea without, to feed on the plains and smooth spots of Erin." "Which would be stranger to the Ulstermen, O Ibar, for them to be fetched alive to Emain or dead?" asked the lad. "Stranger far, alive," Ibar answered, "for not every one succeeds in taking the birds alive, while they are many that take them dead." Then did the lad perform one of his lesser feats upon them: he put a small stone in his sling, so that he brought down eight of the birds; and then he performed a greater feat: he threw a large stone at them and he brought down sixteen of their number. With his return stroke all that was done. He fastened them to the hind poles and the bows and the thongs and the ropes and the traces of the chariot.

"Take the birds along with thee, O Ibar," cried the lad to his charioteer. If I myself go to take them," he added, "the wild deer will spring upon thee." "I am in sore straits," answered Ibar; "I find it not easy to go." "What may it be?" asked the lad. "Great cause have I. The horses have become wild, so that I cannot go by them. If I stir at all from where I am, the chariot's iron wheels will cut me down because of their sharpness and because of the strength and the power and the might of the career of the horses. If I make any move, the horns of the deer will pierce and gore me, for the horns of the stag have filled the whole space between the two shafts of the chariot." "Ah, no true champion art thou any longer, O Ibar," said the lad; "step thus from his horn. I swear by the god by whom the Ulstermen swear, because of the look I shall give at the horses they will not depart from the straight way; at the look I shall give at the deer they will bend their heads in fear and awe of me; they will not dare move, and it will be safe for thee e'en though thou goest in front of their horns." And so it was done. Cuchulain fastened the reins. Then the charioteer went and collected the birds, and he bound them to the hind poles and to the thongs and the traces of the chariot. Thus it was that he proceeded to Emain Macha: the wild deer behind his chariot, and the flock of swans flying over the same, and the three heads of the sons of Necht Scenè and the jewels, treasures and wealth of their enemies arranged in his chariot.

"Thereupon they went on till bravely, boldly, battle-victoriously, boastingly, blade-redded, they reached the fair plain of Emain. It was then Lebacham, the watch in Emain Macha, came forth and discerned them, she, the daughter of Aue ('Ear') and of Adarc ('Horn') and she hastened to Conchobar's house, her eye restless in her head and her tongue faltering in her jaw. "A single chariot-fighter is here, coming towards Emain Macha," cried Lebacham, "and his coming is fearful. The heads of his foes all red in his chariot with him. Beautiful, all-white birds he has hovering around in the chariot. With him are wild, untamed deer, bound and fettered, shackled and pinioned. And I give my word, if he be not attended to this night, blood will flow over Conchobar's province by him and the youths of Ulster will fall by his hand." "We know him, that chariot-fighter," spake Conchobar; "belike it is the little gilla, my sister's son, who went to the edge of the marches at the beginning of the day, who has reddened his hands and is still unsated of combat, and unless he be attended to, all the youths of Emain will fall by his hand." Soon he turned

the left side of his chariot towards Emain, and this was geis for Emain. And Cuchulain cried, "I swear by the god by whom the Ulstermen swear, if a man be not found to engage with me, I will spill the blood of every one in the dún!"

"And this was the counsel they agreed to follow: to let out the womenfolk to meet the youth, namely, thrice fifty women, even ten and seven-score bold, stark-naked women, at one and the same time, and their chieftainess, Scannlach ('the Wanton') before them, to discover their persons and their shame to him. "Let the young women go," said Conchobar, "and bare their paps and their breasts and their swelling bosoms, and if he be a true warrior he will not withstand being bound, and he shall be placed in a vat of cold water until his anger go from him." Thereupon the young women all arose and marched out, and these are the names of those queens: Sgamalus and Sgannlach and Sgiathan, Feidlim and Deigtini Finncas, and Fingheal and Fidniam and Niam, daughter of Celtchar son of Uthechar; and they discovered their nakedness and all their shame to him. "These are the warriors that will meet thee to-day," quoth Mugain, wife of Conchobar son of Ness. The lad hid his face from them and turned his gaze on the chariot, that he might not see the nakedness or the shame of the women. Then the lad was lifted out of the chariot. He was placed in three vats of cold water to extinguish his wrath; and the first vat into which he was put burst its staves and its hoops like the cracking of nuts around him. The next vat into which he went boiled with bubbles as big as fists therefrom. The third vat into which he went, some men might endure it and others might not. Then the boy's wrath went down.

"Thereupon he came out, and his festive garments were put on him by Mugain the queen. His comeliness appeared on him and he made a crimson wheel-ball of himself from his crown to the ground. A shout was raised at the bluish purple about him. Beautiful then was the lad that was raised up in view. Seven toes he had to each of his two feet, and seven fingers to each of his two hands, and seven pupils to each of his two kingly eyes, and seven gems of the brilliance of the eye was each separate pupil. Four spots of down on either of his two cheeks: a blue spot, a purple spot, a green spot, a yellow spot. Fifty strands of bright-yellow hair from one ear to the other, like to a comb of birch twigs or like to a brooch of pale gold in the face of the sun. A clear, white, shorn spot was upon him, as if a cow had licked it. A fair, laced green mantle about him; a silver pin therein over his white breast, so that the eyes of men could not look at it for its gleam and its brightness. A hooded tunic of thread of gold about him. A magnificent, fair-coloured, dark purple shield he bore. Two hard, five-pointed spears in his hand. A diadem of gold round his head. And the lad was seated between the two feet of Conchobar, and that was his couch ever after, and the king began to stroke his close-shorn hair.

"A mere lad accomplished these deeds at the end of seven years after his birth," continued Fiachu son of Fiarba; "for he overcame heroes and battle-champions at whose hands two-thirds of the men of Ulster had fallen, and these had not got their revenge on them until that scion rose up for them. No need then is there of wonder or of surprise, though he came to the border, though he slew one man or two men or three men or four men, though he cut off the four-headed pole with one cut and one blow of his shining sword when now are fulfilled his seventeen years at the time of the Táin Bó Cúalnge."

Albeit gladness, joy and happiness was the part of the men of Ulster for that, sorrow, grief and unhappiness was the part of the men of Erin, for they knew that the little lad that had done those deeds in the time of his boyhood, it would be no wonder if he should do great deeds of valour in the time of his manhood.

These, accordingly, are some of the youthful exploits of Cuchulain on the Raid for the Kine of Cualnge, and the Prologue of the Tale, and the Names of the Roads and the March of the Host up to this Point.

The Story proper is this which follows now.

## VIIc. BELOW IS A SEPARATE VERSION AS FAR AS THE SLAYING OF ORLAM

"Let us fare forth now," quoth Ailill. Thereafter they reached Mag Mucceda ('the plain of the Swineherd.') Cuchulain lopped off an oak that was before him in that place and set an ogam-writing on its side. This is what was on it: 'That no one should pass by till a chariot-warrior with a chariot should overleap it.'

They pitch there their tents and proceed to leap over the oak in their chariots. Thereat thirty horses fall and thirty chariots are broken. Now, Belach Ané ('the Pass of Sport') is the name of that place forever.

They bide there till morning. Fraech son of Fidach was summoned to them. "Help us, O Fraech," spake Medb; "deliver us from the strait we are in. Rise up for us to meet Cuchulain, if perchance thou wilt fight him."

Betimes in the morning, with nine men Fraech went out from thence till he arrived at Ath Fuait, when he saw the youth Cuchulain bathing in the river. "Bide here," spake Fraech to his people, "till I fight with yonder man; he is not good in the water," said he. He doffs his clothes and goes into the water to meet him. "Come not before me," cried Cuchulain; "it shall be thy death and it would grieve me to kill thee." "Nay, but I will go," answered Fraech, "so that we come together in the water, and it behoves thee to engage with me." "Settle that as seemeth thee good," Cuchulain made answer. "Each of us with his arms round the other," said Fraech. They fall to wrestling for a long time in the water and Fraech is thrust under. Cuchulain brings him above again. "This time," spake Cuchulain, "wilt thou acknowledge that I saved thee?" "I will not," Fraech answered. Cuchulain thrusts him under again, so that Fraech is destroyed. He is placed on the ground. His people bear the body with them to the camp. Ath Fraeich ('Fraech's Ford') is the name of that ford for ever. All the army keen their Fraech, till they see a troop of women, in green tunics standing over the corpse of Fraech son of Fidach. These women bear him into the fairy dwelling. Sid Fraeich ('Fraech's Mound') is the name of the Elfmound ever since.

Fergus leaps over the oak-stump in his own chariot and knocks off its head. According to another version, they proceed till they reach Ath Meislir. Cuchulain destroys six of them there, namely, Meislir *et reliqua*, the six Dungalas of Irrus.

They go thence to Fornocht. Medb had a whelp named Baiscén. Cuchulain made a cast at him, so that he struck off his head. Now, Druim ('Ridge') is the name of that place ever after.

According to another version, however, it is there that the youth who was in the chariot by the side of Medb and the pet bird were slain by the casts, but, according to this version, that happened after the slaying of Orlam.

## VIII. THE SLAYING OF ORLAM

The four grand provinces of Erin set forth on the morrow eastwards over Cronn ('the Round'), which is a mountain. Cuchulain had gone out before them, till he came upon the charioteer of Orlam son of Aililla and of Medb. This was at Tamlacht Orlaim ('Orlam's Gravestone') a little to the north of Disert Lochaid ('Lochat's Hermitage'). The charioteer was engaged in cutting chariot-poles from a holly-tree in the wood. But according to another version it is the hind pole of Cuchulain's chariot that was broken and it was to cut a pole he had gone when Orlam's charioteer came up. According to this version, it was the charioteer who was cutting the pole.

Not long was the battle-victorious Hound there when he heard a sound and an uproar. "Behold, O Laeg," cried Cuchulain; "who of the host of the foe have come into this land to carry off a share of cattle and booty from the province wherein they came? How bold are the ways of the Ulstermen, if it be they that cut down the woods in this fashion in the face of the men of Erin. But, check the horses and hold the chariot. Tarry thou here a little, till I know who cuts down the woods in this manner." Then Cuchulain went on till he came up to Orlam's charioteer, to stop him; he thought he was one of the men of Ulster. "What dost thou here, gilla?" asked

Cuchulain. "Indeed, then," answered the gilla, "I cut chariot-poles from this holm, because our chariots were broken yesterday in pursuit of that famous wildling, namely Cuchulain. And for thy manhood's sake, young warrior, pray come to my aid, so that that famous Cuchulain come not upon me." "Take thy choice, gilla," said Cuchulain, "to gather or to trim them, either." "I will see to gathering them, for it is easier," the gilla answered. Cuchulain started to cut the poles and he drew them between the forks of his feet and his hands against their bends and their knots, so that he made them smooth and straight and slippery and trimmed; he polished them so that not even a midge could find footing thereon when he had passed them away from him. Then full sure the gilla gazed upon him. "Far then, meseems, from fitting is the task I put on thee. And for love of thy valour, who art thou, say, O warrior?" the gilla asked, for he was sore affrighted. "That same renowned Cuchulain am I of whom thou spakest a while ago in the morning." "Woe is me then, by reason of this," cried the gilla; "for this am I lost forever." "Whence comest thou and who art thou?" Cuchulain asked. "Charioteer am I of Orlam, Ailill's son and Medb's," said he. "Fear nothing; I will not slay thee at all, boy," said Cuchulain; "for I slay nor charioteers nor horseboys nor persons unarmed. But, prithee, where is thy master, gilla?" "Over yonder by the trench, with his back to the pillar-stone," answered the gilla. "Off with thee thither to him and bear him a warning that he be on his guard. For if we meet he shall fall by my hand."

Thereupon the charioteer repaired by one way to his master, and Cuchulain went by another, and fast as the gilla sped to Orlam, faster still Cuchulain did reach him and offered him combat and he struck off his head, and raising it aloft displayed it to the men of Erin, and he flourished it in the presence of the host. Then he put the head on the charioteer's back and said, "Take this with thee, and so go to the camp. Unless thou goest so, a stone out of my sling will reach thee."

When the charioteer came nigh to the camp he took the head from his back and told his adventures to Ailill and Medb. "It is not the same, this exploit and the catching of birds," quoth she. "And he told me" (said the boy), "unless I brought it on my back to the camp, he would break my head with a stone." Hence Leaca Orlaim ('Orlam's Flagstones') to the north of Desert Lochaid is the name of the place where he fell. Tamlachta ('Gravestones') is another name for it, and it is for this reason it is so called because of the little gravestones and the violent deaths which Cuchulain worked on it."

### VIIIa. THE SLAYING OF THE THREE

Then came the three macArach on to the ford at Ard Ciannacht to encounter Cuchulain: Lon ('Ousel'), Uala ('Pride'), and Diliu ('Deluge');—Meslir ('Lir's Fosterling'), and Meslaoc ('Hero's Fosterling'), and Meslethain ('Lethan's Fosterling') were the names of their charioteers. This is why they came to engage with Cuchulain, for the deed he had done the day before they deemed past bearing, when the two sons of Nera son of Nuatar, son of Tacan, were slain at Ath Gabla ('Fork-ford'), and Orlam, Ailill's son and Medb's, was slain withal and his head displayed to the men of Erin, so that their desire was to kill Cuchulain in the same manner in revenge for him, and that they should be the ones to rid the host of that pest and bring his head with them to set it aloft. They went into the wood and cut off three great white-hazel woodstrips (and put them) into the hands of their charioteers, so that the six of them might engage in battle at one and the same time with Cuchulain. Cuchulain turned on them and smote their six heads from them. Thus fell the macArach at the hands of Cuchulain, because they observed not fair fight with him. At that same time Orlam's charioteer was between Ailill and Medb. Cuchulain slung a stone at him, so that it broke his head and his brains came out over his ears. Fertedil was his name. Hence it is not true that Cuchulain slew no charioteers. Albeit he slew them not without fault.

### VIIIb. THE COMBAT OF LETHAN AND CUCHULAIN

There came also Lethan ('the Broad') to his ford on the Nith in the land of Conalle Murthemni, to fight with Cuchulain. He was angered at what Cuchulain had wrought. He came upon him at the ford. Ath Carpait ('Chariot-ford') is the name of the ford where they fought, for their chariots were broken in the combat on the ford. It is there that Mulcha, Lethan's charioteer, fell on the shoulder of the hill between the two fords, for he had offered battle and combat to Laeg son of Riagabair. Hence it is called Guala Mulchi ('Mulcha's Shoulder') ever since. It is there, too, that Cuchulain and Lethan met, and Lethan fell at Cuchulain's hands and he smote his head from his neck on the ford and left it therewith, that is, he left the head with the trunk. Wherefore the name of the ford of the Nith was called Ath Lethain ('Lethan's Ford') ever since in the district of Conalle Murthemni.

Then came unto them the Crutti Caimbili ('the Tuneful Harpers'), from Ess Ruaid in the north to amuse them, out of friendship for Ailill and Medb. They opined it was to spy upon them they were come from Ulster. When they came within sight of the camp of the men of Erin, fear, terror, and dread possessed them, and the hosts pursued them as never men pursued, far and wide, till they escaped them in the shapes of deer near the standing stones at Lia Mor ('Great Stone') in the north. For though they were known as the 'Mellifluous Harpers' they were druids, men of great cunning and great power of augury and magic.

### VIIIc. THE KILLING OF THE SQUIRREL AND OF THE TAME BIRD

Then Cuchulain made a threat in Methè that wherever he saw Medb he would cast a stone at her and that it would not go far from the side of her head. That he also fulfilled. In the place where he saw Medb west of the ford he cast a stone from his sling at her, so that it killed the pet bird that was on her shoulder. Medb passed over the ford eastwards, and again he cast a stone from his sling at her east of the ford, so that it killed the tame squirrel that was on her shoulder. Hence the names of those places are still, Meide in Togmail ('Squirrel's Neck') and Meide ind Eoin ('Bird's Neck'). And Ath Srethe ('Ford of the Throw') is the name of the ford over which Cuchulain cast the stone from his sling.

Then Reuin was drowned in his lake. Hence is Loch Reuin. "Your companion is not afar off from you," cried Ailill to the Manè. They stood up and looked around. When they sat down again, Cuchulain struck one of them so that his head was split. "It is well it was thou hast essayed that; thy mirth was not seemly," quoth Manè the fool; "it is I would have taken his head off." Cuchulain flung a stone at him, so that his head was split. Thus these people were slain: Orlam, first of all, on his hill; the three sons of Arach on their ford; Fertidil in his ... ; Maenan on his hill. "I swear by the god by whom my people swear," cried Ailill; "the man that scoffs at Cuchulain here I will make two halves of. But above all let us hasten our way by day and by night," Ailill continued, "till we come to Cualnge. That man will slay two-thirds of your host in this fashion."

Then did the men of Erin deliberate about going to ravage and lay waste Mag Breg and Meath and the plain of Conall and the land of Cuchulain; and it was in the presence of Fergus macRoig they discussed it.

The four grand provinces of Erin moved out on the morrow, and began to harry the plains of Breg and Murthemne. And the sharp, keen-edged anxiety for Cuchulain came over his fosterer Fergus. And he bade the men of Erin be on their guard that night, for that Cuchulain would come upon them. And here again he sang in his praise, as we wrote it before, and he uttered the lay:—

"If Cuchulain, Cualnge's Hound,  
And Red Branch chiefs on you come,  
Men will welter in their blood,  
Laying waste Murthemne's plain!  
"Woe to him possesses wealth,  
"Less he find a way to 'scape;  
And your wives will be enslaved,

And your chiefs fill pools of blood!  
 "Far away he held his course,  
 Till he reached Armenia's heights;  
 Battle dared he, past his wont,  
 And the Burnt-breasts put to death!  
 "Hardest for him was to drive  
 Necht's sons from their chieftest haunts;  
 And the smith's hound—mighty deed—  
 Hath he slain with single hand!  
 "More than this I've naught to say,  
 As concerns Dechtiré's son;  
 My belief, in troth, is this:  
 Ye will now meet with your fate."

After this lay, that was the day that Donn ('the Brown Bull') of Cualnge came into the land of Marginè to Sliab Culinn and with him fifty heifers of the heifers of Ulster; and there he was pawing and digging up the earth in that place, in the land of Marginè, in Cualnge; that is, he flung the turf over him with his heels. While the hosts were marching over Mag Breg, Cuchulain in the meanwhile laid hands on their camps. It was on the same day that the Morrigan, daughter of Ernmas, the prophethess of the fairy-folk, came in the form of a bird, and she perched on the standing-stone in Temair of Cualnge giving the Brown Bull of Cualnge warning and lamentations before the men of Erin. Then she began to address him and what she said was this: "Good, now, O luckless one, thou Brown Bull of Cualnge," so spake the Morrigan; "take heed; for the men of Erin. are on thy track and seeking thee and they will come upon thee, and if thou art taken they will carry thee away to their camp like any ox on a raid, unless thou art on thy guard." And she commenced to give warning to him in this fashion, telling him he would be slain on the Táin, and she delivered this judgement and spake these words aloud:—

"Knows not the restless Brown of the truly deadly fray that is not uncertain?—A raven's croak—The raven that doth not conceal—Foes range your checkered plain—Troops on raids—I have a secret—Ye shall know ... The waving fields—The deep-green grass ... and rich, soft plain—Wealth of flowers' splendour—Badb's cow-lowing—Wild the raven—Dead the men—A tale of woe—Battle-storms on Cualnge evermore, to the death of mighty sons—Kith looking on the death of kin!"

When the Brown Bull of Cualnge heard those words he moved on to Glenn na Samaisce ('Heifers' Glen') in Sliab Culinn ('Holly-mound') in the north of Ulster, and fifty of his heifers with him, and his herdsman accompanied him; Forgemen was the name of the cowherd. And he threw off the thrice fifty boys who were wont to play on his back and he destroyed two-thirds of the boys. This was one of the magic virtues of the Brown Bull of Cualnge: Fifty heifers he would cover every day. These calved before that same hour on the next day and such of them that calved not at the due time burst with the calves, because they could not suffer the begetting of the Brown Bull of Cualnge. One of the magic virtues of the Brown Bull of Cualnge was the fifty grown youths who engaged in games, who on his fine back found room every evening to play draughts and assembly and leaping; he would not put them from him nor would he totter under them. Another of the magic virtues of the Brown Bull of Cualnge was the hundred warriors he screened from the heat and the cold under his shadow and shelter. Another of the magic virtues of the Brown Bull of Cualnge was that no goblin nor boggart nor sprite of the glen dared come into one and the same cantred with him. Another of the magic virtues of the Brown Bull of Cualnge was his musical lowing every evening as he returned to his haggard, his shed and his byre. It was music enough and delight for a man in the north and in the south, in the east and the west, and in the middle of the cantred of Cualnge, the lowing he made at even as he came to his haggard, his shed, and his byre. These, then, are some of the magic virtues of the Brown Bull of Cualnge.

Thereupon on the morrow the hosts proceeded among the rocks and dunes of the land of Conalle Murthemni. Cuchulain killed no one from Sallè ('the Sea') around Dorthè in the land of Conalle, until he reached Cualnge. At that time Cuchulain was in Cuinéc, that is a mountain. He had threatened that, where he

would see Medb, he would hurl a stone at her head. It was not easy to do this, for it was thus Medb went, with half the host around her and their canopy of shields over her head. And Medb ordered a canopy of shields to be held over her head in order that Cuchulain might not strike her from the hills or hillocks or heights. Howbeit on that day, no killing nor attack came from Cuchulain upon the men of Erin, in the land of Murthemne among the rocks and dunes of Conalle Murthemni.

## VIII. THE SLAYING OF LOCHE

The warriors of four of the five grand provinces of Erin bided their time in Redè Lochè in Cualnge and pitched camp and took quarters therein for that night. Medb bade her fair handmaiden from amongst her attendants to go for her to the river for water for drinking and washing. Lochè was the name of the maiden. Thereupon Lochè went, and fifty women in her train and the queen's diadem of gold on her head. And Cuchulain espied them and he put a stone on his sling and cast a stone from his staff-sling at her, so that he broke the diadem of gold in three pieces and killed the maiden on her plain. Thence is Redè Lochè ('the Plain of Lochè') in Cualnge. For Cuchulain had thought, for want of acquaintance and knowledge, that it was Medb that was there.

From Finnabair of Cualnge the hosts divided and set the country on fire. They gathered all their women and boys and girls and cattle in Cualnge together so that they all were in Finnabair. "Ye have not fared well," quoth Medb; "I see not the bull amongst you." "He is not in the land at all," replied every one. They summoned Lothar, the cowherd, to Medb. "Where, thinkest thou, is the bull?" she asked. "I have great fear to tell," said the cowherd. "The night," said he, "that the Ulstermen fell into their 'Pains,' the Donn went and three score heifers along with him; and he is at Dubcaire Glinni Gat ('the Black Corrie of the Osier-glen')." "Rise," said Medb, "and take a withy between each two of you." And they do accordingly. Hence is the name, Glenn Gatt, of that glen.

Then they led the bull to Finnabair. In the place where the bull saw Lothar, the cowherd, he attacked him, and soon he carried his entrails out on his horns and together with his thrice fifty heifers he attacked the camp, so that fifty warriors perished. Hence this is the Tragical Death of Lothar on the Táin and the Finding of the Bull according to this version. Thereafter the bull went from them away from the camp and they knew not whither he had gone from them and they were ashamed. Medb asked the cowherd if he might know where the bull was. "I trow he is in the wilds of Sliab Culinn." Then they turned back ravaging Cualnge and they found not the bull there.

## VIIIe. THE KILLING OF UALA

Early on the morrow the hosts continued their way to lay waste the plain of Murthemne and to sack Mag Breg and Meath and Machaire Conaill ('Conall's Plain') and the land of Cualnge. It was then that the streams and rivers of Conalle Murthemni rose to the tops of the trees, and the streams of the Cronn rose withal, until the hosts arrived at Glais Cruinn ('Cronn's Stream'). And they attempted the stream and failed to cross it because of the size of its waves, so that they slept on its bank. And Cluain Carpat ('Chariot-meadow') is the name of the first place where they reached it. This is why Cluain Carpat is the name of that place, because of the hundred chariots which the river carried away from them to the sea. Medb ordered her people that one of the warriors should go try the river. And on the morrow there arose a great, stout, wonderful warrior of the particular people of Medb and Ailill, Uala by name, and he took on his back a massy rock, to the end that Glais Cruinn might not carry him back. And he went to essay the stream, and the stream threw him back dead, lifeless, with his stone on his back and so he was drowned. Medb ordered that he be lifted out of the river then by the men of Erin and his grave dug and his keen made and his stone raised over his grave, so that it is thence Lia Ualann ('Uala's Stone') on the road near the stream in the land of Cualnge.

Cuchulain clung close to the hosts that day provoking them to encounter and combat. Four and seven score kings fell at his

hands at that same stream, and he slew a hundred of their armed, kinglike warriors around Roen and Roi, the two chroniclers of the Táin. This is the reason the account of the Táin was lost and had to be sought afterwards for so long a time.

Medb called upon her people to go meet Cuchulain in encounter and combat for the sake of the hosts. "It will not be I," and "It will not be I," spake each and every one from his place. "No caitiff is due from my people. Even though one should be due, it is not I would go to oppose Cuchulain, for no easy thing is it to do battle with him."

When they had failed to find the Donn Cualnge, the hosts kept their way along the river around the river Cronn to its source, being unable to cross it, till they reached the place where the river rises out of the mountains, and, had they wished it, they would have gone between the river and the mountain, but Medb would not allow it, so they had to dig and hollow out the mountain. before her in order that their trace might remain there forever and that it might be for a shame and reproach to Ulster.

They tarried there three days and three nights till they had dug out the earth before them. And Bernais ('the Gap') of the Foray of Medb and the Gap of the Foray of Cualnge is another name for the place ever since, for it is through it the drove afterwards passed. There Cuchulain killed Cronn and Coemdele and ...

The warriors of the four grand provinces of Erin pitched camp and took quarters that night at Belat Aileain ('the Island's Crossway'). Belat Aileain was its name up to then, but Glenn Tail ('Glen of Shedding') is henceforth its name because of the abundance of curds and of milk and of new warm milk which the droves of cattle and the flocks of the land of Conalle and Murthemne yielded there that night for the men of Erin. And Liasa Liac ('Stone Sheds') is another name for it to this day, and it is for this it bears that name, for it is there that the men of Erin raised cattle-stalls and byres for their herds and droves between Cualnge and Conalle. Botha is still another name for it, for the men of Erin erected bothies and huts there.

The four of the five grand provinces of Erin took up the march until they reached the Sechair in the west on the morrow. Sechair was the name of the river hitherto; Glaiiss Gatlaig ('Osier-water') is its name henceforward. And Glaiiss Gatlaig rose up against them. Now this is the reason it had that name, for it was in osiers and ropes that the men of Erin brought their flocks and droves over across it, and the entire host let their osiers and ropes drift with the stream after crossing. Hence the name, Glaiiss Gatlaig. Then they slept at Druim Fene in Conalle. These then are their stages from Cualnge to the plain (of Conalle Murthemni) according to this version. Other authors of this Work and other books aver that they followed another way on their journeyings from Finnabair to Conalle.

## VIII. THE HARRYING OF CUALNGE FOLLOWETH HERE BELOW

After every one had come with their spoils and they were all gathered in Finnabair of Cualnge, Medb spake: "Let the camp be divided here," said Medb; "the foray cannot be carried on by a single road. Let Ailill with half his force go by Midluachair. We and Fergus will go by Bernas Bo Ulad ('the Pass of the Cattle of Ulster')." "Not fair is the part that has fallen to us of the force," said Fergus; "the cattle cannot be driven over the mountain without dividing." This then is done. Hence cometh Bernas Bo Ulad ('the Pass of the Cattle of Ulster').

Then spake Ailill to his charioteer Cuillius: "Find out for me to-day Medb and Fergus. I wot not what hath led them to keep thus together. I would fain have a token from thee." Cuillius went where Medb and Fergus wanted. The pair dallied behind while the warriors continued their march. Cuillius stole near them and they perceived not the spy. It happened that Fergus' sword lay close by him. Cuillius drew it from its sheath and left the sheath empty. Then Cuillius betook himself to Ailill. "Well?" said Ailill. "Well, then," replied Cuillius; "thou knowest the signification of this token. As thou hast thought," continued Cuillius, "it is thus I discovered them, lying together." "It is so, then." Each of them laughs, at the other. "It is well so," said Ailill; "she had no choice; to

win his help on the Táin she hath done it. Keep the sword carefully by thee," said Ailill; "put it beneath thy seat in the chariot and a linen cloth wrapped round it."

When Fergus got up to take his sword, "Alas!" cried he. "What aileth thee?" Medb asked. "An ill deed have I done Ailill," said he. "Wait thou here till I come out of the wood," said Fergus, "and wonder not though it be long till I come." It happened that Medb knew not of the loss of the sword. Fergus went out taking his charioteer's sword with him in his hand, and he fashioned a sword from a tree in the wood. Hence is Fid Mor Thruailli ('Great Scabbard-Wood') in Ulster.

"Let us hasten after our comrades," said Fergus. The forces of all came together in the plain. They raised their tents. Fergus was summoned to Ailill for a game of chess. When Fergus entered the tent Ailill laughed at him.

Cuchulain came so that he was before Ath Cruinn ('the Ford of the Cronn'). "O master Laeg," he cried to his driver, "here are the hosts for us." "I swear by the gods," said the charioteer, "I will do a mighty feat in the eyes of chariot-fighters, in quick spurring-on of the slender steeds; with yokes of silver and golden wheels shall they be urged on in triumph. Thou shalt ride before heads of kings. The steeds I guide will bring victory with their bounding." "Take heed, O Laeg," said Cuchulain; "hold the reins for the great triumph of Macha, that the horses drag thee not over the mass at the ... of a woman. Let us go over the straight plain of these ... I call on the waters to help me," cried Cuchulain. "I beseech heaven and earth and the Cronn above all."

Then the Cronn opposes them,  
Holds them back from Murthemne,  
Till the heroes' work is done  
On the mount of Ocaine!

Therewith the water rose up till it was in the tops of the trees.

Mané son of Ailill and Medb marched in advance of the rest. Cuchulain slew him on the ford and thirty horsemen of his people were drowned. Again Cuchulain laid low twice sixteen warriors of theirs near the stream. The warriors of Erin pitched their tents near the ford. Lugaid son of Nos grandson of Lomarc Allcomach went to parley with Cuchulain. Thirty horsemen were with him. "Welcome to thee, O Lugaid," cried Cuchulain. "Should a flock of birds graze upon the plain of Murthemne, thou shalt have a wild goose with half the other. Should fish come to the falls or to the bays, thou shalt have a salmon with as much again. Thou shalt have the three sprigs, even a sprig of cresses, a sprig of laver, and a sprig of sea-grass; there will be a man to take thy place at the ford." "This welcome is truly meant," replied Lugaid; "the choice of people for the youth whom I desire!" "Splendid are your hosts," said Cuchulain. "It will be no misfortune," said Lugaid, "for thee to stand up alone before them." "True courage and valour have I," Cuchulain made answer. "Lugaid, my master," said Cuchulain, "do the hosts fear me?" "By the god," Lugaid made answer, "I swear that no one man of them nor two men dares make water outside the camp unless twenty or thirty go with him." "It will be something for them," said Cuchulain, "if I begin to cast from my sling. He will be fit for thee, O Lugaid, this companion thou hast in Ulster, if the men oppose me one by one. Say, then, what wouldst thou?" asked Cuchulain. "A truce with my host." "Thou shalt have it, provided there be a token therefor. And tell my master Fergus that there shall be a token on the host. Tell the leeches that there shall be a token on the host, and let them swear to preserve my life and let them provide me each night with provision."

Lugaid went from him. It happened that Fergus was in the tent with Ailill. Lugaid called him out and reported that (proposal of Cuchulain's) to him. Then Ailill was heard:

"I swear by the god, I cannot," said Fergus, "unless I ask the lad. Help me, O Lugaid," said Fergus. "Do thou go to him, to see whether Ailill with a division may come to me to my company. Take him an ox with salt pork and a keg of wine." Thereupon Lugaid goes to Cuchulain and tells him that. "'Tis the same to me whether he go," said Cuchulain. Then the two hosts unite. They remain there till night, or until they spend thirty nights there. Cuchulain destroyed thirty of their warriors with his sling. "Your journeyings will be ill-starred," said Fergus (to Medb and Ailill);



"the men of Ulster will come out of their 'Pains' and will grind you down to the earth and the gravel. Evil is the battle-corner wherein we are." He proceeds to Cul Airthir ('the Eastern Nook'). Cuchulain slays thirty of their heroes on Ath Duirn ('Ford of the Fist'). Now they could not reach Cul Airthir till night. Cuchulain killed thirty of their men there and they raised their tents in that place. In the morning Ailill's charioteer, Cuilius to wit, was washing the wheel-bands in the ford. Cuchulain struck him with a stone so that he killed him. Hence is Ath Cuillne ('Ford of Destruction') in Cul Airthir.'

## IX. THE PROPOSALS

The four grand provinces of Erin proceeded till they pitched camp and took quarters in Druim En ('Birds' Ridge') in the land of Conalle Murthemni, and they slept there that night, as we said before, and Cuchulain held himself at Ferta Illergaib ('the Burial-mound on the Slopes') hard by them that night, and he, Cuchulain, shook, brandished and flourished his weapons that night. Every night of the three nights they were there he made casts from his sling at them, from Ochaine nearby, so that one hundred warriors of the host perished of fright and fear and dread of Cuchulain. "Not long will our host endure in this way with Cuchulain," quoth Ailill. Medb called upon Fiachu son of Ferfebè of the Ulstermen to go parley with Cuchulain, to come to some terms with him. "What terms shall be given him?" asked Fiachu son of Ferfebè. "Not hard to answer," Medb replied: "He shall be recompensed for the loss of his lands and estates, for whosoever has been slain of the Ulstermen, so that it be paid to him as the men of Erin adjudge according to the will of the Ulstermen and of Fergus and of the nobles of the men of Erin who are in this camp and encampment. Entertainment shall be his at all times in Cruachan; wine and mead shall be poured out for him. He shall have from the plain of Ai the equal of the plain of Murthemne and the best chariot that is in Ai and the equipment of twelve men. Offer, if it please him more, the plain wherein he was reared and thrice seven bondmaids. And he shall come into my service and Ailill's, for that is more seemly for him than to be in the service of the lordling with whom he is, even of Conchobar son of Fachtna Fathatch.

Accordingly this was the greatest word of scorn and insult spoken on the Cow-Raid of Cualnge, to make a lordling of the best king of a province in Erin, even of Conchobar.

Then came Fiachu son of Ferfebè to converse with Cuchulain. Cuchulain bade him welcome. "Welcome thy coming and thine arrival, O Fiachu," said Cuchulain. "I regard that welcome as truly meant," said Fiachu. "It is truly meant for thee" replied Cuchulain; "and thou shalt have a night of hospitality this night." "Victory and a blessing attend thee, O fosterling," replied Fiachu. "Not for hospitality am I come, but to parley with thee am I come from Medb, and to bring thee terms." "What hast thou brought with thee?" "Thou shalt be recompensed for whatsoever was destroyed of Ulster which shall be paid thee as best the men of Erin adjudge. Entertainment shalt thou enjoy in Cruachan; wine and mead shall be poured out for thee and thou shalt enter the service of Ailill and Medb, for that is more seemly for thee than to be in the service of the lordling with whom thou art." "Nay, of a truth," answered Cuchulain, "I would not sell my mother's brother for any other king!" "Further," continued Fiachu, "that thou comest to-morrow to a tryst with Medb and Fergus in Glenn Fochaine.

Therewith Fiachu left behind a wish for long life and health with Cuchulain.

Accordingly, early on the morrow, Cuchulain set forth for Glenn Fochaine. Likewise Medb and Fergus went to meet him. And Medb looked narrowly at Cuchulain, and her spirit chafed her at him that day, for no bigger than the bulk of a stripling did he seem to her. "Is that yonder the renowned Cuchulain thou speak-est of, O Fergus?" asked Medb, "of whom it is said amongst ye Ulstermen that there is not in Erin a warrior for whom he is not a match and mighty combat?" "Not in Erin alone, did we say," Fergus made answer; "but there is not in the world a warrior for whom he is not a match and mighty combat." And Medb began to address Fergus and she made this lay:—

Medb:

"If that be the noble Hound,  
Of whom ye of Ulster boast,  
What man e'er stout foe hath faced,  
Will fend him from Erin's men!"

Fergus:

"Howe'er young the Hound thou seest,  
That Murthemne's Plain doth course,  
That man hath not stood on earth  
Whom he'd crush not with his might!"

Medb:

"We will bring this warrior terms;  
If he slight them, he is mad:  
Half his cows, his women, half.  
He shall change his way of fight!"

Fergus:

"My wish, that yell not o'ercome  
This Hound from proud Murthemne!  
Deeds he fears not—fierce and bright—  
This I know, if it be he!"

"Accost Cuchulain, O Fergus," said Medb. "Nay, then," quoth Fergus, "but do thou accost him thyself, for ye are not asunder here in the valley, in Glenn Fochaine." And Medb began to address Cuchulain and she made a lay, to which he responded:

Medb:

"Culann's Hound, whom quatrains praise,  
Keep thy staff-sling far from us;  
Thy fierce, famed fight hath us ruined,  
Hath us broken and confused!"

Cuchulain:

"Medb of Mur, he, Maga's son,  
No base arrant wight am I.  
While I live I'll never cease  
Cualnge's raid to harass sore!"

Medb:

"If thou wilt take this from us,  
Valiant chief, thou Cualnge's Hound;  
Half thy cows, thy women, half,  
Thou shalt have through fear of thee!"

Cuchulain:

"As by right of thrusts am I  
Ulster's champion and defence,  
Naught I'll yield till I retrieve  
Cow and woman ta'en from Gael!"

Medb:

"What thou askest is too much,  
After slaughtering our fair troops,  
That we keep but steeds and gauds,  
All because of one sole man!"

Cuchulain:

"Eochó's daughter, fair, of Fal,  
I'm not good at wars of words;  
Though a warrior—fair the cheer—  
Counsel mine is little worth!"

Medb:

"Shame thou hast none for what thou sayest,  
O Dechtiré's lordly son!  
Famous are the terms for thee,  
O thou battling Culann's Hound!"

When this lay was finished, Cuchulain accepted none of the terms which she had offered. In such wise they parted in the valley and withdrew in equal anger on the one side and on the other.

The warriors of four of the five grand provinces of Erin pitched camp and took quarters for three days and three nights at Druim En ('Birds' Ridge') in Conalle Murthemni, but neither huts nor tents did they set up, nor did they engage in feasts or repasts, nor sang they songs nor carols those three nights. And Cuchulain destroyed a hundred of their warriors every night ere the bright hour of sunrise on the morrow.

"Our hosts will not last long in this fashion," said Medb, "if Cuchulain slays a hundred of our warriors every night. Wherefore is a proposal not made to him and do we not parley with him?" "What might the proposal be?" asked Ailill. "Let the cattle that have milk be given to him and the captive women from amongst our booty. And he on his side shall check his staff-sling from the men of Erin and give leave to the hosts to sleep, even though he slay them by day." "Who shall go with that proposal?" Ailill asked. "Who," answered Medb, "but macRoth the chief runner!" "Nay, but I will not go," said macRoth, "for I am in no way experienced and know not where Cuchulain may be, and even though I should meet him, I should not know him." "Ask Fergus," quoth Medb; "like enough he knows where he is." "Nay, then, I know it not," answered Fergus; "but I trow he is in the snow between Fochain and the sea, taking the wind and the sun after his sleeplessness last night, killing and slaughtering the host single handed." And so it truly was. Then on that errand to Delga macRoth set forth, the messenger of Ailill and Medb. He it is that circles Erin in one day. There it is that Fergus opined that Cuchulain would be, in Delga.

Heavy snow fell that night so that all the five provinces of Erin were a white plane with the snow. And Cuchulain doffed the seven-score waxed, boardlike tunics which were used to be held under cords and strings next his skin, in order that his sense might not be deranged when the fit of his fury came on him. And the snow melted for thirty feet all around him, because of the intensity of the warrior's heat and the warmth of Cuchulain's body. And the gilla remained a good distance from him for he could not endure to remain near him because of the might of his rage and the warrior's fury and the heat of his body. "A single warrior approacheth, O Cuchulain," cried Laeg to Cuchulain. "What manner of warrior is he?" asked Cuchulain. "A brown, broad-faced, handsome fellow; a yellow head of hair and a linen ornament round it; a splendid, brown, hooded cloak, with red ornamentation, about him; a fine, bronze pin in his cloak; a leathern three-striped doublet next his skin; two gapped shoes between his two feet and the ground; a white-hazel dog-staff in one of his hands; a single-edged sword with ornaments of walrus-tooth on its hilt in the other. "Good, O gilla," quoth Cuchulain, "these be the tokens of a herald. One of the heralds of Erin is he to bring me message and offer of parley."

Now was macRoth arrived at the place where Laeg was, "How now! What is thy title as vassal, O gilla?" macRoth asked. "Vassal am I to the youth up yonder," the gilla made answer. MacRoth came to the place where Cuchulain was. Cuchulain was sitting in the snow there up to his two hips with nothing about him ... his mantle. "How now! What is thy name as vassal, O warrior?" asked macRoth. "Vassal am I to Conchobar son of Fachtna Fathach, son of the High King of this province." "Hast not something, a name more special than that?" "Tis enough for the nonce," answered Cuchulain. "Haply, thou knowest where I might find that famous Cuchulain of whom the men of Erin clamour now on this foray?" "What wouldst thou say to him that thou wouldst not to me?" asked Cuchulain. "To parley with him am I come on the part of Ailill and Medb, with terms and friendly intercourse for him." "What terms hast thou brought with thee for him?" "The milch-kine and the bondwomen of the booty he shall have, and for him to hold back his staff-sling from the hosts, for not pleasant is the thunder-feat he works every evening upon them." "Even though the one thou seekest were really at hand, he would not accept the proposals thou askest." "How so, then," said macRoth; "for the Ulstermen, as amends for their honour and in reprisal for injuries and satires and hindrances and for bands of troops and marauders, will kill for meat in the winter the milch-cows ye have captured, should they happen to have no yeld cattle. And, what is

more, they will bring their bondwomen to bed to them, and thus will grow up a base progeny on the side of the mothers in the land of Ulster, and loath I am to leave after me such a disgrace on the men of Ulster.

MacRoth went his way back to the camp of the men of Erin to where Ailill and Medb and Fergus were. "What! Didst thou not find him?" Medb asked. "Verily, I know not, but I found a surly, angry, hateful, wrathful gilla in the snow betwixt Fochain and the sea. Sooth to say, I know not if he were Cuchulain." "Hath he accepted these proposals from thee?" "Nay then, he hath not." And macRoth related unto them all his answer, the reason why he did not accept them. "It was he himself with whom thou spakest," said Fergus.

"Another offer shall be made him," said Medb. "What is the offer?" asked Ailill. "There shall be given to him the yeld cattle and the noblest of the captive women of the booty, and his sling shall be checked from the hosts, for not pleasant is the thunder-feat he works on them every evening." "Who should go make this covenant?" said they. "Who but macRoth the king's envoy," said every one. "Yea, I will go," said macRoth, "because this time I know him."

Thereupon macRoth arose and came to parley with Cuchulain. "To parley with thee am I come this time with other terms, for I wis it is thou art the renowned Cuchulain." "What hast thou brought with thee now?" Cuchulain asked. "What is dry of the kine and what is noblest of the captives shalt thou get, and hold thy staff-sling from the men of Erin and suffer the men of Erin to go to sleep, for not pleasant is the thunder-feat thou workest upon them every evening." "I accept not that offer, because, as amends for their honour, the Ulstermen will kill the dry cattle. For the men of Ulster are honourable men and they would remain wholly without dry kine and milch-kine. They would bring their free women ye have captured to the querns and to the kneading-troughs and into bondage and other serfdom besides. This would be a disgrace. Loath I should be to leave after me this shame in Ulster, that slave-girls and bondmaids should be made of the daughters of kings and princes of Ulster." "Is there any offer at all thou wilt accept this time?" said macRoth "Aye, but there is," answered Cuchulain. "Then wilt thou tell me the offer?" asked macRoth. "By my word," Cuchulain made answer, "tis not I that will tell you." "It is a question, then," said macRoth. "If there be among you in the camp," said Cuchulain, "one that knows the terms I demand, let him inform you, and I will abide thereby." "And if there be not?" said macRoth. "If there be not," said Cuchulain, "let no one come near me any more with offers or with friendly intercourse or concerning aught other injunction, for, whosoever may come, it will be the term of his life!"

MacRoth came back to the camp and station of the men of Erin, to where Ailill, Medb, and Fergus were, and Medb asked his tidings. "Didst thou find him?" Medb asked. "In truth, I found him," macRoth replied. "Hath he accepted the terms?" "He hath not accepted," replied macRoth. "How so," said Ailill, "is there an offer he will accept?" "There is one, he said," answered macRoth. "Hath he made known to thee this offer?" "This is his word," said macRoth, "that he himself would not disclose it to ye." "Tis a question, then," said Medb. "But" (macRoth continued), "should there be one in our midst that knows his terms, that one would tell it to me." "And if there be not," said Ailill. "And if there be not," (answered macRoth), "let no one go seek him any more. But, there is one thing I promise thee," said macRoth; "even though the kingdom of Erin were given me for it, I for one would not go on these same legs to that place to parley with him again." "Belike, Fergus knows," quoth Ailill. Therewith Medb looked at Fergus. "What are the terms yonder man demands, O Fergus?" Medb asked. "I know what the man meant to disclose. I see no advantage at all for ye in the terms he demands," Fergus replied. "But what are those terms?" asked Medb. "Not difficult to say," replied Fergus. "That a single champion of the men of Erin be sent to fight and contend with him every day. The while he slayeth that man, the army will be permitted to continue its march. Then, when he will have slain that man, another warrior shall be sent to meet him on the ford. Either that, or the men of Erin shall halt and camp there till sunrise's bright hour in the morning. And, by the ford

whereon his single-handed battle and fight takes place, the cattle shall not be taken by day or by night, to see if there come to him help from the men of Ulster. And I wonder," continued Fergus, "how long it will be till they come out of their 'Pains.' Whatever Ulstermen are injured or wounded nearby him, your leeches shall heal them and ye shall not be paid for the price of their healing. Whatever daughter of kings or of princes of the men of Erin shall love him, ye shall bring her to him together with her purchase and bride-price. And further, Cuchulain's food and clothing shall be provided by you, so long as he will be on this expedition." "Good, O Fergus," asked Ailill, "will he abate aught of these terms?" "In sooth, will he," replied Fergus; "namely, he will not exact to be fed and clothed by you, but of himself will provide food and clothing."

"By our conscience," said Ailill, "this is a grievous proposal." "What he asks is good," replied Medb; "and he shall obtain those terms, for we deem it easier to bear that he should have one of our warriors every day than a hundred every night." "Who will go and make known those terms to Cuchulain?" "Who, then, but Fergus?" replied Medb. "Come now, O Fergus," said Medb; "take upon thee to fulfil and make good those terms to him." "Nevermore!" said Fergus. "Why not?" asked Ailill. "I fear ye will not make true and fulfil them for me." "They will truly be fulfilled," said Medb. (Then said Fergus:) "Bonds and covenants, pledges and bail shall be given for abiding by those terms and for their fulfilment towards Cuchulain." "I abide by it," said Medb, and she fast bound Fergus to them in like manner.

## X. THE VIOLENT DEATH OF ETARCUMUL

Fergus' horses were brought and his chariot was hitched and Fergus set forth on that errand. And two horses were brought for Etarcumul son of Fid and of Lethrinn, a soft youth of the people of Medb and of Ailill. Now Etarcumul followed Fergus. "Whither goest thou?" Fergus demanded. "We go with thee," Etarcumul made answer. "And why goest thou with me?" asked Fergus. "To behold the form and appearance of Cuchulain, and to gaze upon him, for he is unknown to me." "Wilt thou do my bidding," said Fergus, "thou wilt in no wise go thither." "Why shall I not, pray?" "I would not have thee go," said Fergus; "and it is not out of hatred of thee, only I should be loath to have combat between thee and Cuchulain. Thy light-heartedness, thy haughtiness and thy pride and thine overweeningness (I know), but (I also know) the fierceness and valour and hostility, the violence and vehemence of the youth against whom thou goest, even Cuchulain. And methinks ye will have contention before ye part. No good will come from your meeting." "Art thou not able to come between us to protect me?" "I am, to be sure," Fergus answered, "provided thou thyself seek not the combat and treat not what he says with contempt." "I will not seek it," said Etarcumul, "till the very day of doom!"

Then they went their ways in two chariots to Delga, to come up to Cuchulain where Cuchulain was between Fochain and the sea. There it is that he was that day, with his back to the pillar-stone at Crich Rois, playing draughts with Laeg, to wit, his charioteer. The back of his head was turned towards them that approached and Laeg faced them. And not a living thing entered the entire plain without Laeg perceiving it and, notwithstanding, he continued to win every other game of draughts from Cuchulain. "A lone warrior cometh towards us over the plain, my master Cucuc," spake Laeg. "What manner of warrior?" queried Cuchulain. "A fine, large chariot is there," said he. "But what sort of chariot?" "As large as one of the chief mountains that are highest on a great plain appears to me the chariot that is under the warrior; and I would liken to the battlements of one of the vast, royal seats of the province the chariot that is in the trappings of those horses; as large as one of the noble trees on a main fort's green meseems the curly, tressed, fair-yellow, all-golden hair hanging loose around the man's head; a purple mantle fringed with thread of gold wrapped around him; a golden, ornamented brooch in the mantle over his breast; a bright-shining, hooded shirt, with red embroidery of red gold trussed up on his white skin; a broad and grey-shafted lance, perforated from *mimasc* to 'horn,' flaming red in his hand; over him, a bossed, plaited shield, curved, with an

engraved edge of silvered bronze, with applied ornaments of red gold thereon, and a boss of red gold; a lengthy sword, as long as the oar of a huge curragh on a wild, stormy night, resting on the two thighs of the great haughty warrior that is within the chariot."

"Holla! Welcome the coming of this guest to us!" cried Cuchulain. "We know the man; it is my master Fergus that cometh hither. Empty is the great paddle that my master Fergus carries," said Cuchulain; "for there is no sword in its sheath but a sword of wood. For I have heard," Cuchulain continued, "that Ailill got a chance at him and Medb as they lay, and he took away Fergus' sword from him and gave it to his charioteer to take care of, and the sword of wood was put into its sheath."

"Yet another single chariot-fighter I see coming towards us. With fulness of skill and beauty and splendour his horses speed." "A young, tender gilla in armour is in the chariot." "One of the youths of the men of Erin is he, O my master Laeg," responded Cuchulain. "To scan my appearance and form is that man come, for I am renowned amongst them in the midst of their camp, and they know me not at all."

Fergus came up to where Cuchulain was and he sprang from the chariot, and Cuchulain bade him a hearty welcome. "Welcome to thine arrival and thy coming, O my master Fergus!" cried Cuchulain; "and a night's lodging shalt thou have here this night." "Thy hospitality and eke thy welcome I take for true," Fergus responded. "Verily, it is truly meant for thee," said Cuchulain; "for comes there a brace of birds into the plain, thou shalt have a wild goose with half the other. If fish rise to the river-mouths, to the stones or waterfalls, thou shalt have a salmon with as much again. Thou shalt have a handful of watercress and a handful of sea-grass and a handful of laver and a drink from the sand afterwards. If thou hast a fight or combat with warrior before thee, I myself will go in thy stead to the ford. I will bear the fight that thou mayest return safe to the camp and the fort of the men of Erin on the morrow, and thou shalt lie on a litter of fresh rushes till heavy sleep and slumber come on thee, and I will watch and guard thee as long as thou sleepest." "Well, then, mayest thou have victory and blessing, O fosterling," said Fergus. "We know of what sort is thy hospitality on this occasion, on the Cow-spoil of Cúalnge. But, not to claim that are we come, a night's hospitality of thee, but to fulfil and make good the terms thou askest. As for this compact which thou hast asked of the men of Erin, single-handed combat with one man, thou shalt have it. It is for that I am come, to bind thee thereto, and do thou take it upon thee." "I pledge myself truly," said Cuchulain, provided fair play and single-handed combat be granted to me. "And, O, my master Fergus, do thou take upon thee the pact," said Cuchulain. "I bind myself to it," replied Fergus. And no longer than that did he remain in parley, lest the men of Erin should say they were betrayed or deserted by Fergus for his disciple. Fergus' two horses were brought and his chariot was harnessed and he went back.

Etarcumul tarried behind gazing for a long time at Cuchulain. "At what starest thou, gilla?" asked Cuchulain. "I look at thee," said Etarcumul. "In truth then, thou hast not far to look," said Cuchulain. "There is no need of straining thine eye for that; not far from thee within sight, thine eye seeth what is not smaller than I nor bigger. If thou but knewest how angered is the little creature thou regardest, myself, to wit! And how then do I appear unto thee gazing upon me?" "Thou pleasest me as thou art; a comely, shapely, wonderful, beautiful youth thou art, with brilliant, striking, various feats. Yet as for rating thee where goodly warriors are or forward youths or heroes of bravery or sledges of destruction, we count thee not nor consider thee at all. I know not why thou shouldst be feared by any one. I behold nothing of terror or fearfulness or of the overpowering of a host in thee. So, a comely youth with arms of wood and with showy feats is all thou art!" "Though thou revilest me," said Cuchulain, "it is a surety for thee that thou camest from the camp under the protection of Fergus, as thou well knowest. For the rest, I swear by my gods whom I worship, were it not for the honour of Fergus, it would be only bits of thy bones and shreds of thy limbs, thy reins drawn and thy quarters scattered that would be brought back to the camp behind thy horses and chariot!" "But threaten me no longer in this wise, Cuchulain!" cried Etarcumul; "for the wonderful terms thou didst

exact of the men of Erin, that fair play and combat with one man should be granted thee, none other of the men of Erin but mine own self will come to-morrow at morn's early hour on the ford to attack thee."

"Come out, then," said Cuchulain, "and howso early thou comest, thou wilt find me here. I will not fly before thee. Before no man have I put foot in flight till now on the Plunder of the Kine of Cualnge and neither will I fly before thee!"

Etarculum returned from Methé and Cethé, and began to talk with his driver. "I must needs fight with Cuchulain to-morrow, gilla," said Etarculum, "for I gave my word to go." "'Tis true, thou didst," quoth the charioteer. "Howbeit, I know not wilt thou fulfil it." "But what is better for us, to fulfil it to-morrow or forthwith to-night?" "To our thinking," said the gilla, "albeit no victory is to be won by fighting to-morrow, there is still less to be gained by fighting to-night, for thy combat and hurt is the nearer." "Be that as it may," said he; "turn the horses and chariot back again from the hill for us, gilla, till we go to the ford of combat, for I swear by the gods whom I worship, I will not return to the camp till the end of life and time, till I bring with me the head of that young wildling, even the head of Cuchulain, for a trophy!"

The charioteer wheeled the chariot again towards the ford. They brought the left board to face the pair in a line with the ford. Laeg marked this and he cried to Cuchulain: ("Wist thou) the last chariot-fighter that was here a while ago, O Cucuc?" "What of him?" asked Cuchulain. "He has brought his left board towards us in the direction of the ford." "It is Etarculum, O gilla, who seeks me in combat. I owe no refusal, but far from pleased am I thereat that he should come and seek combat of me. And unwelcome is his coming, because of the honour of my foster-father Fergus under whom he came forth from the camp of the men of Erin. But not that I would protect him do I thus. Fetch me my arms, gilla, to the ford. Bring me my horse and my chariot after me. I deem it no honour for myself if the fellow reaches the ford before me." And straightway Cuchulain betook himself to the ford, and he bared his sword over his fair, well-knit spalls and he was ready on the ford to await Etarculum.

Then, too, came Etarculum. "What seekest thou, gilla?" demanded Cuchulain. "Battle with thee I seek," replied Etarculum. "Hadst thou been advised by me," said Cuchulain, "thou wouldst never have come. I do not desire what thou demandest of me. I have no thought of fighting or contending with thee, Etarculum. Because of the honour of Fergus under whom thou camest out of the camp and station of the men of Erin, and not because I would spare thee, do I behave thus." "Thou hast no choice but to fight," replied Etarculum. Thereupon Cuchulain gave him a long-blow whereby he cut away the sod that was under the soles of his feet, so that he was stretched out like a sack on his back, and his limbs in the air and the sod on his belly. Had Cuchulain wished it it is two pieces he might have made of him. "Hold, fellow. Off with thee now, for I have given thee warning. It mislikes me to cleanse my hands in thee. I would have cloven thee into many parts long since but for Fergus." "I will not go. We will fight on," said Etarculum. Cuchulain dealt him a well-aimed edge-stroke. With the edge of his sword he sheared the hair from him from poll to forehead, from one ear to the other, as if it were with a light, keen razor he had been shorn. Not a scratch of his skin gave blood. "Hold, fellow. Get thee home now," said Cuchulain, "for a laughing-stock I have made of thee." "I go not," rejoined Etarculum. "We will fight to the end, till I take thy head and thy spoils and boast over thee, or till thou takest my head and my spoils and boastest over me!" "So let it be, what thou saidst last, that it shall be. I will take thy head and thy spoils and boast over thee!" When now the churl became troublesome and persistent, Cuchulain sprang from the ground, so that he alighted on the edge of Etarculum's shield, and he dealt him a cleaving-blow on the crown of the head, so that it drove to his navel. He dealt him a second crosswise stroke, so that at the one time the three portions of his body came to the ground. Thus fell Etarculum son of Fid and of Lethrinn.

Then Etarculum's charioteer went his way after Fergus, and Fergus knew not that the combat had been. For thus was his wont: From the day Fergus took warrior's arms in hand, he never for aught looked back, whether at sitting or at rising or when travel-

ling or walking, in battle or fight or combat, lest some one might say it was out of fear he looked back, but ever he looked at the thing that was before and beside him. Fergus saw the chariot go past him and a single man in it. And when Etarculum's squire came up abreast of Fergus, Fergus asked, "But, where is thy lord, gilla?" "He fell a while since at the ford by the hand of Cuchulain," the gilla made answer. "That indeed was not fair!" exclaimed Fergus, "for that elf-like sprite to wrong me in him that came under my safeguard and protection from the camp and fort of the men of Erin. Turn the chariot for us, gilla," cried Fergus, "that we may go to the ford of fight and combat for a parley with Cuchulain."

Thereupon the driver wheeled the chariot. They fared thither towards the ford. Fergus turned to rebuke Cuchulain. "How darest thou offend me, thou wild, perverse, little elf-man," cried Fergus, "in him that came under my safeguard and protection? Thou thinkest my club short."

"Be not wroth with me, my master Fergus," said Cuchulain. "After the nurture and care thou didst bestow on me and the Ulstermen bestowed and Conchobar tell me, which wouldst thou hold better, for the Ulstermen to be conquered without anyone to punish them but me alone and for him to triumph and boast over me, or for me to triumph and boast over him? And yet more, of his own fault he fell. Ask his own gilla which of us was in fault in respect of the other; it was none other but he.

Reproach me not, O Fergus my master." He bent down so that Fergus' chariot went past him thrice. "Ask his charioteer, is it I that have caused it?" "Not thou indeed," answered his charioteer. "He said," Cuchulain went on, "he would not go till either he took my head or he left me his own." Then Etarculum's gilla related to Fergus how it all befel. When Fergus heard that, what he said was: "Liefer to me what thou hast done, O fosterling," said Fergus, "that Etarculum is slain, and a blessing on the hand that smote him, for it is he that was overweening."

So then they bound two spancels about the ankle-joints of Etarculum's feet and he was dragged along behind his horses and chariot. At every rock that was rough for him, his lungs and his liver were left on the stones and the rugged places. At every place that was smooth for him, his skilfully severed limbs came together again round the horses. In this wise he was dragged through the camp to the door of the tent of Ailill and Medb: "There's your young warrior for you," cried Fergus, "for 'Every restoration together with its restitution' is what the law saith." Medb came forth to the door of her tent and she raised her quick, splitting, loud voice of a warrior. Quoth Medb. "Truly, methought that great was the heat and the wrath of this young hound on leaving us awhile since at the beginning of the day as he went from the camp. It is no fortune for a tender youth that falls on thee now. We had thought that the honour under which he went, even the honour of Fergus, was not the honour of a dastard!" "What hath crazed the virago and wench?" cried Fergus. "Good lack, is it fitting for the mongrel to seek the Hound of battle whom the warriors and champions of four of the five grand provinces of Erin dare not approach nor withstand? What, I myself was glad to escape whole from him!"

Etarculum's grave was then dug and his tombstone erected; his name was written in ogam and they raised the keens over him. Cuchulain shot not from his sling at them that night and the women and maidens were brought over to him and half the cattle, and they brought provision to him by day. In this manner fell Etarculum and such was the combat of Etarculum with Cuchulain.

## XI. THE SLAYING OF NATHCRANTAIL

Then the men of Erin held counsel who would be fit to fight and contend with Cuchulain and drive him off from the men of Erin. "What man have ye to face Cuchulain to-morrow?" asked Lugaid. "They will give him to thee to-morrow," answered Mané son of Ailill. "We find no one to meet him," quoth Medb; "let us have a truce with him then till a man be found to oppose him." This they obtain. "Whither will ye turn," asked Ailill, "to find the man to oppose Cuchulain?" "There is not in Erin," Medb answered, "one that could be got to meet him unless Curoi macDaré come, or

Nathcrantail the warrior." A man of Curoi's people was in the tent. "Curoi will not come," said he; "he weens enough of his people have come!" "Let a message be sent then for Nathcrantail." Then arose a huge warrior of Medb's people, Nathcrantail by name. Manè Andoe ('the Unslow') goes to him. They tell him their message. "Come with us for the sake of the honour of Connacht." "I will not go," said he, "unless they give Finnabair to me." Afterwards he goes with them. They bring his armour in a car from the east of Connacht and place it in the camp. Then was Nathcrantail called into the tent of Ailill and Medb. "Wherefore am I summoned to ye?" Nathcrantail asked. "It would please us well," Medb replied, "werest thou to fight and contend with Cuchulain on the ford and ward him off from us at the morning hour early on the morrow. Thou shalt have Finnabair," said Medb, "for going to fight yonder man." "I will do it," said he. He engaged to undertake the battle and combat and that night be made ready, and early on the morrow Nathcrantail arose for the battle and combat and he took his warlike implements with him to the fight, and though early he arose, Cuchulain arose still earlier. That night Lugaid came to Cuchulain. "Nathcrantail comes to meet thee to-morrow. Alas for thee, thou wilt not withstand him." "That matters not," Cuchulain made answer.

On the morrow Nathcrantail went forth from the camp and he came to attack Cuchulain. He did not deign to bring along arms but thrice nine spits of holly after being sharpened, burnt and hardened in fire. And there before him on the pond was Cuchulain a-fowling and his chariot hard by him, and there was no shelter whatever. And when Nathcrantail perceived Cuchulain he straightway cast a dart at Cuchulain. Cuchulain sprang from the middle of the ground till he came on the tip of the dart. And he performed a feat on the point of the dart and it hindered him not from catching the birds. And again Nathcrantail threw a second dart. Nathcrantail threw a third dart and Cuchulain sprang on the point of the second dart and so on till he was on the point of the last dart. It was then, when Nathcrantail threw the ninth dart, that the flock of birds which Cuchulain pursued on the plain flew away from Cuchulain. Cuchulain chased them even as any bird of the air. He hopped on the points of the darts like a bird from each dart to the next, pursuing the birds that they might not escape him but that they might leave behind a portion of food for the night. For this is what sustained and served Cuchulain, fish and fowl and game on the Cualnge Cow-spoil. Something more remains to be told: Nathcrantail deemed full surely that Cuchulain went from him in rout of defeat and flight. And he went his way till he came to the door of the tent of Ailill and Medb and he lifted up his loud voice of a warrior: "That famous Cuchulain that ye so talk of ran and fled in defeat before me when he came to me in the morning." "We knew," spake Medb, "it would be even so when able warriors and goodly youths met him, that this beardless imp would not hold out; for when a mighty warrior, Nathcrantail to wit, came upon him, he withstood him not but before him he ran away!"

And Fergus heard that, and Fergus and the Ulstermen were sore angered that any one should boast that Cuchulain had fled. And Fergus addressed himself to Fiachu, Feraba's son, that he should go to rebuke Cuchulain. "And tell him it is an honour for him to oppose the hosts for as long or as short a space as he does deeds of valour upon them, but that it were fitter for him to hide himself than to fly before any one of their warriors, forasmuch as the dishonour would be not greater for him than for the rest of Ulster."

Thereupon Fiachu went to address Cuchulain. Cuchulain bade him welcome. "I trow that welcome to be truly meant, but it is for counsel with thee I am come from thy fosterer Fergus. And he has said, 'It would be a glory for thee to oppose the hosts for as long or as short a space as thou doest valiantly with them; but it would be fitter for thee to hide thyself than to fly before any one of their warriors!'" "How now, who makes that boast among ye?" Cuchulain asked. "Nathcrantail, of a surety," Fiachu answered. "How may this be? Dost not know, thou and Fergus and the nobles of Ulster, that I slay no charioteers nor heralds nor unarmed people? And he bore no arms but a spit of wood. And I would not slay Nathcrantail until he had arms. And do thou tell him, let him come here early in the morning, till he is between Ochainè and

the sea, and however early he comes, he will find me here and I will not fly before him!"

Fiachu went back to the camp and to the station of the men of Erin, and he bound Nathcrantail to go to the ford of combat on the morrow. They bided there that night, and it seemed long to Nathcrantail till day with its light came for him to attack Cuchulain. He set out early on the morrow to attack Cuchulain. Cuchulain arose early and came to his place of meeting and his wrath bided with him on that day. And after his night's vigil, with an angry cast he threw his cloak around him, so that it passed over the pillar-stone near by, the size of himself, and snapped the pillar-stone off from the ground between himself and his cloak. And he was aware of naught because of the measure of anger that had come on and raged in him. Then, too, came Nathcrantail. His arms were brought with him on a wagon, and he spake, "Where is this Cuchulain?" shouted Nathcrantail. "Why, over yonder near the pillar-stone before thee," answered Cormac Conlongas son of Conchobar. "Not such was the shape wherein he appeared to me yesterday," said Nathcrantail. "Repel yon warrior," quoth Cormac, "and it will be the same for thee as if thou repellst Cuchulain!" "Art thou Cuchulain?" "And if I am?" answered Cuchulain. "If thou be truly he," said Nathcrantail, "I would not bring a lambkin's head to the camp. I will not take thy head, the head of a beardless boy." "It is not I at all," said Cuchulain; "go find him around the hill!" Cuchulain hastens to Laeg. "Rub a false beard on me; I cannot get the warrior to fight with me beardless." This was done for him. He goes to meet Nathcrantail on the hill. "Methinks that more fitting. Now fight with me fairly," said Nathcrantail. "Thou shalt have thy wish, if only we know it," Cuchulain made answer. "I will make a cast at thee," said Nathcrantail, "and thou shalt not avoid it." "I will not avoid it except on high," said Cuchulain. Nathcrantail makes a cast at him. Cuchulain springs on high before it. "'Tis ill of thee to avoid the cast," cried Nathcrantail. "Avoid then my cast on high!" quoth Cuchulain. Cuchulain lets the spear fly at him and it went on high, so that from above it alighted on Nathcrantail's crown and through him it went to the ground. "Alas," said he, "the best warrior in Erin art thou," spake Nathcrantail. "Four and twenty sons have I in the camp. I will go and tell them what hidden treasure I have and then return for thee to behead me, for I shall die if the spear be taken out of my head." "It is well," quoth Cuchulain; "thou shalt come back." Then Nathcrantail returns to the camp. They all come to meet him. "Where is the madman's head with thee?" every one asks. "Wait, ye warriors, till I tell my tale to my sons and return to do battle with Cuchulain."

Soon came Nathcrantail to seek Cuchulain and he made a wide sweep with his sword at Cuchulain. Cuchulain leaps on high, so that the sword encountered the pillar of stone that was between Cuchulain and his cloak, and the sword broke atwain on the pillar-stone. Then Cuchulain became filled with rage, as he had been with the boys in Emain, and he sprang from the ground and alighted on the top of the boss of Nathcrantail's shield and dealt him a side stroke over the upper edge of the shield, so that he struck off his head from his trunk. He raised his hand quickly again and gave him another blow on the top of the trunk so that he cleft him in twain down to the ground. His four severed parts fell to the ground. Thus fell Nathcrantail slain by Cuchulain. Whereupon Cuchulain spoke the verse:—

"Now that Nathcrantail has fallen,  
There will be increase of strife!  
Would that Medb had battle now,  
And the third part of the host!"

## XII. THE FINDING OF THE BULL

Thereafter on the morrow Medb proceeded with a third of the host of the men of Erin about her, and she set forth by the high-road of Midluachair till she reached Dún Sobairche in the north. And Cuchulain pressed heavily on Medb that day. Medb went on to Cuib to seek the bull and Cuchulain pursued her. Now on the road to Midluachair she had gone to invade Ulster and Cruthne as far as Dún Sobairche. There it is that Cuchulain slew all those we have mentioned in Cuib. Cuchulain killed Fer Taidle, whence cometh Taidle; and as they went northwards he killed

the macBuachalla ('the Herdsman's sons') at their cairn, whence cometh Carn macBuachalla; and he killed Luasce on the slopes, whence Lettre Luasc ('the Watery Slopes of Luasc'); and he slew Bobulge in his marsh, whence Grellach ('the Trampled Place') of Bubulge; and he slew Murthemne on his hill, whence Delga ('the Points') of Murthemne; he slew Nathcoirpthe at his trees, Cruthen on his ford, Marc on his hill, Meille on his mound and Bodb in his tower. It was afterwards then that Cuchulain turned back from the north to Mag Murthemni, to protect and defend his own borders and land, for dearer to him was his own land and inheritance and belongings than the land and territory and belongings of another.

It was then too that he came upon the Fir Crandce ('the men of Crannach') from whom cometh Crannach in Murthemne; to wit, the two Artinne and the two sons of Lecc, the two sons of Durcride, the two sons of Gabul, and Drucht and Delt and Dathen, Tae and Tualang and Turscur, and Torc Glaisse and Glass and Glassne, which are the same as the twenty men of Fochard. Cuchulain surprised them as they were pitching camp in advance of all others—ten cup-bearers and ten men-of-arms they were—so that they fell by his hand.

Then it was that Buide ('the Yellow') son of Ban Blai ('the White') from Sliab Culinn ('Hollymount'), the country of Ailill and Medb, and belonging to the special followers of Ailill and Medb, met Cuchulain. Four and twenty warriors was their strength. A blue mantle enwrapping each man, the Brown Bull of Cualnge plunging and careering before them after he had been brought from Glenn na Samaisce ('Heifers' Glen') to Sliab Culinn, and fifty of his heifers with him. Cuchulain advances to meet them. "Whence bring ye the drove, ye men?" Cuchulain asks. "From yonder mountain," Buide answers. "Where are its herdsmen?" Cuchulain asks. "One is here where we found him," the warrior answers. Cuchulain made three leaps after them, seeking to speak with them, as far as the ford. Then it was he spoke to the leader, "What is thine own name?" said Cuchulain. "One that neither loves thee nor fears thee," Buide made answer; "Buide son of Ban Blai am I, from the country of Ailill and Medb." "Wella-day, O Buide," cried Cuchulain; "haste to the ford below that we exchange a couple of throws with each other." They came to the ford and exchanged a couple of throws there. "Lo, here for thee this short spear," said Cuchulain, and he casts the spear at him. It struck the shield over his belly, so that it shattered three ribs in his farther side after piercing his heart in his bosom. And Buide son of Ban Blai fell on the ford. So that thence is Ath Buidi ('Athboy') in Crich Roiss ('the land of Ross').

For as long or as short a space as these bold champions and battle-warriors were engaged in this work of exchanging their two short spears—for it was not in a moment they had accomplished it—the Brown Bull of Cualnge was carried away in quick course and career by the eight great men to the camp of the men of Erin as swiftly as any beeve can be brought to a camp. They opined then it would not be hard to deal with Cuchulain if only his spear were got from him. From this accordingly came the greatest shame and grief and madness that was brought on Cuchulain on that hosting.

As regards Medb: every ford and every hill whereon she stopped, Ath Medba ('Medb's Ford') and Dindgna Medba ('Medb's Hill') is its name. Every place wherein she pitched her tent, Puppall Medba ('Medb's Tent') is its name. Every spot she rested her horselash, Bili Medba ('Medb's Tree') is its name.

On this circuit Medb turned back from the north after she had remained a fortnight laying waste the province and plundering the land of the Picts and of Cualnge and the land of Connall son of Amargin, and having offered battle one night to Findmor ('the Fair-large') wife of Celtchar son of Uthechar at the gate of Dûn Sobairche; and she slew Findmor and laid waste Dûn Sobairche; and, after taking Dûn Sobairche from her, she brought fifty of her women into the province of Dalriada. Then she had them hanged and crucified. Whence cometh Mas na Righna ('Queen's Buttock') as the name of the hill, from their hanging.

Then came the warriors of four of the five grand provinces of Erin at the end of a long fortnight to camp and station at Fochard, together with Medb and Ailill and the company that were bringing the bull.

## XIIa. THE DEATH OF FORGEMEN

And the bull's cowherd would not allow them to carry off the Brown Bull of Cualnge, so that they urged on the bull, beating shafts on shields, till they drove him into a narrow gap, and the herd trampled the cowherd's body thirty feet into the ground, so that they made fragments and shreds of his body. Forgemén was the neatherd's name. And this is the name of the hill, Forgemén. This then is the Death of Forgemén on the Cattle-prey of Cualnge. Now there was no peril to them that night so long as a man was got to ward off Cuchulain from them on the ford.

## XIIb. HERE IS NARRATED THE SLAYING OF REDG THE LAMPOONIST

When the men of Erin had come together in one place, both Medb and Ailill and the force that was bringing the bull to the camp and enclosure, they all declared Cuchulain would be no more valiant than another of the men of Erin were it not for the wonderful little trick he possessed, the spearlet of Cuchulain. Accordingly the men of Erin despatched from them Redg, Medb's jester, to demand the light javelin of Cuchulain.

So Redg came forward to where Cuchulain was and asked for the little javelin, but Cuchulain did not give him the little javelin at once; he did not deem it good and proper to yield it. "Give me thy spear," said the jester. "Nay then, I will not," answered Cuchulain; "but I will give thee treasure." "I will not take it," said the jester. Then he wounded the jester because he would not accept from him what he had offered him. Redg declared he would deprive Cuchulain of his honour unless he got the little javelin. Thereupon Cuchulain hurled the javelin at him, so that it struck him in the nape of the neck and fell out through his mouth on the ground. And the only words Redg uttered were these, "This precious gift is readily ours," and his soul separated from his body at the ford. Therefrom that ford is ever since called Ath Solom Shet ('Ford of the Ready Treasure'). And the copper of the javelin was thrown into the river. Hence is Uman-Sruth ('Copperstream') ever after.

"Let us ask for a sword-truce from Cuchulain," says Ailill. "Let Lugaid go to him," one and all answer. Then Lugaid goes to parley with him. "How now do I stand with the host?" Cuchulain asks. "Disgraceful indeed is the thing thou hast demanded of them," Lugaid answers, "even this, that thou shouldst have thy women and maidens and half of thy kine. But more grievous than all do they hold it that they themselves should be killed and thou provisioned."

Every day there fell a man by Cuchulain till the end of a week. Then faith is broken with Cuchulain. Twenty are despatched at one time to attack him and he destroys them all. "Go to him, O Fergus," says Ailill, "that he may vouchsafe us a change of place." A while after this they proceed to Cronech. These are they that fell in single combat with him in that place, to wit: the two Roth, the two Luan, two women-thieves, ten fools, ten cup-bearers, the ten Fergus, the six Fedelm, the six Fiachu. Now these were all killed by him in single combat.

When their tents were pitched by them in Cronech they discussed what they had best do with Cuchulain. "I know," quoth Medb, "what is best here. Let some one go to him from us for a sword-pact from him in respect of the host, and he shall have half the cattle that are here." This message they bring to him. "I will do it," said Cuchulain, "provided the bond is not broken by you to-morrow."

## XIIc. HERE IS TOLD THE MEETING OF CUCHULAIN AND FINNABAIR

"Let a message be sent to him," said Ailill, "that Finnbair my daughter will be bestowed on him, and for him to keep away from the hosts." Manè Athramail ('Fatherlike') goes to him. But first he addresses himself to Laeg. "Whose man art thou?" spake Manè. Now Laeg made no answer. Thrice Manè addressed him in this same wise. "Cuchulain's man," Laeg answers, "and provoke me not, lest it happen I strike thy head off thee!" "This man is mad,"

quoth Manè as he leaves him. Then he goes to accost Cuchulain. It was there Cuchulain had doffed his tunic, and the deep snow was around him where he sat, up to his belt, and the snow had melted a cubit around him for the greatness of the heat of the hero. And Manè addressed him three times in like manner, whose man he was? "Conchobar's man, and do not provoke me. For if thou provoke me any longer I will strike thy head off thee as one strikes off the head of a blackbird!" "No easy thing," quothe Manè, "to speak to these two." Thereupon Manè leaves them and tells his tale to Ailill and Medb.

"Let Lugaid go to him," said Ailill, "and offer him the girl." Thereupon Lugaid goes and repeats this to Cuchulain. "O master Lugaid," quothe Cuchulain, "it is a snare!" "It is the word of a king; he hath said it," Lugaid answered; "there can be no snare in it." "So be it," said Cuchulain. Forwith Lugaid leaves him and takes that answer to Ailill and Medb. "Let the fool go forth in my form," said Ailill, "and the king's crown on his head, and let him stand some way off from Cuchulain lest he know him; and let the girl go with him and let the fool promise her to him, and let them depart quickly in this wise. And methinks ye will play a trick on him thus, so that he will not stop you any further till he comes with the Ulstermen to the battle."

Then the fool goes to him and the girl along with him, and from afar he addresses Cuchulain. The Hound comes to meet him. It happened he knew by the man's speech that he was a fool. A slingstone that was in his hand he threw at him so that it entered his head and bore out his brains. He comes up to the maiden, cuts off her two tresses and thrusts a stone through her cloak and her tunic, and plants a standing-stone through the middle of the fool. Their two pillar-stones are there, even the pillar-stone of Finnabair and the pillar-stone of the fool.

Cuchulain left them in this plight. A party was sent out from Ailill and Medb to search for their people, for it was long they thought they were gone, when they saw them in this wise. This thing was noised abroad by all the host in the camp. Thereafter there was no truce for them with Cuchulain.

### **XIId. HERE THE COMBAT OF MUNREMAR AND CUROI**

While the hosts were there in the evening they perceived that one stone fell on them coming from the east and another from the west to meet it. The stones met one another in the air and kept falling between Fergus' camp, the camp of Ailill and the camp of Nera. This sport and play continued from that hour till the same hour on the next day, and the hosts spent the time sitting down, with their shields over their heads to protect them from the blocks of stones, till the plain was full of the boulders, whence cometh Mag Clochair ('the Stony Plain'). Now it happened it was Curoi mac-Darè did this. He had come to bring help to his people and had taken his stand in Cotal to fight against Munremar son of Gerrend. The latter had come from Emain Macha to succour Cuchulain and had taken his stand on Ard ('the Height') of Roch. Curoi knew there was not in the host a man to compete with Munremar. These then it was who carried on this sport between them. The army prayed them to cease. Whereupon Munremar and Curoi made peace, and Curoi withdrew to his house and Munremar to Emain Macha and Munremar came not again till the day of the battle. As for Curoi, he came not till the combat of Ferdiad.

"Pray Cuchulain," said Medb and Ailill, "that he suffer us to change our place." This then was granted to them and the change was made.

The 'Pains' of the Ulstermen left them then. When now they awoke from their 'Pains,' bands of them came continually upon the host to restrain it again.

### **XIIe. THE SLAUGHTER OF THE BOY-TROOP**

Now the youths of Ulster discussed the matter among themselves in Emain Macha. "Alas for us," said they, "that our friend Cuchulain has no one to succour him!" "I would ask then," spake Fiachu Fulech ('the Bloody') son of Ferfebhè and own brother to Fiachu

Fialdana ('the Generous-daring') son of Ferfebhè, "shall I have a company from you to go to him with help?"

Thrice fifty youths accompany him with their play-clubs, and that was a third of the boy-troop of Ulster. The army saw them drawing near them over the plain. "A great army approaches us over the plain," spake Ailill Fergus goes to espy them. "Some of the youths of Ulster are they," said he, "and it is to succour Cuchulain they come." "Let a troop go to meet them," said Ailill, "unknown to Cuchulain; for if they unite with him ye will never overcome them." Thrice fifty warriors went out to meet them. They fell at one another's hands, so that not one of them got off alive of the number of the youths of Lia Toll. Hence is Lia ('the Stone') of Fiachu son of Ferfebhè, for it is there that he fell.

"Take counsel," quothe Ailill; "inquire of Cuchulain about letting you go from hence, for ye will not go past him by force, now that his flame of valour has risen." For it was usual with him, when his hero's flame arose in him, that his feet would turn back on him and his buttocks, before him, and the knobs of his calves would come on his shins, and one eye would be in his head and the other one out of his head. A man's head would have gone into his mouth. There was not a hair on him that was not as sharp as the thorn of the haw, and a drop of blood was on each single hair. He would recognize neither comrades nor friends. Alike he would strike them before and behind. Therefrom it was that the men of Connacht gave Cuchulain the name Riastartha ('the Contorted One').

### **XIIf. THE SLAUGHTER OF THE KING'S BODYGUARD**

"Let us ask for a sword-truce from Cuchulain," said Ailill and Medb. Lugaid goes to him and Cuchulain accords the truce. "Put a man for me on the ford to-morrow," said Cuchulain. There happened to be with Medb six royal hirelings, to wit: six princes of the Clans of Deda, the three Dubs ('the Blacks') of Imlech, and the three Dergs ('the Reds') of Sruthair, by name. "Why should it not be for us," quothe they, "to go and attack Cuchulain?" So the next day they went and Cuchulain put an end to the six of them.

### **XIII. THE COMBAT OF CÛR WITH CUCHULAIN**

The men of Erin discussed among themselves who of them would be fit to attack and contend with Cuchulain, and drive him off from them on the ford at the morning-hour early on the morrow. And what they all said was that Cûr ('the Hero') son of Da Loth should be the one to attack him. For thus it stood with Cûr: No joy was it to be his bedfellow or to live with him. He from whom he drew blood is dead ere the ninth day. And the men of Erin said: "Even should it be Cûr that falls, a trouble and care would be removed from the hosts; for it is not easy to be with him in regard to sitting, eating or sleeping. Should it be Cuchulain, it would be so much the better." Cûr was summoned to Medb's tent. "For what do they want me?" Cûr asked. "To engage with Cuchulain," replied Medb, "to do battle, and ward him off from us on the ford at the morning hour early on the morrow." Cûr deemed it not fitting to go and contend with a beardless boy. "Little ye rate our worth. Nay, but it is wonderful how ye regard it. Too tender is the youth with whom ye compare me. Had I known I was sent against him I would not have come myself. I would have lads enough of his age from amongst my people to go meet him on a ford."

"Indeed, it is easy to talk so," quothe Cormac Conlongas son of Conchobar. "It would be well worth while for thyself if by thee fell Cuchulain." "Howbeit," said Cûr, "since on myself it falls, make ye ready a journey for me at morn's early hour on the morrow, for a pleasure I will make of the way to this fight, a-going to meet Cuchulain. It is not this will detain you, namely the killing of yonder wildling, Cuchulain!"

There they passed the night. Then early on the morrow morn arose Cûr macDa Loth and he came to the ford of battle and combat; and however early he arose, earlier still Cuchulain arose. A cart-load of arms was taken along with him wherewith to engage with Cuchulain, and he began to ply his weapons, seeking to kill Cuchulain.

Now Cuchulain had gone early that day to practise his feats of valour and prowess. These are the names of them all: the Apple-feat, and the Edge-feat, and the Level Shield-feat, and the Little Dart-feat, and the Rope-feat, and the Body-feat, and the Feat of Catt, and the Hero's Salmon-leap, and the Pole-cast, and the Leap over a Blow, and the Folding of a noble Chariot-fighter, and the Gae Bulga ('the Barbed Spear') and the Vantage of Swiftmess, and the Wheel-feat, and the Rim-feat, and the Over-Breath-feat, and the Breaking of a Sword, and the Champion's Cry, and the Measured Stroke, and the Side Stroke, and the Running up a Lance and standing erect on its Point, and the Binding of the noble Hero (around spear points).

Now this is the reason Cuchulain was wont to practise early every morning each of those feats with the agility of a single hand, as best a wild-cat may, in order that they might not depart from him through forgetfulness or lack of remembrance.

And macDa Loth waited beside his shield until the third part of the day, plying his weapons, seeking the chance to kill Cuchulain; and not the stroke of a blow reached Cuchulain, because of the intensity of his feats, nor was he aware that a warrior was thrusting at him. It was then Laeg looked at him and spake to Cuchulain, "Hark! Cucuc. Attend to the warrior that seeks to kill thee." Then it was that Cuchulain glanced at him and then it was that he raised and threw the eight apples on high and cast the ninth apple a throw's length from him at Cûr macDa Loth, so that it struck on the disk of his shield between the edge and the body of the shield and on the forehead of the churl, so that it carried the size of an apple of his brains out through the back of his head. Thus fell Cûr macDa Loth also at the hand of Cuchulain. According to another version it was in Imslige Glendammach that Cûr fell.

Fergus greeted each one there and this is what he said: "If your engagements and pledges bind you now," said Fergus, "another warrior ye must send to him yonder on the ford; else, do ye keep to your camp and your quarters here till the bright hour of sunrise on the morrow, for Cûr son of Da Loth is fallen." "We will grant that," said Medb, "and we will not pitch tents nor take quarters here now, but we will remain where we were last night in camp. Considering why we have come, it is the same to us even though we remain in those same tents."

The four great provinces of Erin remained in that camp till Cûr son of Da Loth had fallen, and Loth son of Da Bro and Srub Darè son of Feradach and Morc son of Tri Aigneach. These then fell in single combat with Cuchulain. But it is tedious to recount one by one the cunning and valour of each man of them.

#### XIV. THE SLAYING OF FERBAETH ('THE WITLESS')

Then again the men of Erin took counsel who would be fit to fight and do combat with Cuchulain and to ward him off from them on the ford at the morning-hour early on the morrow. What they each and all said was, that it would be his own friend and companion and the man who was his equal in arms and feats, even Ferbaeth son of Ferbend.

Then was Ferbaeth son of Ferbend summoned to them, to the tent of Ailill and Medb. "Wherefore do ye call me to you?" Ferbaeth asked. "In sooth, it would please us," Medb answered, "for thee to do battle and contend with Cuchulain, and to ward him off from us on the ford at the morning hour early on the morrow."

Great rewards they promised to him for making the battle and combat. Finnabair is given to him for this and the kingdom of his race, for he was their choice to combat Cuchulain. He was the man they thought worthy of him, for they both had learned the same service in arms with Scathach.

"I have no desire to act thus," Ferbaeth protested. "Cuchulain is my foster-brother and of everlasting covenant with me. Yet will I go meet him to-morrow, so shall I strike off his head!" "It will be thou that canst do it," Medb made answer.

Then it was that Cuchulain said to his charioteer, namely to Laeg: "Betake thee thither, O master Laeg," said Cuchulain, "to the camp of the men of Erin, and bear a greeting from me to my comrades and foster-brothers and age-mates. Bear a greeting to Ferdiad son of Daman, and to Ferdet son of Daman, and to Brass son

of Ferb, and to Lugaid son of Nos, and to Lugaid son of Solamach, to Ferbaeth son of Baetan, and to Ferbaeth son of Ferbend, and a particular greeting withal to mine own foster-brother, to Lugaid son of Nos, for that he is the one man that still has friendliness and friendship with me now on the hosting. And bear him a blessing. Let it be asked diligently of him that he may tell thee who of the men of Erin will come to attack me on the morrow."

Then Laeg went his way to the camp of the men of Erin and brought the aforementioned greetings to the comrades and foster-brothers of Cuchulain. And he also went into the tent of Lugaid son of Nos. Lugaid bade him welcome. "I take that welcome to be truly meant," said Laeg. "'Tis truly meant for thee," replied Lugaid. "To converse with thee am I come from Cuchulain," said Laeg, "and I bring these greetings truly and earnestly from him to the end that thou tell me who comes to fight with Cuchulain to-day." "Truly not lucky is it for Cuchulain," said Lugaid, "the strait wherein he is alone against the men of Erin. The curse of his fellowship and brotherhood and of his friendship and affection and of his arms be upon that man; even his own real foster-brother himself, even the companion of us both, Ferbaeth son of Ferbend. He it is that comes to meet him to-morrow. He was invited into the tent of Ailill and Medb a while since. The daughter Finnabair was set by his side. It is she who fills up the drinking-horns for him; it is she who gives him a kiss with every drink that he takes; it is she who serveth the food to him. Not for every one with Medb is the ale that is poured out for Ferbaeth till he is drunk. Only fifty wagon-loads of it have been brought to the camp."

Then with heavy head, sorrowful, downcast, heaving sighs, Laeg retraced his steps to Cuchulain. "With heavy head, sorrowful, downcast and sighing, my master Laeg comes to meet me," said Cuchulain. "It must be that one of my brothers-in-arms comes to attack me." For he regarded as worse a man of the same training in arms as himself than aught other warrior. "Hail now, O Laeg my friend," cried Cuchulain; "who comes to attack me to-day?" "The curse of his fellowship and brotherhood, of his friendship and affection be upon him; even thine own real foster-brother himself, namely Ferbaeth son of Ferbend. A while ago he was summoned into the tent of Medb. The maiden was set by his side; it is she who fills up the drinking-horns for him; it is she who gives him a kiss with every drink; it is she who serveth his food. Not for every one with Medb is the ale that is poured out for Ferbaeth. Only fifty wagon-loads of it have been brought to the camp."

Cuchulain bade Laeg go to Lugaid, that he come to talk with him. Lugaid came to Cuchulain. "So Ferbaeth comes to oppose me to-morrow," said Cuchulain. "Aye, then," answered Lugaid. "Evil is this day," cried Cuchulain. "I shall not be alive thereafter. Two of the same age are we, two of equal deftness, two of equal weight, when we come together. O Lugaid, greet him for me. Tell him, also, it is not the part of true valour to come to oppose me. Tell him to come meet me to-night to speak with me."

Lugaid brought back this word to Ferbaeth. Now inasmuch as Ferbaeth shunned not the parley, he by no means waited till morn but he went straightway to the glen that night to recant his friendship with Cuchulain, and Fiachu son of Ferfebè went with him. And Cuchulain called to mind the friendship and fellowship and brotherhood that had been between them, and Scathach, the nurse of them both; and Ferbaeth would not consent to forego the fight. "I must fight," said Ferbaeth. "I have promised it to Medb." "Friendship with thee then is at an end," cried Cuchulain, and in anger he left him and drove the sole of his foot against a holly-spit in the glen, so that it pierced through flesh and bone and skin and came out by his knee. Thereat Cuchulain became frantic, and he gave a strong tug and drew the spit out from its roots, from sinew and bone, from flesh and from skin. "Go not, Ferbaeth, till thou seest the find I have made." "Throw it then," cried Ferbaeth. And Cuchulain threw the holly-spit over his shoulder after Ferbaeth, and he would as lief that it reached him or that it reached him not. The spit struck Ferbaeth in the nape of the neck, so that it passed out through his mouth in front and fell to the ground, and thus Ferbaeth fell backward into the glen.

"Now that was a good throw, Cucuc!" cried Fiachu son of Ferfebè, who was on the mound between the two camps, for he considered it a good throw to kill that warrior with a spit of



holly. Hence it is that Focherd Murthemni ('the good Cast of Murthemne') is the name of the place where they were.

Straightway Ferbaeth died in the glen. Hence cometh Glenn Ferbaeth. Something was heard. It was Fergus who sang:—

"Fool's emprise was thine, Ferbaeth,  
That did bring thee to thy grave.  
Ruin hath come on anger here;  
Thy last end in Croen Corann!  
Fithi was the hill's old name,  
In Croenech in Murthemne.  
'Ferbaeth' now shall be the name  
Of the plain where Ferbaeth fell!"

## XIVa. THE COMBAT OF LARINE MacNOIS

Lugaid spake: "Let one of you be ready on the morrow to go against that other." "There shall not any one at all be found to go," quoth Ailill, "unless guile be used. Whatever man comes to you, give him wine, so that his soul may be glad, and let him be told that that is all the wine that has been brought to Cruachan: 'It would grieve us that thou shouldst drink water in our camp.' And let Finnabair be placed on his right hand and let him be told, 'She shall go with thee if thou bring us the head of the Contorted.'" So a summons was sent to each warrior, one on each night, and those words used to be told him. Cuchulain killed every man of them in turn. At length no one could be got to attack him.

"Good, my master Laeg," said Cuchulain, "go for me to the camp of the men of Erin to hold converse with Lugaid macNois, my friend, my companion and my foster-brother, and bear him a greeting from me and bear him my blessing, for he is the one man that keeps amity and friendship with me on the great hosting of the Cattle-raid of Cualnge. And discover in what way they are in the camp, whether or no anything has happened to Ferbaeth, whether Ferbaeth has reached the camp; and inquire for me if the cast I made a while ago reached Ferbaeth or did not reach, and if it did reach him, ask who of the men of Erin comes to meet me to fight and do battle with me at the morning hour early on the morrow."

Laeg proceeds to Lugaid's tent. Lugaid bids him welcome. "Welcome to thy coming and arrival, O Laeg," said Lugaid. "I take that welcome as truly meant," Laeg replied. "It is truly meant for thee," quoth Lugaid, "and thou shalt have entertainment here to-night." "Victory and blessing shalt thou have," said Laeg; "but not for entertainment am I come, but to hold converse with thee am I come from thine own friend and companion and foster-brother, from Cuchulain, that thou mayest tell me whether Ferbaeth was smitten." "He was," answered Lugaid, "and a blessing on the hand that smote him, for he fell dead in the valley a while ago." "Tell me who of the men of Erin comes to-morrow to combat and fight with Cuchulain at the morning hour early on the morrow?" "They are persuading a brother of mine own to go meet him, a foolish, haughty arrogant youth, yet dealing stout blows and stubborn. And he has agreed to do the battle and combat. And it is to this end they will send him to fight Cuchulain, that he, my brother, may fall at his hands, so that I myself must then go to avenge him upon Cuchulain. But I will not go there till the very day of doom. Lariné great-grandson of Blathmac is that brother. And, do thou tell Cuchulain to come to Ferbaeth's Glen and I will go thither to speak with Cuchulain about him," said Lugaid.

Laeg betook him to where Cuchulain was. Lugaid's two horses were taken and his chariot was yoked to them and he came to Glen Ferbaeth to his tryst with Cuchulain, so that a parley was had between them. The two champions and battle-warriors gave each other welcome. Then it was that Lugaid spake: "There is no condition that could be promised to me for fighting and combatting with thee," said Lugaid, "and there is no condition on which I would undertake it, but they are persuading a brother of mine to come fight thee on the morrow, to-wit, a foolish, dull, uncouth youth, dealing stout blows. They brought him into the tent of Ailill and Medb and he has engaged to do the battle and combat with thee. He is befooled about the same maiden. And it is for this reason they are to send him to fight thee, that he may fall at

thy hands, so that we two may quarrel, and to see if I myself will come to avenge him upon thee. But I will not, till the very day of doom. And by the fellowship that is between us, and by the rearing and nurture I bestowed on thee and thou didst bestow on me, bear me no grudge because of Lariné. Slay not my brother lest thou shouldst leave me brotherless."

"By my conscience, truly," cried Cuchulain, kill him I will not, but the next thing to death will I inflict on him. No worse would it be for him to die than what I will give him." "I give thee leave. It would please me well shouldst thou beat him sorely, for to my dishonour he comes to attack thee."

Thereupon Cuchulain went back and Lugaid returned to the camp lest the men of Erin should say it was betraying them or forsaking them he was if he remained longer parleying with Cuchulain.

Then on the next day it was that Lariné son of Nos, brother of Lugaid king of Munster, was summoned to the tent of Ailill and Medb, and Finnabair was placed by his side. It was she that filled up the drinking-horns for him and gave him a kiss with each draught that he took and served him his food. "Not to every one with Medb is given the drink that is poured out for Ferbaeth or for Lariné," quoth Finnabair; "only the load of fifty wagons of it was brought to the camp."

Medb looked at the pair. "Yonder pair rejoiceth my heart," said she. "Whom wouldst thou say?" asked Ailill. "The man yonder, in truth," said she. "What of him?" asked Ailill. "It is thy wont to set the mind on that which is far from the purpose (Medb answered). It were more becoming for thee to bestow thy thought on the couple in whom are united the greatest distinction and beauty to be found on any road in Erin, namely Finnabair, my daughter, and Lariné macNois. 'Twould be fitting to bring them together." "I regard them as thou dost," answered Ailill; "I will not oppose thee herein. He shall have her if only he brings me the head of Cuchulain." "Aye, bring it I will," said Lariné. It was then that Lariné shook and tossed himself with joy, so that the sewings of the flock bed burst under him and the mead of the camp was speckled with its feathers.

They passed the night there. Lariné longed for day with its full light to go to attack Cuchulain. At the early day-dawn on the morrow he came, and the maiden came too to embolden him, and he brought a wagon-load of arms with him, and he came on to the ford to encounter Cuchulain. The mighty warriors of the camp and station considered it not a goodly enough sight to view the combat of Lariné; only the women and boys and girls, thrice fifty of them, went to scoff and to jeer at his battle.

Cuchulain went to meet him at the ford and he deemed it unbecoming to bring along arms or to ply weapons upon him, so Cuchulain came to the encounter unarmed except for the weapons he wrested from his opponent. And when Lariné reached the ford, Cuchulain saw him and made a rush at him. Cuchulain knocked all of Lariné's weapons out of his hand as one might knock toys out of the hand of an infant. Cuchulain ground and bruised him between his arms, he lashed him and clasped him, he squeezed him and shook him, so that he spilled all the dirt out of him, so that the ford was defiled with his dung and the air was fouled with his dust and an unclean, filthy wrack of cloud arose in the four airts wherein he was. Then from the middle of the ford Cuchulain hurled Lariné far from him across through the camp till he fell into Lugaid's two hands at the door of the tent of his brother. Howbeit from that time forth for the remainder of his life he never got up without a sigh and a groan, and he never lay down without hurt, and he never stood up without a moan; as long as he lived he never ate a meal without plaint, and never thenceforward was he free from weakness of the loins and oppression of the chest and without cramps and the frequent need which obliged him to go out. Still he is the only man that made escape, yea though a bad escape, after combat with Cuchulain on the Cualnge Cattle-raid. Nevertheless that maiming took effect upon him, so that it afterwards brought him his death. Such then is the Combat of Lariné on the Táin Bó Cualnge.

## XIVb. THE COLLOQUY OF THE MORRIGAN AND CUCHULAIN

Then Cuchulain saw draw near him a young woman with a dress of every colour about her and her appearance was most surpassing. "Who art thou?" Cuchulain asked. "Daughter of Buan ('the Eternal'), the king," she answered. "I am come to thee; I have loved thee for the high tales they tell of thee and have brought my treasures and cattle with me." "Not good is the time thou hast come. Is not our condition weakened through hunger? Not easy then would it be for me to foregather with a woman the while I am engaged in this struggle." "Herein I will come to thy help." "Not for the love of a woman did I take this in hand." "This then shall be thy lot," said she, "when I come against thee what time thou art contending with men: In the shape of an eel I will come beneath thy feet in the ford; so shalt thou fall." "More likely that, methinks, than daughter of a king! I will seize thee," said he, "in the fork of my toes till thy ribs are broken, and thou shalt remain in such sorry plight till there come my sentence of blessing on thee." "In the shape of a grey she-wolf will I drive the cattle on to the ford against thee." "I will cast a stone from my sling at thee, so shall it smash thine eye in thy head" (said he), "and thou wilt so remain maimed till my sentence of blessing come on thee." "I will attack thee," said she, "in the shape of a hornless red heifer at the head of the cattle, so that they will overwhelm thee on the waters and fords and pools and thou wilt not see me before thee." "I will," replied he, "fling a stone at thee that will break thy leg under thee, and thou wilt thus be lamed till my sentence of blessing come on thee." Therewith she went from him.

## XV. HERE FOLLOWETH THE COMBAT OF LOCH AND CUCHULAIN ON THE TÁIN, AND THE SLAYING OF LOCH SON OF MOFEMIS

Then it was debated by the men of Erin who would be fitted to fight and contend with Cuchulain and ward him off from them on the ford at the morning-hour early on the morrow. What they all agreed was that it should be Loch Mor ('the Great') son of Mofemis, the royal champion of Munster. It was then that Loch Mor son of Mofemis was summoned like the rest to the pavilion of Ailill and Medb, and he was promised the equal of Mag Murthemni of the smooth field of Mag Ai, and the accoutrement of twelve men, and a chariot of the value of seven bondmaids. "What would ye of me?" asked Loch. "To have fight with Cuchulain," replied Medb. "I will not go on that errand, for I esteem it no honour nor becoming to attack a tender, young, smooth-chinned, beardless boy. 'Tis not seemly to speak thus to me, and ask it not of me. And not to belittle him do I say it, but I have a doughty brother, the match of himself," said Loch, "a man to confront him, Long macEmonis, to wit, and he will rejoice to accept an offer from you; and it were fitting for him to contend with Cuchulain for Long has no beard on cheek or lip any more than Cuchulain."

Thereupon Long was summoned to the tent of Ailill and Medb, and Medb promised him great gifts, even livery for twelve men of cloth of every colour, and a chariot worth four times seven bondmaids, and Finnabair to wife for him alone, and at all times entertainment in Cruachan, and that wine would be poured out for him.

They passed there that night and he engaged to do the battle and combat, and early on the morrow went Long to the ford of battle and combat to seek Cuchulain, and Cuchulain slew him and they brought him dead into the presence of his brother, namely of Loch. And Loch came forth and raised up his loud, quick voice and cried, had he known it was a bearded man that slew him, he would slay him for it. And it was in the presence of Medb that he said it. "Lead a battle-force against him," Medb cried to her host, "over the ford from the west, that ye may cross, and let the law of fair fight be broken with Cuchulain." The seven Manè the warriors went first, till they saw him to the west of the edge of the ford. He wore his festive raiment on that day and the women clambered on

the men that they might behold him. "It grieves me," said Medb. "I cannot see the boy because of whom they go there." "Thy mind would not be the easier for that," quoth Lethrenn, Ailill's horseboy, "if thou shouldst see him." Cuchulain came to the ford as he was. "What man is that yonder, O Fergus?" asked Medb. And Medb, too, climbed on the men to get a look at him. Then Medb called upon her handmaid for two woman-bands, fifty or twice fifty of her women, to go speak with Cuchulain and to charge him to put a false beard on. The woman-troop went their way to Cuchulain and told him to put a false beard on if he wished to engage in battle or combat with goodly warriors or with goodly youths of the men of Erin; that sport was made of him in the camp for that he had no beard, and that no good warrior would go meet him but only madmen. It were easier to make a false beard: "For no brave warrior in the camp thinks it seemly to come fight with thee, and thou beardless," said they. "If that please me," said Cuchulain, "then I shall do it." Thereupon Cuchulain took a handful of grass and speaking a spell over it he bedaubed himself a beard in order to obtain combat with a man, namely with Loch. And he came onto the knoll overlooking the men of Erin and made that beard manifest to them all, so that every one thought it was a real beard he had. "'Tis true," spake the women, "Cuchulain has a beard. It is fitting for a warrior to fight with him." They said that to urge on Loch. Loch son of Mofemis saw it, and what he said was, "Why, that is a beard on Cuchulain!" "It is what I perceive," Medb answered. Medb promised the same great terms to Loch to put a check to Cuchulain. "I will not undertake the fight till the end of seven days from this day," exclaimed Loch. "Not fitting is it for us to leave that man unattacked for all that time," Medb answered. "Let us put a warrior every night to spy upon him if, peradventure, we might get a chance at him." This then they did. A warrior went every night to spy upon him and he slew them all. These are the names of the men who fell there: the seven Conall, the seven Oengus, the seven Uargus, the seven Celtri, the eight Fiach, the ten Ailill, the ten Delbrath, the ten Tasach. These are the deeds of that week on Ath Grenca.

Medb sought counsel, what was best to be done with Cuchulain, for she was sore grieved at all of her host that had been slain by him. This is the counsel she took: To despatch keen, high-spirited men at one time to attack him when he would come to an appointment she would make to speak with him. For she had a tryst the next day with Cuchulain, to conclude the pretence of a truce with him in order to get a chance at him. She sent forth messengers to seek him to advise him to come to her, and thus it was that he should come, unarmed, for she herself would not come but with her women attendants to converse with him.

The runner, namely Traigtren ('Strongfoot') son of Traiglethan ('Broadfoot') went to the place where Cuchulain was and gave him Medb's message. Cuchulain promised that he would do her will. "How liketh it thee to meet Medb to-morrow, O Cuchulain?" asked Laeg. "Even as Medb desires it," answered Cuchulain. "Great are Medb's deeds," said the charioteer; "I fear a hand behind the back with her." "How is it to be done by us then?" asked he. "Thy sword at thy waist," the charioteer answered, "that thou be not taken off thy guard. For a warrior is not entitled to his honour-price if he be taken without arms, and it is the coward's law that falls to him in this manner." "Let it be so, then," said Cuchulain.

Now it was on Ard ('the Height') of Aigneche which is called Fochard to-day that the meeting took place. Then fared Medb to the tryst and she stationed fourteen men of those that were bravest of her bodyguard in ambush against him. These were they: the two Glassiné, the two sons of Buccridi, the two Ardan, the two sons of Liccè, the two Glasogma, the two sons of Crund, Drucht and Delt and Dathen, Tea and Tascur and Tualang, Taur and Glesè.

Then Cuchulain comes to meet her. The men rise against him. Fourteen spears are hurled at him at the same time. The Hound defends himself, so that neither his skin nor protection is touched and he turns in upon them and kills them, the fourteen men. Hence these are the 'Fourteen men of Fochard.' And they are also the 'Men of Cronech,' for it is in Cronech at Fochard they were slain. And it is of this Cuchulain spake:—

"Good my skill in champion's deeds.  
Valorous are the strokes I deal

On the brilliant phantom host.  
War with numerous bands I wage,  
For the fall of warlike chief—  
This, Medb's purpose and Ailill's—  
Direful hatred hath been raised!"

This is the reason why the name Focherd clung to that place, to wit: *Fo* 'Good' and *Cerd* 'Art,' which signifieth 'Good the feat of arms' that happened to Cuchulain there.

Then came Cuchulain and he overtook the hosts pitching camp, and there were slain the two Daigri, the two Anli and the four Dungal of Imlech. And there Medb began to urge on Loch: "Great is the scorn that is made of thee," said she, "that the man that killed thy brother should be destroying our host here before thee and thou not attack him. For sure we are that such as he yonder, that great and fierce madman, will not be able to withstand the valour and rage of a warrior such as thou art. And, further, from one and the same instructress the art was acquired by you both."

"I will go forth and attack him," cried Loch. Loch went to attack Cuchulain, to take vengeance on him for his brother, for it was shown him that Cuchulain had a beard; so they met on the ford where Long had fallen. "Let us move to the upper ford," said Loch, "for I will not fight on this ford," since he held it defiled, cursed and unclean, the ford whereon his brother had fallen. Now when Cuchulain came to look for the ford, the men drove the cattle across. "The cattle will be across thy water here to-day," said Gabran the poet. Hence cometh *Ath Tarteise* ('the Ford over thy Water') and *Tir Mor Tarteise* ('the Great Land over thy Water'). Thereafter they fought on the upper ford between Methè and Cethè at the head of *Tir Mor*, and they were for a long space and time at their feats wounding and striking each other.

Then it was that the Morrigan daughter of Aed Ernmas came from the fairy dwellings to destroy Cuchulain. For she had threatened on the Cattle-raid of Regomain that she would come to undo Cuchulain what time he would be in sore distress when engaged in battle and combat with a goodly warrior, with Loch, in the course of the Cattle-spoil of Cualnge. Thither then the Morrigan came in the shape of a white, hornless, red-eared heifer, with fifty heifers about her and a chain of silvered bronze between each two of the heifers. She bursts upon the pools and fords at the head of the cattle. It was then that Cuchulain said, "I cannot see the fords for the waters." The women came with their strange sorcery, and constrained Cuchulain by geasa and by inviolable bonds to check the heifer for them lest she should escape from him without harm. Cuchulain made an unerring cast from his sling-stick at her, so that he shattered one of the Morrigan's eyes.

Now when the men met on the ford and began to fight and to struggle, and when each of them was about to strike the other, the Morrigan came thither in the shape of a slippery, black eel down the stream. Then she came on the linn and she coiled three folds and twists around the two feet and the thighs and forks of Cuchulain, till he was lying on his back athwart the ford and his limbs in the air.

While Cuchulain was busied freeing himself and before he was able to rise, Loch wounded him crosswise through the breast, so that the spear went through him and the ford was gore-red with his blood. "Ill, indeed," cried Fergus, "is this deed in the face of the foe. Let some of ye taunt him, ye men," he cried to his people, "to the end that he fall not in vain!"

Bricriu Nemthenga ('Of the Venom-tongue') son of Carbad arose and began to revile Cuchulain. "Thy strength has gone from thee," said he, "when a little salmon overthrows thee even now when the Ulstermen are about to come out of their 'Pains.' Hard it would be for thee to take on thee warrior's deeds in the presence of the men of Erin and to repel a stout warrior clad in his armour!"

Then at this incitation Cuchulain arose, and with his left heel he smote the eel on the head, so that its ribs broke within it and he destroyed one half of its brains after smashing half of its head. And the cattle were driven by force past the hosts to the east and they even carried away the tents on their horns at the thunder-feat the two warriors made on the ford.

The Morrigan next came in the form of a rough, grey-red bitch-wolf with wide open jaws and she bit Cuchulain in the arm and

drove the cattle against him westwards, and Cuchulain made a cast of his little javelin at her, strongly, vehemently, so that it shattered one eye in her head. During this space of time, whether long or short, while Cuchulain was engaged in freeing himself, Loch wounded him through the loins. Thereupon Cuchulain chanted a lay.

Then did Cuchulain to the Morrigan the three things he had threatened her on the Cattle-raid of Regomain, and his anger arose within him and he wounded Loch with the Gae Bulga ('the Barbed-spear'), so that it passed through his heart in his breast. For truly it must have been that Cuchulain could not suffer the treacherous blows and the violence of Loch Mor the warrior, and he called for the Gae Bulgae from Laeg son of Riagabair. And the charioteer sent the Gae Bulga down the stream and Cuchulain made it ready. And when Loch heard that, he gave a lunge down with his shield, so that he drove it over two-thirds deep into the pebbles and sand and gravel of the ford. And then Cuchulain let go the Barbed-spear upwards, so as to strike Loch over the border of his hauberk and the rim of his shield. And it pierced his body's covering, for Loch wore a horn skin when fighting with a man, so that his farther side was pierced clear after his heart had been thrust through in his breast.

"That is enough now," spake Loch; "I am smitten by that. For thine honour's sake and on the truth of thy valour and skill in arms, grant me a boon now, O Cuchulain," said Loch. "What boon askest thou?" "Tis no boon of quarter nor a prayer of cowardice that I make of thee," said Loch. "But fall back a step from me and permit me to rise, that it be on my face to the east I fall and not on my back to the west toward the warriors of Erin, to the end that no man of them shall say, if I fall on my back, it was in retreat or in flight I was before thee, for fallen I have by the Gae Bulga!" "That will I do," answered Cuchulain, "for 'tis a true warrior's prayer that thou makest."

And Cuchulain stepped back, so that Loch fell on his face, and his soul parted from his body and Laeg despoiled him. Cuchulain cut off his head then. Hence cometh the name the ford bears ever since, namely *Ath Traged* ('Foot-ford') in *Cenn Tire Moir* ('Great Headland'). It was then they broke their terms of fair fight that day with Cuchulain, when five men went against him at one time, namely the two Cruaid, the two Calad and Derthor. All alone, Cuchulain killed them. Hence cometh Coicsius Focherda ('Fochard's Fortnight') and Coicer Oengoir ('Five Warriors in one Field'). Or it may be, fifteen days Cuchulain passed in Fochard and it is hence cometh Coicsius Focherda on the Táin.

And deep distress possessed Cuchulain that day more than any other day for his being all alone on the Táin, confronting four of the five grand provinces of Erin, and he sank into swoons and faints. Thereupon Cuchulain enjoined upon Laeg his charioteer to go to the men of Ulster, that they should come to defend their drove. And, on rising, this is what he said: "Good, O Laeg, get thee to Emain to the Ulstermen, and bid them come henceforward to look after their drove for I can defend their fords no longer. For surely it is not fair fight nor equal contest for any man for the Morrigan to oppose and overpower him and Loch to wound and pierce him." And weariness of heart and weakness overcame him, and he gave utterance to a lay:—

"Rise, O Laeg, arouse the hosts,  
Say for me in Emain strong:  
I am worn each day in fight,  
Full of wounds, and bathed in gore!  
"My right side and eke my left:  
Hard to say which suffers worse;  
Fingin's hand hath touched them not,  
Stanching blood with strips of wood!  
"Bring this word to Conchobar dear,  
I am weak, with wounded sides.  
Greatly has he changed in mien,  
Dechtire's fond, rich-trooped son!  
"I alone these cattle guard,  
Leave them not, yet hold them not.  
Ill my plight, no hope for me,  
Thus alone on many fords!  
"Showers of blood rain on my arms,

Full of hateful wounds am I.  
 No friend comes to help me here,  
 Save my charioteer alone!  
 'Few make music here for me,  
 Joy I've none in single horn.  
 When the mingled trumpets sound,  
 This is sweetest from the drone!  
 "This old saying, ages old:—  
 'Single log gives forth no flame;'  
 Let there be a two or three,  
 Up the firebrands all will blaze!  
 "One sole log burns not so well  
 As when one burns by its side.  
 Guile can be employed on one;  
 Single mill-stone doth not grind!  
 "Hast not heard at every time,  
 'One is duped'?—'tis true of me.  
 That is why I cannot last  
 These long battles of the hosts!  
 "However small a host may be,  
 It receives some thought and pains;  
 Take but this: its daily meat  
 On one fork is never cooked!  
 "Thus alone I've faced the host,  
 By the ford in broad Cantire;  
 Many came, both Loch and Badb,  
 As foretold in 'Regomain!'  
 "Loch has mangled my two thighs;  
 Me the grey-red wolf hath bit;  
 Loch my sides has wounded sore,  
 And the eel has dragged me down!  
 "With my spear I kept her off;  
 I put out the she-wolf's eye;  
 And I broke her lower leg,  
 At the outset of the strife!  
 "Then when Laeg sent Aife's spear,  
 Down the stream—like swarm of bees—  
 That sharp deadly spear I hurled,  
 Loch, Mobebuis' son, fell there!  
 "Will not Ulster battle give  
 To Ailill and Eochu's lass,  
 While I linger here in pain,  
 Full of wounds and bathed in blood?  
 "Tell the splendid Ulster chiefs  
 They shall come to guard their drove.  
 Maga's sons have seized their kine  
 And have portioned them all out!  
 "Fight on fight—though much I vowed,  
 I have kept my word in all.  
 For pure honour's sake I fight;  
 'Tis too much to fight alone!  
 "Vultures joyful at the breach  
 In Ailill's and in Medb's camp.  
 Mournful cries of woe are heard;  
 On Murthemne's plain is grief!  
 "Conchobar comes not out with help;  
 In the fight, no troops of his.  
 Should one leave *him* thus alone,  
 Hard 'twould be his rage to tell!  
 "Men have almost worn me out  
 In these single-handed fights;  
 Warrior's deeds I cannot do,  
 Now that I must fight alone!"

Although Cuchulain spoke thus, he had no strength for Laeg to leave him.

This then is the Combat of Loch Mor ('the Great') son of Mofemis against Cuchulain on the Driving of the Kine of Cualnge.

## XVI. THE VIOLATION OF THE AGREEMENT

Then were five men sent against Cuchulain on the morrow to contend with him and he killed them, so that they fell by his hand, and 'the Five of Cenn Cursighi' was their name. Then it was that Medb despatched six men at one and the same time to attack Cuchulain, to wit: Traig ('Foot') and Dorn ('Fist') and Denu ('Palm'), Col ('Sin') and Accuis ('Curse') and Eraisé ('Heresy'), three druid-men and three druid-women, their three wives. Cuchulain attacked them, the six of them, and struck off their six heads, so that they fell at his hands on this side of Ath Tire Moire ('Big Land's Ford') at Methè and Cethè.

Then it was that Fergus demanded of his sureties that fair-dealing should not be broken with Cuchulain. And it was there that Cuchulain was at that time, that is, at Delga Murthemni. Then Cuchulain killed Fota in his field, Bomailcè on his ford, Salach in his homestead, Muinè in his fort, Luar in Lethbera, Fertoithle in Toithle. These are the names of these lands forever, every place in which each man of them fell.

Forasmuch as covenant and terms of single combat had been broken with Cuchulain, Cuchulain took his sling in hand that day and began to shoot at the host from Delga ('the Little Dart') in the south, in Murthemne. Though numerous were the men of Erin on that day, not one of them durst turn his face southwards towards Cuchulain, towards the side where he was between Delga and the sea, whether dog, or horse, or man. So that he slew an hundred warriors till came the bright hour of sunrise on the morrow.

## XVIa. THE HEALING OF THE MORRIGAN

Great weariness came over Cuchulain after that night, and a great thirst, after his exhaustion. Then it was that the Morrigan, daughter of Emmas, came from the fairy dwellings, in the guise of an old hag, with wasted knees, long-legged, blind and lame, engaged in milking a tawny, three-teated milch cow before the eyes of Cuchulain. And for this reason she came in this fashion, that she might have redress from Cuchulain. For none whom Cuchulain ever wounded recovered therefrom without himself aided in the healing. Cuchulain, maddened with thirst, begged her for a milking. She gave him a milking of one of the teats and straightway Cuchulain drank it. "May this be a cure in time for me, old crone," quoth Cuchulain, "and the blessing of gods and of non-gods upon thee!" said he; and one of the queen's eyes became whole thereby. He begged the milking of another teat. She milked the cow's second teat and gave it to him and he drank it and said, "May she straightway be sound that gave it." Then her head was healed so that it was whole. He begged a third drink of the hag. She milked the cow's third teat and gave him the milking of the teat and he drank it. "A blessing on thee of gods and of non-gods, O woman! Good is the help and succour thou gavest me." And her leg was made whole thereby. Now these were their gods, the mighty folk: and these were their non-gods, the folk of husbandry. And the queen was healed forthwith. "Well, Cuchulain, thou saidst to me," spake the Morrigan, "I should not get healing nor succour from thee forever." "Had I known it was thou," Cuchulain made answer, "I would never have healed thee." Or, it may be Drong Conculainn ('Cuchulain's Throng') on Tarthesic is the name of this tale in the Reaving of the Kine of Cualnge.

Then it was she alighted in the form of a royston crow on the bramble that grows over Grelach Dolair ('the Stamping-ground of Dolar') in Mag Murthemni. "Ominous is the appearance of a bird in this place above all," quoth Cuchulain. Hence cometh Sgè nah Einchi ('Crow's Bramble') as a name of Murthemne.

Then Medb ordered out the hundred armed warriors of her body-guard at one and the same time to assail Cuchulain. Cuchulain attacked them all, so that they fell by his hand at Ath Ceit Cuilè ('Ford of the First Crime'). "It is a dishonour for us that our people are slaughtered in this wise," quoth Medb. "It is not the first destruction that has befallen us from that same man," replied Ailill. Hence Cuilenn Cind Duni ('The Destruction of the Head of the Dún') is henceforth the name of the place where they were, the

mound whereon Medb and Ailill tarried that night. Hence Ath Cro ('Gory Ford') is the name of the ford where they were, and Glass Cro ('River of Gore') the name of the stream. And fittingly, too, because of the abundance of gore and blood that went with the flow of the river.

## **XVII. THE GREAT ROUT ON THE PLAIN OF MURTHEMNE FOLLOWETH HERE BELOW**

That night the warriors of four of the five grand provinces of Erin pitched camp and made their station in the place called Breslech Mor ('the Great Rout') in the Plain of Murthemne. Their portion of cattle and spoils they sent on before them to the south to the cow-stalls of Ulster. Cuchulain took station at Ferta ('the Grave-mound') at Lerga ('the Slopes') hard by them. And his charioteer kindled him a fire on the evening of that night, namely Laeg son of Rianganabair. Cuchulain saw far away in the distance the fiery glitter of the bright-golden arms over the heads of four of the five grand provinces of Erin, in the setting of the sun in the clouds of evening. Great anger and rage possessed him at their sight, because of the multitude of his foes, because of the number of his enemies and opponents, and because of the few that were to avenge his sores and his wounds upon them.

Then Cuchulain arose and he grasped his two spears and his shield and his sword. He shook his shield and brandished his spears and wielded his sword and sent out the hero's shout from his throat, so that the fiends and goblins and sprites of the glens and demons of the air gave answer for the fearfulness of the shout that he lifted on high, until Nemain, which is Badb, brought confusion on the host. The warriors of the four provinces of Erin made such a clangour of arms with the points of their spears and their weapons that an hundred strong, stout-sturdy warriors of them fell dead that night of fright and of heartbreak in the middle of the camp and quarters of the men of Erin at the awfulness of the horror and the shout which Cuchulain lifted on high.

As Laeg stood there he descried something: A single man coming from the north-eastern quarter athwart the camp of the four grand provinces of Erin making directly for him. "A single man here cometh towards us now, Cucucan," cried Laeg. "But what manner of man is he?" Cuchulain asked. "Not hard to say," Laeg made answer. "A great, well-favoured man, then. Broad, close-shorn hair upon him, and yellow and curly his back hair. A green mantle wrapped around him. A brooch of white silver in the mantle over his breast. A kirtle of silk fit for a king, with red interweaving of ruddy gold he wears trussed up on his fair skin and reaching down to his knees. A great one-edged sword in his hand. A black shield with hard rim of silvered bronze thereon. A five-barbed spear in his hand. A pronged bye-spear beside it. Marvellous, in sooth, the feats and the sport and the play that he makes. But him no one heeds, nor gives he heed to any one. No one shows him courtesy nor does he show courtesy to any one, like as if none saw him in the camp of the four grand provinces of Erin." "In sooth, O fosterling," answered Cuchulain, "it is one of my friends of fairy kin that comes to take pity upon me, because they know the great distress wherein I am now all alone against the four grand provinces of Erin on the Plunder of the Kine of Cualnge, killing a man on the ford each day and fifty each night, for the men of Erin grant me not fair fight nor the terms of single combat from noon of each day."

Now in this, Cuchulain spoke truth. When the young warrior was come up to Cuchulain he bespoke him and condoled with him for the greatness of his toil and the length of time he had passed without sleep. "This is brave of thee, O Cuchulain," quoth he. "It is not much, at all," replied Cuchulain. "But I will bring thee help," said the young warrior. "Who then art thou?" asked Cuchulain. "Thy father from Faery am I, even Lug son of Ethliu." "Yea, heavy are the bloody wounds upon me; let thy healing be speedy." "Sleep then awhile, O Cuchulain," said the young warrior, "thy heavy fit of sleep by Ferta in Lerga ('the Gravemound on the Slopes') till the end of three days and three nights and I will oppose the hosts during that time." He examined each wound so that it became clean.

Then he sang him the 'men's low strain' till Cuchulain fell asleep withal. It was then Lug recited the Spell-chant of Lug.

Accordingly Cuchulain slept his heavy fit of sleep at 'the Gravemound on the Slopes' till the end of three days and three nights. And well he might sleep. Yet as great as was his sleep, even so great was his weariness. For from the Monday before Samain ('Summer-end') even to the Wednesday after Spring-beginning, Cuchulain slept not for all that space, except for a brief snatch after mid-day, leaning against his spear, and his head on his fist, and his fist clasping his spear, and his spear on his knee, but hewing and cutting, slaying and destroying four of the five grand provinces of Erin during that time.

Then it was that the warrior from Faery laid plants from the fairy-rath and healing herbs and put a healing charm into the cuts and stabs, into the sores and gaping wounds of Cuchulain, so that Cuchulain recovered during his sleep without ever perceiving it.

## **XVIIa. THE SLAUGHTER OF THE YOUTHS OF ULSTER**

That was the time the youths came out of the north from Emain Macha to the help of Cuchulain. Thrice fifty boys of the sons of the kings of Ulster, accompanying Follomain, Conchobar's son, and three battles they offered to the hosts, so that thrice their number fell and the youths also fell, save Conchobar's son Follomain. Follomain vowed that never till the very day of doom and of life would he return to Emain unless he should bring Ailill's head with him together with the diadem of gold that was on it. That was no easy thing for him to achieve, for the two sons of Bethè son of Ban—the two sons of Ailill's foster-mother and foster-father to whom King Ailill's diadem had been entrusted—attacked and wounded Follomain, so that he fell by their hands. This then is the Massacre of the youths of Ulster and of Follomain son of Conchobar.

Touching Cuchulain, he remained in his sound, heavy sleep till the end of three days and three nights at the 'Gravemound on the Slopes.' Thereafter Cuchulain arose from his sleep. He passed his hand over his face and he became as a wild wheel-thunder from his crown to the ground, and he felt his courage strengthened, and he would have been able to go into an assembly or on a march or to a tryst with a woman or to an ale-house or into one of the chief assemblies of Erin. "How long am I asleep now, young warrior?" Cuchulain asked. "Three days and three nights," the young warrior made answer. "Woe is me for that!" quoth Cuchulain. "Why so?" asked the young warrior. "For that the hosts have not been attacked in that time," answered Cuchulain. "Nay, not so were they spared," the young warrior made answer. "I would fain inquire who then attacked them?" Cuchulain asked. "The youths came hither out of the north from Emain Macha, thrice fifty boys accompanying Follomain, Conchobar's son, and they the sons of the kings of Ulster. And three battles they offered the hosts in the space of the three days and three nights wherein thou wast till now asleep, and thrice their number are fallen at their hands and the youths themselves are fallen except Follomain alone, Conchobar's son. And Follomain vowed that never till the very day of doom and of life would he return north to Emain Macha till he carried off Ailill's head with the diadem of gold which was on it. Howbeit not such was his luck, for he fell at the hands of the two sons of Bethè son of Ban, after engaging in battle with them."

"Alas, that I was not there in my strength!" cried Cuchulain; "for had I been in my strength the youths would not have fallen, as now they have, and Follomain would not have perished." "But this avow, O Cucan," said the young warrior; "it is no reproach to thine honour and no disgrace to thy valour." "Bide here this night with us, young warrior," said Cuchulain, "that together we avenge the youths on the hosts." "Nay then, I may not tarry," answered the young warrior. "Why so?" asked Cuchulain. "Easy to say," replied the young warrior; "for however prodigious the deeds of valour and skill in arms one may perform in thy company, not on him will fall the glory nor the honour nor the fame but on thyself. For this reason will I not tarry with thee, but do thou thyself try thy feats of arms and the strength of thy hands alone on the hosts, for not with them is the power over thy life on this occasion."

Then the young warrior from Faery went from him and they knew not what way he had gone. "Good, O my master Laeg," said Cuchulain; "together we will go to avenge the youths on the hosts." "I will go with thee," Laeg made answer. "And the scythed chariot, my friend Laeg," said Cuchulain. "Canst thou get it ready? If thou canst get it ready and hast its equipment, make it ready, and if its equipment is not at hand, make it not ready."

## XVIIb. THE SCYTHED CHARIOT

Thereupon the charioteer arose and donned his yeoman's suit for charioteering. Of this yeoman's suit for charioteering, this is what he put on him: His soft kirtle of skin which was light and airy, which was smooth and sparkling, which was stitched and of buckskin, so that it hindered not the movements of his arms outside. Over that he put outside an over-mantle of raven's feathers, which Simon Magus had made as a gift for Darius Nero, king of the Romans. Darius bestowed it upon Conchobar; Conchobar gave it to Cuchulain; Cuchulain presented it to Laeg son of Rianganbair, his charioteer. The same charioteer took the crested, plated, four-bordered battle-cap with variety of every colour and every figure, reaching down over the middle of his shoulders behind. It was an adornment for him and not an encumbrance. With his hand he placed the red-yellow frontlet—like one red-golden strip of glowing gold smelted over the edge of an anvil—on his forehead as a token of charioteering, to distinguish him from his master. He opened the hobbles that fastened his steeds and grasped his gold-mounted goad in his right hand. In his left hand he seized the lines, that is, the bridle-reins of his horses for restraining his steeds before performing his charioteering.

He next threw the iron-sheathed gold-bedecked coats of mail over his horses, so that they covered them from forehead to forehead. The chariot was studded with dartlets, lancelets, spearlets, and hardened spits, so that every portion of the frame bristled with points in that chariot and every corner and end and point and face of that chariot was a passage of laceration.

Then cast he a spell of concealment over his horses and over his fellow, so that they were not visible to any one in the camp, while all in the camp were visible to them, and over this veil of protection he wounded each one and through it and behind it. Well indeed was it that he cast that charm, for on that day the charioteer had to perform the three gifts of charioteership, namely leaping over a cleft in the ranks, unerring driving, and the handling of the goad.

Then arose the champion and battle-warrior and the instrument of Badb's corpse-fold among the men of the earth, Cuchulain son of Sualtaim, and he donned his war-dress of battle and fight and combat. To that war-dress of battle and fight and combat which he put about him belonged seven and twenty waxed, board-like, equally close skin-tunics which were girded by cords and swathings and ropes on his fair skin, to the end that his wit and reason might not become deranged when the violence of his nature came over him.

Over him he put on the outside his battle-girdle of a champion, of tough, tanned, stout leather cut from the forequarters of seven ox-hides of yearlings, so that it reached from the slender parts of his waist to the stout part under his arm-pits. He was used to wear it to keep off spears and points and irons and lances and arrows. For in like manner they would bound back from it as if from stone or rock or horn they rebounded. Then he took his silken, glossy trews with their band of spotted pale-gold against the soft lower parts of his loins. His brown, well-sewn kilt of brown leather from the shoulders of four ox-hides of yearlings, with his battle-girdle of cow-skins, he put underneath over the shining silken trews on the outside, so that it covered him from the slender part of his waist to the thick part of his thighs and reached up to the battle-belt of the hero. Then the king-hero and king-warrior seized his battle-arms of battle and fight and combat. This is what belonged to those warlike weapons of battle: He took his eight little swords together with the bright-faced, tusk-hilted straightsword along with his quiver; he took his eight little spears besides his five-pronged spear; he took his eight little darts together with his javelin with its walrus-tooth ornaments; he took

his eight little shafts along with his play-staff; he took his eight shields for feats together with his dark-red bent-shield, whereon a show-boar could lie in its hollow boss, with its very sharp, razor-like, keen-cutting, hard iron rim all around it, so that it would cut a hair against the stream because of its sharpness and fineness and keenness. When the young warrior would perform the edge-feat withal, it was the same whether he cut with his shield or his spear or his sword. Next he put round his head his crested war-helm of battle and fight and combat, wherein were four carbuncle-gems on each point and each end to adorn it, whereout was uttered the cry of an hundred young warriors with the long-drawn wail from each of its angles and corners. For this was the way that the fiends, the goblins and the sprites of the glens and the demons of the air screamed before and above and around him, what time he went forth for the shedding of blood of heroes and champions, exulting in the mighty deeds wrought underneath it. His veil of concealment was thrown over him then, of raiment from Tir Tairngire ('the Land of Promise') which had been brought to him as a gift by Manannan son of Ler ('the Sea') from the king of Tir na Sorcha ('the Land of Light'), his foster-father in magic. His fair, purple-red fan was placed in front of his face. Past it and through it and over it everything was visible to him and no one wounded him past it nor through it nor over it.

Then took place the first twisting-fit and rage of the royal hero Cuchulain, so that he made a terrible, many-shaped, wonderful, unheard of thing of himself. His flesh trembled about him like a pole against the torrent or like a bulrush against the stream, every member and every joint and every point and every knuckle of him from crown to ground. He made a mad whirling-feat of his body within his hide. His feet and his shins and his knees slid so that they came behind him. His heels and his calves and his hams shifted so that they passed to the front. The muscles of his calves moved so that they came to the front of his shins, so that each huge knot was the size of a soldier's balled fist. He stretched the sinews of his head so that they stood out on the nape of his neck, and as large as the head of a month-old child was each of the hill-like lumps, huge, incalculable, vast, immeasurable.

He next made a ruddy bowl of his face and his countenance. He gulped down one eye into his head so that it would be hard work if a wild crane succeeded in drawing it out on to the middle of his cheek from the rear of his skull. Its mate sprang forth till it came out on his cheek, so that it was the size of a five-fist kettle, and he made a red berry thereof out in front of his head. His mouth was distorted monstrously and twisted up to his ears. He drew the cheek from the jaw-bone so that the interior of his throat was to be seen. His lungs and his lights stood out so that they fluttered in his mouth and his gullet. He struck a mad lion's blow with the upper jaw on its fellow so that as large as a wether's fleece of a three year old was each red, fiery flake which his teeth forced into his mouth from his gullet. There was heard the loud clap of his heart against his breast like the yelp of a howling bloodhound or like a lion going among bears. There were seen the torches of the Badb, and the rain clouds of poison, and the sparks of glowing-red fire, blazing and flashing in hazes and mists over his head with the seething of the truly-wild wrath that rose up above him. His hair bristled all over his head like branches of a redthorn thrust into a gap in a great hedge. Had a king's apple-tree laden with royal fruit been shaken around him, scarce an apple of them all would have passed over him to the ground, but rather would an apple have stayed stuck on each single hair there, for the twisting of the anger which met it as it rose from his hair above him. The Lon Laith ('Champion's Light') stood out of his forehead, so that it was as long and as thick as a warrior's whetstone, so that it was as long as his nose, till he got furious handling the shields, thrusting out the charioteer, destroying the hosts. As high, as thick, as strong, as steady, as long as the sail-tree of some huge prime ship was the straight spout of dark blood which arose right on high from the very ridgepole of his crown, so that a black fog of witchery was made thereof like to the smoke from a king's hostel what time the king comes to be ministered to at nightfall of a winter's day.

When now this contortion had been completed in Cuchulain, then it was that the hero of valour sprang into his scythed war-chariot, with its iron sickles, its thin blades, its hooks and its hard

spikes, with its hero's fore-prongs, with its opening fixtures, with its stinging nails that were fastened to the poles and thongs and bows and lines of the chariot, lacerating heads and bones and bodies, legs and necks and shoulders.

It was then he delivered over his chariot the thunder-feat of a hundred and the thunder-feat of two hundred and the thunder-feat of three hundred and the thunder-feat of four hundred, and he ceased at the thunder-feat of five hundred. For he did not deem it too much that such a great number should fall by his hand at his first onset and first battle-assault on four of the five grand provinces of Erin, while averaging on them the slaughter of the youths and of Follomain son of Conchobar, In such wise fared he forth for to seek his foes, and he drove his chariot in a wide circuit round about the hosts of the four grand provinces of Erin. And he led his chariot a heavy way. The chariot's iron wheels sank into the ground so that the earth dug up by the iron wheels might have served for a dún and a fortress, so did the chariot's iron wheels cut into the ground. For in like manner the clods and boulders and rocks and the clumps and the shingle of the earth arose up outside on a height with the iron wheels. It was for this cause he made this circling hedge of the Badb round about the hosts of four of the five grand provinces of Erin, that they might not escape him nor get away before he would come on them to press a reprisal for the boys. And he went into the midst of the ranks and mowed down huge walls of the corpses of his foes and enemies and opponents in a great circle round about the host. And he made the onslaught of a foe amongst foes upon them, so that they fell sole to sole, neck to neck, arm to arm, elbow to elbow, and rib to rib, such was the closeness of their bodies, and there were pools of ruddy blood where they moved. Thrice again in this manner he circled them round, so that he left them in beds of six in a great ring around them, even the soles of three to the backs of three men in a circle around the camp. Hence Sessrech Bresligé ('Great sixfold Slaughter') is the name of this event on the Táin, and it is one of the three unreckonable events of the Táin, which were, to wit, Sessrech Bresligé, Immsligé Glennamnach ('the Mutual Slaying at Glennamain'), and the battle of Garech and Ilgarech; only that here, hound and horse and man were one to him in the great rout on Mag Murthemni that night avenging the youths on four of the five grand provinces of Erin.

What others say is that Lug son of Ethliu fought on Cuchulain's side at the Sessrech Bresligé.

Their number is not known and it cannot be reckoned how many fell there of the rabble rout, but only their chiefs have been counted. Here below are their names, to wit:—

The two Cruad, two Calad, two Cir, two Ciar, two Ecell, three Cromm, three Cur, three Combirgé, four Feochar, four Furachar, four Cassé, four Fota, five Caur, five Cerman, five Cobtach, six Saxon, six Duach, six Daré, six Dunchadh, six Daimiach, seven Rochad, seven Ronan, seven Rurthech, eight Rochlad, eight Rochtad, eight Rindach, eight Corpré, eight Malach, nine Daigith, nine Daré, nine Damach, ten Fiach, ten Fiacach, ten Fedlimid.

Ten and six-score kings, leaders and men of the land, Cuchulain laid low in the great slaughter on the Plain of Murthemne, besides a countless horde of dogs and horses and women and boys and children and common folk; for there escaped not a third man of the men of Erin without a wound or a hurt or a blueing or a reddening or a lump or a mark or breaking of thigh or of leg or of shinbone, without having hip-bone broken or half his skull or an eye hurt, or without an enduring mark for the course of his life. And he left them then after inflicting that battle upon them, without having his blood drawn or wound brought on himself or on his charioteer or on either of his horses.

## XVIIc. THE ACCOUNT OF THE APPEARANCE OF CUCHULAIN

Early the next morning Cuchulain came to observe the host and to display his comely, beautiful form to the matrons and dames and girls and maidens and poets and men of art, for he did not consider it an honour nor becoming, the wild, proud shape of magic which had been manifested to them the night before. It was for that then that he came to exhibit his comely, beautiful form on that day.

Truly fair was the youth that came there to display his form to the hosts, Cuchulain, to wit son of Sualtaim son of Boeoltach ('Of little possessions') son of Morfoltach ('Of great possessions') son of Red Neil macRudhraid. Three heads of hair he wore; brown at the skin, blood-red in the middle, a golden-yellow crown what thatched it. Beautiful was the arrangement of the hair, with three coils of hair wound round the nape of his neck, so that like to a strand of thread of gold was each thread-like, loose-flowing, deep-golden, magnificent, long-tressed, splendid, beauteous-hued hair as it fell down over his shoulders. A hundred bright-purple windings of gold-flaming red gold at his neck. A hundred salmon-coloured cords strung with carbuncles as a covering round his head. Four spots on either of his two cheeks, even a yellow spot, and a green spot, and a blue spot, and a purple spot. Seven jewels of the eye's brilliance was either of his kingly eyes. Seven toes to either of his two feet. Seven fingers to either of his two hands, with the clutch of hawk's claw, with the grip of hedgehog's talon in every separate one of them.

He also put on him that day his fair-day dress. To this apparel about him belonged, namely, a beautiful, well-fitting, purple, fringed, five-folded mantle. A white brooch of silvered bronze or of white silver incrustured with burnished gold over his fair white breast, as if it were a full-fulgent lantern that eyes of men could not behold for its resplendence and crystal shining. A striped chest-jacket of silk on his skin, fairly adorned with borders and braidings and trimmings of gold and silver and silvered bronze; it reached to the upper hem of his dark, brown-red warlike breeches of royal silk. A magnificent, brown-purple buckler he bore, with five wheels of gold on it, with a rim of pure white silver around it. A gold-hilted hammered sword with ivory guards, raised high at his girdle at his left side. A long grey-edged spear together with a trenchant bye-spear for defence, with thongs for throwing and with rivets of whitened bronze, alongside him in the chariot. Nine heads he bore in one of his hands and ten in the other, and these he brandished before the hosts in token of his prowess and cunning. This then was a night's attack for Cuchulain on the hosts of four of the five provinces of Erin. Medb hid her face beneath a shelter of shields lest Cuchulain should cast at her that day.

Then it was that the maidens of Connacht besought the men of Erin to lift them up on the flat of the shields above the warriors' shoulders; and the women of Munster clomb on the men to behold the aspect of Cuchulain. For they marvelled at the beautiful, comely appearance he showed them that day compared with the low, arrogant shape of magic in which they had seen him the night before.

## XVIId. DUBTHACH'S JEALOUSY

And Dubthach's wife prayed to be lifted to regard the form of Cuchulain. Then it was that jealousy, ill-will and envy possessed Dubthach Doel ('the Black-tongue') of Ulster because of his wife in regard to Cuchulain; for he saw his wife climb on the men to get a glimpse of Cuchulain; and he counselled the hosts to act treacherously towards Cuchulain and to entrap him, even to lay up an ambush around him on all sides to the end that he might fall by them. And he spake these words:—

"If this be the Twisted one,  
By him shall men's bodies fall;  
Shrieks there shall be round the liss;  
Deeds to tell of shall be wrought!  
"Stones shall be on graves from him;  
Kingly martyrs shall increase.  
Not well have ye battle found  
On the slopes with this wild Hound!  
"If this be the Twisted one,  
Men shall soon be slain by him;  
'Neath his feet shall corpses lie;  
Under bushes mantles white!  
"Now the Wildman's form I see,  
Nine heads dangling by his side;  
Shattered spoils he has, behold;  
Ten heads as his treasure great!  
"And your women, too, I see,

Raise their heads above the lines;  
I behold your puissant queen  
Makes no move t'engage in fight!  
"Were it mine to give advice,  
Men would be on every side,  
That they soon might end his life;  
If this be the Twisted one!"

Fergus macRoig heard this and he deemed it an outrage that Dubthach should counsel how to betray Cuchulain to the hosts. And he reached him a strong, sharp kick with his foot away from him, so that Dubthach struck with his mouth against the group outside. And Fergus reproached him for all the wrongs and iniquities and treachery and shameful deeds he had ever done to the Ulstermen of old and anew. And then he spake these words:—

"If this 'Black-tongue' Dubthach be,  
Let him skulk behind the hosts;  
No good hath he ever wrought,  
Since he slew the princesses!  
"Base and foul, the deed he wrought:  
Fiachu, Conchobar's son, he slew.  
No more fair was heard of him:  
Carbrè's death, Fedilmid's son!  
"Ne'er for Ulster's weal doth aim  
Lugaid's son, Casruba's scion;  
Such is how he acts to men:  
Whom he stabs not he incites!  
"Ulster's exiles it would grieve  
If their beardless boy should fall.  
If on you come Ulster's troops  
They will make your herds their spoil!  
"Strewn afar your herds will be  
By the rising Ulstermen.  
Tales there'll be of mighty deeds  
That will tell of far-famed queens!  
"Corpses will be under foot,  
Food there'll be at ravens' rests;  
Bucklers lying on the slopes;  
Wild and furious deeds increase!  
"I behold just now your wives  
Raise their heads above the ranks.  
I behold your puissant queen  
Moves not to engage in war!  
"Valour none nor generous deed  
Comes from Lugaid's craven son;  
Nor will kings see lances red,  
If this 'Black-tongue' Dubthach be!"

Thus far 'The Scythed Chariot.'

## XVIII. THE SLAYING OF OENGUS SON OF OENLAM

Then it was that a very bold young warrior of the Ulstermen came nigh the hosts; his bye-name was Oengus son of Oenlam Gabè ('the One-handed Smith'). And he drove the hosts before him from Moda Loga, which at that time was called Lugmud, to Ath da Fert ('the Ford of the Two Gravemounds') in Sliab Fuait. And he suffered them not to go by, but he showered them with stones. What scholars say is: If Oengus son of Oenlam Gabè had fought them in single combat, two-thirds of the host would have fallen before that by him in single battle at Emain Macha. Howbeit it was by no means so that they acted, but they attacked him from ambush on every side, till he fell at their hands in unequal fight at Ath da Fert in Sliab Fuait.

## XVIIIa. HERE NOW IS TOLD THE MISTHROW AT BELACH EOIN.

Then came to them Fiacha Fialdana ('the Generous and Intrepid') of the Ulstermen to speak with the son of his mother's sister, namely with Manè Andoè ('the Unslow') of the Connachtmen. And thus he came, and Dubthach Doel ('the Black Tongue') of Ulster with him. It was in this wise that Manè Andoè came, and

Dochè son of Maga along with him. When now Dochè macMagach espied Fiacha Fialdana, he straightway hurled a spear at him, but so that it went through his own friend, through Dubthach Doel of Ulster. Then Fiacha Fialdana hurled a spear at Dochè macMagach, so that it went through his own friend, through Manè Andoè of Connacht. Thereupon said the men of Erin: "A mishap in throwing," they said, "is what hath happened to the men, for each of them to kill his friend and nearest relation." Hence this is entitled Imroll Belaig Eoin ('the Misthrow at Bird-pass'). And 'the Other Misthrow at Bird-pass' is another name for it.

Or it may be this from which cometh Imroll Belaig Eoin: The hosts proceed to Belach Eoin ('Bird-pass'). Their two troops wait there. Diarmait macConchobar of the Ulstermen comes from the north. "Let a horseman start from you," cries Diarmait, "that Manè may come with one man to parley with me, and I will go with another man to parley with him." A while thereafter they meet "I am come," says Diarmait, "from Conchobar, with commands to Ailill and Medb that they let the cows go and make good all the ill they have done here and bring hither the bull from the west to meet the other bull, to the end that they may encounter, since Medb has pledged it." "I will go," says Manè, "to tell them." He takes this message to Medb and Ailill. "This cannot be had of Medb," Manè reported. "Let us make a fair exchange of arms, then," says Diarmait, "if perchance that pleaseth thee better." "I am content," replies Manè. Each of them casts his spear at the other so that both of them die, and hence the name of this place is Imroll Belaig Eoin. Their forces rush upon one another. Three-score of each force fall. Hence is Ard in Dirma ('the Height of the Troop').

## XVIIIb. HERE NOW FOLLOWETH THE DISGUIISING OF TAMON

Then said the men of Erin to Tamon the fool that he should don the garments of Ailill and the king's golden shawl, and go to the ford that was close before them. So he put the garments and golden shawl of Ailill upon him. Ailill's people placed the king's diadem on the head of Tamon the fool, for Ailill dared not wear it himself, and he went on to the ford under their eyes. The men of Erin began to scoff and to shout and jeer at him. "It is a disguising of Tamon ('a Stump') for thee, O Tamon the fool," they cried, "with the dress and the golden shawl of Ailill upon thee!" When Cuchulain saw him, it seemed to him in his ignorance and lack of knowledge that it was Ailill himself that was there. And he slung a stone from his staff-sling at him so that his head was broken thereby and Tamon the fool was smitten lifeless where he was on the ford. Hence Ath Tamuin ('the Ford of a Stump') is the name of that ford ever since and 'the Disguising of Tamon' is the name of the tale.

## XIX. THE BATTLE OF FERGUS AND CUCHULAIN

The hosts of the four grand provinces of Erin pitched camp and entrenched themselves for that night at the pillar-stone in Crich Roiss ('the Borders of Ross'). Then Medb called upon the men of Erin for one of them to contend and do battle with Cuchulain on the morrow. And every one of them spake thus: "It shall not be I! it shall not be I!" cried each from his place. "No victim is owing from my people, and even if one were it would not be myself whom ye would send as a victim in his stead. I will not be the man to go in his place to fight with Cuchulain till the very day of doom and of life!"

Thereupon Medb summoned Fergus to go forth and contend and fight with Cuchulain, to drive him off from them on the ford at the early morning-hour on the morrow, for that the men of Erin had failed her to go and do battle with him. "Ill would it befit me," quoth Fergus, "to fight with a callow young lad without any beard, and mine own disciple, the fosterling of Ulster, the foster-child that sat on Conchobar's knee, the lad from Craeb Ruad ('Red Branch')." Howbeit Medb murmured sore that Fergus foreswore her combat and battle. They filled him with wine till he was heavily drunken and then they questioned him about going to the combat. They bode the night in that place. Early on the morrow Fergus arose, since they importuned him urgently, and his horses were



got ready for him and his chariot harnessed and he fared forth to the place of combat where Cuchulain was.

When now Cuchulain saw him coming nigh, this is what he said: "Welcome thine arrival and thy coming, O my master Fergus," spoke Cuchulain. "Truly given we esteem thy greeting," Fergus answered. "It is truly given for thee, O Fergus" said Cuchulain; "and thou shalt have a night's lodging here this night." "Success and a blessing attend thee, O fosterling; not for hospitality from thee am I come, but to fight and do battle with thee." "A vain surety is the one wherewith my master Fergus comes to me; for no sword is in the sheath of the great staff he bears." It was true what he said. A year before this tale, before the expedition of the Táin, Ailill had found Fergus going to a tryst with Medb on the hillside in Cruachan and his sword on a branch near by him. And Ailill had torn the sword from its sheath and put a wooden sword in its stead and vowed he would not restore him the sword till came the day of the great battle, when the men of Erin would clash in the great battle of the Cualnge Cattle-raid at Garech and Ilgarech. "It is a perilous thing for thee to come to a place of fight, O my master Fergus, without thy sword." "It matters not to me, O fosterling," replied Fergus; "for had I a sword in this, it never would cut thee nor be plied on thee. But, by the honour and training I bestowed upon thee and the Ulstermen and Conchobar bestowed, by the troth of thy valour and knighthood I adjure thee, give way before me this day in the presence of the men of Erin!" "Truly I am loath to do that," answered Cuchulain, "to flee before any one man on the Cattle-spoil of Cualnge." "Nay then it is not a thing to be taken amiss by thee," said Fergus; "for I in my turn will retreat before thee when thou wilt be covered with wounds and dripping with gore and pierced with holes in the battle of the Táin. And when I alone shall turn in flight before thee, so will all the men of Erin also flee before thee in like manner." So zealous was Cuchulain to do whatever made for Ulster's weal that he had his chariot brought to him, and he mounted his chariot and he went in confusion and flight from Fergus in the presence of the men of Erin. As far as Grellach Dolluid ('the Stamping-place at Dolluid') he fled, in order that Fergus might give way before him on the day of the battle. When the men of Erin saw that, they were joyful, and what they said was this: "He is fled from thee! He is fled from thee, O Fergus!" cried all. "Pursue him, pursue him quickly, O Fergus," Medb cried, "that he do not escape thee." "Nay then," said Fergus, "I will pursue him no further. It is not like a tryst. Yon fellow is too speedy for me. For however little ye may make of the flight I have put him to, none of the men of Erin, not even four of the five provinces of Erin could have obtained so much as that of him on the Cow-cragh of Cualnge. For this cause, till the men of Erin take turns in single combat, I will not engage again with this same man." Hence here we have the 'White Battle' of Fergus on the Táin thus far; and it is for this cause it is called the 'White Battle,' because no 'blood on weapons' resulted therefrom. They continue their march past Cuchulain and pitch camp in Crich Roiss.

### **XIXa. HERE NOW COMETH THE HEAD-PLACE OF FERCHU**

Ferchu Longsech ('the Exile'), a wonderful warrior from Loch Ce, outlawed from his land by Ailill and Medb, although of the Connachtmen, was engaged in battle and plunder with Ailill and Medb. From the day these came to the kingship, there never was a time that he fared to their camp or took part in their expeditions or shared in their straits or their needs or their hardships, but he was ever at their heels, pillaging and plundering their borders and land. At that time he sojourned in the eastern part of Mag Ai. Twelve men was his muster. He learned that a single man checked and stopped four of the five grand provinces of Erin from Monday at Summer's end till the beginning of Spring, slaying a man on the ford every one of those days and a hundred warriors every night. He weighed his plan privily with his people. "What better plan could we devise?" quoth he, "than to go and attack yonder man that checketh and stoppeth four of the five grand provinces of Erin, and bring his head and his arms with us to Ailill and Medb? However great the injuries and wrongs we have done to Ailill and Medb, we shall obtain our peace therefor, if only that man fall by

our hand." He made no doubt that if Cuchulain fell through him, the eastern territory of Connacht would be his. Now this was the resolve they took, and they proceeded to where Cuchulain was at Ath Aladh ('Speckled Ford') on the Plain of Murthemne. And when they came, they espied the lone warrior and knew that it was Cuchulain. It was not fair fight nor combat with one they vouchsafed him, but at one and the same time the twelve men fell upon him so that their spears sank up to their middles into his shield. Cuchulain on his part drew his sword from the sheath of the Badb to attack them, and he fell to to cut away their weapons and to lighten his shield. Then he turned on them, front and back, to the left and the right, and straightway he smote off their twelve heads; and he engaged in a furious, bloody and violent battle with Ferchu himself, after killing his people. And not long did it avail Ferchu thus, for he fell at last by Cuchulain, and Cuchulain cut off Ferchu's head to the east of the ford. And he set up twelve stones in the earth for them, and he put the head of each one of them on its stone and he likewise put Ferchu Longsech's head on its stone. Hence Cinnit Ferchon Longsig is henceforth the name of the place where Ferchu Longsech left his head and his twelve men theirs and their arms and their trophies, to wit, Cenn-aith Ferchon ('the Head-place of Ferchu').

### **XIXb. MANN'S FIGHT**

Medb despatched Mann son of Muresc son of Darè, of the Dommandach, to fight with Cuchulain. Own brothers were he and Daman, Ferdiad's father. A man, rough, inordinate in eating and sleeping was this Mann. An ill-tongued foul-mouthed man like Dubthach Doel ('Black-tongue') of Ulster. A man, stout, mighty, with strength of limb like Munremur ('Thick-neck') son of Gercrend ('Short-head'). A fiery champion like Triscoth, the strong man of Conchobar's household. "I will go," said he, "and unarmed, and I will grind him between my hands, for I consider it no honour nor credit to use arms against a beardless madcap such as he."

Therewith he went to attack Cuchulain. There he was, himself and his charioteer on the ford watching the host. "A lone warrior approacheth us here," cried Laeg to Cuchulain. "What manner of man?" asked Cuchulain. "A dark, black man, strong, bull-like, and he unarmed." "Let him go by thee," said Cuchulain. At that he comes nigh them. "To fight with thee am I come," Mann announced. Therewith they fell to wrestling for a long time, and thrice Mann threw Cuchulain, till the charioteer incited Cuchulain. "Were it the champion's portion thou wast contending for in Emain," spake Laeg, "thou wouldst be all powerful over the young bloods in Emain!" At these words the hero's wrath and warrior's rage returned to Cuchulain, so that he overcame Mann at the pillar-stone and he fell to pieces in morsels. Hence cometh Mag Mandachta ('the Plain of Mann's death').

### **XIXc. THE COMBAT OF CALATIN'S CHILDREN**

Then was it debated by the men of Erin who would be fit to contend and cope with Cuchulain at the morning hour early on the next day. What they all said was, that Calatin Dana ('the Bold') would be the one, with his seven and twenty sons and his grandson Glass macDelga. Thus were they: Poison was on every man of them and poison on every weapon of their arms; and not one of them missed his throw, and there was no one on whom one of them drew blood that, if he succumbed not on the spot, would not be dead before the end of the ninth day. Great gifts were promised to them for engaging to do battle and to contend with Cuchulain. And they took the matter in hand, and it should be in the presence of Fergus that the covenant would be made. But Fergus refused to have part therein, for what they all contended was that they would hold it as a single combat, a combat, to wit, of Calatin Dana and his seven and twenty sons and his grandson Glass macDelga; for their contention was that his son was a limb of his limbs and a part of his parts, and that to Calatin Dana belonged all that proceeded from his body.

Fergus betook himself to his tent and to his people and he breathed his sigh of weariness aloud. "Grievous it seems to us,

the deed to be done here on the morrow," quoth Fergus. "What deed may that be?" asked his people. "The slaying of Cuchulain," answered Fergus. "Alas," said they, "who should kill him?" "Calatin Dana," he replied, "with his seven and twenty sons and his grandson Glass macDelga. For this is their nature: Poison is on every man of them and poison on every weapon of their arms; and there is no one on whom one of them draws blood, that, if he succumb not on the spot, will not be dead before the end of the ninth day. And there is no one of you that would go and learn for me and be witness of the battle and fight and bring me news how Cuchulain died on whom I would not bestow my blessing and armour." "I will go thither," spake Fiachu son of Ferfebè.

They abode so that night. Early on the morrow Calatin Dana arose with his seven and twenty sons and his grandson Glass macDelga, and they went forward to where Cuchulain was. And there went also Fiachu son of Ferfebè. And when Calatin arrived at the place where Cuchulain was, they forthwith hurled their nine and twenty spears, and not one of them went past him by a mis-throw. Cuchulain played the edge-feat with his shield, so that all the spears sank up to their middles into the shield. But for all that theirs was no erring cast, not one of the spears was blooded or reddened upon him. Thereupon Cuchulain drew his sword from the sheath of the Badb, to cut away the weapons and lighten the shield that was on him. While thus engaged, they rushed in upon him and delivered their nine and twenty right fists at the same time on his head. They smote him and curbed him withal, till his face and his countenance and visage met the sand and gravel of the ford. Cuchulain raised his warrior's shout aloud and his cry of unequal combat, so that there was not an Ulsterman alive in the camp of those that were not asleep but heard it. Then when they all had reached for their swords, came Fiachu son of Ferfebè after them out of the camp, and he saw what they did and a qualm of love and the bond of kindred came over him, and when he saw all their hands raised against Cuchulain, he leaped from his chariot and drew his sword from the sheath of the Badb and dealt them a blow, so that he cut off their nine and twenty right fists from them at one stroke, and they all fell backwards from the intensity of the exertion and hold which they had.

Cuchulain raised his head and drew breath and gave a sigh of weariness and perceived who it was that had come to his aid. "A ready relief, O foster-brother, what thou hast done," said Cuchulain. "Although for thee a ready relief," said Fiachu, "yet is it not so for us. Even though we are the best division of three thousand of the Clann Rudraige in the camp and station of the men of Erin, nevertheless this small thing is a breach of covenant in us men of Ulster. If one of Calatin's children reaches the camp, we shall all be brought under the mouth of spear and of sword, however feeble thou mayst deem the blow I struck, if this treason be found in us." "I give my word," quoth Cuchulain; "so soon as I raise my head and draw breath, not a man of them shall reach the camp alive, and unless thou thyself tellest the tale not one of these ever will tell it!"

With that, Cuchulain turned on them, and he fell to smiting and hewing them, so that he sent them from him in small disjointed pieces and divided quarters eastwards and westwards along the ford. A single man got away from him, trusting to his speed while Cuchulain was busied beheading the rest; it was Glass macDelga. And Cuchulain raced after him like a blast of wind, and Glass ran on round the tent of Ailill and Medb, and all he could pant out was, "Fiach! Fiach!" when Cuchulain fetched him a stroke that cut off his head.

"'Tis quick work was made of that man," quoth Medb. "What debt was that he spoke of, O Fergus?" "I know not," Fergus answered, "unless it be some one in the camp and quarters that owed him a debt. It is that which troubled his mind. But be that as it may," continued Fergus, "it is a debt of blood and flesh for him. And upon my word," Fergus added, "now are his debts paid to him for good and all!"

In this wise fell Calatin Dana ('the Bold') at the hands of Cuchulain, together with his seven and twenty sons and his grandson Glass macDelga and the two sons of Ficcè with them, two bold warriors of Ulster who had come to use their strength on the host. So that for evermore in the bed of the ford is still the rock where-

about they had their strife and struggle and their slaughtering of each other; and the mark of their sword-hilts is in it and of their knees and their elbows and their fists and the butt-ends of their spears. And their nine and twenty standing stones were set up there. Hence Fuil lairn ('Blood of Iron') to the west of Ath Firdead ('Ferdiad's Ford') is the name of the ford. It is for this it is called Fuil lairn, because of the 'blood over weapons' that was there.

Thus far then this exploit on the Tàin, the Combat of the Clann Calatin of his children and his grandson with Cuchulain, when they went to do battle with Cuchulain.

## XX. THE COMBAT OF FERDIAD AND CUCHULAIN

The four grand provinces of Erin were side by side and against Cuchulain, from Monday before Samain-tide to Wednesday after Spring-beginning, and without leave to work harm or vent their rage on the province of Ulster, while yet all the Ulstermen were sunk in their nine days' 'Pains,' and Conall Cernach ('the Victorious') sought out battle in strange foreign lands paying the tribute and tax of Ulster. Great was the plight and strait of Cuchulain during that time, for he was not a day or a night without fierce, fiery combat waged on him by the men of Erin, until he killed Calatin with his seven and twenty sons and Fraech son of Fiadach and performed many deeds and successes which are not enumerated here. Now this was sore and grievous for Medb and for Ailill.

Then the men of Erin took counsel who would be fit to send to the ford to fight and do battle with Cuchulain, to drive him off from them at the morning hour early on the morrow.

With one accord they declared that it should be Ferdiad son of Daman son of Darè, the great and valiant warrior of the men of Domnann, the horn-skin from Irrus Domnann, the irresistible force, and the battle-rock of destruction, the own, dear, foster-brother of Cuchulain.

And fitting it was for him to go thither, for well-matched and alike was their manner of fight and of combat. Under the same instructresses had they done skilful deeds of valour and arms, when learning the art with Scathach ('the Modest') and with Uathach ('the Dreadful') and with Aifè ('the Handsome'). Yet was it the felling of an oak with one's fists, and the stretching of the hand into a serpent's nest, and a spring into the lair of a lion, for hero or champion in the world, aside from Cuchulain, to fight or combat with Ferdiad on whatever ford or river or mere he set his shield. And neither of them overmatched the other, save in the feat of the Gae Bulga ('the Barbed Spear') which Cuchulain possessed. Howbeit, against this, Ferdiad was horn-skinned when fighting and in combat with a warrior on the ford; and they thought he could avoid the Gae Bulga and defend himself against it, because of the horn about him of such kind that neither arms nor multitude of edges could pierce it.

Then were messengers and envoys sent from Medb and Ailill to Ferdiad. Ferdiad denied them their will, and dismissed and sent back the messengers, and he went not with them, for he knew wherefore they would have him, to fight and combat with his friend, with his comrade and foster-brother, Cuchulain.

Then did Medb despatch the druids and the poets of the camp, the lampoonists and hard-attackers, for Ferdiad, to the end that they might make three satires to stay him and three scoffing speeches against him, to mock at him and revile and disgrace him, that they might raise three blisters on his face, Blame, Blemish and Disgrace, that he might not find a place in the world to lay his head, if he came not with them to the tent of Medb and Ailill on the foray.

Ferdiad came with them for the sake of his own honour and for fear of their bringing shame on him, forasmuch as he deemed it better to fall by the shafts of valour and bravery and skill, than to fall by the shafts of satire, abuse and reproach. And when Ferdiad was come into the camp, Medb and Ailill beheld him, and great and most wonderful joy possessed them, and they sent him to where their trusty people were, and he was honoured and waited on, and choice, well-flavoured strong liquor was poured out for him till he became drunken and merry. Finnabair, daughter of Ailill and Medb, was seated at his side. It was Finnabair that placed

her hand on every goblet and cup Ferdiad quaffed. She it was that gave him three kisses with every cup that he took. She it was that passed him sweet-smelling apples over the bosom of her tunic. This is what she ceased not to say, that her darling and her chosen sweetheart of the world's men was Ferdiad. And when Medb got Ferdiad drunken and merry, great rewards were promised him if he would make the fight and combat.

When now Ferdiad was satisfied, happy and joyful, it was that Medb spoke: "Hail now, Ferdiad. Dost know the occasion wherefore thou art summoned to this tent?" "I know not, in truth," Ferdiad replied; "unless it be that the nobles of the men of Erin are here. Why is it less fitting for me to be here than any other good warrior?" "'Tis not that, forsooth," answered Medb: "but to give thee a chariot worth four times seven bondmaids, and the apparel of two men and ten men, of cloth of every colour, and the equivalent of the Plain of Murthemne of the rich Plain of Ai, and that thou shouldst be at all times in Cruachan, and wine be poured out for thee there; the freedom of thy descendants and thy race forever, free of tribute, free of rent, without constraint to encamp or take part in our expeditions, without duress for thy son, or for thy grandson, or for thy great-grandson, till the end of time and existence; this leaf-shaped golden brooch of mine shall be thine, wherein are ten-score ounces, and ten-score half ounces, and ten-score scruples, and ten-score quarters; Finnabair, my daughter and Ailill's, to be thine own one wife, and mine own most intimate friendship, if thou exactest that withal." "He needs it not," they cried, one and all; "great are the rewards and gifts!"

Such were the words of Medb, and she spake them here and Ferdiad responded:—

Medb:

"Great rewards in arm-rings,  
Share of plain and forest,  
Freedom of thy children  
From this day till doom!  
Ferdiaid son of Daman,  
More than thou couldst hope for,  
Why shouldst thou refuse it,  
That which all would take?"

Ferdiad:

"Naught I'll take without bond—  
No ill spearman am I—  
Hard on me to-morrow:  
Great will be the strife!  
Hound that's hight of Culann,  
How his thrust is grievous!  
No soft thing to stand him;  
Rude will be the wound!"

Medb:

"Champions will be surety,  
Thou needst not keep hostings.  
Reins and splendid horses  
Shall be given as pledge!  
Ferdiaid, good, of battle,  
For that thou art dauntless,  
Thou shalt be my lover,  
Past all, free of cain!"

Ferdiad:

"Without bond I'll go not  
To engage in ford-feats;  
It will live till doomsday  
In full strength and force.  
Ne'er I'll yield—who hears me,  
Whoe'er counts upon me—  
Without sun- and moon-oath,  
Without sea and land!"

Medb:

"Why then dost delay it?  
Bind it as it please thee,  
By kings' hands and princes',  
Who will stand for thee!  
Lo, I will repay thee,  
Thou shalt have thine asking,  
For I know thou'lt slaughter  
Man that meeteth thee!"

Ferdiad:

"Nay, without six sureties—  
It shall not be fewer—  
Ere I do my exploits  
There where hosts will be!  
Should my will be granted,  
I swear, though unequal,  
That I'll meet in combat  
Cuchulain the brave!"

Medb:

"Domnall, then, or Carbrè,  
Niaman famed for slaughter,  
Or e'en folk of barddom,  
Natheless, thou shalt have.  
Bind thyself on Morann,  
Wouldst thou its fulfilment,  
Bind on smooth Man's Carbrè,  
And our two sons, bind!"

Ferdiad:

"Medb, with wealth of cunning,  
Whom no spouse can bridle,  
Thou it is that herdest  
Cruachan of the mounds!  
High thy fame and wild power!  
Mine the fine pied satin;  
Give thy gold and silver,  
Which were proffered me!"

Medb:

"To thee, foremost champion,  
I will give my ringed brooch.  
From this day till Sunday,  
Shall thy respite be!  
Warrior, mighty, famous,  
All the earth's fair treasures  
Shall to thee be given;  
Everything be thine!  
'Finnabair of the champions,  
Queen of western Erin,  
When thou'lt slain the Smith's Hound,  
Ferdiaid, she's thine!"

Ferdiad:

"Should I have Finnabair to wife,  
Falls of Ai and Cruachan too,  
And to dwell for alway there,  
I'd not seek the deedful Hound!  
'Equal skill to me and him—'  
Thus spake Ferdiad withal—  
'The same nurses raised us both,  
And with them we learned our art.  
'Not for fear of battle hard,  
Noble Eocho Fedlech's maid,  
Would I shun the Blacksmith's Hound,  
But my heart bleeds for his love!"

Medb:

"Thou shalt have, dear, bright-scaled man,  
One swift, proud, high-mettled steed.  
Thou shalt have domains and land  
And shalt stay not from the fight !"

Ferdiad:

"But that Medb entreated so,  
And that poets' tongues did urge,  
I'd not go for hard rewards  
To contend with mine own friend!"

Medb:

"Son of Daman of white cheeks,  
Shouldst thou check this heroes' Hound,  
E'er so long thy fame will live,  
When thou comest from Ferdiad's Ford!"

Then said they, one and all, those gifts were great. "'Tis true, they are great. But though they are," said Ferdiad, "with Medb herself I will leave them, and I will not accept them if it be to do battle or combat with my foster-brother, the man of my alliance and affection, and my equal in skill of arms, namely, with Cuchulain." And he said:—

"Greatest toil, this, greatest toil,  
Battle with the Hound of gore!  
Liefer would I battle twice  
With two hundred men of Fal!  
"Sad the fight, and sad the fight,  
I and Hound of feats shall wage!  
We shall hack both flesh and blood;  
Skin and body we shall hew!  
"Sad, O god, yea, sad, O god,  
That a woman should us part!  
My heart's half, the blameless Hound;  
Half the brave Hound's heart am I!  
"By my shield, O, by my shield,  
If Ath Cliath's brave Hound should fall,  
I will drive my slender glaive  
Through my heart, my side, my breast!  
"By my sword, O, by my sword,  
If the Hound of Glen Bolg fall!  
No man after him I'll slay,  
Till I o'er the world's brink spring!  
"By my hand, O, by my hand!  
Falls the Hound of Glen in Sgail,  
Medb with all her host I'll kill,  
And then no more men of Fal!  
"By my spear, O, by my spear!  
Should Ath Cro's brave Hound be slain,  
I'll be buried in his grave;  
May one grave hide me and him!  
"Liefer would I, liefer far,  
Arms should slay me in fierce fight,  
Than the death of heroes' Hound,  
Should be food for ravenous birds?  
"Tell him this, O, tell him this,  
To the Hound of beauteous hue,  
Fearless Scathach hath foretold  
My fall on a ford through him!  
"Woe to Medb, yea, woe to Medb,  
Who hath used her guile on us;  
She hath set me face to face  
'Gainst Cuchulain—hard the toil!"

"Ye men," spake Medb, in the wonted fashion of stirring up disunion and dissension, as if she had not heard Ferdiad at all, "true is the word Cuchulain speaks." "What word is that?" asked Ferdiad. "He said, then," replied Medb, "he would not think it too much if thou shouldst fall by his hands in the choicest feat of his skill in arms, in the land whereto he should come." "It was not just for him to speak so," quoth Ferdiad; "for it is not cowardice or lack of boldness that he hath ever seen in me by day or by night. And I speak not so to him, for I have it not to say of him. And I swear by my arms of valour, if it be true that he spoke so, I will be the first man of the men of Erin to contend with him on the morrow, how loath soever I am to do so!"

And he gave his word in the presence of them all that he would go and meet Cuchulain. For it pleased Medb, if Ferdiad should fail to go, to have them as a witness against him, in order that she might say it was fear or dread that caused him to break his

word. "A blessing and victory upon thee for that!" said Medb; "it pleaseth me more than for thee to show fear and lack of boldness. For every man loves his own land, and how is it better for him to seek the welfare of Ulster, because his mother was descended from the Ulstermen, than for thee to seek the welfare of Connacht, as thou art the son of a king of Connacht?"

Then it was that Medb obtained from Ferdiad the easy surety of a covenant to fight and contend on the morrow with six warriors of the champions of Erin, or to fight and contend with Cuchulain alone, if to him this last seemed lighter. Ferdiad obtained of Medb the easy surety, as he thought, to send the aforesaid six men for the fulfilment of the terms which had been promised him, should Cuchulain fall at his hands.

There was a wonderful warrior of the Ulstermen present at that covenant, and that was Fergus macRoig. Fergus betook him to his tent. "Woe is me, for the deed that will be done on the morning of the morrow!" "What deed is that?" his tent-folk asked. "My good fosterling Cuchulain will be slain!" "Good lack! who makes that boast?" "Not hard to say: None other but his dear, devoted foster-brother, Ferdiad son of Daman. Why bear ye not my blessing," Fergus continued, "and let one of you go with a warning and mercy to Cuchulain, if perchance he would leave the ford on the morn of the morrow?" "As we live," said they; "though it were thyself was on the ford of battle, we would not go near him to seek thee." "Come, my lad," cried Fergus, "get our horses for us, and yoke the chariot!"

Then were Fergus' horses fetched for him and his chariot was yoked, and he came forward to the place of combat where Cuchulain was, to inform him of the challenge, that Ferdiad was to fight with him.

"A chariot cometh hither towards us, O Cuchulain!" cried Laeg. For in this wise was the gilla, with his back towards his lord. He used to win every other game of draughts and of chess from his master. Watch and guard of the four airts was he besides. "What manner of chariot is it?" asked Cuchulain. "A chariot like to a royal fort, huge, with its yoke, strong, golden; with its great board of copper; with its shafts of bronze; with its thin-framed, dry-bodied box ... set on two horses, black, swift, stout, strong-forked, thick-set, under beautiful shafts. One kingly, broad-eyed warrior is the combatant in the chariot. A curly, forked beard he wears that reaches below outside over the smooth lower part of his soft tunic, which would shelter fifty warriors on a day of storm and rain under the heavy shield of the warrior's beard. A bent buckler, white, beautiful, of many colours, he bears, with three stout-wrought chains, so that there is room from edge to edge for four troops of ten men behind the leather of the shield which hangs upon the broad back of the warrior. A long, hard-edged, broad, red sword in a sheath woven and twisted of white silver, over the ... of the battle-warrior. A strong, three-ridged spear, wound and banded with all-gleaming white silver he has lying across the chariot."

"Not difficult to recognize him," said Cuchulain: "'tis my master Fergus that cometh hither with a warning and with compassion for me, before all the four provinces of Erin."

Fergus drew nigh and sprang from his chariot. Cuchulain bade him welcome. "Welcome is thy coming, O my master Fergus!" cried Cuchulain. "If a flock of birds comes into the plain, thou shalt have a duck with half of another. If a fish comes into the river-mouths, thou shalt have a salmon with half of another. A handful of water-cress and a bunch of laver and a sprig of sea-grass and a drink of cold water from the sand thou shalt have thereafter." "'Tis an outlaw's portion, that," said Fergus. "'Tis true; 'tis an outlaw's portion is mine," answered Cuchulain. "Truly intended, methinks, the welcome, O fosterling," said Fergus. "But, were it for this I came, I should think it better to leave it. It is for this I am here, to inform thee who comes to fight and contend with thee at the morning hour early on the morrow." "E'en so will we hear it from thee," said Cuchulain. "Thine own friend and comrade and foster-brother, the man thine equal in feats and in skill of arms and in deeds, Ferdiad son of Daman son of Darè, the great and mighty warrior of the men of Domnann." "As my soul liveth," replied Cuchulain, "it is not to an encounter we wish our friend to come, and not for fear, but for love and affection of him; and almost I would prefer to fall by the hand of that warrior

than for him to fall by mine." "It is even for that," answered Fergus, "thou shouldst be on thy guard and prepared. Say not that thou hast no fear of Ferdiad, for it is fitting that thou shouldst have fear and dread before fighting with Ferdiad. For unlike all to whom it fell to fight and contend with thee on the Cualnge Cattle-raid on this occasion is Ferdiad son of Daman son of Darè, for he hath a horny skin about him in battle against a man, a belt, equally strong, victorious in battle, and neither points nor edges are reddened upon it in the hour of strife and anger. For he is the fury of a lion, and the bursting of wrath, and the blow of doom, and the wave that drowneth foes." "Speak not thus!" cried Cuchulain, "for I swear by my arms of valour, the oath that my people swear, that every limb and every joint will be as soft as a pliant rush in the bed of a river under the point of sword, if he show himself to me on the ford! Truly am I here," said Cuchulain, "checking and staying four of the five grand provinces of Erin from Monday at Summer's end till the beginning of spring, and I have not left my post for a night's disport, through stoutly opposing the men of Erin on the Cattle-lifting of Cualnge. And in all this time, I have not put foot in retreat before any one man nor before a multitude, and methinks just as little will I turn foot in flight before him."

And thus spake he, that it was not fear of Ferdiad that caused his anxiety for the fight, but his love for him. And, on his part, so spake Fergus, putting him on his guard because of Ferdiad's strength, and he said these words and Cuchulain responded:—

Fergus:

"O Cuchulain—splendid deed—  
Lo, 'tis time for thee to rise.  
Here in rage against thee comes  
Ferdiad, red-faced Daman's son!"

Cuchulain:

"Here am I—no easy task—  
Holding Erin's men at bay;  
Foot I've never turned in flight  
In my fight with single foe!"

Fergus:

"Dour the man when anger moves,  
Owing to his gore-red glaive;  
Ferdiad wears a skin of horn,  
'Gainst which fight nor might prevails!"

Cuchulain:

"Be thou still; urge not thy tale,  
Fergus of the mighty arms.  
On no land and on no ground,  
For me is there aught defeat!"

Fergus:

"Fierce the man with scores of deeds;  
No light thing, him to subdue.  
Strong as hundreds—brave his mien—  
Point pricks not, edge cuts him not!"

Cuchulain:

"If we clash upon the ford,  
I and Ferdiad of known skill,  
We'll not part without we know:  
Fierce will be our weapon fight!"

Fergus:

"More I'd wish it than reward,  
O Cuchulain of red sword,  
Thou shouldst be the one to bring  
Eastward haughty Ferdiad's spoils!"

Cuchulain:

"Now I give my word and vow,  
Though unskilled in strife of words,  
It is I will conquer this  
Son of Daman macDarè!"

Fergus:

"It is I brought east the host,  
Thus requiting Ulster's wrong.  
With me came they from their lands,  
With their heroes and their chiefs!"

Cuchulain:

"Were not Conchobar in the 'Pains,'  
Hard 'twould be to come near us.  
Never Medb of Mag in Scail  
On more tearful march had come!"

Fergus:

"Greatest deed awaits thy hand:  
Fight with Ferdiad, Daman's son.  
Hard stern arms with stubborn edge,  
Shalt thou have, thou Culann's Hound!"

After that, Fergus returned to the camp and halting-place of the men of Erin, lest the men of Erin should say he was betraying them or forsaking them, if he should remain longer than he did conversing with Cuchulain. And they took farewell of each other.

Now as regards the charioteer of Cuchulain after Fergus went from them: "What wilt thou do to-night?" asked Laeg. "What, indeed?" said Cuchulain. "It will be thus" (said the charioteer) "Ferdiad will come to attack thee, with new beauty of plaiting and dressing of hair, and washing and bathing, and the four provinces of Erin with him to look at the combat. I would that thou wouldst go where thou wilt get a like adorning for thyself, to the place where is Emer Foltchain ('Emer of the Beautiful Hair,' thy wife), daughter of Forgal Monach, at Cairthenn in Cluan da Dam, ('two Oxen's Meadow') in Sliab Fuait, where thou wilt get even such an adorning for thyself: "It is fitting to do so," said Cuchulain. Then Cuchulain went thither that night to Dundelgan, and passed the night with his wife. His doings from that time are not related here now.

As for Ferdiad, he betook himself to his tent and to his people, and imparted to them the easy surety which Medb had obtained from him to do combat and battle with six warriors on the morrow, or to do combat and battle with Cuchulain alone, if he thought it a lighter task. He made known to them also the fair terms he had obtained from Medb of sending the same six warriors for the fulfilment of the covenant she had made with him, should Cuchulain fall by his hands.

The folk of Ferdiad were not joyful, blithe, cheerful or merry that night, but they were sad, sorrowful and downcast, for they knew that where the two champions and the two bulwarks in a gap for a hundred, the two pillars of battle and strife of the men of Erin of that time met in combat, one or other of them would fall there or both would fall, and if it should be one of them, they believed it would be their king and their own lord that would fall there, for it was not easy to contend and do battle with Cuchulain on the Raid for the Kine of Cualnge.

Ferdiad slept right heavily the first part of the night, but when the end of the night was come, his sleep and his heaviness left him. And the anxiousness of the combat and the battle came upon him. But most troubled in spirit was he that he should allow all the treasures to pass from him, and the maiden, by reason of combat with one man. Unless he fought with that one man, he must needs fight with six champions on the morrow. What tormented him more than that was, should he once show himself on the ford to Cuchulain he was certain he would never have power of head or of life ever after. And Ferdiad arose early on the morrow. And he charged his charioteer to take his horses and to yoke his chariot. The charioteer sought to dissuade him from that journey. "By our word," said the gilla, "'twould be better for thee to remain than to go thither," said he; "for, not more do I commend it for thee than I condemn it." "Hold thy peace about us, boy!" quoth Ferdiad, "for we will brook no interference from any one concerning this journey. For the promise we gave to Medb and Ailill in the presence of the men of Erin, it would shame us to break it; for they would say it was fear or dread that caused us to break it. And, by my conscience, I would almost liefer fall myself by Cuchulain's hand than that he should fall by mine on this occasion. And should Cuchulain fall by my hand on the ford of combat, then shall Medb

and many of the men of Erin fall by my hand because of the pledge they extorted from me, and I drunken and merry. And in this manner he spake, conversing with the charioteer, and he uttered these words, the little lay that follows, urging on the charioteer, and the henchman responded:—

Ferdiad:

"Let's haste to th' encounter,  
To battle with this man;  
The ford we will come to,  
O'er which Badb will shriek!  
To meet with Cuchulain,  
To wound his slight body,  
To thrust the spear through him  
So that he may die!"

The Henchman:

"To stay it were better;  
Your threats are not gentle;  
Death's sickness will one have,  
And sad will ye part!  
To meet Ulster's noblest,  
To meet whence ill cometh;  
Long will men speak of it.  
Alas, for your course!"

Ferdiad:

"Not fair what thou speakest;  
No fear hath the warrior;  
We owe no one meekness;  
We stay not for thee!  
Hush, gilla, about us!  
The time will bring strong hearts;  
More meet strength than weakness;  
Let's on to the tryst!"

Ferdiad's horses were now brought forth and his chariot was hitched, and he set out from the camp for the ford of battle when yet day with its full light had not come there for him. "My lad," spake Ferdiad, "it is not fitting that we make our journey without bidding farewell to the men of Erin. Turn the horses and the chariot for us towards the men of Erin." Thrice the servant turned the heads of the horses and the chariot towards the men of Erin. Then he came upon Medb letting her water from her on the floor of the tent. "Ailill, sleepest thou still?" asked Medb. "Not so!" replied Ailill. "Dost hear thy new son-in-law taking farewell, of thee?" "Is that what he doth?" asked Ailill. "'Tis that, verily," Medb made answer; "but I swear by what my tribe swears, not on the same feet will the man who makes that greeting come back to you." "Howbeit, we have profited by a happy alliance of marriage with him," quoth Ailill; "if only Cuchulain falls by his hand, I should be pleased if they both fell, yet would I prefer that Ferdiad should escape."

Ferdiad came to the ford of combat. "Look, my lad!" said Ferdiad, "is Cuchulain on the ford?" "That he is not," replied the gilla. "Look well for us," said Ferdiad. "Cuchulain is not a little speck where he would be in hiding," answered the gilla. "'Tis true, then, my lad; till this day Cuchulain hath not heard of a goodly warrior coming to meet him on the Cow-spoil of Cualnge, and now when he has heard of one, he has left the ford."

"Shame for thee to slander Cuchulain in his absence. Rememberest thou not when ye gave battle to German Garbglas above the borders of the Tyrrhene Sea, thou leftest thy sword with the hosts, and it was Cuchulain who slew a hundred warriors till he reached it and brought it to thee? And mindest thou well where we were that night?" the gilla asked further. "I know not," Ferdiad answered. "At the house of Scathach's steward," said the other; "and thou wentest ... and proudly in advance of us all into the house. The churl gave thee a blow with his three-pointed fork in the small of the back, so that thou flewest like a bolt out over the door. Cuchulain came in and gave the churl a blow with his sword, so that he made two pieces of him. I was their house-steward whilst ye were in that place. If it were that day, thou wouldst not say thou wast a better warrior than Cuchulain." "Wrong is what thou hast done, O gilla," said Ferdiad; "for I would not have come

to the combat, hadst thou spoken thus to me at first. Why dost thou not lay the chariot-poles at my side and the skin-coverings under my head, that so I may sleep now?" "Alas," said the gilla, "'tis a sorry sleep before deer and packs of wolves here!" "How so, gilla? Art thou not able to keep watch and guard for me?" "I am," the gilla answered; "unless they come in clouds or in the air to attack thee, they shall not come from east or from west to attack thee without warning, without notice." "Come, gilla," said Ferdiad, "unharness the horses and spread for me the cushions and skins of my chariot under me here, so that I sleep off my heavy fit of sleep and slumber here, for I slept not the last part of the night with the anxiousness of the battle and combat."

The gilla unharnessed the horses; he unfastened the chariot under him, and spread beneath him the chariot-cloths. He slept off the heavy fit of sleep that was on him. The gilla remained on watch and guard for him.

Now how Cuchulain fared is related here: He arose not till the day with its bright light had come to him, lest the men of Erin might say it was fear or fright of the champion he had, if he should arise early. And when day with its full light had come, he passed his hand over his face and bade his charioteer take his horses and yoke them to his chariot. "Come, gilla," said Cuchulain, "take out our horses for us and harness our chariot, for an early riser is the warrior appointed to meet us, Ferdiad son of Daman son of Darè. If Ferdiad awaits us, he must needs think it long." "The horses are taken out," said the gilla; "the chariot is harnessed. Mount, and be it no shame to thy valour to go thither!" Cuchulain stepped into the chariot and they pressed forward to the ford. Then it was that the cutting, feat-performing, battle-winning, red-sworded hero, Cuchulain son of Sualtaim, mounted his chariot, so that there shrieked around him the goblins and fiends and the sprites of the glens and the demons of the air; for the Tuatha De Danann ('the Folk of the Goddess Danu') were wont to set up their cries around him, to the end that the dread and the fear and the fright and the terror of him might be so much the greater in every battle and on every field, in every fight and in every combat wherein he went.

Not long had Ferdiad's charioteer waited when he heard something: A rush and a crash and a hurtling sound, and a din and a thunder, and a clatter and a clash, namely, the shield-cry of feat-shields, and the jangle of javelins, and the deed-striking of swords, and the thud of the helmet, and the ring of spears, and the clang of the cuirass, and the striking of arms, the fury of feats, the straining of ropes, and the whirr of wheels, and the creaking of the chariot, and the trampling of horses' hoofs, and the deep voice of the hero and battle-warrior in grave speech with his servant on his way to the ford to attack his opponent.

The servant came and touched his master with his hand and awakened him. "Ferdiad, master," said the youth, "rise up! They are here to meet thee at the ford." Then Ferdiad arose and girt his body in his war-dress of battle and combat. And the gilla spake these words:—

"The roll of a chariot,  
Its fair yoke of silver;  
A man great and stalwart  
O'ertops the strong car!  
O'er Bri Ross, o'er Branè  
Their swift path they hasten;  
Past Old-tree Town's tree-stump,  
Victorious they speed!  
"A sly Hound that driveth,  
A fair chief that urgeth,  
A free hawk that speedeth  
His steeds towards the south!  
Gore-coloured, the Cua,  
'Tis sure he will take us;  
We know—vain to hide it—  
He brings us defeat!  
"Woe him on the hillock,  
The brave Hound before him;  
Last year I foretold it,  
That some time he'd come!  
Hound from Emain Macha,  
Hound formed of all colours,

The Border-hound, War-hound,  
I hear what I've heard!"

"Come, gilla," said Ferdiad; "for what reason laudest thou this man ever since I am come from my house? And it is almost a cause for strife with thee that thou hast praised him thus highly. But, Ailill and Medb have prophesied to me that this man will fall by my hand. And since it is for a reward, he shall quickly be torn asunder by me. And make ready the arms on the ford against his coming." "Should I turn my face backward," said the gilla; "methinks the poles of yon chariot will pass through the back of my neck." "Too much, my lad," said Ferdiad, "dost thou praise Cuchulain, for not a reward has he given thee for praising, but it is time to fetch help." And he spake these words, and the henchman responded:—

Ferdiad:

"Tis time now to help me;  
Be silent! cease praising!  
'Twas no deed of friendship,  
No doom o'er the brink  
The Champion of Cualnge,  
Thou seest 'midst proud feats,  
For that it's for guerdon,  
Shall quickly be slain!"

The Henchman:

"I see Cualnge's hero,  
With feats overweening,  
Not fleeing he flees us,  
But towards us he comes.  
He runneth—not slowly—  
Though cunning—not sparing—  
Like water 'down high cliff  
Or thunderbolt quick!"

Ferdiad:

"Tis cause of a quarrel,  
So much thou hast praised him;  
And why hast thou chose him,  
Since I am from home?  
And now they extol him,  
They fall to proclaim him;  
None come to attack him,  
But soft simple men."

Here followeth the Description of Cuchulain's chariot, one of the three chief Chariots of the Tale of the Foray of Cualnge.

It was not long that Ferdiad's charioteer remained there when he saw something: "How beholdest thou Cuchulain?" asked Ferdiad of his charioteer. "I behold," said he, "a beautiful, live-pointed chariot, broad above, of white crystal, with a thick yoke of gold, with stout plates of copper, with shafts of bronze, with wheelbands of bronze covered with silver, approaching with swiftness, with speed, with perfect skill; with a green shade, with a thin-framed, dry-bodied box surmounted with feats of cunning, straight-poled, as long as a warrior's sword. On this was room for a hero's seven arms, the fair seat for its lord; two wheels, dark, black; a pole of tin, with red enamel, of a beautiful colour; two inlaid, golden bridles. This chariot was placed behind two fleet steeds, nimble, furious, small-headed, bounding, large-eared, small-snouted, sharp-beaked, red-chested, gaily prancing, with inflated nostrils, broad-chested, quick-hearted, high-flanked, broad-hoofed, slender-limbed, overpowering and resolute. A grey, broad-hipped, small-stepping, long-maned horse, whose name was Liath ('the Roan') of Macha, was under one of the yokes of the chariot; a black, crisped-maned, swift-moving, broad-backed horse, whose name was Dubh ('the Black') of Sithleann, under the other. Like unto a hawk after its prey on a sharp tempestuous day, or to a tearing blast of wind of Spring on a March day over the back of a plain, or unto a startled stag when first roused by the hounds in the first of the chase, were Cuchulain's two horses before the chariot, as if they were on glowing, fiery flags, so that they shook the earth and made it tremble with the fleetness of their course.

"In the front of this chariot is a man with fair, curly, long hair. There is around him a cloak, blue, Parthian purple. A spear with red and keen-cutting blades, flaming-red in his hand. The semblance of three heads of hair he has, namely, brown hair next to the skin of his head, blood-red hair in the middle, a crown of gold is the third head of hair.

"Beautiful is the arrangement of that hair so that it makes three coils down behind over his shoulders. Even as a thread of gold it seems, when its hue has been wrought over the edge of an anvil; or like to the yellow of bees whereon shines the sun on a summer's day is the shining of each single hair of his hair. Seven toes he has on each of his feet and seven fingers on each of his hands and the brilliance of a very great fire is around his eye.

"Befitting him is the charioteer beside him, with curly, jet-black hair, shorn broad over his head. A cowed garment around him, open at the elbows. A horse-whip, very fine and golden in his hand, and a light-grey cloak wrapped around him, and a goad of white silver in his hand. He plies the goad on the horses whatever way would go the deed-renowned warrior that is in the chariot."

And Cuchulain reached the ford. Ferdiad waited on the south side of the ford; Cuchulain stood on the north side. Ferdiad bade welcome to Cuchulain. "Welcome is thy coming, O Cuchulain!" said Ferdiad. "Truly spoken meseemed thy welcome till now," answered Cuchulain; "but to-day I put no more trust in it. And, O Ferdiad," said Cuchulain, "it were fitter for me to bid thee welcome than that thou should'st welcome me; for it is thou that art come to the land and province wherein I dwell; and it is not fitting for thee to come to contend and do battle with me, but it were fitter for me to go to contend and do battle with thee. For before thee in flight are my women and my boys and my youths, my steeds and my troops of horses, my droves, my flocks and my herds of cattle."

"Good, O Cuchulain," spake Ferdiad; "what has ever brought thee out to contend and do battle with me? For when we were together with Scathach and with Uathach and with Aifé, thou wast not a man worthy of me, for thou wast my serving-man, even for arming my spear and dressing my bed." "That was indeed true," answered Cuchulain; "because of my youth and my littleness did I so much for thee, but this is by no means my mood this day. For there is not a warrior in the world I would not drive off this day in the field of battle and combat."

It was not long before they met in the middle of the ford. And then it was that each of them cast sharp-cutting reproaches at the other, renouncing his friendship; and Ferdiad spake these words there, and Cuchulain responded:—

Ferdiad:

"What led thee, O Cua,  
To fight a strong champion?  
Thy flesh will be gore-red  
O'er smoke of thy steeds!  
Alas for thy journey,  
A kindling of firebrands;  
In sore need of healing,  
If home thou shouldst reach!"

Cuchulain:

"I'm come before warriors  
Around the herd's wild Boar,  
Before troops and hundreds,  
To drown thee in deep.  
In anger, to prove thee  
In hundred-fold battle,  
Till on thee come havoc,  
Defending thy head!"

Ferdiad:

"Here stands one to crush thee,  
'Tis I will destroy thee,  
...  
From me there shall come  
The flight of their warriors  
In presence of Ulster,  
That long they'll remember  
The loss that was theirs!"

Cuchulain:

"How then shall we combat?  
For wrongs shall we heave sighs?  
Despite all, we'll go there,  
To fight on the ford!  
Or is it with hard swords,  
Or e'en with red spear-points,  
Before hosts to slay thee,  
If thy hour hath come?"

Ferdiad:

"Fore sunset, 'fore nightfall—  
If need be, then guard thee—  
I'll fight thee at Bairchè,  
Not bloodlessly fight!  
The Ulstermen call thee,  
'He has him!' Oh, hearken!  
The sight will distress them  
That through them will pass!"

Cuchulain:

"In danger's gap fallen,  
At hand is thy life's term;  
On thee plied be weapons,  
Not gentle the skill!  
One champion will slay thee;  
We both will encounter;  
No more shalt lead forays,  
From this day till Doom!"

Ferdiad:

"Avaunt with thy warnings,  
Thou world's greatest braggart;  
Nor guerdon nor pardon,  
Low warrior for thee!  
'Tis I that well know thee,  
Thou heart of a cageling  
This lad merely tickles—  
Without skill or force!"

Cuchulain:

"When we were with Scathach,  
For wanted arms training,  
Together we'd fare forth,  
To seek every fight.  
Thou wast my heart's comrade.  
My clan and my kinsman;  
Ne'er found I one dearer;  
Thy loss would be sad!"

Ferdiad:

"Thou wager'st thine honour  
Unless we do battle;  
Before the cock croweth,  
Thy head on a spit!  
Cuchulain of Cualnge,  
Mad frenzy hath seized thee  
All ill we'll wreak on thee,  
For thine is the sin!"

"Come now, O Ferdiad," cried Cuchulain, "not meet was it for thee to come to contend and do battle with me, because of the instigation and intermeddling of Ailill and Medb, and because of the false promises that they made thee. Because of their deceitful terms and of the maiden have many good men been slain. And all that came because of those promises of deceit, neither profit nor success did it bring them, and they have fallen by me. And none the more, O Ferdiad, shall it win victory or increase of fame for thee; and, as they all fell, shalt thou too fall by my hand!" Thus he spake, and he further uttered these words and Ferdiad hearkened to him:—

"Come not nigh me, noble chief,  
Ferdiad, comrade, Daman's son.  
Worse for thee than 'tis for me;  
Thou'lt bring sorrow to a host!  
"Come not nigh me 'gainst all right;  
Thy last bed is made by me.  
Why shouldst thou alone escape  
From the prowess of my arms?  
"Shall not great feats thee undo,  
Though thou'rt purple, horny-skinned?  
And the maid thou boastest of,  
Shall not, Daman's son, be thine!  
"Finnabair, Medb's daughter fair,  
Great her charms though they may be,  
Fair as is the damsel's form,  
She's for thee not to enjoy!  
"Finnabair, the king's own child,  
Is the lure, if truth be told;  
Many they whom she's deceived  
And undone as she has thee!  
"Break not, weetless, oath with me;  
Break not friendship, break not bond;  
Break not promise, break not word;  
Come not nigh me, noble chief!  
"Fifty chiefs obtained in plight  
This same maid, a proffer vain.  
Through me went they to their graves;  
Spear-right all they had from me!  
"Though for brave was held Ferbaeth,  
With whom was a warriors' train,  
In short space I quelled his rage;  
Him I slew with one sole blow!  
"Srubdarè—sore sank his might—  
Darling of the noblest dames,  
Time there was when great his fame—  
Gold nor raiment saved him not!  
"Were she mine affianced wife,  
Smiled on me this fair land's head,  
I would not thy body hurt.  
Right nor left, in front, behind!"

"Good, O Ferdiad!" cried Cuchulain. A pity it is for thee to abandon my alliance and my friendship for the sake of a woman that has been trafficked to fifty other warriors before thee, and it would be long before I would forsake thee for that woman. Therefore, it is not right for thee to come to fight and combat with me; for when we were with Scathach and with Uathach and with Aifè, we were together in practice of valour and arms of the world, and it was together we were used to seek out every battle and every battle-field, every combat and every contest, every wood and every desert, every covert and every recess." And thus he spake and he uttered these words:—

Cuchulain:

"We were heart-companions once;  
We were comrades in the woods;  
We were men that shared a bed,  
When we slept the heavy sleep,  
After hard and weary fights.  
Into many lands, so strange,  
Side by side we sallied forth,  
And we ranged the woodlands through,  
When with Scathach we learned arms!"

Ferdiad:

"O Cuchulain, rich in feats,  
Hard the trade we both have learned;  
Treason hath o'ercome our love;  
Thy first wounding hath been bought;  
Think not of our friendship more,  
Cua, it avails thee not!"



"Too long are we now in this way," quoth Ferdiad; "and what arms shall we resort to to-day, O Cuchulain?" "With thee is thy choice of weapons this day till night time," answered Cuchulain, "for thou art he that first didst reach the ford." "Rememberest thou at all," asked Ferdiad, "the choice deeds of arms we were wont to practise with Scathach and with Uathach and with Aifè?" "Indeed, and I do remember," answered Cuchulain. "If thou rememberest, let us begin with them."

They betook them to their choicest deeds of arms. They took upon them two equally-matched shields for feats, and their eight-edged targets for feats, and their eight small darts, and their eight straightswords with ornaments of walrus-tooth and their eight lesser, ivoryed spears which flew from them and to them like bees on a day of fine weather.

They cast no weapon that struck not. Each of them was busy casting at the other with those missiles from morning's early twilight till noon at mid-day, the while they overcame their various feats with the bosses and hollows of their feat-shields. However great the excellence of the throwing on either side, equally great was the excellence of the defence, so that during all that time neither of them bled or reddened the other. "Let us cease now from this bout of arms, O Cuchulain," said Ferdiad; "for it is not by such our decision will come." "Yea, surely, let us cease, if the time hath come," answered Cuchulain. Then they ceased. They threw their feat-tackle from them into the hands of their charioteers.

"To what weapons shall we resort next, O Cuchulain?" asked Ferdiad. "Thine is the choice of weapons till nightfall," replied Cuchulain; "for thou art he that didst first reach the ford." "Let us begin, then," said Ferdiad, "with our straight-cut, smooth-hardened throwing-spears, with cords of full-hard flax on them." "Aye, let us begin then," assented Cuchulain. Then they took on them two hard shields, equally strong. They fell to their straight-cut, smooth-hardened spears with cords of full-hard flax on them. Each of them was engaged in casting at the other with the spears from the middle of noon till yellowness came over the sun at the hour of evening's sundown. However great the excellence of the defence, equally great was the excellence of the throwing on either side, so that each of them bled and reddened and wounded the other during that time. "Wouldst thou fain make a truce, O Cucugan?" asked Ferdiad. "It would please me," replied Cuchulain; "for whoso begins with arms has the right to desist." "Let us leave off from this now, O Cuchulain," said Ferdiad. "Aye, let us leave off, at the time hath come," answered Cuchulain. So they ceased. They threw their arms from them into the hands of their charioteers.

Thereupon each of them went toward the other in the middle of the ford, and each of them put his hand on the other's neck and gave him three kisses in remembrance of his fellowship and friendship. Their horses were in one and the same paddock that night, and their charioteers at one and the same fire; and their charioteers made ready a litter-bed of fresh rushes for them with pillows for wounded men on them. Then came healing and curing folk to heal and to cure them, and they laid healing herbs and grasses and a curing charm on their cuts and stabs, their gashes and many wounds. Of every healing herb and grass and curing charm that was brought from the fairy dwellings of Erin to Cuchulain and was applied to the cuts and stabs, to the gashes and many wounds of Cuchulain, a like portion thereof he sent across the ford westward to Ferdiad, to put to his wounds and his pools of gore, so that the men of Erin should not have it to say, should Ferdiad fall at his hands, it was more than his share of care had been given to him.

Of every food and of every savoury, soothing and strong drink that was brought by the men of Erin to Ferdiad, a like portion thereof he sent over the ford northwards to Cuchulain; for the purveyors of Ferdiad were more numerous than the purveyors of Cuchulain. All the men of Erin were purveyors to Ferdiad, to the end that he might keep Cuchulain off from them. But only the inhabitants of Mag Breg ('the Plain of Breg') were purveyors to Cuchulain. They were wont to come daily, that is, every night, to converse with him.

They bided there that night. Early on the morrow they arose and went their ways to the ford of combat. "To what weapons shall we resort on this day, O Ferdiad?" asked Cuchulain. "Thine

is the choosing of weapons till night time," Ferdiad made answer, "because it was I had my choice of weapons on the day aforegone." "Let us take, then," said Cuchulain, "to our great, well-tempered lances to-day, for we think that the thrusting will bring nearer the decisive battle to-day than did the casting of yesterday. Let our horses be brought to us and our chariots yoked, to the end that we engage in combat over our horses and chariots on this day." "Aye, let us go so," Ferdiad assented. Thereupon they girded two full-firm broad-shields on them for that day. They took to their great, well-tempered lances on that day. Either of them began to pierce and to drive, to throw and to press down the other, from early morning's twilight till the hour of evening's close. If it were the wont for birds in flight to fly through the bodies of men, they could have passed through their bodies on that day and carried away pieces of blood and flesh through their wounds and their sores into the clouds and the air all around. And when the hour of evening's close was come, their horses were spent and their drivers were wearied, and they themselves, the heroes and warriors of valour, were exhausted. "Let us give over now, O Ferdiad," said Cuchulain, "for our horses are spent and our drivers tired, and when they are exhausted, why should we too not be exhausted?" And in this wise he spake, and he uttered these words at that place:—

"We need not our chariots break—  
This, a struggle fit for giants.  
Place the hobbles on the steeds,  
Now that din of arms is o'er!"

"Yea, we will cease, if the time hath come," replied Ferdiad. They ceased then. They threw their arms away from them into the hands of their charioteers. Each of them came towards his fellow. Each laid his hand on the other's neck and gave him three kisses. Their horses were in the one pen that night, and their charioteers at the one fire. Their charioteers prepared two litter-beds of fresh rushes for them with pillows for wounded men on them. The curing and healing men came to attend and watch and mark them that night; for naught else could they do, because of the direfulness of their cuts and their stabs, their gashes and their numerous wounds, but apply to them philtres and spells and charms, to staunch their blood and their bleeding and their deadly pains. Of every magic potion and every spell and every charm that was applied to the cuts and stabs of Cuchulain, their like share he sent over the ford westwards to Ferdiad. Of every food and every savoury, soothing and strong drink that was brought by the men of Erin to Ferdiad, an equal portion he sent over the ford northwards to Cuchulain, for the victuallers of Ferdiad were more numerous than the victuallers of Cuchulain. For all the men of Erin were Ferdiad's nourishers, to the end that he might ward off Cuchulain from them. But the indwellers of the Plain of Breg alone were Cuchulain's nourishers. They were wont to come daily, that is, every night, to converse with him.

They abode there that night. Early on the morrow they arose and repaired to the ford of combat. Cuchulain marked an evil mien and a dark mood that day beyond every other day on Ferdiad. "It is evil thou appearest to-day, O Ferdiad," spake Cuchulain; "thy hair has become dark to-day, and thine eye has grown drowsy, and thine upright form and thy features and thy gait have gone from thee!" "Truly not for fear nor for dread of thee is that happened to me to-day," answered Ferdiad; "for there is not in Erin this day a warrior I could not repel!" "Alas, O Ferdiad," said Cuchulain, "a pity it is for thee to oppose thy foster-brother and thy comrade and friend, on the counsel of any woman in the world!" "A pity it is, O Cuchulain," Ferdiad responded. "But, should I part without a struggle with thee, I should be in ill repute forever with Medb and with the nobles of the four grand provinces of Erin." "A pity it is, O Ferdiad," said Cuchulain; "not on the counsel of all the men and women in the world would I desert thee or would I do thee harm. And almost would it make a clot of gore of my heart to be combating with thee!"

And Cuchulain lamented and moaned, and he spake these words and Ferdiad responded:—

Cuchulain:

"Ferdiaid, ah, if it be thou,  
Well I know thou'rt doomed to die!"

To have gone at woman's hest,  
Forced to fight thy comrade sworn!"

Ferdiad:

"O Cuchulain—wise decree—  
Loyal champion, hero true,  
Each man is constrained to go  
'Neath the sod that hides his grave!"

Cuchulain:

"Finnabair, Medb's daughter fair,  
Stately maiden though she be,  
Not for love they'll give to thee,  
But to prove thy kingly might!"

Ferdiad:

"Proved was my might long since,  
Cu of gentle spirit thou.  
Of one braver I've not heard;  
Till to-day I have not found!"

Cuchulain:

"Thou art he provoked this fight,  
Son of Daman, Darè's son,  
To have gone at woman's word,  
Swords to cross with thine old friend!"

Ferdiad:

"Should we then unfought depart,  
Brothers though we are, bold Hound,  
Ill would be my word and fame  
With Ailill and Cruachan's Medb!"

Cuchulain:

"Food has not yet passed his lips,  
Nay nor has he yet been born,  
Son of king or blameless queen,  
For whom I would work thee harm!"

Ferdiad:

"Culann's Hound, with floods of deeds,  
Medb, not thou, hath us betrayed;  
Fame and victory thou shalt have;  
Not on thee we lay our fault!"

Cuchulain:

"Clotted gore is my brave heart,  
Near I'm parted from my soul;  
Wrongful 'tis—with hosts of deeds—  
Ferdiad, dear, to fight with thee!"

After this colloquy, Ferdiad spake: "How much soever thou findest fault with me to-day," said Ferdiad, "for my ill-boding mien and evil doing, it will be as an offset to my prowess." And he said, "To what weapons shall we resort to-day?" "With thyself is the choice of weapons to-day till night time," replied Cuchulain, "for it is I that chose on the day gone by." "Let us resort, then," said Ferdiad, "to our heavy, hard-smiting swords this day, for we trow that the smiting each other will bring us nearer to the decision of battle to-day than was our piercing each other on yesterday." "Let us go then, by all means," responded Cuchulain.

Then they took two full-great long-shields upon them for that day. They turned to their heavy, hard-smiting swords. Each of them fell to strike and to hew, to lay low and cut down, to slay and undo his fellow, till as large as the head of a month-old child was each lump and each cut, each clutter and each clot of gore that each of them took from the shoulders and thighs and shoulder-blades of the other.

Each of them was engaged in smiting the other in this way from the twilight of early morning till the hour of evening's close. "Let us leave off from this now, O Cuchulain!" cried Ferdiad. "Aye, let us leave off, if the hour has come," said Cuchulain. They parted then, and threw their arms away from them into the hands of their charioteers. Though it had been the meeting of two happy, blithe, cheerful, joyful men, their parting that night was of two that were

sad, sorrowful and full of suffering. They parted without a kiss a blessing or aught other sign of friendship, and their servants disarmed the steeds, the squires and the heroes; no healing or curing herbs were sent from Cuchulain to Ferdiad that night, and no food nor drink was brought from Ferdiad to him. Their horses were not in the same paddock that night. Their charioteers were not at the same fire.

They passed there that night. It was then that Ferdiad arose early on the morrow and went alone to the ford of combat, and dauntless, vengeful and mighty was the man that went thither that day, even Ferdiad son of Daman. For he knew that that would be the decisive day of the battle and combat; and he knew that one or other of them would fall there that day, or that they both would fall. It was then he donned his battle-weed of battle and fight and combat, or ever Cuchulain came to meet him. And thus was the manner of this harness of battle and fight and combat: He put his silken, glossy trews with its border of speckled gold, next to his white skin. Over this, outside, he put his brown-leathern, well-sewed kilt. Outside of this he put a huge, goodly flag, the size of a millstone, the shallow stone of adamant which he had brought from Africa and which neither points nor edges could pierce. He put his solid, very deep, iron kilt of twice molten iron over the huge, goodly flag as large as a millstone, through fear and dread of the Gae Bulgá on that day. About his head he put his crested war-cap of battle and fight and combat, whereon were forty carbuncle-gems beautifully adorning it and studded with red-enamel and crystal and rubies and with shining stones of the Eastern world. His angry, fierce-striking spear he seized in his right hand. On his left side he hung his curved battle-falchion, which would cut a hair against the stream with its keenness and sharpness, with its golden pommel and its rounded hilt of red gold. On the arch-slope of his back he slung his massive, fine-buffalo shield of a warrior, whereon were fifty bosses, wherein a boar could be shown in each of its bosses, apart from the great central boss of red gold. Ferdiad performed divers, brilliant, manifold, marvellous feats on high that day, unlearned from any one before, neither from foster-mother nor from foster-father, neither from Scathach nor from Uathach nor from Aifè, but he found them of himself that day in the face of Cuchulain.

Cuchulain likewise came to the ford, and he beheld the various, brilliant, manifold, wonderful feats that Ferdiad performed on high. "Thou seest yonder, O Laeg my master, the divers, bright, numerous, marvellous feats that Ferdiad performs on high, and I shall receive yon feats one after the other, and, therefore, O Laeg," cried Cuchulain, "if defeat be my lot this day, do thou prick me on and taunt me and speak evil to me, so that the more my spirit and anger shall rise in me. If, however, before me his defeat takes place, say thou so to me and praise me and speak me fair, to the end that the greater may be my courage!" "It shall surely be done so, if need be, O Cucuc," Laeg answered.

Then Cuchulain, too, girded his war-harness of battle and fight and combat about him, and performed all kinds of splendid, manifold, marvellous feats on high that day which he had not learned from any one before, neither with Scathach nor with Uathach nor with Aifè.

Ferdiad observed those feats, and he knew they would be plied against him in turn. "To what weapons shall we resort to-day, O Ferdiad?" asked Cuchulain. "With thee is thy choice of weapons till night time," Ferdiad responded. "Let us go to the 'Feat of the Ford,' then," said Cuchulain. "Aye, let us do so," answered Ferdiad. Albeit Ferdiad spoke that, he deemed it the most grievous thing whereto he could go, for he knew that in that sort Cuchulain used to destroy every hero and every battle-soldier who fought with him in the 'Feat of the Ford.'

Great indeed was the deed that was done on the ford that day. The two heroes, the two champions, the two chariot-fighters of the west of Europe, the two bright torches of valour of the Gael, the two hands of dispensing favour and of giving rewards and jewels and treasures in the west of the northern world, the two veterans of skill and the two keys of bravery of the Gael, the man for quelling the variance and discord of Connacht, the man for guarding the cattle and herds of Ulster, to be brought together in encounter as from afar, set to slay each other or to kill one of them,

through the sowing of dissension and the incitement of Ailill and Medb.

Each of them was busy hurling at the other in those deeds of arms from early morning's gloaming till the middle of noon. When mid-day came, the rage of the men became wild, and each drew nearer to the other.

Thereupon Cuchulain gave one spring once from the bank of the ford till he stood upon the boss of Ferdiad macDaman's shield, seeking to reach his head and to strike it from above over the rim of the shield. Straightway Ferdiad gave the shield a blow with his left elbow, so that Cuchulain went from him like a bird onto the brink of the ford. Again Cuchulain sprang from the brink of the ford, so that he alighted upon the boss of Ferdiad macDaman's shield, that he might reach his head and strike it over the rim of the shield from above. Ferdiad gave the shield a thrust with his left knee, so that Cuchulain went from him like an infant onto the bank of the ford.

Laeg espied that. "Woe then, O Cuchulain!" cried Laeg; "meeseems the battle-warrior that is against thee hath shaken thee as a fond woman shakes her child. He hath washed thee as a cup is washed in a tub. He hath ground thee as a mill grinds soft malt. He hath pierced thee as a tool bores through an oak. He hath bound thee as the bindweed binds the trees. He hath pounced on thee as a hawk pounces on little birds, so that no more hast thou right or title or claim to valour or skill in arms till the very day of doom and of life, thou little imp of an elf-man!" cried Laeg.

Thereat for the third time, Cuchulain arose with the speed of the wind, and the swiftness of a swallow, and the dash of a dragon, and the strength (of a lion) into the clouds of the air, till he alighted on the boss of the shield of Ferdiad son of Daman, so as to reach his head that he might strike it from above over the rim of his shield. Then it was that the battle-warrior gave the shield a violent and powerful shake, so that Cuchulain flew from it into the middle of the ford, the same as if he had not sprung at all.

It was then the first twisting-fit of Cuchulain took place, so that a swelling and inflation filled him like breath in a bladder, until he made a dreadful, terrible, many-coloured, wonderful bow of himself, so that as big as a giant or a man of the sea was the hugely-brave warrior towering directly over Ferdiad.

Such was the closeness of the combat they made, that their heads encountered above and their feet below and their hands in the middle over the rims and bosses of the shields.

Such was the closeness of the combat they made, that their shields burst and split from their rims to their centres.

Such was the closeness of the combat they made, that their spears bent and turned and shivered from their tips to their rivets.

Such was the closeness of the combat they made, that the bocanach and the bananach ('the puck-faced Fays' and 'the white-faced Fays') and the sprites of the glens and the eldritch beings of the air screamed from the rims of their shields and from the guards of their swords and from the tips of their spears.

Such was the closeness of the combat they made, that they forced the river out of its bed and out of its course, so that there might have been a reclining place for a king or a queen in the middle of the ford, and not a drop of water was in it but what fell there with the trampling and slipping which the two heroes and the two battle-warriors made in the middle of the ford.

Such was the closeness of the combat they made, that the steeds of the Gael broke loose affrighted and plunging with madness and fury, so that their chains and their shackles, their traces and tethers snapped, and the women and children and pygmy-folk, the weak and the madmen among the men of Erin brake out through the camp south-westward.

At that time they were at the edge-feat of swords. It was then Ferdiad caught Cuchulain in an unguarded moment, and he gave him a thrust with his tusk-hilted blade, so that he buried it in his breast, and his blood fell into his belt, till the ford became crimsoned with the clotted blood from the battle-warrior's body. Cuchulain endured it not, under Ferdiad's attack, with his death-bringing, heavy blows, and his long strokes and his mighty, middle slashes at him.

Then Cuchulain bethought him of his friends from Faery and of his mighty folk who would come to defend him and of his scholars

to protect him, what time he would be hard pressed in the combat. It was then that Dolb and Indolb arrived to help and to succour their friend, namely Cuchulain, and one of them went on either side of him and they smote Ferdiad, the three of them, and Ferdiad did not perceive the men from Sid ('the Faery Dwelling'). Then it was that Ferdiad felt the onset of the three together smiting his shield against him, and he gave all his care and attention thereto, and thence he called to mind that, when they were with Scathach and with Uathach learning together, Dolb and Indolb used to come to help Cuchulain out of every stress wherein he was. Ferdiad spake: "Not alike are our foster-brotherhood and our comradeship, O Cuchulain," quoth he. "How so, then?" asked Cuchulain. "Thy friends of the Fairy-folk have succoured thee, and thou didst not disclose them to me before," said Ferdiad. "Not easy for me were that," answered Cuchulain; "for if the magic veil be once revealed to one of the sons of Milè, none of the Tuatha De Danann ('the Folk of the Goddess Danu') will have power to practise concealment or magic. And why complainest thou here, O Ferdiad?" said Cuchulain. "Thou hast a horn skin whereby to multiply feats and deeds of arms on me, and thou hast not shown me how it is closed or how it is opened."

Then it was they displayed all their skill and secret cunning to one another, so that there was not a secret of either of them kept from the other except the Gae Bulga, which was Cuchulain's. Howbeit, when the Fairy friends found Cuchulain had been wounded, each of them inflicted three great, heavy wounds on him, on Ferdiad, to wit. It was then that Ferdiad made a cast to the right, so that he slew Dolb with that goodly cast. Then followed the two woundings and the two throws that overcame him, till Ferdiad made a second throw towards Cuchulain's left, and with that throw he stretched low and killed Indolb dead on the floor of the ford. Hence it is that the story-teller sang the rann:—

"Why is this called Ferdiad's Ford,  
E'en though three men on it fell?  
None the less it washed their spoils—  
It is Dolb's and Indolb's Ford!"

What need to relate further! When the devoted, equally great sires and champions, and the hard, battle-victorious wild beasts that fought for Cuchulain had fallen, it greatly strengthened the courage of Ferdiad, so that he gave two blows for every blow of Cuchulain's. When Laeg son of Rianganabair saw his lord being overcome by the crushing blows of the champion who oppressed him, Laeg began to stir up and rebuke Cuchulain, in such a way that a swelling and an inflation filled Cuchulain from top to ground, as the wind fills a spread, open banner, so that he made a dreadful, wonderful bow of himself like a sky-bow in a shower of rain, and he made for Ferdiad with the violence of a dragon or the strength of a blood-hound.

And Cuchulain called for the Gae Bulga from Laeg son of Rianganabair. This was its nature: With the stream it was made ready, and from between the fork of the foot it was cast; the wound of a single spear it gave when entering the body, and thirty barbs had it when it opened, and it could not be drawn out of a man's flesh till the flesh had been cut about it.

Thereupon Laeg came forward to the brink of the river and to the place where the fresh water was dammed, and the Gae Bulga was sharpened and set in position. He filled the pool and stopped the stream and checked the tide of the ford. Ferdiad's charioteer watched the work, for Ferdiad had said to him early in the morning: "Now, gilla, do thou hold back Laeg from me to-day, and I will hold back Cuchulain from thee and thy men forever." "This is a pity," quoth the henchman; "no match for him am I; for a man to combat a hundred is he amongst the men of Erin, and that am I not. Still, however slight his help, it shall not come to his lord past me."

Thus were the henchmen: two brothers were they, namely, Id son of Rianganabair, and Laeg son of Rianganabair. As for Id son of Rianganabair, he was then watching his brother thus making the dam till he filled the pools and went to set the Gae Bulga downwards. It was then that Id went up and released the stream and opened the dam and undid the fixing of the Gae Bulga. Cuchulain became deep purple and red all over when he saw the setting undone on

the Gae Bulga. He sprang from the top of the ground so that he alighted light and quick on the rim of Ferdiad's shield. Ferdiad gave a strong shake to the shield, so that he hurled Cuchulain the measure of nine paces out to the westward over the ford. Then Cuchulain called and shouted to Laeg to set about preparing the Gae Bulga for him. Laeg hastened to the pool and began the work. Id ran and opened the dam and released it before the stream. Laeg sprang at his brother and they grappled on the spot. Laeg threw Id and handled him sorely, for he was loath to use weapons upon him. Ferdiad pursued Cuchulain westwards over the ford. Cuchulain sprang on the rim of the shield. Ferdiad shook the shield, so that he sent Cuchulain the space of nine paces eastwards over the ford. Cuchulain called and shouted to Laeg, and bade him stop the stream and make ready the spear. Laeg attempted to come nigh it, but Ferdiad's charioteer let him not, so that Laeg turned on him and left him on the sedgy bottom of the ford. He gave him many a heavy blow with clenched fist on the face and countenance, so that he broke his mouth and his nose and put out his eyes and his sight, and left him lying wounded and full of terror. And forthwith Laeg left him and filled the pool and checked the stream and stilled the noise of the river's voice, and set in position the Gae Bulga. After some time Ferdiad's charioteer arose from his death-cloud, and set his hand on his face and countenance, and he looked away towards the ford of combat and saw Laeg fixing the Gae Bulga. He ran again to the pool and made a breach in the dike quickly and speedily, so that the river burst out in its booming, bounding, bellying, bank-breaking billows making its own wild course. Cuchulain became purple and red all over when he saw the setting of the Gae Bulga had been disturbed, and for the third time he sprang from the top of the ground and alighted on the edge of Ferdiad's shield, so as to strike him over the shield from above. Ferdiad gave a blow with his left knee against the leather of the bare shield, so that Cuchulain was thrown into the waves of the ford.

Thereupon Ferdiad gave three severe woundings to Cuchulain. Cuchulain cried and shouted loudly to Laeg to make ready the Gae Bulga for him. Laeg attempted to get near it, but Ferdiad's charioteer prevented him. Then Laeg grew very wrath at his brother and he made a spring at him, and he closed his long, full-valiant hands over him, so that he quickly threw him to the ground and straightway bound him. And then he went from him quickly and courageously, so that he filled the pool and stayed the stream and set the Gae Bulga. And he cried out to Cuchulain that it was served, for it was not to be discharged without a quick word of warning before it. Hence it is that Laeg cried out:—

"Ware! beware the Gae Bulga,  
Battle-winning Culann's hound!" *et reliqua.*

And he sent it to Cuchulain along the stream.

Then it was that Cuchulain let fly the white Gae Bulga from the fork of his irresistible right foot. Ferdiad began to defend the ford against Cuchulain, so that the noble Cu arose with the swiftness of a swallow and the wail of the storm-play in the rafters of the firmament, so that he laid hold of the breadth of his two feet of the bed of the ford, in spite of the champion. Ferdiad prepared for the feat according to the testimony thereof. He lowered his shield, so that the spear went over its edge into the watery, water-cold river. And he looked at Cuchulain, and he saw all his various, venomous feats made ready, and he knew not to which of them he should first give answer, whether to the 'Fist's breast-spear,' or to the 'Wild shield's broad-spear,' or to the 'Short spear from the middle of the palm,' or to the white Gae Bulga over the fair, watery river.

When Ferdiad saw that his gilla had been thrown and heard the Gae Bulga called for, he thrust his shield down to protect the lower part of his body. Cuchulain gripped the short spear which was in his hand, cast it off the palm of his hand over the rim of the shield and over the edge of the corselet and horn-skin, so that its farther half was visible after piercing his heart in his bosom. Ferdiad gave a thrust of his shield upwards to protect the upper part of his body, though it was help that came too late. The gilla set the Gae Bulga down the stream, and Cuchulain caught it in the fork of his foot, and when Ferdiad raised his shield Cuchulain

threw the Gae Bulga as far as he could cast underneath at Ferdiad, so that it passed through the strong, thick, iron apron of wrought iron, and broke in three parts the huge, goodly stone the size of a millstone, so that it cut its way through the body's protection into him, till every joint and every limb was filled with its barbs.

"Ah, that now sufficeth," sighed Ferdiad: "I am fallen of that! But, yet one thing more: mightily didst thou drive with thy right foot. And 'twas not fair of thee for me to fall by thy hand." And he yet spake and uttered these words:—

"O Cu of grand feats,  
Unfairly I'm slain!  
Thy guilt clings to me;  
My blood falls on thee!  
'No need for the wretch  
Who treads treason's gap.  
Now weak is my voice;  
Ah, gone is my bloom!  
'My ribs' armour bursts,  
My heart is all gore;  
I battled not well;  
I'm smitten, O Cu!  
'Unfair, side by side,  
To come to the ford.  
'Gainst my noble ward  
Hath Medb turned my hand!  
'There'll come rooks and crows  
To gaze on my arms,  
To eat flesh and blood.  
A tale, Cu, for thee!"

Thereupon Cuchulain hastened towards Ferdiad and clasped his two arms about him, and bore him with all his arms and his armour and his dress northwards over the ford, that so it should be with his face to the north of the ford the triumph took place and not to the west of the ford with the men of Erin. Cuchulain laid Ferdiad there on the ground, and a cloud and a faint and a swoon came over Cuchulain there by the head of Ferdiad. Laeg espied it, and the men of Erin all arose for the attack upon him. "Come, O Cucuc," cried Laeg; "arise now from thy trance, for the men of Erin will come to attack us, and it is not single combat they will allow us, now that Ferdiad son of Daman son of Daré is fallen by thee." "What availeth it me to arise, O gilla," moaned Cuchulain, "now that this one is fallen by my hand?" In this wise the gilla spake and he uttered these words and Cuchulain responded:—

Laeg:

"Now arise, O Emain's Hound;  
Now most fits thee courage high.  
Ferdiad hast thou thrown—of hosts—  
God's fate! How thy fight was hard!"

Cuchulain:

"What avails me courage now?  
I'm oppressed with rage and grief,  
For the deed that I have done  
On his body sworded sore!"

Laeg:

"It becomes thee not to weep;  
Fitter for thee to exult!  
Yon red-speared one thee hath left  
Plaintful, wounded, steeped in gore!"

Cuchulain:

"Even had he cleaved my leg,  
And one hand had severed too;  
Woe, that Ferdiad—who rode steeds—  
Shall not ever be in life!"

Laeg:

"Liefer far what's come to pass,  
To the maidens of Red Branch;  
He to die, thou to remain;  
They grudge not that ye should part!"

Cuchulain:

"From the day I Cualnge left,  
Seeking high and splendid Medb,  
Carnage has she had—with fame—  
Of her warriors whom I've slain!"

Laeg:

"Thou hast had no sleep in peace,  
In pursuit of thy great Táin;  
Though thy troop was few and small,  
Oft thou wouldst rise at early morn!"

Cuchulain began to lament and bemoan Ferdiad, and he spake the words:

"Alas, O Ferdiad," spake he, "'twas thine ill fortune thou didst not take counsel with any of those that knew my real deeds of valour and arms, before we met in clash of battle!

"Unhappy for thee that Laeg son of Riagabair did not make thee blush in regard to our comradeship!

"Unhappy for thee that the truly faithful warning of Fergus thou didst not take!

"Unhappy for thee that dear, trophied, triumphant, battle-victorious Conall counselled thee not in regard to our comradeship!

"For those men would not have spoken in obedience to the messages or desires or orders or false words of promise of the fair-haired women of Connacht.

"For well do those men know that there will not be born a being that will perform deeds so tremendous and so great among the Connachtmen as I, till the very day of doom and of everlasting life, whether at handling of shield and buckler, at plying of spear and sword, at playing at draughts and chess, at driving of steeds and chariots."

And he spake these warm words, sadly, sorrowfully in praise of Ferdiad:—

"There shall not be found the hand of a hero that will wound warrior's flesh, like cloud-coloured Ferdiad!

"There shall not be heard from the gap the cry of red-mouthed Badb to the winged, shade-speckled flocks!

"There shall not be one that will contend for Cruachan that will obtain covenants equal to thine, till the very day of doom and of life henceforward, O red-cheeked son of Daman!" said Cuchulain.

Then it was that Cuchulain arose and stood over Ferdiad: "Ah, Ferdiad," spake Cuchulain "greatly have the men of Erin deceived and abandoned thee, to bring thee to contend and do battle with me. For no easy thing is it to contend and do battle with me on the Raid for the Kine of Cualnge! And yet, never before have I found combat that was so sore or distressed me so as thy combat, save the combat with Oenfer Aife, mine one own son." Thus he spake, and he uttered these words:—

"Ah, Ferdiad, betrayed to death.  
Our last meeting, oh, how sad!  
Thou to die, I to remain.  
Ever sad our long farewell!  
"When we over yonder dwelt  
With our Scathach, steadfast, true,  
This we thought till end of time,  
That our friendship ne'er would end!  
"Dear to me thy noble blush;  
Dear thy comely, perfect form;  
Dear thine eye, blue-grey and clear;  
Dear thy wisdom and thy speech!  
"Never strode to rending fight,  
Never wrath and manhood held,  
Nor slung shield across broad back,  
One like thee, Daman's red son!  
"Never have I met till now,  
Since I Oenfer Aife slew,  
One thy peer in deeds of arms,  
Never have I found, Ferdiad!  
"Finnabair, Medb's daughter fair,  
Beauteous, lovely though she be,  
As a gad round sand or stones,  
She was shown to thee, Ferdiad!"

Then Cuchulain turned to gaze on Ferdiad. "Ah, my master Laeg," cried Cuchulain, "now strip Ferdiad and take his armour and garments off him, that I may see the brooch for the sake of which he entered on the combat and fight with me." Laeg came up and stripped Ferdiad. He took his armour and garments off him and he saw the brooch and he placed the brooch in Cuchulain's hand, and Cuchulain began to lament and complain over Ferdiad, and he spake these words:—

"Alas, golden brooch;  
Ferdia of the hosts,  
O good smiter, strong,  
Victorious thy hand!  
"Thy hair blond and curled,  
A wealth fair and grand.  
Thy soft, leaf-shaped belt  
Around thee till death!  
"Our comradeship dear;  
Thy noble eye's gleam;  
Thy golden-rimmed shield;  
Thy sword, treasures worth!  
"Thy white-silver torque  
Thy noble arm binds.  
Thy chess-board worth wealth;  
Thy fair, ruddy cheek!  
"To fall by my hand,  
I own was not just!  
'Twas no noble fight.  
Alas, golden brooch!  
"Thy death at Cu's hand  
Was dire, O dear calf!  
Unequal the shield  
Thou hadst for the strife!  
"Unfair was our fight,  
Our woe and defeat!  
Fair the great chief;  
Each host overcome  
And put under foot!  
Alas, golden brooch!"

"Come, O Laeg my master," cried Cuchulain; "now cut open Ferdiad and take the Gae Bulga out, because I may not be without my weapons." Laeg came and cut open Ferdiad and he took the Gae Bulga out of him. And Cuchulain saw his weapons bloody and red-stained by the side of Ferdiad, and he uttered these words:—

"O Ferdiad, in gloom we meet.  
Thee I see both red and pale.  
I myself with unwashed arms;  
Thou liest in thy bed of gore!  
"Were we yonder in the East,  
Scathach and our Uathach near,  
There would not be pallid lips  
Twixt us two, and arms of strife!  
"Thus spake Scathach trenchantly,  
Words of warning, strong and stern:  
'Go ye all to furious fight;  
German, blue-eyed, fierce will come!'  
"Unto Ferdiad then I spake,  
And to Lugaid generous,  
To the son of fair Baetan,  
German we would go to meet!  
"We came to the battle-rock,  
Over Lake Linn Formait's shore.  
And four hundred men we brought  
From the Isles of the Athissech!  
"As I stood and Ferdiad brave  
At the gate of German's fort,  
I slew Rinn the son of Nel;  
He slew Ruad son of Fornel!  
"Ferdiad slew upon the slope  
Blath, of Colba 'Red-sword' son.  
Lugaid, fierce and swift, then slew  
Mugairne of the Tyrhene Sea!  
"I slew, after going in,  
Four times fifty grim, wild men.

Ferdiad killed—a furious horde—  
 Dam Dremenn and Dam Dilenn!  
 "We laid waste shrewd German's fort  
 O'er the broad, bespangled sea.  
 German we brought home alive  
 To our Scathach of broad shield!  
 "Then our famous nurse made fast  
 Our blood-pact of amity,  
 That our angers should not rise  
 'Mongst the tribes of noble Elg!  
 "Sad the morn, a day in March,  
 Which struck down weak Daman's son.  
 Woe is me, the friend is fall'n  
 Whom I pledged in red blood's draught!  
 "Were it there I saw thy death,  
 Midst the great Greeks' warrior-bands,  
 I'd not live on after thee,  
 But together we would die!  
 "Woe, what us befel therefrom,  
 Us, dear Scathach's fosterlings,  
 Me sore wounded, red with blood,  
 Thee no more to drive thy car!  
 "Woe, what us befel therefrom,  
 Us, dear Scathach's fosterlings,  
 Me sore wounded, stiff with gore,  
 Thee to die the death for aye!  
 "Woe, what us befel therefrom,  
 Us, dear Scathach's fosterlings,  
 Thee in death, me, strong, alive.  
 Valour is an angry strife!"

"Good, O Cucuc," spake Laeg, "let us leave this ford now; too long are we here!" "Aye, let us leave it, O my master Laeg," replied Cuchulain. "But every combat and battle I have fought seems a game and a sport to me compared with the combat and battle of Ferdiad." Thus he spake, and he uttered these words:—

"All was play, all was sport,  
 Till came Ferdiad to the ford!  
 One task for both of us,  
 Equal our reward.  
 Our kind, gentle nurse  
 Chose him over all!"  
 "All was play, all was sport,  
 Till came Ferdiad to the ford!  
 One our life, one our fear,  
 One our skill in arms.  
 Shields gave Scathach twain  
 To Ferdiad and me!"  
 "All was play, all was sport,  
 Till came Ferdiad to the ford!  
 Dear the shaft of gold  
 I smote on the ford.  
 Bull-chief of the tribes,  
 Braver he than all!"  
 "Only games and only sport,  
 Till came Ferdiad to the ford!  
 Lion, furious, flaming, fierce;  
 Swollen wave that wrecks like doom!"  
 "Only games and only sport,  
 Till came Ferdiad to the ford!  
 Lovèd Ferdiad seemed to me  
 After me would live for aye!  
 Yesterday, a mountain's size—  
 He is but a shade to-day!"  
 "Three things countless on the Táin  
 Which have fallen by my hand:  
 Hosts of cattle, men and steeds,  
 I have slaughtered on all sides!  
 "Though the hosts were e'er so great,  
 That came out of Cruachan wild,  
 More than third and less than half,  
 Slew I in my direful sport!  
 "Never trod in battle's ring;  
 Banba nursed not on her breast;  
 Never sprang from sea or land,  
 King's son that had larger fame!"

Thus far the Combat of Ferdiad with Cuchulain and the Tragical Death of Ferdiad.

## XXI. CUCHULAIN AND THE RIVERS

Now while the hosts proceeded from Ath Firdead ('Ferdiad's Ford') southwards, Cuchulain lay in his sickbed in that place. Then came certain men of the Ulstermen thither to help and succour Cuchulain. Before all, Senoll Uathach and the two sons of Gegè: Muridach and Cotreb, to wit. And they bore him to the streams and rivers of Conalle Murthemni, to rub and to wash his stabs and his cuts, his sores and his many wounds in the face of these streams and rivers. For the Tuatha De Danann ('the Tribes divine of Danu') were wont to put herbs and plants of healing and a curing charm in the waters and rivers of the territory of Conalle Murthemni, to help and to succour Cuchulain, so that the streams were speckled and green-topped therewith.

Accordingly these are the names of the healing rivers of Cuchulain:—

Sas, Buan, Buas, Bithslan, Findglas ('Whitewater'), Gleoir, Glenamain, Bedg, Tadg, Telameit, Rind, Bir, Brenidè, Dichaem, Muach, Miliuc, Cumung, Cuilind, Gainemain, Drong, Delt, Dubglas ('Blackwater').

Then was the grave of Ferdiad dug by the men of Erin and his funeral games were held.

## XXII. CETHERN'S STRAIT-FIGHT

While now Cuchulain went to bathe in the waters, the hosts went by to the south till they pitched camp at Imorach Smirom-rach ('Edge of the Marrow-bath'). Then said the men of Erin to macRoth the chief runner, to go watch and keep guard for them at Sliab Fuait, to the end that the Ulstermen might not come upon them without warning and unobserved. Thereupon macRoth went from the host southwards as far as Sliab Fuait to spy out the men of Ulster, to learn if any one came after them. MacRoth was not long there when he saw something: a lone chariot on Sliab Fuait making from the north straight towards him. A fierce man, stark-naked, in that chariot coming towards him, without arms, without armour at all save an iron spit in his hand. In equal manner he goaded his driver and his horses at one and the same time. And it seemed to him that he would never in his life come up to the hosts. And macRoth hastened to tell this news at the fort where Ailill and Medb and Fergus were and the nobles of the men of Erin. Ailill asked tidings of him on his arrival. "Aye, macRoth," inquired Ailill; "hast thou seen any of the Ulstermen on the track of the host this day?" "That, truly, I know not," answered macRoth; "but I saw something: a lone chariot coming over Sliab Fuait from the north straight towards us. A white, grey, wild, stark-naked man in the chariot, without arms or armour at all, except for an iron spit in his hand. In equal manner he prodded his driver and his steeds. It seemed to him he would never in his life come up to the host. A brindled greyhound before him." "Who, thinkest thou, might it be, O Fergus?" asked Ailill. "Is it Conchobar or Celtchar?" "Of a truth, that is not likely," Fergus answered; "meseems it is Cethern son of generous, red-edged Fintan from Linè in the north that came there. And if so it be, ye shall be on your guard against him!" Fergus indeed spoke true, that it was Fintan's son Cethern that was come there. And so Cethern son of Fintan came on them, and the camp and the garrison were confounded and he wounded all around him in every direction and on all sides and they wounded him in like manner. And then Cethern left them, and it was thus he went, and the front-guard of the chariot pressed up against his belly to keep his entrails and vitals within him, and his intestines were wound about his legs. He came to the place where was Cuchulain, to be healed and cured, and he demanded a leech of Cuchulain to heal and to cure him. Cuchulain had compassion on his wounds; a bed of fresh rushes was made for him and a pillow set to it. "Come, master Laeg!" cried Cuchulain. "Arise, away with thee to the garrison and camp of the men of Erin and summon the leeches to come out to cure Cethern macFintan. I give my word, e'en though it be under the ground or in a well-shut house they are, I myself will bring death and destruction and slaughter upon them before this hour to-morrow, if they come not to minister to Cethern."

Laeg went his way to the quarters and camp of the men of Erin, and he called upon the leeches of the men of Erin to go forth to cure Cethern son of Fintan. Truth to tell, the leeches of the men of

Erin were unwilling to go cure their adversary, their enemy and their stranger-foe. But they feared Cuchulain would work death and destruction and slaughter upon them if they went not. And so they went. As one man of them after the other came to him, Cethern son of Fintan showed him his stabs and his cuts, his sores and his bloody wounds. When the first leech that came looked at him, "thou wilt not live," he declared. "Neither wilt thou for this," replied Cethern. Each man of them that said he would not live and could not be healed, Cethern son of Fintan struck him a blow with his right fist in the front of his forehead, so that he drove the brains out through the windows of his ears and the seams of his skull. Howbeit Cethern son of Fintan killed them till, by reason of him, there had come fifteen leeches of the leeches of the men of Erin, as the historian hath declared in proof thereof:—

"These the leeches of the Táin,  
Who by Cethern—bane—did fall.  
No light thing, in floods of tribes,  
That their names are known to me:  
'Litté, Luaidren, known o'er sea,  
Lot and Luaimnech, 'White-hand' Lonn,  
Latheimé skilful, also Lonn,  
Laisré, Slanoll 'That cures all.'  
'Dubthach, Fintan's blameless son,  
Fintan, master Fírfial, too,  
Mainé, Boethan 'Gives not pain,'  
Eke his pupil, Boethan's son.  
'These the leeches, five and ten,  
Struck to death by Cethern, true;  
I recall them in my day;  
They are in the leeches' roll!"

Yea, even the fifteenth leech, it was but the tip of a blow that reached him. Yet he fell lifeless of the great stun between the bodies of the other physicians and lay there for a long space and time. Ithall, leech of Ailill and Medb, was his name.

Thereafter Cethern son of Fintan asked another leech of Cuchulain to heal and to cure him forasmuch as the leeches of the men of Erin had failed him. "Come, master Laeg," quoth Cuchulain, "go for me to Fingin the seer-leech, at 'Fingin's Grave-mound' at Leccan ('the Brow') of Sliab Fuait, him that is leech to Conchobar. Bid him come to heal Cethern son of Fintan."

Laeg hastened to Fingin the seer-leech at 'Fingin's Grave-mound' at Leccan of Sliab Fuait, to the leech of Conchobar. And he told him to go cure Cethern son of Fintan. Thereupon Fingin the prophet-leech came with him to where Cuchulain and Cethern were. As soon as he was come, Cethern son of Fintan showed him his stabs and his cuts, his sores and his bloody wounds.

## **XXIIa. CETHERN'S BLOODY WOUNDS**

"Look at this bloody wound for me, O Fingin," said Cethern. Fingin looked at the bloody wound. "Why, it is a slight, unwillingly given wound we behold here," said the leech; "even a wound that some one of thine own blood hath given thee, and no desire or wish had he therefor, and it will not carry thee off at once." "That, now, is true," exclaimed Cethern. "A lone man came upon me there; bushy hair on him; a blue mantle wrapped around him; a silver brooch in the mantle over his breast; an oval shield with plaited rim he bore; a five-pointed spear in his hand; a pronged spare spear at his side. He gave this bloody wound. He bore away a slight wound from me too." "Why, we know that man!" cried Cuchulain; "'twas Illann Ilarchless ('Illann of many feats') son of Fergus macRoig. And he would not wish that thou shouldst fall by his hand, but he gave thee this mock-blow that the men of Erin might not have it to say it was to betray them or to forsake them if he gave it not."

"Now look at this bloody wound for me, O Fingin my master," said Cethern. Fingin looked closely into the bloody wound. "Why, 'tis a woman's wanton deed of arms we behold here," said the leech; "namely the wound which a warrior-woman inflicted on thee," said he. "Aye, that is true then," quoth Cethern; "a woman came upon me there by herself. A woman, beautiful, fair-faced, long-cheeked, tall; a golden-yellow head of hair down to the top

of her two shoulder-blades she wore; a smock of royal sammet next to her white skin; two birds of gold on her shoulders; a purple cloak without other colour she had around her; a brooch of gold in the cloak over her bosom; a straight, ridged spear, red-flaming in her hand. She it was that gave me this bloody wound. She bore away a slight wound from me too." "Ah, but we know that woman," cried Cuchulain; "Medb daughter of Eochu Fedlech, daughter of the High King of Erin; it is she that came unto us in that dress. A victory and triumph and trophy she had considered it hadst thou fallen at her hands."

"Look at this bloody wound for me too, O Fingin my master," said Cethern. Fingin looked at the bloody wound. "Why, the feat of arms of two warriors is this," said the leech; "that is to say, two warriors inflicted these two wounds as one wound upon thee." "Yea, that is true," answered Cethern. "There came two men-at-arms upon me in that place; two, with bushy hair on them; two blue cloaks wrapped around them; brooches of silver in the cloaks over their breasts; a necklace of all-white silver around the neck of each of them; two long shields they bore; two hard chains of silver on each of them; a band of silver around them; two five-pointed spears they bore; a vein of silver around them. They smote me this wound and I smote a little wound on each of them." "Indeed we know that pair," quoth Cuchulain; "Oll and Othiné they, of the bodyguard of Ailill and Medb; they never go to a hosting, to battle or combat, but when the wounding of a man is certain. They would have held it for victory and triumph and a boast hadst thou fallen at their hands."

"Look on this bloody wound also for me, O Fingin my master," said Cethern. Fingin looked closely at the bloody wound. "There came upon me a pair of young warriors of the Fian," said Cethern; "a splendid, manly appearance they had. Each of them cast a spear at me. I drove this spear through the one of them." Fingin looked into the bloody wound. "Why, this blood is all black," quoth the leech; "through thy heart those spears passed so that they formed a cross of themselves through thy heart, and thy healing and curing are not easy; and I prophesy no cure here, but I would get thee some healing plants and curing charms that they destroy thee not forthwith." "Ah, but we know them, that pair," quoth Cuchulain; "Bun and Mecconn ('Stump' and 'Root') are they, of the bodyguard of Ailill and Medb. It was their hope that thou shouldst fall at their hands."

"Look at this bloody wound for me, too, O Fingin my master," said Cethern. Fingin examined the bloody wound. "Why, it is the red rush of the two sons of Ri Cailé ('the King of the Woods') that is here," said the leech. "Aye, 'tis so," replied Cethern; "there attacked me there two fair-faced, dark-browed youths, huge, with diadems of gold on their heads. Two green mantles folded about them; two pins of bright silver on the mantles over their breasts; two five-pronged spears in their hands." "Why, near each other are the bloody wounds they gave thee," said the leech; "into thy gullet they went, so that the points of the spears struck one another within thee, and none the easier is it to work thy cure here." "We know that pair," quoth Cuchulain; "noble youths of Medb's great household, Broen and Brudni, are they, two sons of Ri teora Soille ('the King of the three Lights'), that is, the two sons of the King of the Woods. It had been victory and triumph and a boast for them, hadst thou fallen at their hands."

"Look at this bloody wound for me, too, my good Fingin," said Cethern. Fingin looked into the bloody wound. "The joint deed of two brothers is here," said the leech. "'Tis indeed true," replied Cethern. "There came upon me two leading, king's warriors. Yellow hair upon them; dark-grey mantles with fringes, wrapped around them; leaf-shaped brooches of silvered bronze in the mantles over their breasts; broad, grey lances in their hands." "Ah, but we know that pair," quoth Cuchulain; "Cormac Colomon rig ('King's pillar') is the one, and Cormac son of Mael Foga, of the bodyguard of Ailill and Medb (the other). What they sought was that thou shouldst fall at their hands."

"Look at this bloody wound for me too, O Fingin my master," said Cethern. Fingin looked into that bloody wound. "The assault of two brothers is here," said the leech. "Aye then, 'tis true," answered Cethern. "There came upon me two tender youths there; very much alike were they; curly dark hair on the one of them;

curly yellow hair on the other; two green cloaks wrapped around them; two bright-silver brooches in the cloaks over their breasts; two tunics of smooth yellow silk with hoods and red embroidery next their skin; two white-hilted swords at their belts; two bright shields having the likenesses of beasts in white silver they bore; two five-pronged spears with veins of all-white silver in their hands." "Ah, but we know that pair," quoth Cuchulain; "Manè 'Like to his mother' and Manè 'Like to his father,' two sons of Ailill and Medb; and it would be matter of victory, triumph and boasting to them, hadst thou fallen at their hands."

"Look at this bloody wound for me, too, O Fingin my master," said Cethern. "There came upon me a pair of young warriors of the Fian there. A brilliant appearance, stately-tall and man-like, they had; wonderful garments from far-away countries upon them. Each of them thrust the spear he had at me. Then I thrust this spear through each of them." Fingin looked into the bloody wound. "Cunning are the bloody wounds they inflicted upon thee," said the leech; "they have severed the strings of thy heart within thee, so that thy heart rolls about in thy breast like an apple in motion or like a ball of yarn in an empty bag, and there is no string at all to support it; and there is no means to cure thee or to save thee, and no healing can I effect here." "Ah, but we know those twain," quoth Cuchulain; "a pair of champions from Norway who, because of their cunning and violence, have been sent particularly by Ailill and Medb to slay thee; for not often does one ever issue alive from their combats, and it would be their will that thou shouldst fall at their hands."

"Look upon this bloody wound for me too, my good Fingin," said Cethern. Fingin looked at that bloody wound in like manner. "Why, the alternate woundings of a son and his father we behold here," answered the leech. "Yea, it is so," quoth Cethern; "two tall men, red as torches, came upon me there, with diadems of burnished gold upon them; kingly garments they wore; gold-hilted, hammered swords at their girdles, with scabbards of pure-white silver, with a cunningly ornamented and delicate embossing and supports of mottled gold outside upon them. "Ah, but we know that pair," quoth Cuchulain; "Ailill and his son are they, Manè 'That embraces the traits of them all.' They would deem it victory and triumph and a boast shouldst thou fall at their hands."

Thus far the "Bloody Wounds" of the Táin.

"Speak, O Fingin prophetic leech," spake Cethern son of Fintan; "what verdict and what counsel givest me now?" "This verily is what I say to thee," replied Fingin the prophetic leech: "Count not on thy big cows for yearlings this year; for if thou dost, it is not thou that will enjoy them, and no profit will they bring thee." "This is the judgement and counsel the other surgeons did give me, and certain it is it brought them neither advantage nor profit, and they fell at my hands; and none the more will it bring thee advantage or profit, and thou shalt fall at my hands!" And he gave Fingin a strong, stiff kick with his foot, and sent him between the chariot's two wheels and the creaking of the chariot might be heard afar off.

"Oh, but vicious is the kick from the old warrior," cried Cuchulain; "twould be more fitting if thou shouldst ply it on foes than on leech!" Hence, from this saying, is the name *Uachtar Lua* ('the Height of the Kick') in the land of Ross from then until this day. Nevertheless Fingin the prophet-leech gave his choice to Cethern son of Fintan: A long illness for him and afterwards to obtain help and succour, or a red healing for the space of three days and three nights, so that he might then employ his strength on his enemies. What Cethern son of Fintan chose was a red healing for the space of three days and three nights, to the end that he might then vent his anger and strength on his enemies. For what he said was that there would not be found after him any one he would rather have vindicate or avenge him than himself. Thereupon Fingin the prophetic leech asked of Cuchulain a vat of marrow wherewith to heal and to cure Cethern son of Fintan. Cuchulain proceeded to the camp and entrenchment of the men of Erin, and whatsoever he found of herds and flocks and droves there he took away with him. And he made a marrow-mash of their flesh and their bones and their skins; and Cethern son of Fintan was placed in the marrow-bath till the end of three days and three nights. And his flesh began to drink in the marrow-bath about him and the

marrow-bath entered in within his stabs and his cuts, his sores and his many wounds. Thereafter he arose from the marrow-bath at the end of three days and three nights, and he slept a day and a night after taking in the marrow. "I have no ribs more," said Cethern; "put the ribs of the chariot-box into me." "Thou shalt have it," Cuchulain made answer. It was thus Cethern arose, with a slab of the chariot pressed to his belly so that his entrails and bowels would not drop out of him. "Had I my own weapons," said Cethern, "the story of what I would do would live forever!"

That was the time when his wife came from the north, from Dún da Benn ('Fort of the two Gables'), and she brought his sword with her, even Finna daughter of Eocho. "What seest thou?" asked Cethern. "Meseems," answered Cuchulain, "'tis the chariot of little Finna, Eocho's daughter, thy wife, that comes nigh us." And they saw the woman, with the arms in the chariot. Cethern son of Fintan seized his arms and proceeded to attack the men of Erin, with the chariot-box bound around his back, for he was not the stronger therefor. But this is to be added: They sent a warning before him; Ithall, physician of Ailill and Medb, had remained as one dead of the great stun from the blow of Cethern among the bodies of the other leeches for a long space and time, and continued in that state till then; at last he rose and rushed to the encampment, and he, the leech that had alone escaped from Cethern, brought the alarm to the camp.

"Hark, ye men of Erin," shouted the leech; "Cethern son of Fintan comes to attack you, now that he has been healed and cured by Fingin the prophetic leech, and take ye heed of him!" Thereat the men of Erin in fear put Ailill's dress and his golden shawl and his regal diadem on the pillar-stone in Crich Ross, that it might be thereon that Cethern son of Fintan should first give vent to his anger on his arrival. Eftsoons Cethern reached the place where he saw those things, namely Ailill's dress and his golden shawl around the standing-stone in Crich Ross, and he, being unaware and weetless, conceived it to be Ailill himself that was in it. And he made a rush at it like a blast of wind and drave the sword through the stone pillar till it went up to its pommel, so that his fist went through it after the sword. "Deceit is here," cried Cethern son of Fintan, "and on me have ye worked this deceit. And I swear an oath, till there be found among ye of the men of Erin one that will put yon royal dress about him and the golden shawl, I will not stay my hand from them, slaughtering and destroying withal!"

Manè Andoe son of Ailill and Medb heard that, and he put his father's royal raiment about him and the golden shawl and the diadem on his head, and he snatched them up in his chariot before him and dashed off through the midst of the men of Erin. Cethern son of Fintan pursued him closely and hurled his shield the length of a cast at him, so that the chiselled rim of the shield clave him to the ground, with chariot, driver, and horses. When the men of Erin saw that, they surrounded Cethern on every side and made him a victim of spears and lances, so that he fell at their hands in the strait wherein he was. Wherefore 'Cethern's Strait-Fight and the Bloody Wounds of Cethern' is the name of this tale.

His wife, Finna daughter of Eocho *Salbuidê* ('Yellow-heel') stood over him and she was in great sorrow, and she made the funeral-song below:—

"I care for naught, care for naught;  
Ne'er more man's hand 'neath my head,  
Since was dug the earthy bed,  
Cethern's bold, of Dún da Benn!  
"Kingly Cethern, Fintan's son;  
Few were with him on the ford.  
Connacht's men with all their host,  
For nine hours he left them not!  
"Arms he bore not—this an art—  
But a red, two-headed pike;  
With it slaughtered he the host,  
While his anger still was fresh!  
"Felled by double-headed pike,  
Cethern's hand held, with their crimes,  
Seven times fifty of the hosts,  
Fintan's son brought to their graves!  
"Willa-loo, oh, willa-loo!  
Woman's wandering through the mist.



Worse it is for him that's dead.  
 She that lives may find a man!  
 "Never I shall take a man  
 Of the hosts of this good world;  
 Never shall I sleep with man;  
 Never shall my man with wife!  
 "Dear the homestead, 'Horse-head's Dún,'  
 Where our hosts were wont to go.  
 Dear the water, soft and sweet;  
 Dear the isle, 'Isle of the Red!'  
 "Sad the care, oh, sad the care,  
 Cualnge's Cow-raid brought on me:  
 Cethern, Fintan's son, to keen.  
 Oh that he had shunned his woe!  
 "Great the doings, these, oh, great,  
 And the deed that here was done:  
 I bewailing him till death,  
 Him that has been smitten down!  
 "Finna, Eocho's daughter, I,  
 Found a fight of circling spears.  
 Had my champion had his arms:  
 By his side a slaughtered heap!"

### XXIII. HERE FOLLOWETH THE TOOTH-FIGHT OF FINTAN

Fintan, himself the son of Niall Niamglonnach ('of the brilliant Exploits') from Dún da Benn in the north, was father of Cethern son of Fintan. And he came to save the honour of Ulster and to avenge his son upon the hosts. Thrice fifty with many pointed weapons was his number. And thus it was they came, and two spear-heads on each shaft with them, a spear-head on the top and a spear-head at the butt, so that it made no difference whether they wounded the hosts with the points or with the butts. They offered three battles to the hosts. And thrice their own number fell at their hands, and there fell also the people of Fintan son of Niall, all excepting Fintan's son Crimthann alone, so that there did not escape any of his people excepting himself and his son. This one was saved under a canopy of shields by Ailill and Medb. And the son was separated from him, his father Fintan, and was saved by Ailill out of fear of Fintan and in order that Fintan might not wreak his fury on them till he should come with Conchobar to the battle. Then said the men of Erin, it would be no disgrace for Fintan son of Niall to withdraw from the camp and quarters, and that they would give up Crimthann son of Fintan to him, and then the hosts would fall back a day's march to the north again; and that he should cease from his deeds of arms against the hosts till he would come to encounter them on the day of the great battle at the place where the four grand provinces of Erin would clash at Garech and Ilgarech in the battle of the Cattle-reaving of Cualnge, as was foretold by the druids of the men of Erin. Fintan son of Niall consented to that, and they gave over his son to him. He made friendship with them then when his son had been restored to him. He withdrew from the camp and station, and the hosts marched a day's journey back to the north again, to stop and cease their advance. Thereafter Fintan went to his own land. In this manner they found each man of the people of Fintan son of Niall and each man of the men of Erin, with the lips and the nose and the ear of each of them in the teeth and tusks of the other after they had used up their arms. The men of Erin gave thought to that: "This is a tooth-fight for us," said they; "the tooth-fight of Fintan's people and of Fintan himself." So this is the 'Tooth-fight' of Fintan.

### XXIIIa. THE RED-SHAME OF MENN FOLLOWETH HERE

It was then came to them great Menn son of Salcholga, he from Renna ('the Waterways') of the Boyne in the north. Twelve men with many-pointed weapons, that was his number. It was thus they came, and two spear-heads on each shaft with them, a spear-head on the top and a spear-head at the butt, so that it made no difference whether they wounded the hosts with the points or with the butts. They offered three attacks upon the hosts. Three times

their own number fell at their hands and there fell twelve men of the people of Menn, so that there remained alive of them but Menn alone. But Menn himself was sorely wounded in the strait, so that blood ran crimson on him and his followers too were crimsoned. Then said the men of Erin: "Red is this shame," said they, "for Menn son of Salcholga, that his people, twelve men, should be slain and destroyed and he himself wounded till blood ran crimson red upon him." Hence here is the 'Reddening Shame of Menn,' the name of this tale on the Spoil of the Kine of Cualnge.

Then said the men of Erin, it would be no dishonour for Menn son of Salcholga to leave the camp and quarters, and that the hosts would go a day's journey back to the north again, and that Menn should cease his weapon-feats on the hosts till Conchobar arose out of his 'Pains' and battle would be offered them at Garech and Ilgarech on the day of the great battle when the men of Erin and of Ulster would meet together in combat in the great battle of the Cualnge Cow-spoil, as the druids and soothsayers and the knowers of the men of Erin had foretold it.

Menn son of Salcholga agreed to that, to leave the camp and halting-place. And the hosts fell back a day's march for to rest and wait, and Menn went his way to his own land.

### XXIIIb. HERE FOLLOWETH THE ACCOUNTREMENT OF THE CHARIOTEERS

Then came the charioteers of the Ulstermen to them. Thrice fifty was their number. They offered three battles to the hosts. Thrice their number fell at their hands, and the charioteers themselves fell on the field whereon they stood. Hence this here is the 'Accountrement of the Charioteers.' It is for this cause it is called the 'Accountrement of the Charioteers,' because it is with rocks and with boulders and with clumps of earth they accomplished the defeat of the men of Erin.

### XXIIIc. THE WHITE-FIGHT OF ROCHAD NOW FOLLOWETH

Cuchulain despatched his charioteer to Rochad Rigderg ('Red-king') son of Fathemon, from Rigdorn in the north, that he should come to his aid. He was of Ulster. The gilla comes up to Rochad and tells him, if he has come out of his weakness, to go to the help of Cuchulain, that they should employ a ruse to reach the host to seize some of them and slay them. Rochad set out from the north. Thrice fifty warriors was his number, and he took possession of a hill fronting the hosts. "Scan the plain for us to-day," said Ailill. "I see a company crossing the plain," the watchman answered, "and a tender youth comes in their midst; the other warriors reach but up to his shoulder." "Who is that warrior, O Fergus?" asked Ailill. "Rochad son of Fathemon," he answered; "and it is to bring help to Cuchulain he comes. I know what ye had best do with him," Fergus continued. "Let a hundred warriors go from ye with the maiden yonder to the middle of the plain and let the maid go before them, and let a horseman go tell Rochad to come alone to hold converse with the maid and let hands be laid on him, and thus shall be removed all fear of his people from us. Finnbair, daughter of Ailill and Medb, perceived that and she went to speak to her mother thereof, even to Medb. Now it happened that Finnbair loved Rochad. It is he was the fairest young warrior in Ulster at that time. And Finnbair disclosed her secret and her love to her mother. "Truly have I loved yonder warrior for a long time," said she; "and it is he is my sweetheart, my first love and mine own choice one in wooing of the men of Erin." "An thou hast so loved him, daughter," quoth Ailill and Medb, "sleep with him this night and crave for us a truce of him for the hosts, until with Conchobar he encounters us on the day of the great battle when four of the grand provinces of Erin will meet at Garech and Ilgarech in the battle of the Foray of Cualnge."

This then is done. Rochad sets forth to meet the horseman. "I am come," says the horseman, "from Finnbair to meet thee that thou come to speak with the maiden." Thereupon Rochad goes alone to converse with her. The army surrounds him on all sides;

he is seized and hands are laid on him; his followers are routed and driven in flight. Afterwards he is set free and bound over not to oppose Ailill's host till the time he will come with all the warriors of Ulster. Also they promise to give Finnabair to him.

Rochad son of Fathemon accepted the offer and thereupon he left them and that night the damsel slept with him.

An Under-king of Munster that was in the camp heard the tale. He went to his people to speak of it. "Yonder maiden was plighted to me on fifteen hostages once long ago," said he; "and it is for this I have now come on this hosting." Now wherever it happened that the seven Under-kings of Munster were, what they all said was that it was for this they were come. "Yonder maiden was pledged to each of us in the bargain as our sole wife, to the end that we should take part in this warfare." They all declared that that was the price and condition on which they had come on the hosting. "Why," said they, "what better counsel could we take? Should we not go to avenge our wife and our honour on the Manè the sons of Ailill who are watching and guarding the rear of the army at Imlech in Glendamarach ('Kettle-glen's navel')?"

This was the course they resolved upon. And with their seven divisions of thirty hundreds they arose, each man of them to attack the Manè. When Ailill heard that, he arose with a start with ready shield against them and thirty hundred after them. Medb arose with her thirty hundred. The sons of Maga with theirs and the Leinstermen and the Munstermen and the people of Tara.

Then arose Fergus with his thirty hundred to intervene between them, and that was a hand for that mighty work. And a mediation was made between them so that each of them sat down near the other and hard by his arms. Howbeit before the intervention took place, eight hundred very valiant warriors of them had fallen in the slaughter of Glenn Domain ('Deep Glen').

Finnabair, daughter of Ailill and Medb, had tidings that so great a number of the men of Erin had fallen for her sake and on account of her. And her heart broke in her breast even as a nut, through shame and disgrace, so that Finnabair Slebè ('Finnabair of the Mount') is the name of the place where she fell, died and was buried.

Then said the men of Erin, "White is this battle," said they, "for Rochad son of Fathemon, in that eight hundred exceeding brave warriors fell for his sake and on his account, and he himself goes safe and whole to his country and land without blood-shedding or reddening on him." Hence this is the 'White-fight' of Rochad.

### XXIIId. HERE FOLLOWETH ILIACH'S CLUMP-FIGHT

Then came to them Iliach son of Cass son of Bacc son of Ross Ruid son of Rudraige. He was at that time an old man cared for by his son's son, namely by Loegaire Buadach ('the Victorious') in Rath Imbil in the north. It was told him that the four grand provinces of Erin even then laid waste and invaded the lands of Ulster and of the Picts and of Cualnge from Monday at Summer's end till the beginning of Spring, and were carrying off their women and their cows and their children, their flocks, their herds and their cattle, their oxen and their kine and their droves, their steeds and their horses. He then conceived a plan in his mind and he made perfect his plan privily with his people. "What counsel were better for me to make than to go and attack the men of Erin and to use my strength on them and have my boast and victory over them, and thus avenge the honour of Ulster. And I care not though I should fall myself there thereafter."

And this is the counsel he followed. His two withered, mangy, sorrel nags that were upon the strand hard by the fort were led to him. And to them was fastened his ancient, worn-out chariot. Thus he mounted his chariot, without either covers or cushions; a hurdle of wattles around it. His big, rough, pale-grey shield of iron he carried upon him, with its rim of hard silver around it. He wore his rough, grey-hilted, huge-smiting sword at his left side. He placed his two rickety-headed, nicked, blunt, rusted spears by his side in the chariot. His folk furnished his chariot around him with cobbles and boulders and huge clumps, so that it was full up to its ...

In such wise he fared forth to assail the men of Erin. And thus he came, stark-naked, and the spittle from his gaping mouth trickling down through the chariot under him. When the men of Erin saw him thus, they began to mock and deride him. "Truly it would be well for us," said the men of Erin, "if this were the manner in which all the Ulstermen came to us on the plain."

Dochè son of Maga met him and bade him welcome. "Welcome is thy coming, O Iliach," spake Dochè son of Maga. "Who bids me welcome?" asked Iliach. "A comrade and friend of Loegaire Buadach am I, namely Dochè macMagach." "Truly spoken I esteem that welcome," answered Iliach; "but do thou for the sake of that welcome come to me when now, alas, my deeds of arms will be over and my warlike vigour will have vanished, when I will have spent my rage upon the hosts, so that thou be the one to cut off my head and none other of the men of Erin. However, my sword shall remain with thee for thine own friend, even for Loegaire Buadach!"

He assailed the men of Erin with his weapons till he had made an end of them. And when weapons failed he assailed the men of Erin with cobbles and boulders and huge clumps of earth till he had used them up. And when these weapons failed him he spent his rage on the man that was nearest him of the men of Erin, and bruised him grievously between his fore-arms and his sides and the palms of his hands, till he made a marrow-mass of him, of flesh and bones and sinews and skin. Hence in memory thereof, these two masses of marrow still live on side by side, the marrow-mass that Cuchulain made of the bones of the Ulstermen's cattle for the healing of Cethern son of Fintan, and the marrow-mass that Iliach made of the bones of the men of Erin. Wherefore this was one of the three innumerable things of the Táin, the number of them that fell at the hands of Iliach. So that this is the 'Clump-fight' of Iliach. It is for this reason it is called the 'Clump-fight' of Iliach, because with cobbles and boulders and massy clumps he made his fight.

Thereafter Dochè son of Maga met him. "Is not this Iliach?" asked Dochè son of Maga. "It is truly I," Iliach gave answer; "and come to me now and cut off my head and let my sword remain with thee for thy friend, for Loegaire Buadach ('the Victorious')."

Dochè came near him and gave him a blow with the sword so that he severed his head, and he took with him the head and the spoils vauntingly to where were Ailill and Medb. Thus to this point, the 'Clump-fight' of Iliach.

### XXIIIe. HERE NOW THE DEER-STALKING OF AMARGIN IN TALTU

This Amargin was the son of Cass who was son of Bacc who was son of Ross Ruid ('the Red') who was son of Rudraige, father of Conall Cernach ('the Triumphant'). He came upon the warriors going over Taltu westward, and he made them turn before him over Taltu northwards. And he put his left elbow under him in Taltu. And his people furnished him with rocks and boulders and great clumps of earth, and he began to pelt the men of Erin till the end of three days and three nights, and he did great slaughter among them so that no man could show his face to him in Taltu.

### XXIII f. THE ADVENTURES OF CUROI SON OF DARÈ FOLLOW NOW

He was told that a single man was checking and stopping four of the five grand provinces of Erin during the three months of winter from Monday at Summer's end till the beginning of Spring. And he felt it unworthy of himself and he deemed it too long that his people were without him. And it was then he set out to the host to fight and contend with Cuchulain. And when he was come to the place where Cuchulain was, he saw Cuchulain there moaning, full of wounds and pierced through with holes, and he felt it would not be honourable nor fair to fight and contend with him after the combat with Ferdiad. Because it would be said it was not that Cuchulain died of the sores and wounds which he would give him so much as of the wounds which Ferdiad had inflicted on him

in the conflict before. Be that as it might, Cuchulain offered to engage with him in battle and combat.

Thereupon Curoi set forth for to seek the men of Erin and, when he was near at hand, he espied Amargin there and his left elbow under him to the west of Taltiu. Curoi reached the men of Erin from the north. His people equipped him with rocks and boulders and great clumps, and he began to hurl them right over against Amargin, so that Badb's battle-stones collided in the clouds and in the air high above them, and every rock of them was shivered into an hundred stones. "By the truth of thy valour, O Curoi," cried Medb, "desist from thy throwing, for no real succour nor help comes to us therefrom, but ill is the succour and help that thence come to us," "I pledge my word," cried Curoi, "I will not cease till the very day of doom and of life, till first Amargin cease!" "I will cease," said Amargin; "and do thou engage that thou wilt no more come to succour or give aid to the men of Erin." Curoi consented to that and went his way to return to his land and people.

About this time the hosts went past Taltiu westwards. "It is not this was enjoined upon me," quoth Amargin: "never again to cast at the hosts but rather that I should part from them." And he went to the west of them and he turned them before him north-eastwards past Taltiu. And he began to pelt them for a long while and time so that he slaughtered more of them than can be numbered. This is one of the three incalculable things on the Táin, the number of those he slew. And his son Conall Cernach ('the Victorious') remained with him providing him with stones and spears.

Then it was also that the men of Erin said it would be no disgrace for Amargin to leave the camp and quarters, and that the hosts would retire a day's march back to the north again, there to stop and stay, and for him to quit his feats of arms upon the hosts until such time as he would meet them on the day of the great battle when the four grand provinces of Erin would encounter at Garech and Ilgarech in the battle of the Raid for the Kine of Cualnge. Amargin accepted that offer, and the hosts proceeded a day's march back to the northwards again. Wherefore the 'Deerstalking' of Amargin in Taltiu is the name of this tale.

## XXIV. THE REPEATED WARNING OF SUALTAIM

Now while the deeds we have told here were being done, Sualtaim ('Goodly fosterer') son of Becaltach ('of Small belongings') son of Moraltach ('of Great belongings'), the same the father of Cuchulain macSualtaim, of Sualtaim's Rath in the plain of Murthemne, was told of the distress and sore wounding of his son contending in unequal combat on the Cualnge Cattle-spoil, even against Calatin Dana ('the Bold') with his seven and twenty sons, and against Glass son of Delga, his grandson, and at the last against Ferdiad son of Daman.

It is then that Sualtaim said: "Whate'er it be, this that I hear from afar," quoth Sualtaim, "it is the sky that bursts or the sea that ebbs or the earth that quakes, or is it the distress of my son over-matched in the strife on the Driving of the Kine of Cualnge?"

In that, indeed, Sualtaim spoke true. And he went to learn all after a while, without hastening on his way. And when Sualtaim was come to where his son Cuchulain was and found him covered with wounds and bloody gashes and many stabs, Sualtaim began to moan and lament for Cuchulain.

Forsooth Cuchulain deemed it neither an honour nor glory that Sualtaim should bemoan and lament him, for Cuchulain knew that, wounded and injured though he was, Sualtaim would not be the man to avenge his wrong. For such was Sualtaim: He was no mean warrior and he was no mighty warrior, but only a good, worthy man was he. "Come, my father Sualtaim," said Cuchulain; "cease thy sighing and mourning for me, and do thou go to Emain Macha to the men of Ulster and tell them to come now to have a care for their droves, for no longer am I able to protect them in the gaps and passes of the land of Conalle Murthemni. All alone am I against four of the five grand provinces of Erin from Monday at Summer's end till the beginning of Spring, every day slaying a man on a ford and a hundred warriors every night. Fair fight is not granted me nor single combat, and no one comes to aid me nor to

succour. And such is the measure of my wounds and my sores that I cannot bear my garments or my clothing to touch my skin, so that spangle-hoops hold my cloak over me. Dry tufts of grass are stuffed in my wounds. There is not the space of a needle's point from my crown to my sole without wound or sore, and there is not a single hair on my body from my crown to my sole whereon the point of a needle could stand, without a drop of deep-red blood on the top of each hair, save the left hand alone which is holding my shield, and even there thrice fifty bloody wounds are upon it. And let them straightway give battle to the warriors, and unless they avenge this anon, they will never avenge it till the very day of doom and of life!"

Sualtaim set out on Liath ('the Roan') of Macha as his only horse, with warning to the men of Ulster. And when he was come alongside of Emain, he shouted these words there: "Men are slain, women stolen, cattle lifted, ye men of Ulster!" cried Sualtaim.

He had not the answer that served him from the Ulstermen, and forasmuch as he had it not he went on further to the rampart of Emain. And he cried out the same words there: "Men are slain, women stolen, cattle lifted, ye men of Ulster!" cried Sualtaim.

And a second time he had not the response that served him from the men of Ulster. Thus stood it among the Ulstermen: It was geis for the Ulstermen to speak before their king, geis for the king to speak before his three druids. Thereafter Sualtaim drove on to the 'Flag-stone of the hostages' in Emain Macha. He shouted the same words there: "Men are slain, women stolen, cows carried off!" "But who has slain them, and who has stolen them, and who has carried them off?" asked Cathba the druid. "Ailill and Medb have, with the cunning of Fergus mac Roig, overwhelmed you. Your people have been harassed as far as Dún Sobairche," said Sualtaim. "Your wives and your sons and your children, your steeds and your stock of horses, your herds and your flocks and your droves of cattle have been carried away. Cuchulain all alone is checking and staying the hosts of the four great provinces of Erin at the gaps and passes of the land of Conalle Murthemni. Fair fight is refused him, nor is he granted single combat, nor comes any one to succour or aid him. Cuchulain has not suffered them to enter the plain of Murthemne or into the land of Ross. Three winter months is he there. The youth is wounded, his limbs are out of joint. Spangle-hoops hold his cloak over him. There is not a hair from his crown to his sole whereon the point of a needle could stand, without a drop of deep-red blood on the top of each hair, except his left hand alone which is holding his shield, and even there thrice fifty bloody wounds are upon it. And unless ye avenge this betimes, ye will never avenge it till the end of time and of life."

"Fitter is death and doom and destruction for the man that so incites the king!" quoth Cathba the druid. "In good sooth, it is true!" said the Ulstermen all together.

Thereupon Sualtaim went his way from them, indignant and angry because from the men of Ulster he had not had the answer that served him. Then reared Liath ('the Roan') of Macha under Sualtaim and dashed on to the ramparts of Emain. Thereat Sualtaim fell under his own shield, so that his own shield turned on Sualtaim and the scalloped edge of the shield severed Sualtaim's head, though others say he was asleep on the stone, and that he fell thence onto his shield on awaking. Hence this is the 'Tragical Death of Sualtaim.'

The horse himself turned back again to Emain, and the shield on the horse and the head on the shield. And Sualtaim's head uttered the same words: "Men are slain, women stolen, cattle lifted, ye men of Ulster!" spake the head of Sualtaim.

"Some deal too great is that cry," quoth Conchobar; "for yet is the sky above us, the earth underneath and the sea round about us. And unless the heavens shall fall with their showers of stars on the man-like face of the world, or unless the ground burst open in quakes beneath our feet, or unless the furrowed, blue-bordered ocean break o'er the tufted brow of the earth, will I restore to her byre and her stall, to her abode and her dwelling-place, each and every cow and woman of them with victory of battle and contest and combat!"

Thereupon a runner of his body-guard was summoned to Conchobar, Findchad Ferbenduma ('he of the copper Horn') to wit,

son of Fraech Lethan ('the Broad'), and Conchobar bade him go assemble and muster the men of Ulster. And in like manner, in the drunkenness of sleep and of his 'Pains,' Conchobar enumerated to him their quick and their dead, and he uttered these words:—

"Arise, O Findchad!  
Thee I send forth:  
A negligence not to be wished;  
Proclaim it to the chiefs of Ulster!"

The Order of the men of Ulster.

Go thou forward to Derg, to Deda at his bay, to Lemain, to Follach, to Illann son of Fergus at Gabar, to Dornaill Feic at Imchlar, to Derg Imdirg, to Fedilmid son of Ilar Cetach of Cualnge at Elonn, to Roechad son of Fathemon at Rigdonn, to Lug, to Lugaid, to Cathba at his bay, to Carfre at Ellne, to Laeg at his causeway, to Gemen in his valley, to Senoll Uathach at Diabul Ard, to Cethern son of Fintan at Carrloig, to Cethern at Eillne, to Tarothor, to Mulach at his fort, to the royal poet Amargin, to Uathach Bodba, to the Morrigán at Dún Sobairche, to Eit, to Roth, to Fiachna at his mound, to Dam drend, to Andiaraid, to Manè Macbriathrach ('the Eloquent'), to Dam Derg ('the Red'), to Mod, to Mothus, to Iarmothus at Corp Cliath, to Gabarlaig in Linè, to Eocho Semnech in Semne, to Eochaid Laithrech at Latharne, to Celtchar son of Uthecar in Lethglas, to Errgè Echbel ('Horsemouth') at Bri Ergi ('Errgè's Hill'), to Uma son of Remarfessach ('Thickbeard') at Fedain in Cualnge, to Munremur ('Thickneck') son of Gercend ('Shorthead') at Moduirn, to Senlabair at Canann Gall ('of the Foreigners'), to Fallomain, to Lugaid, king of the Fir Bolg, to Lugaid of Linè, to Buadgalach ('the Victorious Hero'), to Abach, to Fergna at Barrene, to Anè, to Aniach, to Abra, to Loegaire Milbel ('Honey-mouth'), at his fire, to the three sons of Trosгал at Bacc Draigin ('Thornhollow'), to Drend, to Drenda, to Drendus, to Cimb, to Cimbil, to Cimbín at Fan na Coba ('the Slope of ...'), to Fachtna son of Sencha at his rath, to Sencha, to Senchainte, to Bricriu, to Briccirne son of Bricriu, to Brecc, to Buan, to Barach, to Oengus of the Fir Bolg, to Oengus son of Letè, to Fergus son of Letè, to ... , to Bruachar, to Slangè, to Conall Cernach ('the Victorious') son of Amargin at Midluachar, to Cuchulainn son of Sualtaim at Murthemne, to Menn son of Salcholga at Rena ('the Waterways'), to the three sons of Fiachna, Ross, Darè and Imchad at Cualnge, to Connud macMorna at the Callann, to Condra son of Amargin at his rath, to Amargin at Ess Ruaid, to Laeg at Leirè, to Oengus Ferbenduma ('him of the copper Horn'), to Ogma Grianaínech ('Sun-faced') at Brecc, to Eo macFornè, to Tollcend, to Sudè at Mag Eol in Mag Dea, to Conla Saeb at Uarba, to Loegaire Buadach ('the Triumphant') at Immail, to Amargin Iarmgiunnach ('the Darkhaired') at Taltiu, to Furbaide Ferbenn ('the man with Horns on his helmet') son of Conchobar at Sil in Mag Inis ('the Island-plain'), to Cuscraid Menn ('the Stammerer') of Macha son of Conchobar at Macha, to Fingin at Fingabair, to Blae 'the Hospitaller of a score,' to Blae 'the Hospitaller of six men,' to Eogan son of Durthacht at Fernmag, to Ord at Mag Sered, to Oblan, to Obail at Culenn, to Curethar, to Liana at Ethbenna, to Fernel, to Finnchad of Sliab Betha, to Talgoba at Bernas ('the Gap'), to Menn son of the Fir Cualann at Mag Dula, to Iroll at Blarinè, to Tobraidè son of Ailcoth, to Ialla Ilgremma ('of many Captures'), to Ross son of Ulchrothach ('the Many-shaped') at Mag Dobra, to Ailill Finn ('the Fair'), to Fethen Bec ('the Little'), to Fethan Mor ('the Big'), to Fergus son of Finnchoem ('the Fair-comely') at Burach, to Olchar, to Ebachdar, to Uathchar, to Etachar, to Oengus son of Oenlam Gabè ('the one-handed Smith'), to Ruadri at Mag Tail, to Manè son of Crom ('the Bent'), to Nindèch son of Cronn, to ... , to Mal macRochraid, to Beothach ('the Lively'), to Briathrach ('the Wordy') at his rath, to Narithla at Lothor, to the two sons of Feic, Muridach and Cotreb, to Fintan son of Niamglonnach ('of brilliant Exploits') at Dun da Benn ('the two-gabled Dún'), to Feradach Finn Fechnach ('the Fair and Upright') at Nemed ('the Shrine') of Sliab Fuait, to Amargin son of Ecetsalach ('the grimy Smith') at the Buas, to Bunnè son of Munremar, to Fidach son of Dorarè, to Muirnè Menn ('the Stammerer').

It was nowise a heavy task for Finnchad to gather this assembly and muster which Conchobar had enjoined upon him. For all there were of Ulstermen to the east of Emain and to the west of Emain

and to the north of Emain set out at once for the field of Emain in the service of their king, and at the word of their lord, and to await the recovery of Conchobar. Such as were from the south of Emain waited not for Conchobar, but set out directly on the trail of the host and on the hoof-prints of the Táin.

The first stage the men of Ulster marched under Conchobar was from Emain to the green in Iraid Cuillinn that night. "Why now delay we, ye men?" Conchobar asked. "We await thy sons," they answered; "Fiacha and Fiachna who have gone with a division from us to Tara to fetch Erc son of thy daughter Fedlimid Nocruthach ('Nine-shaped'), son also of Carbre Niafer king of Tara, to the end that he should come with the number of his muster and his troops, his levy and his forces to our host at this time. Until these two divisions come to us, no further advance will we make from this place." "By my word," exclaimed Conchobar; "I will delay here no longer for them, lest the men of Erin hear of my rising from the weakness and 'Pains' wherein I was. For the men of Erin know not even if I am still alive!"

Thereupon Conchobar and Celtchar proceeded with thirty hundred spear-bristling chariot-fighters to Ath Irmidi ('the Ford of Spear-points'). And there met them there eight-score huge men of the body-guard of Ailill and Medb, with eight-score women of the Ulstermen's women as their spoils. Thus was their portion of the plunder of Ulster: A woman-captive in the hand of each man of them. Conchobar and Celtchar struck off their eight-score heads and released their eight-score captive-women. Ath Irmidi ('the Ford of Spear-points') was the name of the place till that time; Ath Fenè is its name ever since. It is for this it is called Ath Fenè, because the warriors of the Fenè from the east and the warriors of the Fenè from the west encountered one another in battle and contest man for man on the brink of the ford.

Touching the four grand provinces of Erin, they encamped at Slemain Midè ('Slane of Meath') that night, and Conchobar and Celtchar returned that night to the green in Iraid Cuillinn hard by the men of Ulster. Thereupon Celtchar aroused the men of Ulster.

## XXIVa. THE AGITATION OF CELTCHAR

It was then that Celtchar in his sleep uttered these words to Conchobar in the midst of the men of Ulster in Iraid Cuillinn that night:—

"Thirty hundred chariot-men;  
An hundred horse-companions stout;  
An hundred with an hundred druids!  
To lead us will not fail  
The hero of the land,  
Conchobar with hosts around him!  
Let the battle line be formed!  
Gather now, ye warriors!  
Battle shall be fought  
At Garech and Ilgarech  
On aftermorrow's morn!"

Or it was Cuscraid Menn ('the Stammerer') of Macha, Conchobar's son, who sang this lay on the night before the battle ..., after the lay 'Arise ye Kings of Macha' which Loegaire Buadach ('the Victorious') sang.

On that same night Cormac Conlongas, Conchobar's son, spake these words to the men of Erin at Slemain Midè that night:—

"A wonder of a morning,  
A wondrous time!  
When hosts will be confused,  
Kings turned back in flight!  
Necks will be broken,  
The sand made red,  
When forth breaks the battle,  
The seven chieftains before,  
Of Ulster's host round Conchobar!  
Their women will they defend,  
For their herds will they fight  
At Garech and Ilgarech,

On the morning after the morrow!  
 Heroes will be slaughtered then,  
 Hounds cut to pieces,  
 Steeds overwhelmed!"

On that same night, Dubthach Doel ('the Scorpion') of Ulster saw the dream wherein were the hosts at Garech and Ilgarech. Then it was he uttered these words in his sleep among the men of Erin at Slemain Midè that night:—

"Great be the morn,  
 The morn of Meath!  
 Great be the truce  
 The truce of Culenn!  
 'Great be the fight,  
 The fight of Clartha!  
 Great, too, the steeds,  
 The steeds of Assal!  
 'Great be the plague,  
 The plague of Tuath-Bressi!  
 Great be the storm,  
 Ulster's battle-storm round Conchobar!  
 'Their women will they defend,  
 For their herds will they fight  
 At Garech and Ilgarech,  
 On the morning after the morrow!"

Then when the hosts were assembled at Garech and Ilgarech, Dubthach was awakened from his sleep, so that Nemain brought confusion on the host and they fell trembling in their arms under the points of their spears and weapons, so that an hundred warriors of them fell dead in the midst of their camp and quarters at the fearfulness of the shout they raised on high. Be that as it would, that night was not the calmest for the men of Erin that they passed before or since, because of the forebodings and predictions and because of the spectres and visions that were revealed to them.

## XXV. HERE FOLLOWETH THE ARRAY OF THE HOST

While these things were being done, the Connachtmen by the counsel of Ailill, Medb, and Fergus, resolved to send messengers from thence to spy out the men of Ulster, to make certain if they had taken possession of the plain. Said Ailill: "Truly have I succeeded," said he, "in laying waste Ulster and the land of the Picts and Cualnge from Monday at Summer's end till Spring's beginning. We have taken their women and their sons and their children, their steeds and their troops of horses, their herds and their flocks and their droves. We have laid level their hills after them, so that they have become lowlands and are all one height. For this cause, will I await them no longer here, but let them offer me battle on Mag Ai, if so it please them. But, say here what we will, some one shall go forth from us to watch the great, wide plain of Meath, to know if the men of Ulster come hither. And, should the men of Ulster come hither, I will in no wise be the first to retreat till battle be given them, for it was never the wont of a good king to retreat."

"Who should fitly go thither?" asked all. "Who but macRoth our chief runner yonder," answered another group of them.

MacRoth went his way to survey the great wide-spreading plain of Meath. Not long was macRoth there when he heard something: A rush and a crash and a clatter and a clash. Not slight the thing he judged it to be, but as though it was the firmament itself that fell on the man-like face of the world, or as though it was the furrowed, blue-bordered ocean that broke o'er the tufted brow of the earth, or as though the ground had gone asunder in quakes, or as though the forest fell, each of the trees in the crotches and forks and branches of the other. But why give further accounts! The wood's wild beasts were hunted out on the plain, so that beneath them the grassy forelocks of the plain of Meath were not to be seen.

MacRoth hastened to tell this tale at the place where were Ailill and Medb and Fergus and the nobles of the men of Erin. MacRoth related the whole matter to them.

"What was that there, O Fergus?" asked Ailill; "to what likenest thou it?" "Not hard for me to say what it resembled. It was the rush and tramp and clatter that he heard," said Fergus, "the din and thunder, the tumult and turmoil of the Ulstermen. It was the men of Ulster arising from their 'Pains,' who have come into the woods, the throng of champions and battle-heroes cutting down with their swords the woods in the way of their chariots. It was that hath put the wild animals to flight on the plain, so that the grassy forelocks of the field of Meath are hidden beneath them!"

Another time macRoth surveyed the plain and he saw something: A heavy, grey mist that filled the glens and the slopes, the upper void and veil, the space between the heavens and earth. It seemed to him that the hills were islands in lakes that he saw rising up out of the sloping valleys of mist. It seemed to him they were wide-yawning caverns that he saw there leading into that mist. It seemed to him it was all-white, flaxy sheets of linen, or sifted snow a-falling that he saw there through a rift in the mist. It seemed to him it was a flight of many, varied, wonderful, numerous birds that he saw in the same mist, or the constant sparkling of shining stars on a bright, clear night of hoar-frost, or sparks of red-flaming fire. He heard something: A rush and a din and a hurtling sound, a noise and a thunder, a tumult and a turmoil, and a great wind that all but took the hair from his head and threw him on his back, and yet the wind of the day was not great. He hastened on to impart these tidings at the place where were Ailill and Medb and Fergus and the nobles of the men of Erin. He reported the matter to them.

"But what was that, O Fergus?" asked Ailill. "Not hard to say," Fergus made answer. "This was the great, grey mist that he saw which filled the space between the heavens and earth, namely, the streaming breath both of horses and men, the smoke of the earth and the dust of the roads as it rose over them with the driving of the wind, so that it made a heavy, deep-grey misty vapour thereof in the clouds and the air.

"These were the islands over lakes that he saw there, and the tops of hills and of heights over the sloping valleys of mist, even the heads of the champions and battle-heroes over the chariots and the chariots withal. These were the wide-yawning caverns that he saw there leading into that mist, even the mouths and the nostrils of the horses and champions exhaling and inhaling the sun and the wind with the speed of the host. These were the all-white, flax-like cloths that he saw there and the streaming snow a-falling, to wit the foam and the froth that the bridles of the reins flung from the bits of strong, stout steeds with the stress, with the swiftness and strength and speed of the host.

"These were the flights of many, various, wonderful, numerous birds that he saw there, even the dust of the ground and the top of the earth and the sods which the horses flung from their feet and their hoofs and arose over the heads of the host with the driving of the wind.

"This was the rush and the crash and the hurtling sound, the din and the thunder, the clatter and clash that he heard there, to wit the shield-shock of shields and the jangle of javelins and the hard-smiting of swords and the ring of helmets, the clangour of breast-plates and the rattle of arms and the fury of feats, the straining of ropes and the whirr of wheels and the trampling of horses' hoofs and the creaking of chariots, and the deep voices of heroes and battle-warriors coming hither towards us.

"This was the constant sparkling of shining stars on a bright, clear night that he saw there and the sparks of red-flaming fire, even the bloodthirsty, terrible eyes of the champions and battle-warriors from under beautiful, well-shaped, finely-adorned battle-helmets; eyes full of the fury and rage they brought with them, against the which neither before nor since has equal combat nor overwhelming force of battle prevailed, and against which it will never prevail till the very day of doom and of life!"

"We make not much of that," quoth Medb; "we will await them. For there are goodly warriors and goodly fighting-men with us to cope with them." "Thou shalt have need of them," answered Fergus. "Truly, I count not on that, O Medb. For I give my word, thou shalt find no host in all Erin, nor in Alba, nor in the western part of the world from Greece and Scythia westwards to the Orkney Islands, the Pillars of Hercules, Bregon's Tower and the islands of Cadiz

to cope with the men of Ulster when once their anger comes on them!"

Then did the four grand provinces of Erin pitch camp and make lodgment at Clarthá for that night. They sent forth folk to keep watch and guard against Ulster, to the end that the Ulstermen might not come upon them without warning, without notice.

Then it was that Conchobar and Celtchar with thirty hundred bristling chariot-fighters set forth, till they halted at Slemain Midé ('Slane of Meath') in the rear of the host of Erin. But, though 'halted' we have said, a very brief halt made they there. Not straightway pitched they camp, but proceeded for a favourable sign to the quarters of Ailill and Medb, so they might be the first of all to reddén their hands on the men of Erin.

Then did macRoth go again to view the hosting of the men of Ulster, so that he reached their encampment at Slane of Meath. It was not long macRoth had been there when he saw something: An incomparable, immense troop of horsemen in Slane of Meath coming straight from the north-east. He hastened forward to where were Ailill and Medb and Fergus and the chiefs of the men of Erin. Ailill asked tidings of him on his arrival: "Say, macRoth," queried Ailill; "sawest thou aught of the men of Ulster on the trail of the host this day?" "Truly I know not," answered macRoth; "but I saw an incomparable, immense troop of horsemen in Slane of Meath coming straight from the north-east." "But how many numbered the horse-troop?" asked Ailill. "Not fewer, meseemed, than thirty hundred fully armed chariot-fighters were they, even ten hundred and twenty hundred fully armed chariot-fighters," macRoth made answer.

"So, O Fergus," quoth Ailill, "those are the warriors of Ulster with Conchobar! How thinkest thou to terrify us till now with the smoke and dust and the breath of a mighty host, while all the battle-force thou hast is that we see yonder!"

"A little too soon belittlest thou them," Fergus retorted; "for mayhap the bands are more numerous than is said they are."

"Let us take good, swift counsel on the matter," said Medb; "for yon huge, most fierce, most furious man will attack us we wene, Conchobar, to wit, son of Fachtina Fathach ('the Giant') son of Ross Ruad ('the Red') son of Rudraige, himself High King of Ulster and son of the High King of Erin. Let there be a hollow array of the men of Erin before Conchobar and a force of thirty hundred ready to close in from behind, and the men shall be taken and in no wise wounded; for, no more than is a catiff's lot is this whereto they are come!" Wherefore this is the third most derisive word that was spoken on the Cattle-lifting of Cualnge, even to take Conchobar and his people prisoners without wounding, and to inflict a catiff's lot on the ten hundred and twenty hundred who accompanied the kings of Ulster.

And Cormac Conlongas son of Conchobar heard that, and he knew that unless he took vengeance at once upon Medb for her great boast, he would not avenge it till the very day of doom and of life.

It was then that Cormac Conlongas son of Conchobar arose with his troop of thirty hundred to inflict the revenge of battle and prowess upon Ailill and Medb. Ailill arose with his thirty hundred to meet him. Medb arose with her thirty hundred. The Mané arose with their thirty hundred. The sons of Maga arose with their thirty hundred. The Leinstermen and the Munstermen and the people of Temair arose and made interposition between them, so that on both sides each warrior sat down near to the other and near by his arms.

Meanwhile a hollow array of men was made by Medb to face Conchobar and a warlike band of thirty hundred ready to close in from behind. Conchobar proceeded to attack the circle of men, to force an opening. And he was far from seeking any particular breach, but he worked a small gap, broad enough for a man-at-arms, right in front over against him in the circle of combatants, and effected a breach of an hundred on his right side, and a breach of an hundred on his left, and he turned in on them, and mingled among them on their ground, and there fell of them eight hundred fully brave warriors at his hands. And thereafter he left them without blood or bleeding from himself and took his station in Slane of Meath at the head of the men of Ulster.

"Come, ye men of Erin!" cried Ailill. "Let some one go hence to scan the wide-stretching plain of Meath, to know in what guise the men of Ulster come to the height in Slane of Meath, to bring us an account of their arms and their gear and their trappings, their kings and their royal leaders, their champions and battle-warriors and gap-breakers of hundreds and their yeomen, to which to listen will shorten the time for us." "Who should go thither?" asked all. "Who but macRoth the chief runner," Aililla made answer.

MacRoth went his way till he took his station in Slane of Meath, awaiting the men of Ulster. The Ulstermen were busied in marching to that hill from gloaming of early morn till sunset hour in the evening. In such manner the earth was never left naked under them during all that time, every division of them under its king, and every band under its leader, and every king and every leader and every lord with the number of his force and his muster, his gathering and his levy apart. Howbeit, by sunset hour in the evening all the men of Ulster had taken position on that height in Slane of Meath.

MacRoth came forward with the account of their first company to the place where Ailill and Medb and Fergus were and the nobles of the men of Erin. Ailill and Medb asked tidings of him when he arrived. "Come, macRoth," quoth Ailill, "tell us in what manner of array do the Ulstermen advance to the hill of Slane in Meath?" "Truly, I know not," answered macRoth, "except this alone: There came a fiery, powerful, most well-favoured company upon the hill of Slane in Meath," said macRoth. "It seemed, on scanning and spying, that thrice thirty hundred warriors were in it. Anon they all doffed their garments and threw up a turfy mound for their leader to sit on. A youth, slender, long, exceeding great of stature, fair to behold, proud of mien, in the van of the troop. Fairest of the princes of the world was he in the midst of his warriors, as well in fearsomeness and in awe, in courage and command; fair-yellow hair, curled, delicately arranged in ridges and bushy had he reaching to the nape of his neck; a comely, clear-rosy countenance he had, narrow below and broad above; a deep-blue-grey, angry eye, devouring. and fear-inspiring, in his head; a two-forked beard, yellow, fairly curled, on his chin; a purple mantle with fringes and five-folded wrapped around him; a conspicuous, salmon-shaped brooch of red gold in the mantle over his breast; a shining-white, hooded shirt under red interweaving of red gold he wore next his white skin; a bright-white shield with figures of beasts of red gold thereon; a gold-hilted, hammered sword in one of his hands; a broad and grey-green lance-head on an ashen shaft in the other; the pillar of a king's house on his back. That warrior took his station on the top of the mound, so that each one came up to him and his company took their places around him.

"There came also another company to the same height in Slane of Meath," continued macRoth. "Second of the two divisions of thirty hundred it was, and next to the other in numbers and attendance, in accoutrements and fearfulness and horror. A great, hero-like, well-favoured warrior was there likewise at the head of that company; fair-yellow hair he wore; a bright, curly beard about his chin; a green mantle wrapped around him; a bright-silvern pin in the mantle at his breast; a brown-red, soldier's tunic under red interweaving of red gold trussed up against his fair skin down to his knees; a candle of a king's house in his hand, with windings of silver and bands of gold; wonderful the feats and games performed with the spear in the hand of the youth; the windings of silver ran round it by the side of the bands of gold, now from the butt to the socket, while at other times it was the bands of gold that circled by the side of the windings of silver from socket to spear-end; a smiting shield with plaited edge he bore; a sword with hilt-pieces of ivory, and ornamented with thread of gold on his left side. This warrior took his station on the left of the leader of the first company who had come to the mound, and his followers got them seated around him. But, though we have said they sat, they did not verily seat themselves at once, but they sat thus, with their knees on the ground and the rims of their shields against their chins, so long it seemed to them till they should be let at us. But, one thing yet: Meseemed that the great, fierce youth who led the troop stammered grievously in his speech.

"Still another battalion there came to the same mound in Slane of Meath," continued macRoth. "Second to its fellow in number

and followers and apparel. A handsome, broad-headed warrior at the head of that troop; dark-yellow hair in tresses he wore; an eager, dark-blue eye rolling restlessly in his head; a bright, curled beard, forked and tapering, at his chin; a dark-grey cloak with fringes, folded around him; a leaf-shaped brooch of silvered bronze in the mantle over his breast; a white-hooded shirt reaching to his knees was girded next to his skin; a bright shield with raised devices of beasts thereon he bore; a sword with white silver hilt in battle-scabbard at his waist; the pillar of a king's palace he bore on his back. This warrior took his station on the hill of turf facing the warrior who first came to the hill, and his company took their places around him. But sweet as the tone of lutes in masters' hands when long sustained, so seemed to me the melodious sound of the voice and the speech of the youth conversing with the warrior who first came to the hill and offering him every counsel."

"But who might that be?" asked Ailill of Fergus. "Truly, we know him well," Fergus made answer. "This, to wit, is the first hero for whom they threw up the mound of turf on the height of the hill and whom all approached, namely, Conchobar son of Fachtna Fathach son of Ross Ruad son of Rudraige, High King of Ulster, and son of the High King of Erin. It is he that sat on the mound of sods. This, to wit, is the stammering, great warrior," Fergus continued, "who took station on his father Conchobar's left, namely, Cuscraid Menn ('the Stammerer') of Macha, Conchobar's son, with the sons of the king of Ulster and the sons of the princes of the men of Erin close by him. This is the spear he saw in his hand, even the 'Torch of Cuscraid,' with its windings of silver and bands of gold. It is the wont of that spear that neither before nor after do the silver windings run round it by the side of the bands of gold but only on the eve of a triumph. Belike, it is almost before a triumph they course round it now."

"The well-favoured, broad-headed warrior who seated himself on the hill in the presence of the youth who first came on the mound, namely is Sencha son of Ailill son of Maelcho 'the Eloquent' of Ulster, he that is wont to appease the hosts of the men of Erin. But, yet a word more I say: It is not the counsel of cowardice nor of fear that he gives his lord this day on the day of strife, but counsel to act with valour and courage and wisdom and cunning. But, again one word further I say," added Fergus: "It is a goodly people for performing great deeds that has risen there early this day around Conchobar!" "We make not much of them," quoth Medb; "we have goodly warriors and stout youths to deal with them." "I count not that for much," answered Fergus again; "but I say this word: Thou wilt not find in Erin nor in Alba a host to be a match for the men of Ulster when once their anger comes upon them."

"Yet another company there came to the same mound in Slane of Meath," said macRoth. "Not fewer than a battalion of thirty hundred was in it. A fair, tall, great warrior in the van of that battalion, and he of fiery spirit, with noble countenance. Brown, dark-coloured hair he wore, smooth and thin on his forehead; a dull-grey cloak girt around him; a silver pin in the cloak over his breast; a bright, sleeved tunic next to his skin; a curved shield with sharp, plaited rim he bore; a five-pronged spear in his hand; a straight sword with ornaments of walrus-tooth in its place." "But, who might that be?" asked Ailill of Fergus. "In very sooth, we know him," Fergus made answer. "The putting of hands on strife is he; a battle-warrior for combat and destruction on foes is the one who is come there, even Eogan son of Durthacht, king of the stout-handed Fernmag in the north, is the one yonder."

"Another battalion there came thither to the same mound in Slane of Meath," continued macRoth. "It is surely no false word that boldly they took the hill. Deep the terror, great the fear they brought with them. Terrible the clangour of arms they made as they advanced. Their raiment all thrown back behind them. A great-headed, warlike warrior in the forefront of the company, and he eager for blood, dreadful to look upon; spare, grizzly hair had he; huge, yellow eyes in his head; a yellow, close-napped cloak around him; a pin of yellow gold in the cloak over his breast; a yellow tunic with lace next his skin; a great, smiting sword under his waist; in his hand a nailed, broad-plated, long-shafted spear with a drop of blood on its edge." "But, who might that be?" asked Ailill

of Fergus. "In truth then, we know him, that warrior," Fergus gave answer. "Neither battle nor battle-field nor combat nor contest shuns he, the one who is come thither. Loegaire Buadach ('the Victorious') son of Connad Buidé ('the Yellow') son of Iliach, from Immail in the north, is the one yonder."

"Another company there came there too to the same mound in Slane of Meath," continued macRoth. "A thick-necked, burly warrior at the head of that troop; black, bushy hair he had; a scarred, crimsoned face he had; a deep-blue-grey, blazing eye in his head; a spear set with eyes of glass, casting shadows over him; a black shield with a hard rim of silvered bronze upon him; a dun-coloured cloak of curly wool about him; a brooch of pale gold in the cloak over his breast; a three-striped tunic of silk with red embroidery next to his skin; a sword with ivory hilt and with ornamentation of thread of gold over his dress on the outside." "But, who might that man be?" asked Ailill of Fergus. "We know him full well," Fergus made answer. "He is the putting of hand on strife; a wave of the high sea that drowneth the small streams; he is the man of three shouts; the sea over walls; the venomous destruction of enemies, the man who comes thither. Muremur ('Thick-neck') son of Gercend ('Short-head') from Moduirm in the north is the one yonder."

"Still another company there came to the same mound in Slane of Meath," continued macRoth. "Not fewer than thirty hundred, the battle line of the troops. A broad-headed, stout warrior, pleasantly found of limb, in the front of that troop; he is dried and sawy; he is wild and bull-like; a dun, round eye, proud in his head; yellow, very curly is his hair; a red, round shield with hard-silver rim about it he bore; a trebly riveted, broad-plated, long-shafted spear in his hand; a streaked-grey cloak around him; a salmon-shaped brooch of copper in the cloak over his breast; a hooded kirtle girded around him reaching down to his calves; a straight sword with ornaments of walrus-tooth on his left thigh." "But who might he be?" asked Ailill of Fergus. "I know him indeed," Fergus made answer. "He is the prop of battle; he is the wild heat of anger; he is the daring of every battle; he is the triumph of every combat; he is the tool that pierces, is the man who comes thither. Connud macMorna, from the Callann in the north, is the man yonder."

"There came still another company to the same mound in Slane of Meath," continued macRoth. "A company most fair to look upon, most notable both in numbers and in attendance and apparel. It is indeed no lying word, it is with might and storm they gained the hill, so that with the clash of arms they made at the approach of that company they startled the hosts that had arrived there before them. A man, comely and noble, in advance of that band; most well-favoured to see of the men of the world, whether in shape or form or frame; whether in hair or eyes or fearfulness; whether in voice or brightness or knowledge or adornment; whether in rank or wisdom or kindred; whether in arms or apparel; whether in size or worth or beauty; whether in figure or valour or conduct." "Who might that man be, O Fergus?" asked Ailill. "Then it is surely no lying word," Fergus made answer: "A fitting saying is this, 'No fool 'mongst the naked' is he who comes thither. He is the foe of all others; he is a power irresistible; the storm-wave that drowneth, the glitter of ice is that well-favoured man. Fedilmid son of Ilar Cetach of Cualnge, from Ellonn in the north, is he yonder, with trophies from other lands after dealing destruction to his enemies."

"Still another battalion came thither to the same hill in Slane of Meath," macRoth proceeded. "It is the array of an army for greatness. Not often is a warrior seen more handsome than the warrior that is in the front rank of that company. Bushy, red-yellow hair he wore; his countenance comely, ruddy, well-formed; his face slender below, broad above; a deep-blue-grey, beaming eye, and it flashing and laughing in his head; a well-set, shapely man, tall, slender below and broad above; red, thin lips he had; teeth shining and pearl-like; a clear, ringing voice; a white-skinned body; most beautiful of the forms of men; a purple cloak wrapped around him; a brooch of gold in the mantle over his breast; a hooded tunic of royal silk with a red hem of red gold he wore next to his white skin; a bright, curved shield with wonderful, many-coloured devices figures of beasts in red gold thereon and with hollows of

silver he bore at his left side; a gold-hilted, inlaid sword hanging from his neck at his left side; a long, grey-edged spear along with a cutting bye-spear of attack, with thongs for throwing, with fastenings of silvered bronze, in his hand."

"But who might that man be?" asked Ailill of Fergus. "We know him full well," Fergus made answer. "He is half of a battle; he is the dividing of combat; he is the wild rage of a watchhound, the man who is come thither; Rochad son of Fatheman, from Rigdonn in the north, is he yonder. Your son-in-law is he; he wedded your daughter, namely Finnabair, without dower, and he brought neither marriage-gift nor bride-price to her."

"Another battalion there came to the same hill in Slane of Meath," continued macRoth. "A stalwart, thick-thighed, gross-calved warrior at the head of that company; little but every limb of him as stout as a man. Verily it is no lying word, he is a man down to the ground," said he. "Brown, bushy hair upon his head; a round-faced, ruddy countenance covered with scars he had; a flashing, proud eye in his head; a splendid, dexterous man was there, in this wise: Accompanied by black-haired, black-eyed youths; with a red, flaming banner; with terror and fearsomeness; with wonderful appearance, both of arms and apparel and raiment and countenance and splendour; with converse of heroes; with champions' deeds; with wilful rashness, so that they seek to rout overwhelming numbers outside of equal combat, with their wrath upon foes, with raids into hostile lands, with the violence of assault upon them, without having aught assistance from Conchobar. It is no lying word, stiffly they made their march, that company to Slane of Meath."

"But, who might he be?" asked Ailill of Fergus. "Aye then we know him," Fergus made answer. "A thirst for valour and prowess; a thirst for madness and fury; a man of strength and of courage, of pride and of greatness of heart is he that came thither. The welding of hosts and of arms; the point of battle and of slaughter of the men of the north of Erin, mine own real foster-brother himself, Fergus son of Letè, the king from Linè in the north, is the man yonder!"

"Still another great, fierce company came to the same hill in Slane of Meath," macRoth continued. "A battle-line with strange garments upon them, steadfast, without equal. A comely, handsome, matchless, untiring warrior in the van of this company; the flower of every form, whether as regards hair, or eye, or whiteness; whether of size, or followers or fitness. Next to his skin a blue, narrow-bordered cloth, with strong, woven and twisted hoops of silvered bronze, with becoming, sharp-fashioned buttons of red gold on its slashes and breast-borders; a green mantle, pieced together with the choicest of all colours, folded about him; a brooch of pale gold in the cloak over his breast; five circles of gold, that is, his shield, he bore on him; a tough, obdurate, straight-bladed sword for a hero's handling hung high on his left side. A straight, fluted spear, flaming red and venomous in his hand." "But, who might that be?" asked Ailill of Fergus. "Truly, we know him well," Fergus made answer. "Fiery is the manner of the warlike champion who has so come thither. The choice flower of royal poets is he. He is the rush on the rath; he is the way to the goal; fierce is his valour, the man that came thither; Amargin son of the smith Ecetsalach ('the Grimy'), the noble poet from the Buas in the north, is he."

"There came yet another company there to the same hill in Slane of Meath," continued macRoth. "A fair, yellow-haired hero in the front rank of that band. Fair was the man, both in hair and eye and beard and eyebrows and apparel; a rimmed shield he bore; a gold-hilted, overlaid sword on his left side; in his hand, a five-pointed spear that reflected its glare over the entire host, and a hollow lance in his hand. Hero-like was his coming!"

"But who was that man?" asked Ailill of Fergus. "In sooth, we know him well," Fergus made answer. "Cherished, in truth, is that warrior by the people, he that to us is come thither; cherished, the stout-blow-dealing beast; cherished, the bear of great deeds against foes, with the violence of his attack. Feradach Finn Fectnach ('the Fair and Righteous') from Nemed ('the Grove') in Sliab Fuaith in the north, is the one that is come there."

"Another company there came to the mound in Slane of Meath," continued macRoth. "Three bold, high-spirited youths of noble countenance, fiery and noble, in the front rank of that company.

Three cloaks of the one colour they wore folded upon them; three close shorn, blue-yellow heads; three gold brooches over their arms; three sleeved tunics with embroidery of red gold, girded around them; three shields wholly alike they bore; three gold-hilted swords on their shoulders; three five-pointed, broad and grey-green spears in their right hands." "Who were those men there?" Ailill asked. "I know," Fergus answered; "the three princes of Roth, the three champions of Colph, the three of Midluachair, great in achievements, three seasoned warriors of the east of Erin, to wit, the three sons of Fiachna in quest of their bull are there, even Ros and Darè and Imchad, for theirs was the possession of the Brown Bull of Cualnge. Even had they come alone, they would have offered you battle in defence of their bull and their drove, even though before them the enemy should not be routed."

"Yet another company there came thither to the same hill in Slane of Meath," said macRoth. "Two fair, tender, young warriors at the head of that company, and both wholly alike. Brown, curly hair on the head of one of them; fair, yellow hair on that of the other; two green cloaks wrapped about them; two bright-silver brooches in the cloaks over their breasts; two tunics of smooth yellow silk next to their skin; bright-hilted swords on their belts; two bright shields with devious figures of beasts in silver; two five-pronged spears with windings of pure bright silver in their hands. Moreover, their years were nigh the same. Together they lifted their feet and set them down again, for it was not their way for either of them to lift up his feet past the other."

"But, who might they be?" asked Ailill of Fergus. "Well do we know them," Fergus made answer. "Two single, strong-necked champions are they; two united flames; two united torches; two champions; two heroes; two ridge-poles of hosts; two dragons; two thunderbolts; two destroyers; two boars; two bold ones; two mad ones; the two loved ones of Ulster around their king;

two breach-makers of hundreds; two spencers; the two darlings of the north of Erin, namely Fiacha and Fiachna have come thither, two sons of Conchobar son of Fachtna son of Ross Ruad son of Rudraige."

"There came also another company to that same mound," said macRoth. "'Tis the engulfing of the sea for size; red-flaming fire for splendour; a legion for number; a rock for strength; annihilation for battle; thunder for might. A rough-visaged, wrathful, terrible, ill-favoured one at the head of that band, and he was big-nosed, large-eared, apple-eyed, red-limbed, great-bellied, thick-lipped. Coarse, grizzly hair he wore; a streaked-grey cloak about him; a skewer of iron in the cloak over his breast, so that it reached from one of his shoulders to the other; a rough, three-striped tunic next to his skin; a sword of seven charges of remelted iron he bore on his rump; a brown hillock he bore, namely his shield; a great, grey spear with thirty nails driven through its socket he had in his hand. But, what need to tell further? All the host arose to meet him, and the lines and battalions were thrown into disorder at the sight of that warrior, as he came surrounded by his company to the hill, in Slane of Meath and the stream of battle-hosts with him." "But who might that man be?" asked Ailill of Fergus. "Ah, but we know him well," Fergus made answer. "He is the half of the battle; he is the head of strife of Ulster; he is the head of combat in valour; he is the storm-wave that drowneth; he is the sea overbounds, the man that is come thither; the mighty Celtchar son of Uthechar, from Lethglass in the north, is the man there!"

"There came yet another company thither to the same hill in Slane of Meath," said macRoth; "one that is firm and furious; one that is ugly and fearful. A great-bellied, big-mouthed champion, the size of whose mouth is the mouth of a horse, in the van of that troop; with but one clear eye, and half-brained, long-handed. Brown, very curly hair he wore; a black, flowing mantle around him; a wheel-shaped brooch of tin in the mantle over his breast; a cunningly wrought tunic next to his skin; a great long sword under his waist; a well-tempered lance in his right hand; a grey buckler he bore on him, that is, his shield."

"Pray, who might that man be?" asked Ailill of Fergus. "Indeed, but we know him," Fergus made answer; "the wild, red-handed, rending lion; the fierce, fearful bear that overcometh valour. He is the high doer of deeds, warlike, and fierce, Errgè Echbel ('Horse-



mouth'), from Bri Errgi ('Errgë's Mound') in the north, is the one there."

"Yet another company there came to the same hill in Slane of Meath," said macRoth. "A large, noble, fiery man at the head of that company; foxy-red hair he had; huge, crimson-red eyes in his head; bulging as far as the bend of a warrior's finger is either of the very large crimson, kingly eyes he had; a many-coloured cloak about him; a wheel-shaped brooch of silver therein; a grey shield he bore on his left arm; a slender, blue lance above him; a bright, hooded shirt tucked around him that reached down to his knees; a sword with silver hilt at his hip; a spear remarkable for keenness in his revengeful right hand; a blood-smeared, becrimsoned company around him; himself covered with wounds and blood in their midst."

"Now who might he be?" asked Ailill of Fergus. "Well do we know him," Fergus made answer. "He is the bold, the ruthless, the swift-moving eagle; the eager lance; the goring beast; the torrent of the Colbtha; the border-gate of the north of Erin; the triumphant hero from Bailë; he is the shaft; he is the bellowing hero from Bernas ('the Gap'); the furious bull; Menn son of Salcholga, from Rena ('the Waterways') of the Boyne in the north; he hath come to take vengeance on ye for his bloody wounds and his sores which ye inflicted on him afore."

"Yet another company came thither to the same mound in Slane of Meath," continued macRoth. "High spirited and worthy of one another. A long-jawed, swallow-faced warrior, huge, broad, and tall, at the head of that company; black hair on his head; long limbs are his legs; a cloak of red curly wool about him; a brooch of white silver in the cloak over his breast; an all-white, linen shirt next to his skin; a gory-red shield with a boss of gold he bore; a sword with hilt of white silver on his left side; a sharp-cornered, gold-socketed spear he held over him; a broad, grey, interwoven spear-head, fairly set on an ashen shaft, in his hand." "But, who might he be?" Ailill asked of Fergus. "Truly, we know him," Fergus made answer. "The man of three stout blows has come; the man of three highways is he; the man of three roads, the man of three paths, the man of three ways; the man of three victories, the man of three triumphs; the man of three shouts; the man that breaks battles on foes in another province; Fergna son of Findchoem, king of Burach, from Coronn, royal hospitaller of Ulster in the north, has come thither."

"Even another company came there to the same mound in Slane of Meath," continued macRoth. "Vaster than a division of three thousand was its appearance. A large, white-breasted, well-favoured man in the van of that company. Like to Ailill yonder, with his pointed weapons, the restrainer, both in features and noble bearing and fairness, both in arms and apparel, in valour and bravery and fame and deeds. A blue shield adapted for striking, with boss of gold was upon him. A gold-hilted sword, the pillar of a palace, along his shoulder he bore on his left side; a five-pronged spear with gold, in his hand; an exceeding fine cloak folded about him; a brooch of gold in the cloak over his breast; a tunic with red ornaments about him; a golden crown on his head."

"But, who might that be?" asked Ailill of Fergus. "Ah, but we know him well," Fergus made answer. "Truly, the sea over rivers is the one that is come thither; the wild rage of fire; not to be borne is his wrath against foes; the root of all manhood; the assault of overwhelming power; the annihilation of men is he that is come thither. Furbaidé Ferbenn son of Conchobar, from Sil in Mag Inis in the north, is there."

"Yet another company came to the mound in Slane of Meath," continued macRoth. "A sharp, proud folk; a stately, royal company, with their apparel of many colours, as well white and blue and black and purple, so that to a king could be likened each spirited, chosen man in the noble, most wonderful troop. A feast for the eyes of a host, to gaze on their comeliness and their garb, as if it was going forth to some great surpassing assembly was each single man of that company. A trine of noble, distinguished men were in the front rank of that company. The first man of them with a dark-grey mantle fringed with gold thread about him; a brooch of gold in the mantle over his breast; a tunic of rare silk next to his skin; sandals of lamb's skin he wore. Not many men in the world are better-favoured than is he. A light-yellow head of hair he has;

a bright-faced sword with ivory hilt and with coils of gold thread, in his right hand. He flings on high the tooth-hilted sword, so that it falls on the head of the middle man but it simply grazes it. He catches it up in the air again, so that it falls on the head of the other man, and the first man catches it in his hand, and it divided not a ringlet nor the skin of the head of either of them, and these two men did not perceive it. Two brown, rich-hued, bright-faced youths; reddish-grey mantles around them; white-silver brooches in their mantles over their breasts; a bright-hilted sword under their waists; purple sandals they wore; as sweet as strings of lutes when long sustained in players' hands was the voice and song of one of the men, so that enough of delight it was to the host to listen to the sound of his voice. Worthy of a king or of a prince was each man in that company as regards apparel and appearance; thou wouldst think, at the sight of them, they were all kings. Neither spears nor swords do they bear, but their servants bear them."

"An over-proud body is that," quoth Ailill; "and who may they be, O Fergus?" he asked. "I know full well," replied Fergus; "the poets of Ulster are they, with that Fercedne the fair, much-gifted, whom thou sawest, even the learned master of Ulster, Fercedne. 'Tis before him that the lakes and rivers sink when he upbraids, and they swell up high when he applauds. The two others thou sawest are Athirnë the chief poet, whom none can deny, and Ailill Miltenga ('Honey-tongue') son of Carba; and he is called Ailill 'Honey-tongue' for that as sweet as honey are the words of wisdom that fall from him."

"There came yet another company to the mound in Slane of Meath," said macRoth. "A most terrible, dreadful sight to behold them. Blue and pied and green, purple, grey and white and black mantles; a kingly, white-grey, broad-eyed hero in the van of that company; wavy, grizzled hair upon him; a blue-purple cloak about him; a leaf-shaped brooch with ornamentation of gold in the cloak over his breast; a shield, stoutly braced with buckles of red copper; yellow sandals he wore; a large, strange-fashioned sword along his shoulder. Two curly-haired, white-faced youths close by him, wearing green cloaks and purple sandals and blue tunics, and with brown shields fitted with hooks, in their hands; white-hilted swords with silvered bronze ornaments they bore; a broad, somewhat light countenance had one of them. One of these cunning men raises his glance to heaven and scans the clouds of the sky and bears their answer to the marvellous troop that is with him. They all lift their eyes on high and watch the clouds and work their spells against the elements, so that the elements fall to warring with each other, till they discharge rain-clouds of fire downwards on the camp and entrenchments of the men of Erin."

"Who might that be, O Fergus?" asked Ailill. "I know him," replied Fergus; "the foundation of knowledge; the master of the elements; the heaven-soaring one; he that blindeth the eyes; that depriveth his foe of his strength through incantations of druids, namely Cathba the friendly druid, with the druids of Ulster about him. And to this end he makes augury when judging the elements, in order to ascertain therefrom how the great battle on Garech and Ilgarech will end. The two youths that are about him, they are his own two sons, to wit Imrinn son of Cathba and Genonn Grad-solus ('Bright-cheek') son of Cathba, he that has the somewhat light countenance. Howbeit it will be hard for the men of Erin to withstand the spells of the druids."

"Yet another company there came to the mound in Slane of Meath," continued macRoth. "A numberless, bright-faced band; unwonted garments they wore; a little bag at the waist of each man of them. A white-haired, bull-faced man in the front of that company; an eager, dragon-like eye in his head; a black, flowing robe with edges of purple around him; a many coloured, leaf-shaped brooch with gems, in the robe over his breast; a ribbed tunic of thread of gold around him; a short sword, keen and hard, with plates of gold, in his hand; they all came to show him their stabs and their sores, their wounds and their ills, and he told each one his sickness, and he gave each a cure, and what at last happened to each was even the ill he foretold him." "He is the power of leechcraft; he is the healing of wounds; he is the thwarting of death; he is the absence of every weakness, is that man," said Fergus, "namely Fingin the prophet mediciner, the physician of Conchobar, with the leeches of Ulster around him. It is he that

knoweth the sickness of a man by the smoke of the house wherein he lies, or by hearing his groans. Their medicine bags are the sacks which thou sawest with them."

"Another company came to the mound in Slane of Meath," continued macRoth. "A powerful, heavy, turbulent company; they caused uproar in their deeds of arms for the accomplishment of brilliant feats; they tore up the sad-sodded earth with the strength of their bitter rage, for the mighty princes of the proud province of Conchobar would not allow them to proceed to the great camp till all should be arrived. Two youths, swarthy and huge, in the front of that company; soft, playful eyes in their heads; about them, dark-grey tunics with silver pins set with stones; great, horn-topped swords with sheaths they bore; strong, stout shields they bore; hollow lances with rows of rivets, in their hands; glossy tunics next to their skin." "We know well that company," quoth Fergus; "the household of Conchobar and his vassals are those; their two leaders, Glasnè and Menn, two sons of Uthechar."

"There came yet another band to the mound in Slane of Meath," continued macRoth; "to wit, a band of a numerous body of henchmen. A black, hasty, swarthy, ..., man in the front rank of that band; seven chains around his neck; seven men at the end of each chain; these seven groups of men he drags along, so that their faces strike against the ground, and they revile him until he desists. Another terrible man is there, and the ponderous stone which powerful men could not raise, he sets on his palm and flings on high to the height a lark flies on a day of fine weather; a club of iron at his belt." "I know those men," quoth Fergus; "Triscoth the strong man of Conchobar's house; it is he that flings the stone on high. Ercenn son of the three stewards, he it is in the chains."

"There came another large, stately company to the mound in Slane of Meath," macRoth went on. "Three, very curly-headed, white-faced youths in the van of that troop; three curly-red kirtles with brooches of silvered bronze was the apparel they wore about them; three sparkling tunics of silk with golden seams tucked up about them; three studded shields with images of beasts for emblems in silvered bronze upon them and with bosses of red gold; three very keen swords with guards adorned with gold thread along their shoulders; broad-bladed javelin-heads on ashen shafts in their hands." "Who might that be there, O Fergus?" asked Ailill. "That I know," answered Fergus: "the three venoms of serpents; three cutting ones; three edges; three watchful ones; three points of combat; three pillars of the borders; three powerful companies of Ulster; three wardens of Erin; three triumph-singers of a mighty host are there," said Fergus, "the three sons of Conchobar, namely Glas and Manè and Conaigh."

"Yet another company there came to the mound in Slane of Meath," said macRoth. "Stately, in beautiful colours, gleaming-bright they came to the mound. Not fewer than an army-division, as a glance might judge them. A bold, fair-cheeked youth in the van of that troop; light-yellow hair has he; though a bag of red-shelled nuts were spilled on his crown, not a nut of them would fall to the ground because of the twisted, curly locks of his head. Bluish-grey as harebell is one of his eyes; as black as beetle's back is the other; the one brow black, the other white; a forked, light-yellow beard has he; a magnificent red-brown mantle about him; a round brooch adorned with gems of precious stones fastening it in his mantle over his right shoulder; a striped tunic of silk with a golden hem next to his skin; an ever-bright shield he bore; a hard-smiting, threatening spear he held over him; a very keen sword with hilt-piece of red gold on his thigh." "Who might that be, O Fergus?" asked Ailill. "I know, then," replied Fergus: "it is battle against foes; it is the inciting of strife; it is the rage of a monster; it is the madness of a lion; it is the cunning of a snake; it is the rock of the Badb; it is the sea over dikes; it is the shaking of rocks; it is the stirring of a wild host, namely Conall Cernach ('the Victorious'), the high-glorious son of Amargin, that is come hither."

"Yet another company came to the same mound in Slane of Meath," said macRoth. "Very heroic and without number it is; steady and dissimilar to the other companies. Strange garments, unlike the other companies they wore. Famously have they come, both in arms and raiment and dress. A great host and fierce is that company. Some wore red cloaks, others light-blue cloaks, others dark blue cloaks, others green cloaks; white and yellow

jerkins, beautiful and shiny, were over them. Behold the little, freckled, red-faced lad with purple, fringed mantle folded about him amongst them in their midst. Fairest of the forms of men was his form. A salmon-shaped brooch of gold in the mantle over his breast; a bright, hooded tunic of royal silk with red trimming of red gold next to his white skin; a bright shield with intricate figures of beasts in red gold upon it; a boss of gold on the shield; an edge of gold around it; a small, gold-hilted sword at his waist; a sharp, light lance cast its shadow over him." "But, who might he be?" asked Ailill of Fergus. "Truly, I know not," Fergus made answer, "that I left behind me in Ulster the like of that company nor of the little lad that is in it. But, one thing I think likely, that they are the men of Temair with the well-favoured, wonderful, noble youth Erc son of Fedilmid Nocruthach, Conchobar's daughter, and of Carbre Niafer. And if it be they, they are not more friends than their leaders here. Mayhap despite his father has this lad come to succour his grandfather at this time. And if these they be, a sea that drowneth shall this company be to ye, because it is through this company and the little lad that is in it that the battle shall this time be won against ye." "How through him?" asked Ailill. "Not hard to tell," Fergus responded: "for this little lad will know neither fear nor dread when slaying and slaughtering, until at length he comes into the midst of your battalion. Then shall be heard the whirr of Conchobar's sword like the yelp of a howling war-hound, or like a lion rushing among bears, while the boy will be saved. Then outside around the battle lines will Conchobar pile up huge walls of men's bodies while he seeks the little lad. In turn the princes of the men of Ulster, filled with love and devotion, will hew the enemy to pieces. Boldly will those powerful bulls, the brave warriors of Ulster, bellow as their grandson, the calf of their cow, is rescued in the battle on the morn of the morrow."

"Then came there three huge, strong, well-braced, cunningly-built castles; three mighty, wheeled-towers like unto mountains, in this wise placed in position: Three royal castles with their thirty fully armed battalions, swarming with evil-tongued warriors and with thirty round-shielded heroes. A bright, beautiful, glistening shield-guard was on each of the three strong, stout battle-castles, with black, deadly armament of huge, high, blue, sharp pine-lances, such that one's bent knee would fit in the socket of each smooth, polished, even and hard spear-head that is on each huge, terrible, strange shaft of the terrible, awful, heavy, monstrous, indescribable armament that I saw. A third part of each shaft was contained in the socket of the riveted, very long, securely placed spears; as high as two cubits was each citadel from the ground; as long as a warrior's spear was the height of each battle-hurdle; as sharp as charmed sword was the blade of each sickle on the sides and the flanks of each of Badb's hurdles; on each of the three stout and hard battle-hurdles they are to be found. Four dark, yet gleaming, well-adorned doors were on each battle-wheeled tower of the three royal wheeled-towers which were displayed and spread over the plain, with ivory door-posts, with lintels of cypress, with stately thresholds set of speckled, beautiful, strong pine, with their blue, glass door-leaves, with the glitter of crystal gems around each door-frame, so that its appearance from afar was like that of bright shining stars. As loud as the crash of a mighty wave at the great spring-tide, or of a huge heavy fleet upon the sea when toiling with the oars along the shore, was the similitude of the din and the clamour and the shouts and the tumult of the multitude and the to-and-fro of the thirty champions with their thirty heavy, iron clubs that they bear in their hands. And when the wheeled-towers advance massively and boldly against the line of heroes, these almost leave behind their arms at the fierce charge of the outland battalions. Then spring the three hundred champions with a shout of vengeful anger over the sides and over the front of the huge iron towers on wheels, so that this it was that checked the swift course and the great, hasty onslaught of the well-grounded, swiftly-moving, mighty chariots. The three stout, strong, battle-proof towers on wheels careered over rough places and over obstacles, over rocks and over heights. There coursed the thirty entire chargers, powerful, strong-backed, four abreast, the equal of ninety entire chargers, with manes more than big, bold and leaping, with sack-like, distended nostrils, high-headed, towering, over-powering, wonderful, so that they shook with their

ramping the thick shell of the sad-sodded earth. They flocked the plain behind them with the foam dripping from the swift Danish steeds, from the bits and bridles, from the traces and tracks of the huge, maned, mighty steeds, greater than can be told! They excited strife with their din of arms. They plunged headlong in their swift impatience. They aroused great terror at their accoutrement, at their armour, at their cunning, at their power, at their hugeness, at their destructive, terrible, hostile vengeance on the four grand, proud provinces of Erin. Amazing to me was their appearance because of the unwontedness of their trappings both in form and in garb. Three wonderful flights of birds with variety of appearance hovered over them. The first flock was all red, the second flock was white as swans, the third flock as black as ravens. Three red-mouthed, crow-shaped demons of battle sped around them as swift as hares, circling the three wheeled towers, and this is what they prophesied:—

"Sheaves of battle,  
Might of quelling,  
Ill of war-deeds,  
Sating of foul ravens!  
Sodden ground, blood-red;  
Men low in dust;  
Sheaves on sword-blades!"

"They wheeled about and brought them twelve battle-pillars of thick, huge, iron pillars. As thick as the middle of a warrior's thigh, as tall as a champion's spear was each battle-fork of them, and they placed four forks under each wheeled-tower. And their horses all ran from them and grazed upon the plain. And those forty that had gone in advance descend clad in armour on the plain, and the garrison of the three battle-wheeled towers falls to attacking and harassing them, and is attacked and harassed in turn by those forty champions, so that there was heard the breaking of shields and the loud blows of hard iron poles on bucklers and battle-helmets, on coats of mail and on the iron plates of smooth, hard, blue-black, sharp-beaked, forked spears. And in the whole camp there is none but is on the watch for their fierceness and their wrath and their cunning and their strangeness, for their fury, their achievements and the excellence of their guard. And in the place where the forty champions are and the thousand armed men contending with them, not one of the thousand had a wounding stroke nor a blow on his opponent because of the might of their skill in arms and the excellence of their defence withal!"

"They are hard to contend with for all such as are unfamiliar with them, is the opinion held of them," spake Fergus, "but they are readily to be dealt with for such as do know them. These are three battle-wheeled towers," Fergus continued, "as I perceive from their account. Once I saw their like, namely when as prentice I accompanied Darè to Spain, so that we entered the service, of the king of Spain, Esorb to wit, and we afterwards made an expedition to Soda, that is, to the king of Africa, and we gave battle to the Carthaginians. There came their like upon us against the battle-line wherein we were, an hundred battalions and three score hundred in each battalion. One of the wheeled-towers won victory over us all, for we were not on our guard against them. And this is the way to defeat them: To mine a hole broader than the tower in the ground in the front thereof and cover over the pitfall; and for the battle-line to be drawn up over against it and not to advance to attack, so that it is the towers that advance and fall into the pit. Lebarcham told me, as I passed over Taltiu, that the Ulstermen brought these towers from Germany, and the towers held a third of the exiles of Ulster among them as their only dwelling; and Cualgae ('a Heap of Spears') is their name, namely battle-penfolds. And herein have ye the sorest of all hardships, for although all the men of Erin are drawn up against them, it is the men of Erin that will be defeated. When they take it upon them to engage in battle they cannot hold out without a combat. Thus will they remain now till morning, every forty men of them contending with the others. And this is my advice to you," said Fergus: "permit me with my division to withstand them, and do ye betake yourselves to the woods and wilds of Erin, and the Ulstermen shall not find ye in any place, and I will proceed as an example, depending on my own men-of-war." "There are men here

for ye!" cried Medb. "That will be a force for yourselves," Fergus made answer.

"Yet another company came there to the same height in Slane of Meath," said macRoth. "Not fewer than a division was in it; wild, dark-red, warrior-bands; bright, clear, blue-purple men; long, fair-yellow heads of hair they wore; handsome, shining countenances they had; clear, kingly eyes; magnificent vesture with beautiful mantles; conspicuous, golden brooches along their bright-coloured sleeves; silken, glossy tunics; blue, glassy spears; yellow shields for striking withal; gold-hilted, inlaid swords set on their thighs; loud-tongued care has beset them; sorrowful are they all, and mournful; sad are the royal leaders; orphaned the brilliant company without their protecting lord who was wont to guard their lands." "But, who may they be?" asked Ailill of Fergus. "Indeed, we know them well," Fergus made answer. "Furious lions are they; deeds of battle; the division from the field of Murthemne are they. It is this that makes them cast-down, sorrowful, joyless as they are, because that their own divisional king himself is not amongst them, even Cuchulain, the restraining, victorious, red-sworded one that triumpheth in battle!" "Good reason, in truth, there is for them to be so," quoth Medb, "if they are dejected, mournful and joyless. There is no evil we have not worked on them. We have harassed and we have assailed them, their territory and their land, from Monday at the beginning of Samaintide till the beginning of Spring. We have taken their women and their sons and their youths, their steeds and their troops of horses, their herds and their flocks and their droves. We have razed their hills after them till they are become lowlands, so that they are level with the plain. We have brought their lords to bloody stabs and sores, to cuts and many wounds." "Not so, O Medb!" cried Fergus. "There is naught thou canst boast over them. For thou didst them no hurt nor harm that yon fine company's leader avenged not on thee. For, every mound and every grave, every stone and every tomb that is from hence to the east of Erin is the mound and the grave, the stone and the tomb of some goodly warrior and goodly youth of thy people, fallen at the hands of the noble chieftain of yonder company. Happy he to whom they hold! Woe to him whom they oppose! It will be enough, e'en as much as half a battle, for the men of Erin, when these defend their lord in the battle on the morning of the morrow."

"I heard a great uproar there, west of the battle or to its east," said macRoth. "Say, what noise was it?" asked Ailill of Fergus. "Ah, but we know it well," Fergus made answer: "Cuchulain it was, straining to go, sick as he is, to battle, wearied at the length of his lying sick on Fert Sciach ('Thorn-mound') under hoops and clasps and ropes, and the men of Ulster do not permit him to go because of his sores and his wounds, inasmuch as he is not fit for battle and is powerless for combat after his encounter with Ferdiad."

True indeed spake Fergus. Cuchulain it was, wearied at the length of his lying supine on Fert Sciach under hoops and clasps and ropes. "But, there is one thing more to tell," said Fergus: "unless he be held back now, he will surely come to the battle!"

Thus far the Companies of the Táin Bó Cúalnge mustered by Conchobar and the men of Ulster.

Then came two women lampoonists from the camp and quarters of the men of Erin; their names, Fethan and Collach, to wit; and they stood with a feint of weeping and wailing over Cuchulain, telling him of the defeat of Ulster and the death of Conchobar and the fall of Fergus in combat.

Now Conchobar proceeded with his troops till he pitched camp nearby his companions. Conchobar asked a truce of Ailill till sunrise on the morrow, and Ailill granted it for the men of Erin and the exiles, and Conchobar granted it for the men of Ulster, and thereupon Conchobar's tents were pitched. In this way the ground was bare between them, and the Ulstermen came thither at sunset.

## XXVI. THE DECISION OF THE BATTLE

It was on that night that the Morrigan, daughter of Ernmas, came, and she was engaged in fomenting strife and sowing dissension between the two camps on either side, and she spoke these words in the twilight between the two encampments:—

"Ravens shall pick  
 The necks of men!  
 Blood shall gush  
 In combat wild!  
 Skins shall be hacked;  
 Crazed with spoils!  
 Men's sides pierced  
 In battle brave,  
 Luibnech near!  
 Warriors' storm;  
 Mien of braves;  
 Cruachan's men!  
 Upon them comes  
 Ruin complete!  
 Lines shall be strewn  
 Under foot;  
 Their race die out!  
 Then Ulster hail:  
 To Erna woe!  
 To Ulster woe:  
 Then Erna hail!  
 (This she said in Erna's ear.)  
 Naught inglorious shall they do  
 Who them await!"

Now Cuchulain was at Fedain Collna near by. Food was brought to him that night by the purveyors, and they were used to come to converse with him by day. He killed not any of the men of Erin to the left of Ferdiad's Ford. It was then that Cuchulain spake to Laeg son of Riagabair. "It would surely be unworthy of thee, O Laeg my master," said Cuchulain, "if between the two battle-lines there should happen anything to-day whereof thou hadst no tidings for me." "Whatsoever I shall learn, O Cucucuc," answered Laeg, "will be told thee. But, see yonder a little flock coming forth on the plain from the western camp and station now. Behold a band of henchmen after them to check and to stay them. Behold also a company of henchmen emerging from the eastern camp and station to seize them." "Surely, that is so!" exclaimed Cuchulain. "That bodes a mighty combat and is the occasion of a grand battle. The little flock will come over the plain and the band of henchmen from the east and the band of henchmen from the west will encounter one another betimes about the little flock on the great field of battle." There, indeed, Cuchulain spoke true. And the little flock came forth upon the plain, and the companies of henchmen met in fray. "Who gives the battle now, O Laeg my master," Cuchulain asked. "The folk of Ulster," Laeg answered: "that is the same as the young warriors of Ulster." "But how fight they?" Cuchulain asked. "Like men they fight," Laeg answered. "There where are the heroes of valour from the east in battle, they force a breach through the ranks to the west. There where are the heroes from the west, they lay a breach through the ranks to the eastward." "It would be a vow for them to fall in rescuing their herds," said Cuchulain; "and now?" "The beardless youths are fighting now," said the charioteer. "Has a bright cloud come over the sun yet?" Cuchulain asked. "Nay, then," the charioteer answered. "I grieve that I am not yet strong enough to be on my feet amongst them. For, were I able to be on my feet amongst them, my breach would be manifest there to-day like that of another!" "But, this avow, O Cucuc," said Laeg: "it is no reproach to thy valour; it is no disgrace to thine honour. Thou hast done bravely in time before now and thou wilt do bravely hereafter."

About the hour of sunrise: "It is a haughty folk that now fight the battle," quoth the charioteer; "but there are no kings amongst them, for sleep is still upon them." "Come, O my master Laeg!" cried Cuchulain; "rouse the men of Ulster to the battle now, for it is time that they come."

Then, when the sun arose, Cuchulain saw the kings from the east putting their crowns on their heads and relieving their men-at-arms. Cuchulain told his charioteer to awaken the men of Ulster. Laeg came and roused the men of Ulster to battle, and he uttered these words there:—

"Arise, ye kings of Macha,  
 Valiant in your deeds!"

Imbel's kine the Badb doth covet:  
 Blood of hearts pours out!  
 Goodly heroes' battle rushes in  
 With deeds of valour!  
 Hearts all red with gore:  
 Brows turned in flight.  
 Dismay of battle riseth.  
 For there was never found  
 One like unto Cuchulain,  
 Hound that Macha's weal doth work!  
 If it is for Cualnge's kine,  
 Let them now arise!"

## XXVII. NOW OF THE BATTLE OF GARECH

Thereupon arose all the men of Ulster at the one time in the train of their king, and at the word of their prince, and to prepare for the uprising in response to the call of Laeg son of Riagabair. And in this wise they arose: stark-naked all of them, only their weapons in their hands. Each one whose tent door looked to the east, through the tent westwards he went, for that he deemed it too long to go round about it.

"How arise the Ulstermen now to the battle, O Laeg my master?" asked Cuchulain. "Manfully they rise," said Laeg: "stark-naked all of them, except for their arms only. Every man whose tent-door faces the east, through the tent westwards he goes, for he deems it too long to go round about it." "I pledge my word!" cried Cuchulain: "at a fitting hour have they now in the early day risen around Conchobar!"

Then spake Conchobar to Sencha son of Ailill: "Come, O Sencha my master," said Conchobar; "stay the men of Ulster, and let them not go to the battle till there come the strength of a good omen and favourable portent, till the sun mounts to the roof-tree of heaven and sunshine fills the glens and lowlands and hills and watch-towers of Erin."

They tarried there till the strength of a good omen came and a favourable portent, till sunshine filled the glens and slopes and heights and watch-towers of the province.

"Come, O Sencha my master," said Conchobar; "rouse the men of Ulster to battle, for it is time for them to proceed thither." Sencha roused the men of Ulster to battle, and he spake these words:—

"Now shall Macha's kings arise,  
 Large-hearted folk!  
 Weapons let them shatter:  
 Let them fight the battle:  
 Let them plow the earth in anger:  
 Let them strike on shields!  
 Wearied all the hands;  
 Herds loud bellowing:  
 Steadfast the resistance:  
 Furious the retainers:  
 Battle-lines shall prostrate fall  
 'Neath the feet of others!  
 Prince and lord prepare for battle.  
 Perish shall their race!  
 Manful contest there shall be;  
 Their foes they lie in wait for  
 And slay them all to-day!  
 Deep draughts of blood they drink:  
 Grief fills the hearts of queens:  
 Tender lamentations follow:  
 Till soaked in blood shall be the grassy sod  
 On which they're slain,  
 To which they come.  
 If for Cualnge's kine it be,  
 Let Macha's kings! Let them arise!"

Not long was Laeg there when he witnessed something: the men of Erin all arising at one time, taking their shields and their spears and their swords and their helmets, and urging the men-of-war before them to the battle. The men of Erin, every single man of them, fell to smite and to batter, to cut and to hew, to slay and to

destroy the others for a long space and while. Thereupon Cuchulain asked of his charioteer, of Laeg son of Rianganabair, at the time that a bright cloud came over the sun: "Look for us! How fight the Ulstermen the battle now, O my master Laeg?" "Like men they fight," Laeg answered. "Should I mount my chariot, and En, Conall Cernach's ('the Victorious') charioteer, his chariot, and should we go in two chariots from one wing to the other on the points of the weapons, neither hoof nor wheel nor axle-tree nor chariot-pole would touch the ground for the denseness and closeness and firmness with which their arms are held in the hands of the men-at-arms at this time."

"Alas, that I am not yet strong enough to be amongst them now!" cried Cuchulain: "for, were I able, my breach would be manifest there to-day like that of another," spake Cuchulain. "But this avow, O Cucuc," said Laeg: "'tis no reproach to thy valour; 'tis no disgrace to thine honour. Thou hast wrought great deeds before now and thou wilt work great deeds hereafter."

Then began the men of Erin to smite and to batter, to cut and to hew, to slay and to destroy the others for a long space and while. Next came to them the nine chariot-fighters of the champions from Norseland, and the three foot-warriors along with them, and no swifter were the nine chariot-men than the three men on foot.

Then came to them also on the ford of hosting the governors of the men of Erin. And this was their sole office with Medb in the battle: to smite to death Conchobar if it were he that suffered defeat, and to rescue Ailill and Medb if it should be they were defeated. And these are the names of the governors:

## XXVIIa. HERE FOLLOWETH THE MUSTER OF THE MEN OF ERIN

The three Conarè from Sliab Mis, the three Lussen from Luachair, the three Niadchorb from Tilach Loiscthe, the three Doelfer from Deill, the three Damaltach from Dergderc, the three Buder from the Buas, the three Baeth from Buagnige, the three Buageltach from Mag Breg, the three Suibnè from the Siuir, the three Eochaid from Anè, the three Malleth from Loch Erne, the three Abatruid from Loch Ri, the three macAmra from Ess Ruaid, the three Fiacha from Fid Nemain, the three Manè from Muresc, the three Muredach from Maigr, the three Loegaire from Lecc Derg, the three Broduinde from the Berba, the three Bruchnech, from Cenn Abrat, the three Descertach from Druim Fornacht, the three Finn from Finnabair, the three Conall from Collamair, the three Carbre from Cliu, the three Manè from Mossa, the three Scathglan from Scairè, the three Echtach from Ercè, the three Trenfer from Taitè, the three Fintan from Femen, the three Rotanach from Rognè, the three Sarchorach from Suidè Lagen, the three Etarscel from Etarbane, the three Aed from Aidnè, the three Guarè from Gabal.

Then said Medb to Fergus. "It were truly a thing to boast of for thee, O Fergus," said she, "werest thou to use thy mightiness of battle vehemently without stint amongst us to-day, forasmuch as thou hast been driven out of thine own land and out of thine inheritance; amongst us hast thou found land and domain and inheritance, and much good-will hath been shown thee!"

Thereupon Fergus uttered this oath: "I swear," *et reliqua*, "jaws of men I would break from necks, necks of men with arms, arms of men with elbows, elbows of men with wrists, wrists of men with fists, fists of men with fingers, fingers of men with nails, nails of men with scalps, scalps of men with trunks, trunks of men with thighs, thighs of men with knees, knees of men with calves, calves of men with feet, feet of men with toes, toes of men with nails, so that heads of men over shields would be as numerous with me as bits of ice on the miry stamping-ground between two dry fields that a king's horses would course on. Every limb of the Ulstermen would I send flying through the air before and behind me this day like the flitting of bees on a day of fine weather, if only I had my sword!"

At that Ailill spoke to his own charioteer, Ferloga, to wit: "Fetch me a quick sword that wounds the skin, O gilla," said Ailill. "A year to-day I put that sword in thy hand in the flower of its condition and bloom. I give my word, if its bloom and condition be the worse at thy hands this day than the day I gave it thee on the hillside of

Cruachan Ai in the borders of Ulster, though thou hadst the men of Erin and of Alba to rescue thee from me to-day, they would not all save thee!"

Ferloga went his way, and he brought the sword with him in the flower of its safe-keeping, and fair flaming as a candle. And the sword was placed in Ailill's hand, and Ailill put it in Fergus' hand, and Fergus offered welcome to the sword: "Welcome, O Calad Colg ('Hardblade'), Letè's sword!" said he. "Weary, O champion of Badb! On whom shall I ply this weapon?" Fergus asked. "On the men-of-war around thee," Medb answered. "No one shall find indulgence nor quarter from thee to-day, unless some friend of thy bosom find it!"

Whereupon, Fergus took his arms and went forward to the battle, and he cleared a gap of an hundred in the battle-ranks with his sword in his two hands. Ailill seized his weapons. Medb seized her weapons and entered the battle. The Manè seized their arms and came to the battle. The macMagach seized their arms and came to the battle, so that thrice the Ulstermen were routed before them from the north, till Cualgae and sword drove them back again. Or it was Cuchulain that drove the men of Erin before him, so that he brought them back into their former line in the battle.

Conchobar heard that from his place in the line of battle, that the battle had gone against him thrice from the north. Then he addressed his bodyguard, even the inner circle of the Red Branch: "Hold ye here a while, ye men!" cried he; "even in the line of battle where I am, that I may go and learn by whom the battle has been thus forced against us thrice from the north." Then said his household: "We will hold out," said they, "in the place wherein we are: for the sky is above us and the earth underneath and the sea round about us, and unless the heavens shall fall with their showers of stars on the man-face of the world, or unless the furrowed, blue-bordered ocean break o'er the tufted brow of the earth, or unless the ground yawns open, will we not move a thumb's breadth backward from here till the very day of doom and of everlasting life, till thou come back to us!"

Conchobar went his way to the place where he heard the battle had gone three times against him from the north. Then Conchobar made a rush at Fergus, and he lifted shield against shield there, namely against Fergus mac Roig, even Ochain ('the Fair-ear') of Conchobar with its four ears of gold and its four bracings of red gold. Therewith Fergus gave three stout blows of Badb on the Ochain of Conchobar, so that Conchobar's shield cried aloud on him and the three chief waves of Erin gave answer, the Wave of Clidna, the Wave of Rudraige and the Wave of Tuag, to wit. Whenever Conchobar's shield cried out, the shields of all the Ulstermen cried out. However great the strength and power with which Fergus smote Conchobar on the shield, so great also was the might and valour wherewith Conchobar held the shield, so that the ear of the shield did not even touch the ear of Conchobar.

"Hearken, ye men of Erin!" cried Fergus; "who opposes a shield to me to-day on this day of battle when four of the five great provinces of Erin come together on Garech and Ilgarech in the battle of the Cattle-raid of Cualnge?" "Why, then, a gilla that is younger and mightier and comelier than thyself is here," Conchobar answered, "and whose mother and father were better! The man that hath driven thee out of thy borders, thy land and thine inheritance; the man that hath driven thee into the lairs of the deer and the wild hare and the foxes; the man that hath not granted thee to take the breadth of thy foot of thine own domain or land; the man that hath made thee dependent upon the bounty of a woman; the man that of a time disgraced thee by slaying the three bright lights of the valour of the Gael, the three sons of Usnech that were under thy safeguard and protection; the man that will repel thee this day in the presence of the men of Erin; Conchobar son of Fachtna Fathach son of Ross Ruad son of Rudraige, High King of Ulster and son of the High King of Erin; and though any one should insult thee, there is no satisfaction nor reparation for thee, for thou art in the service of a woman!"

"Truly hath this happened to me," Fergus responded. And Fergus placed his two hands on Calad Colg ('Hardblade'), and he heaved a blow with it backwards behind him, so that its point touched the ground, and he thought to strike his three fateful blows of Badb on the men of Ulster, so that their dead would

be more in number than their living. Cormac Conlongas son of Conchobar saw that and he rushed to his foster-father, namely to Fergus, and he closed his two royal hands over him outside his armour. "Ungentle, not heedful is this, Fergus my master! Full of hate, not of friendship is this, O Fergus my master! Let not the Ulstermen be slain and destroyed by thee through thy destructive blows, but take thou thought for their honour to-day on this day of battle!" "Get thee away from me, boy! Whom then should I strike?" exclaimed Fergus; "for I will not remain alive unless I deliver my three fateful strokes of Badb on the men of Ulster this day, till their dead be more in number than their living." "Then turn thy hand slantwise," said Cormac Conlongas, "and slice off the hill-tops over the heads of the hosts on every side and this will be an appeasing of thine anger." "Tell Conchobar also to fall back again to his place in the battle," said Fergus; "and I will no longer belabour the hosts." Cormac told this to Conchobar: "Go to the other side, O Conchobar," said Cormac to his father, "and this man will not visit his anger any longer here on the men of Ulster." So Conchobar went to his place in the battle. In this manner Fergus and Conchobar parted.

Fergus turned away. He slew a hundred warriors of Ulster in the first onslaught with the sword. He met Connall Cernach. "Too great is this rage," said Connall, "upon people and kindred because of the whim of a wanton." "What would ye have me do, ye warriors?" asked Fergus. "Smite the hills crosswise and the bushes around," Connall Cernach made answer.

Thus it was with that sword, which was the sword of Fergus: The sword of Fergus, the sword of Letè from Faery: Whenever he desired to strike with it, it became the size of a rainbow in the air. Thereupon Fergus turned his hand slantwise over the heads of the hosts, so that he smote the three tops of the three hills, so that they are still on the moor in sight of the men of Erin. And these are the three Maels ('the Balds') of Meath in that place, which Fergus smote as a reproach and a rebuke to the men of Ulster.

Now as regards Cuchulain. He heard the Ochain of Conchobar smitten by Fergus macRoig. "Come, O Laeg my master," cried Cuchulain: "who dares thus smite with those strong blows, mighty and far-away, the Ochain of Conchobar my master, and I alive?" Then Laeg made answer, saying: "The choice of men, Fergus macRoig, the very bold, smites it:—

"Blood he sheds—increase of slaughter—  
Splendid the hero, Fergus macRoig!  
Hidden had Iain Fairyland's chariot-sword!  
Battle now hath reached the shield,  
Shield of my master Conchobar!"

"How far have the hosts advanced, O Laeg?" Cuchulain asked. "They have come to Garech," Laeg answered. "I give my word for that," Cuchulain cried; "they will not come as far as Ilgarech, if I catch up with them! Quickly unloose the bands, gilla!" cried Cuchulain. "Blood covers men. Feats of swords shall be done. Men shall be spent therefrom!"

Since Cuchulain's going into battle had been prevented, his twisting fit came upon him, and seven and twenty skin tunics were given to him that used to be about him under strings and cords when going into battle. Then Cuchulain gave a mighty spring, so that the bindings of his wounds flew from him to Mag Tuag ('the Plain of the Bows') in Connacht. His bracings went from him to Bacca ('the Props') in Corcomruad in the district of Boirenn, His supports sprang from him to Rath Cinn Bara ('the Rath of Spit-head') in Ulster, and likewise his pins flew from him to Rath Clo ('the Rath of the Nails') in the land of the tribe of Connall. The dry wisps that were stuffed in his wounds rose to the roof of the air and the sky as highest larks fly on a day of sunshine when there is no wind. Thereupon, his bloody wounds got the better of him, so that the ditches and furrows of the earth were full of streams of blood and torrents of gore.

Some of the narrators aver that it was the strength of the warrior and champion that hurled these things to the aforementioned places; but it was not that, but his powerful friends, the fairy-folk, that brought them thither, to the end to make famous his history, so that from them these places are named. This was the first exploit of valour that Cuchulain performed on rising out of

his weakness: The two women lampoonists that made a feint of weeping and wailing over his head, Fethan and Collach to wit, he smote each of them against the head of the other, so that he was red with their blood and grey with their brains. These women had come from Medb to raise a pretended lamentation over him, to the end that his bloody wounds might burst forth on him, and to tell him that the men of Ulster had met with defeat and that Fergus had fallen in meeting the battle. His arms had not been left near him, except his chariot only. And he took his chariot on his back with its frame and its two axle-trees, and he set out to attack the men of Erin, and he smote them with the chariot, until he reached the place where Fergus macRoig was. "Turn hither, O Fergus my master!" he cried. Fergus did not answer, for he heard not. He spoke again, "Turn hither, turn hither, O Fergus my master!" he cried; "and if thou turn not, I swear to god what the Ulstermen swear, I will grind thee as a mill grinds fresh grain; I will wash thee as a cup is washed in a tub; I will bind thee as the woodbine binds the trees; I will pounce on thee as hawk pounces on fledglings; I will go over thee as its tail goes over a cat; I will pierce thee as a tool bores through a tree-trunk; I will pound thee as a fish is pounded on the sand!" "Truly this is my lot!" spake Fergus. "Who of the men of Erin dares to address these stiff, vengeful words to me, where now the four grand provinces of Erin are met on Garech and Ilgarech in the battle of the Raid for the Kine of Cualnge?" "Thy fosterling is before thee," he replied, "and fosterling of the men of Ulster and of Conchobar as well, Cuchulain son of Sual-tain and sister's son to Conchobar," replied Cuchulain. "And thou didst promise to flee before me what time I should be wounded, in pools of gore and riddled in the battle of the Táin. For, when thou hadst not thy sword with thee, I did flee before thee in thine own combat on the Táin; and do thou avoid me," said he. "Even that did I promise," Fergus answered. "Away with thee, then!" cried Cuchulain. "Tis well," replied Fergus; "thou didst avoid me; now thou art pierced with wounds."

Fergus gave ear to that word of Cuchulain, and he turned and made his three great strides of a hero back from Cuchulain and turned in flight from him. And as he turned with his company of three thousand warriors and the Leinstermen following after Fergus—for it is under Fergus' warrant they had come—and the men of Munster, there turned all the men of Erin.

Then the men of Erin broke their ranks westwards over the hill. The battle raged around the men of Connacht, around Ailill and his division and around Medb with hers and around the Manè with theirs and the mac Magach with theirs. At midday Cuchulain came to the battle. At the time of sunset at the ninth hour as the sun entered the tresses of the wood, when man and tree were no more to be known apart, Medb and the last company of the men of Connacht fled in rout westwards over the hill.

At that time there did not remain in Cuchulain's hand of the chariot but a handful of its spokes around the wheel, and a hand-breadth of its poles around the shell, with the slaying and slaughtering of the four grand provinces of Erin during all that time.

Then Medb betook her to a shield-shelter in the rear of the men of Erin. Thereafter Medb sent off the Brown Bull of Cualnge along with fifty of his heifers and eight of her runners with him around to Cruachan, to the end that whoso might and whoso might not escape, the Brown Bull of Cualnge should get away safely, even as she had promised.

Then it was that the issue of blood came upon Medb, and she said: "Do thou, Fergus, undertake a shield-shelter in the rear of the men of Erin till I let my water flow from me." "By my troth," replied Fergus, "'tis an ill hour for thee to be taken so." "Howbeit there is no help for me," Medb answered; "for I shall not live if I do not void water!" Fergus accordingly came and raised a shield-shelter in the rear of the men of Erin. Medb voided her water, so that it made three large dikes, so that a mill could find room in each dike. Hence the place is known as Fual Medbha ('Medb's Water').

Cuchulain came upon her as she was thus engaged, on his way to the battle, and he did not attack her. He would not strike her a blow from behind. He spared her then because it was not his wont to slay women. "Spare me!" cried Medb. "If I should slay thee, it were just for me," Cuchulain answered. "Arise from hence," said he; "for I deem it no honour to wound thee from behind with my

weapons." "I crave a boon of thee this day, O Cuchulain," spake Medb. "What boon cravest thou of me?" asked Cuchulain. "That this host be under thine honour and thy protection till they pass westwards over Ath Mor ('the Great Ford')." "Yea, I promise that," said Cuchulain. Then went Cuchulain around the men of Erin, and he undertook a shield-defence on one side of them, in order to protect the men of Erin. On the other side went the governors of the men of Erin. Medb went to her own place and assumed a shield-defence in the rear of the men of Erin, and in this manner they conveyed the men of Erin over Ath Mor westwards.

Then Laeg son of Riagabair brought Cuchulain's sword unto him, the 'Hard-headed Steeling' to wit, and Cuchulain took the sword in his hand. Then he stood still and gave a blow to the three bald-topped hills of Ath Luain over against the three Maela ('the Bald Tops') of Meath, so that he struck their three heads off them. And they are in the bog as a witness ever since. Hence these are the Maolain ('the Flat Tops') of Ath Luain. Cuchulain cut them off as a reproach and affront to the men of Connacht, in order that every time men should speak of Meath's three Bald Tops, these in the west should be the answer the 'Three Flat Tops of Ath Luain.'

Then when the battle had been lost, Fergus began to view the host as it went westwards of Ath Mor. "It was thus indeed it behoved this day to prove, for following in the lead of a woman," said Fergus. "Faults and feuds have met here to-day," said Medb to Fergus. "Betrayed and sold is this host to-day," Fergus answered. "And even as a brood-mare leads her foals into a land unknown, without a head to advise or give counsel before them, such is the plight of this host to-day in the train of a woman that hath ill counselled them."

Then Cuchulain turned to where Conchobar was with the nobles of Ulster before him. Conchobar bewailed and lamented Cuchulain, and then he uttered this lay:—

"How is this, O Cualnge's Hound,  
Hero of the Red Branch, thou:  
Great woe, champion, hast thou borne,  
Battling in thy land's defence!  
"Every morn a hundred slain,  
Every eve a hundred more,  
While the host purveyed thy fare,  
Feeding thee with cooling food!  
"Five-score heroes of the hosts,  
These I reckon are in graves.  
While their women—fair their hue—  
Spend the night bewailing them!"

## XXVIII. THE BATTLE OF THE BULLS

As regards Medb, it is related here: She suffered not the hosts to disperse forthwith, but she gathered the men of Erin and led them forth to Cruachan to behold the battle of the bulls and in what manner they would part from one another. For during the while the battle was being fought, the Brown Bull of Cualnge with fifty heifers in his company had been brought to Cruachan.

As regards the Brown Bull of Cualnge, it is now recounted in this place: When he saw the beautiful, strange land, he sent forth his three bellowing calls aloud. And Finnbennach Ai ('the Whitehorned of Ai') heard him. Now no male beast durst send forth a low that was louder than a moo in compare with him within the four fords of all Ai, Ath Moga and Ath Coltna, Ath Slissen and Ath Bercha. And the Whitehorned lifted his head with fierce anger at the bellowing of the Brown of Cualnge, and he hastened to Cruachan to look for the Brown Bull of Cualnge.

It was then the men of Erin debated who would be fitted to witness the fight of the bulls. They all agreed that it should be Bricriu son of Carbad that were fitted for that office. For, a year before this tale of the Cualnge Cattle-raid, Bricriu had gone from the one province into the other to make a request of Fergus. And Fergus had retained him with him waiting for his treasures and goods. And a quarrel arose between him and Fergus at a game of chess. And he spake evil words to Fergus. Fergus smote him with his fist and with the chess-man that was in his hand, so that he drave the chess-man into his head and broke a bone in his head. Whilst the men of Erin were on the foray of the Táin, all that time

Bricriu was being cured at Cruachan. And the day they returned from the expedition was the day Bricriu rose. He came with the rest to witness the battle of the bulls. And this is why they selected Bricriu, for that Bricriu was no fairer to his friend than to his foe. "Come, ye men of Erin!" cried Bricriu; "permit me to judge the fight of the bulls, for it is I shall most truly recount their tale and their deeds afterwards." And he was brought before the men of Erin to a gap whence to view the bulls.

So they drove the Brown Bull the morning of the fight till he met the Whitehorned at Tarbga in the plain of Ai: or Tarbguba ('Bull-groan'), or Tarbgleo ('Bull-fight'); Roi Dedond was the first name of that hill. Every one that had lived through the battle cared for naught else than to see the combat of the two bulls.

Each of the bulls sighted the other and there was a pawing and digging up of the ground in their frenzy there, and they tossed the earth over them. They threw up the earth over their withers and shoulders, and their eyes blazed red in their heads like firm balls of fire, and their sides bent like mighty boars on a hill. Their cheeks and their nostrils swelled like smith's bellows in a forge. And each of them gave a resounding, deadly blow to the other. Each of them began to hole and to gore, to endeavour to slaughter and demolish the other. Then the Whitehorned of Ai visited his wrath upon the Brown Bull of Cualnge for the evil of his ways and his doings, and he drave a horn into his side and visited his angry rage upon him. Then they directed their headlong course to where Bricriu was, so that the hoofs of the bulls drove him a man's cubit deep into the ground after his destruction. Hence, this is the Tragical Death of Bricriu son of Carbad.

Cormac Conlongas son of Conchobar saw that, and the force of affection arose in him, and he laid hold of a spearshaft that filled his grasp, and gave three blows to the Brown Bull of Cualnge from ear to tail, so that it broke on his thick hide from ear to rump. "No wonderful, lasting treasure was this precious prize for us," said Cormac, "that cannot defend himself against a stirk of his own age!" The Brown Bull of Cualnge heard this—for he had human understanding—and he turned upon the Whitehorned. Thereupon the Brown of Cualnge became infuriated, and he described a very circle of rage around the Whitehorned, and he rushed at him, so that he broke his lower leg with the shock. And thereafter they continued to strike at each other for a long while and great space of time, and so long as the day lasted they watched the contest of the bulls till night fell on the men of Erin. And when night had fallen, all that the men of Erin could hear was the bellowing and roaring. That night the bulls coursed over the greater part of all Erin. For every spot in Erin wherein is a 'Bulls' Ditch,' or a 'Bulls' Gap,' or a 'Bulls' Fen,' or a 'Bulls' Loch,' or a 'Bulls' Rath,' or a 'Bulls' Back,' it is from them those places are named.

## XXIX. ACCOUNT OF THE BROWN BULL OF CUALNGE

A journey of a day and a night the Brown Bull carried the remains of the Whitehorned till he came to the loch that is by Cruachan. And he came thereof with the loin and the shoulder-blade and the liver of the other on his horns. It was not long before the men of Erin, as they were there in the company of Ailill and Medb early on the morrow, saw coming over Cruachan from the west the Brown Bull of Cualnge with the Whitehorned of Ai in torn fragments hanging about his ears and horns. The men of Erin arose, and they knew not which of the bulls it was. "Come, ye men!" cried Fergus; "leave him alone if it be the Whitehorned that is there; and if it be the Brown of Cualnge, leave him his trophy with him!"

Then it was that the seven Manè arose to take vengeance on the Brown Bull of Cualnge for his violence and his valour. "Whither go yonder men?" asked Fergus. "They go to kill the Brown of Cualnge," said all, "because of his evil deeds." "I pledge my word," shouted Fergus: "what has already been done in regard to the bulls is a small thing in compare with that which will now take place, unless with his spoils and victory ye let the Brown of Cualnge go from you into his own land."

Then the Brown Bull of Cualnge gave forth the three chiefest bellowings of his throat in boast of his triumph, and fear of Fer-

gus held back the men of Erin from attacking the Brown Bull of Cualnge.

Then went the Brown Bull of Cualnge to the west of Cruachan. He turned his right side towards Cruachan, and he left there a heap of the liver of the Whitehorned, so that thence is named Cruachan Ai ('Liver-reeks').

Next he came to his own land and reached the river Finnglas ('Whitewater'), and, on coming, he drank a draught from the river, and, so long as he drank the draught, he let not one drop of the river flow by him. Then he raised his head, and the shoulder-blades of the Whitehorned fell from him in that place. Hence, Sruthair Finnlethe ('Stream of the White Shoulder-blade') is the name given to it.

He pursued his way to the river Shannon, to the brink of Ath Mor ('the Great Ford'), and he drank a draught from it, and, as long as he drank the draught, he let not one drop of the river flow past him. Then he raised his head, so that the two haunches of the Whitehorned fell from him there; and he left behind the loin of the Whitehorned in that place, so that thence cometh Athlone ('Loinford'). He continued eastwards into the land of Meath to Ath Truim. He sent forth his roar at Iraid Cuillinn; he was heard over the entire province. And he drank in Tromma. As long as he drank the draught, he let not one drop of the river flow past him. And he left behind there the liver of the Whitehorned. Some learned men say, it is from the liver of the Whitehorned which fell from the Brown of Cualnge, that Ath Truim ('Liverford') is called. He raised his head haughtily and shook the remains of the Whitehorned from him over Erin. He sent its hind leg away from him to Port Largè ('Port of the Hind Leg'). He sent its ribs from him to Dublin, which is called Ath Cliath ('Ford of the Ribs' or 'of the Hurdles').

He turned his face northwards then, and went on thence to the summit of Sliab Breg, and he saw the peaks and knew the land of Cualnge, and a great agitation came over him at the sight of his own land and country, and he went his way towards it. In that place were women and youths and children lamenting the Brown Bull of Cualnge. They saw the Brown of Cualnge's forehead approaching them. "The forehead of a bull cometh towards us!" they shouted. Hence is Taul Tairb ('Bull's Brow') ever since. Then he went on the road of Midluachar to Cuib, where he was wont to be with the yeld cow of Darè, and he tore up the earth there. Hence cometh Gort Buraig ('Field of the Trench').

Then turned the Brown of Cualnge on the women and youths and children of the land of Cualnge, and with the greatness of his fury and rage he effected a great slaughter amongst them. He turned his back to the hill then and his heart broke in his breast, even as a nut breaks, and he belched out his heart like a black stone of dark blood. He went then and died between Ulster and Uí Echach at Druim Tairb. Druim Tairb ('Bull's Back') is the name of that place.

Such, then, is the account of the Brown Bull of Cualnge, and the end of the Táin by Medb of Cruachan daughter of Eocho Fedlech, and by Ailill son of Maga, and by all the men of Ulster up to this point. Ailill and Medb made peace with the men of Ulster and with Cuchulain. For seven years there was no killing of men amongst them in Erin. Finnabair remained with Cuchulain, and the Con-nachtmen went to their own land, and the men of Ulster returned to Emain Macha with their great triumph. *Finit. Amen.*

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A blessing be upon all such as shall faithfully keep the Táin in memory as it stands here and shall not add any other form to it.



# Wace: Chronicle of the Norman Conquest

## PROLOGUE

### CONCERNING THE AUTHOR OF THIS BOOK, SETTING FORTH HIS INTENT AND DEGREE.

To commemorate the deeds, the sayings, and manners of our ancestors, to tell the felonies of felons and the baronage of barons, men should read aloud at feasts the gests and histories of other times; and therefore they did well, and should be highly prized and rewarded who first wrote books, and recorded therein concerning the noble deeds and good words which the barons and lords did and said in days of old. Long since would those things have been forgotten, were it not that the tale thereof has been told, and their history duly recorded and put in remembrance.

Many a city hath once been, and many a noble state, whereof we should now have known nothing; and many a deed has been done of old, which would have passed away, if such things had not been written down, and read and rehearsed by clerks.

The fame of Thebes was great, and Babylon had once a mighty name; Troy also was of great power, and Nineveh was a city broad and long; but whoso should now seek them would scarce find their place.

Nebuchadnezzar was a great king; he made an image of gold, sixty cubits in height, and six cubits in breadth; but he who should seek ever so carefully would not, I ween, find out where his bones were laid: yet thanks to the good clerks, who have written for us in books the tales of times past, we know and can recount the marvellous works done in the days that are gone by.

Alexander was a mighty king; he conquered twelve kingdoms in twelve years: he had many lands and much wealth, and was a king of great power; but his conquests availed him little, he was poisoned and died. Cæsar, whose deeds were so many and bold, who conquered and possessed more of the world than any man before or since could do, was at last, as we read, slain by treason, and fell in the capitol. Both these mighty men, the lords of so many lands, who vanquished so many kings, after their deaths held of all their possessions nought but their bodies' length. What availed them, or how are they the better for their rich booty and wide conquests? It is only from what they have read, that men learn that Alexander and Caesar were. Their names have endured many years; yet they would have been utterly forgotten long ago, if their story had not been written down.

All things hasten to decay; all fall; all perish; all come to an end. Man dieth, iron consumeth, wood decayeth; towers crumble, strong walls fall down, the rose withereth away; the war-horse waxeth feeble, gay trappings grow old; all the works of men's hands perish. Thus we are taught that all die, both clerk and lay; and short would be the fame of any after death, if their history did not endure by being written in the book of the clerk.

The story of the Normans is long and hard to put into romanz. If any one ask who it is that tells it and writes this history, let him know that I am Wace, of the isle of Jersey, which is in the western sea, appendant to the fief of Normandy. I was born in the island of Jersey, but was taken to Caen when young; and, being there taught, went afterwards to France, where I remained for a long time. When I returned thence, I dwelt long at Caen, and there turned myself to making romances, of which I wrote many.

In former times, they who wrote gests and histories of other days used to be beloved, and much prized and honoured. They had rich gifts from the barons and noble ladies; but now I may ponder long, and write and translate books, and may make many a romance and sirvente, ere I find any one, how courteous soever he may be, who will do me any honour, or give me enough even to pay a scribe. I talk to rich men who have rents and money; it is for them that the book is made, that the tale well told and written down; but noblesse now is dead, and largesse hath perished with it; so that I have found none, let me travel where I will, who will bestow ought upon me, save king Henry the second. He gave me, so God reward him, a prebend at Bayeux, and many other good gifts. He was grandson of the first king Henry, and father of the third. Three kings—dukes and kings—dukes of Normandy, and kings of England—all three have I known, being a reading clerk, in their days.

In honour of the second Henry, of the line of Roul, I have told the tale of Roul, of his noble parentage, of Normandy that he conquered, and the prowess that he showed. I have recounted the history of William Lunge-espee, till the Flemings killed him by felony and treason; of Richard his son, whom he left a child; of the second Richard, who succeeded him; of his son the third Richard; who was soon followed by Duke Robert his brother, who went to Jerusalem, and died by poison; and now the tale will be of William his son, who was born to him of the 'meschine, Arlot of Faleise'.

## CHAPTER I.

### HOW WILLIAM BECAME DUKE, AND HOW HIS BARONS REVOLTED AGAINST HIM.

The mourning for Duke Robert was great and lasted long; and William his son, who was yet very young, sorrowed much. The feuds against him were many, and his friends few; for he found that most were ill inclined towards him; those even whom his father held dear he found haughty and evil disposed. The barons warred upon each other; the strong oppressed the weak; and he could not prevent it, for he could not do justice upon them all. So they burned and pillaged the villages, and robbed and plundered the villains, injuring them in many ways.

A mighty feud broke out between Walkelin de Ferrieres, and Hugh Lord of Montfort; I know not which was right and which wrong; but they waged fierce war with each other, and were not to be reconciled; neither by bishop nor lord could peace or love be established between them. Both were good knights, bold and brave. Once upon a time they met, and the rage of each against the other was so great that they fought to the death. I know not which carried himself most gallantly, or who fell the first, but the issue of the affray was that Hugh was slain, and Walkelin fell also; both lost their lives in the same affray, and on the same day.

William meantime grew, and strengthened himself as his years advanced; yet still he was forced to hear and see many a deed which went against his heart, though he could do nothing to prevent it. The barons' feuds continued; they had no regard for him. Every one according to his means made castles and fortresses. On account of the castles wars arose, and destruction of the lands; great affrays and jealousies; maraudings and challengings; while

the duke could give no redress to those who suffered such wrongs.

Still as he advanced in age and stature he waxed strong; for he was prudent, and took care to strengthen himself on many sides. He had now held the land twelve years, when the country was involved in war, and suffered greatly through Neel de Costentin and Renouf de Beessin, two viscounts of great power, who had the means of working much mischief.

William had about his person Gui, a son of Regnald the Burgundian, who had married Aeliz, the daughter of Duke Richard, and had two sons by her. Oui was brought up with William. When he was a young varlet, and first began to ride and to know how to feed and dress himself, he was taken into Normandy and brought up with William, who was very fond of him, and when he had made him a knight, gave him Briune and Vernun, and other lands round about. When Gui had got possession, and had strengthened them till they had become good and fair castles, he became very envious of William, who had seigniorship over him, and began to annoy him, and to challenge Normandy itself as his own right, reproaching William for his bastardy, and feloniously stirring up war against him; but it fell out ill for him, for in trying to seize all he lost the whole. He assembled and talked with Neel and Renouf, and Hamon-as-dens, and Grimoult del Plesseiz, who served William grudgingly. "There was not," he said, "any heir who had a better right to Normandy than himself. Richard was father to his mother; he was no bastard, but bora in wedlock; and if right was done, Normandy would belong to him. If they would support him in his claim, he would divide it with them." So, at length, he said so much, and promised so largely, that they swore to support him according to their power in making war on William, and to seek his disherison by force or treason. Then they stored their castles, dug fosses, and erected barricades, William knowing nothing of their preparations.

He was at that time sojourning at Valognes, for his pleasure as well as on business; and had been engaged for several days hunting and shooting in the woods. One evening late his train had left his court, and all had gone to rest at the hostels where they lodged, except those who were of his household; and he himself was laid down. Whether he slept or not I do not know, but in the season of the first sleep, a fool named Golet came, with a staff slung at his neck, crying out at the chamber door, and beating the wall with the staff; "Ovrez! ovrez!" said he, "Ovrez! ovrez! ye are dead men: levez! levez! Where art thou laid, William? Wherefore dost thou sleep? If thou art found here thou wilt die; thy enemies are arming around; if they find thee here, thou wilt never quit the Cotentin, nor live till the morning!"

Then William was greatly alarmed; he rose up and stood as a man sorely dismayed. He asked no further news, for it seemed unlikely to bring him any good. He was in his breeches and shirt, and putting a cloak around his neck, he seized his horse quickly, and was soon on the road. I know not whether he even stopped to seek for his spurs, or whether he took any companion of his flight, but he hastened on till he came to the fords nearest at hand, which were those of Vire, and crossed them by night in great fear and anger. From thence he bent his way to the church of St. Clement, and prayed God heartily, if it were his will, to be his safe conduct, and let him pass in safety. He dared not turn towards Bayeux, for he knew not whom to trust, so he took the way which passes between Bayeux and the sea. And as he rode through Rie before the sun rose, Hubert de Rie stood at his gate, between the church and his castle, and saw William pass in disorder, and that his horse was all in a sweat. "How is that you travel so, fair sire?" cried he. "Hubert," said William, "dare I tell you?" Then Hubert said, "Of a truth, most surely! say on boldly!" "I will have no secrets with you; my enemies follow seeking me, and menace my life. I know that they have sworn my death." Then Hubert led him into his hostel, and gave him his good horse, and called forth his three sons. "Fair sons," said he, "muntez! muntez! Behold your lord, conduct him till ye have lodged him in Falaise. This way ye shall pass, and that; it will be ill for you to touch upon any town." So Hubert taught them well the ways and turnings; and his sons understood all rightly, and followed his instructions exactly. They crossed all the country, passed Folpendant at the ford, and lodged William in Falaise. If he were in bad plight, what matters so that he got safe?

Hubert remained standing on his bridge; he looked out over valley, and over hill, and listened anxiously for news, when they who were pursuing William came spurring by. They called him on one side, and conjured him with fair words to tell if he had seen the bastard, and whither and by what road he was gone. And he said to them, "He passed this way, and is not far off; you will have him soon; but wait, I will lead you myself, for I should like to give him the first blow. By my faith, I pledge you my word, that if I find him, I will strike him the first if I can." But Hubert only led them out of their way till he had no fear for William, who was gone by another route. So when he had talked to them enough of this thing and that, he returned back to his hostel.

The Cotentin and the Bessin were in great dismay that day, for the alarming news soon went through the country of William's being betrayed, and how he was to have been murdered by night. Some said he was killed; others that he was taken; many said that he had fled:—"May God protect him," said all. Between Bayeux and the fords the roads were to be seen covered with those who came from Valognes, holding themselves as dead or disgraced men, for having lost their lord, whom they had safe overnight. They know not where to seek their lord, who had been among them but last evening: they go enquiring tidings of him around, without knowing whither to repair. And heavily do they curse Grimoult del Plesseiz, and those who trust in him; for they vehemently suspect that he has done foul treason by his lord. Thus all Normandy was frightened and troubled at what had happened.

The viscounts hated the duke; they seized his lands, and omitted to lay hold of nothing which they could reach. They plundered him so completely, that he was unable to do any thing, either for right or wrong. He could not enter the Bessin, neither demand rent or service; so he went to France, to King Henry, whom his father Robert served, and complained against Neel, that he had injured him, and had seized his rents. He complained also of Hamon-as-dens, and of Guion le Burgenion; of Grimoult, who would have betrayed him, and whom he might well hate more than any other; and of Renouf de Briquesart, who took and spent his rents; and of the other barons of the country who had risen up against him.

## CHAPTER II.

### HOW THE KING OF FRANCE CAME; AND OF THE BATTLE THAT WAS FOUGHT AT VAL DES DUNES.

The King of France, upon hearing the words that William spoke, and the complaints he made, sent forth and summoned his army, and came quickly into Normandy. And William called together the Cauchois, and the men of Roem, and of Roumoiz, and the people of Auge, and of the Lievin, and those of Evreux, and of the Evrecin. In Oismeiz also they quickly assembled when the summons reached them.

Between Argences and Mezodon, upon the river Lison, the men of France pitched their tents; and those of the Normans, who held fast to William, and came in his cause, made their camp near the river Meance, which runs by Argences.

When the Viscount of the Costentin, and the Viscount of the Bessin knew that William was coming, and was determined to fight, and had brought with him the King of France, in order to conquer them with his aid, they gave heed to evil counsel; and in the pride of their hearts, disdained to restore to him his own, or to seek peace or accept it. They sent for their people, their friends and relations, from all quarters; the vavassors and the barons, who were bound by oath to obey their commandment, were all sent for and summoned. They passed by various rivers and fords, and assembled at Valedune.

Valedune is in Oismeiz, between Argences and Cingueleiz; about three leagues from Caen, according to my reckoning. The plain is long and broad, without either hill or valley of any size. It is near the ford of Berangier, and the land is without either wood or rock, but slopes towards the rising sun. A river bounds it towards the south and west.

At Saint Briçon de Valmerei, mass was sung before the king on the day of that battle, and the clerks were in great alarm. The French armed and arranged their troops at Valmerei, and then entered Valedune. There the communes assembled well equipped, and occupied the river's bank. William advanced from Argences, and passing at the ford of Berangier, followed the river's course till he joined the French. His men were on the right, and the French on the left hand, with their faces towards the west, for their enemies came from that quarter.

Raol Tesson de Cinguleiz saw the Normans and French advancing, and beheld William's force increasing. He stood on one side afar off, having six score knights and six in his troop; all with their lances raised, and trimmed with silk tokens. The king and Duke William spoke together; each armed, and with helmet laced. They divided their troops, and arranged their order of battle, each holding in his hand a baston; and when the king saw Raol Tesson with his people standing far off from the others, he was unable to discover on whose side he was, or what he intended to do. "Sire," said William, "I believe those men will aid me; for the name of their lord is Raol Tesson, and he has no cause of quarrel or anger against me." Much was thereupon said and done, the whole of which I never heard; and Raol Tesson still stood hesitating whether he should hold with William.

On the one hand the viscounts besought him, and made him great promises; and he had before pledged himself, and sworn upon the saints at Bayeux, to smite William wherever he should find him. But all his men besought and advised him for his good, not to make war upon his lawful lord, whatever he did; nor to fail of his duty to him in any manner. They said William was his natural lord; that he could not deny being his man; that he should remember having done him homage before his father and his barons; and that the man who would fight against his lord had no right to fief or barony.

"That I cannot dispute," said Raol; "you say well, and we will do even so." So he spurred his horse forth from among the people with whom he stood, crying TUR AIE; and ordering his men to rest where they were, went to speak with Duke William. He came spurring over the plain, and struck his lord with his glove, and said laughingly to him, "What I have sworn to do that I perform; I had sworn to smite you as soon as I should find you; and as I would not perjure myself, I have now struck you to acquit myself of my oath, and henceforth I will do you no further wrong or felony." Then the duke said, "Thanks to thee!" and Raol thereupon went on his way back to his men.

William passed along the plain, leading a great company of Normans, seeking the two viscounts, and calling out on the persecuted men to stand forth. Those who knew them pointed them out on the other side among their people.

Then the troops were to be seen moving with their captains; and there was no rich man or baron there who had not by his side his gonfanon, or other enseigne, round which his men might rally; and cognizances or tokens, and shields painted in various guises. There was great stir over the field; horses were to be seen curvetting, the pikes were raised, the lances brandished, and shields and helmets glistened. As they gallop, they cry their various war cries: those of France cry, MONT-JOIE! the sound whereof is pleasant to them. William cries, DEX AIE! which is the signal of Normandy; and Renouf cries loudly, SAINT SEVER, SIRE SAINT SEVOIR; and Dam as-denz goes crying out, SAINT AMANT! SIRE SAINT AMANT!" Great clamour arose in their onset; all the earth quaked and trembled; knights were pricking along, some retiring, others coming up; the bold spurring forward, the cowards shrinking and trembling.

Against the King of France and the Frenchmen came up the body of the Costentinese; each party closing with the other, and clashing with levelled lances. When the lances broke and failed, then they assailed each other with swords. Hand to hand they fight, as champions in the lists, when two knights are matched; striking and beating each other down in many ways; wrestling and pushing and triumphing whenever any one yields. Each would be ashamed to flee, each tries to keep the field, each one boasts of his prowess with his fellow; Costentinese and French thus contending with each other.

Great is the clamour and hard the strife; the swords are drawn, the lances clash. Many were the vassals to be seen there fighting, serjeants and knights overthrowing one another. The king himself was struck and beat down off his horse. A Norman whom no one knew had come up among them; he thought that if the king should fall, his army would soon be dispersed; so he struck at him 'de travers,' and overthrew him, and if his hauberk had not been very good, in my opinion he would have been killed. On this account the men of that country said, and yet say, jeering,

From Costentin came the lance  
That struck down the King of France.

and if their knight had got clear away, they might well pass with their jeer. But when he tried to go off, and his horse had begun its course, a knight came pricking, and hit him, striking him with such violence as to stretch him out at full length. And he soon fared still worse than even that; for as he recovered himself, and would have mounted his horse, and had laid his hand on the saddle bow, the throng increased around, and bore him from the saddle, throwing him down; and the horses trod him underfoot, so that they left him there for dead.

There was great press to raise the king up, and they soon remounted him. He had fallen among his men, and was no way hurt nor injured: so he arose up nimbly and boldly; never more so. As soon as he was on horseback, many were the vassals who were again to be seen striking with lance and sword; Frenchmen assailing Normans, and Normans turning, dispersing, and moving off the field: and the king shewed himself every where in order to encourage his men, as he had been seen to fall.

Then Hamon-as-denz was beaten down, and I know not how many of his kindred with him, who never returned home thence, save as they might be borne home on their biers. Dan as-denz was a Norman, very powerful in his fief, and in his men. He was Lord of Thorigny, of Mezi, and of Croillie. He had fought on all day, striking down the Frenchmen, and crying out SAINT AMANT! but a Frenchman marked him carrying himself thus proudly; so he stood still on one side, and watched him until he came near; and when he saw him turn and strike the king, the Frenchman charged forward with great force, and struck him gallantly, so that he fell upon his shield. I know not exactly how he was wounded, but only that he was carried away on his shield dead; and was borne thence to Esquai, and buried before the church. Many were the people who saw this feat done; how Hamon struck the king, and beat him off his horse, and how the French killed him for it, taking vengeance for their king.

Raol Tesson stood by and looked on, till he saw the two hosts meeting, and the knights jousting; then he rode forward, and his course was easy to be marked. I know not how to recount his high deeds, nor how many he overthrew on that day.

Renouf the Viscount (I will not dwell long on the story) had with him a vassal named Hardé, born and bred at Bayeux, who rode in the front of all, and gloried much in his prowess; William rushed against him, sword in hand, and aiming his blow aright, drove the trenchant steel into his body below the chin, between the throat and the chest, his armour not saving him. The body fell backward to the earth, and the soul passed away therefrom.

Renouf saw how the combat raged; he heard the clamour, the cry of war, and the clashing of lances; and he stood still, and was astounded, like one whose heart is faint. He feared much lest he were betrayed, and lest Neel had fled; and he was greatly afraid of William, and of the people who were with him. Evil betide him, he thought, if he were taken, and worse still would it be to be killed. He repented of having put on his armour, and was eager to get out of the battle; so he wandered in front and in rear, and at last, separating himself from his companions, determined to flee. Accordingly he threw away his lance and shield, and took to flight, running off with outstretched neck. Those about him who were cowards accompanied his flight, complaining much more than they had any occasion.

But Neel fought on gallantly; and if all had been like him, the French king would have come in an evil hour, for his men would have been discomfited and conquered. He was called on account of his valour and skill, his bravery and noble bearing, CHIEF DE

FAUCON;—NOBLE CHIEF DE FAUCON was his title. He gave and received many a blow, and did all that lay in his power; but his strength began to fail; he saw that many of his men were lying dead, and that the French force increased on all sides, while the Normans fell away. Some fell wounded around him; some took fright and fled; and Neel at length quitted the field with more regret than he had ever before felt.

I will not tell, and in truth I do not know, (for I was not there to see, and I have not found it written) which of those present fought best; but this I know, that the king conquered, and that Renouf fled from the field. The crowd of fugitives was great, and the press of the pursuers was great also. Horses were to be seen running loose, and knights spurring across the plain. They sought to escape into the Bessin, but feared to cross the Osgne. All fled in confusion between Alemaigne and Fontenai; by fives, by sixes, and by threes, while the pursuers followed, pressing hard upon and destroying them. So many of them were driven into the Osgne, and killed or drowned there, as that the mills of Borbillon, they say, were stopped by the dead bodies.

And the king then gathered together his men, to return each into his own land. The sick and wounded were carried away, and the dead were buried in the cemeteries of the country.

William remained in his own land, and for a long while there was no more war. The barons came to accord with him, and paid such fines, and made him such fair promises, that he granted them peace, and acquittance of all their offences. But Neel could not come to an arrangement with him, and dare not stay in the land; so he remained long in Brittany before any accord was come to. Gui retreated from Valedune and fled to Brione; and William followed hard after him, and shut him up in a strong castle. In those days there was a fortress standing on an island of the river Risle, which surrounds the fortress and the mansion. And there, in Brione, Gui was shut up; but he had neither peace nor rest, and was in great bodily fear. The duke built up two castles near; so that provisions failing, and the besiegers pressing him hard, Gui surrendered up Brione and Vernun, when he could get no better terms. He might have remained with the duke, who would have provided for him; but he did not stay long; there was no friendship between them; so he went away to Burguine, to the country where he was born.

When the other Norman barons saw that the duke had obtained the upper hand of them all, they delivered hostages to keep the peace, and did fealty and homage to him. They obeyed him as their lord, and pulled down the new castles, and willingly or unwillingly rendered their service. He seized Grimoult del Plesseiz, and put him in prison at Rouen; and he had very good cause for so doing; for Grimoult would have murdered him traitorously, as we have said, at Valognes, had not Golet the fool given him warning. Grimoult confessed the felony, and accused of fellowship in it a knight called Salle, who had Huon for his father. Salle offered to defend himself from the charge, and a single combat was thereupon arranged between them; but when the appointed day came, Grimoult was found dead in the prison. It occasioned great talk; and he was buried, chained as he was, with the irons on his legs. At Bayeux, when the church was dedicated, part of Grimoult's lands was granted to Our Lady the Blessed Mary; and part divided in the abbey, to each his share.

### CHAPTER III.

#### HOW CANUTE DIED, AND ALFRED FELL BY TREASON; AND HOW EDWARD AFTERWARDS BECAME KING.

He who made the history of the Normans, tells us that in those days Kenut, who was father of Hardekenut, and had married Emma, the wife of Alred, the mother of Edward and of Alfred, died at Winchester. Hardekenut, during the lifetime of his father, by the advice of his mother Emma, had gone to Denmark, and became king there, and was much honoured. On account of Hardekenut's absence, and by an understanding with her, England fell to Herout, a bastard son of Kenut.

Edward and Alfred heard of Kenut's death, and were much rejoiced; for they expected to have the kingdom, seeing that they

were the nearest heirs. So they provided knights and ships, and equipped their fleet; and Edward, having sailed from Barbeflo, with forty ships, soon arrived at the port of Hantone, hoping to win the land. But the Englishmen, who were aware that the brothers were coming, would not receive them, nor suffer them to abide in the country. Whether it was that they feared Herout the son of Kenut, or that they liked him best; at any rate they defended the country against Edward; and the Normans on the other hand fought them, taking and killing many, and seizing several of their ships. But the English force increased; men hastened up from all sides, and Edward saw that he could not win his inheritance without a great loss. He beheld the enemy's force fast growing in numbers, and that he should only sacrifice his own men; so fearing that, if taken, he himself might be killed without ransom, he ordered all his people to return to the ships, and took on board the harness. He could do no more this time, so he made his retreat to Barbeflo.

Alfred meantime sailed with a great navy from Wincant; and arriving safely at Dovre, proceeded thence into Kent. Against him came the earl Godwin, who was a man of a very low origin. His wife was born in Denmark, and well related among the Danes, and he had Heraut, Guert, and Tosti for his sons. On account of these children, who thus came by a Dane, and were beloved by their countrymen, Godwin loved the Danes, much better in fact than he did the English.

Hearken to the devilry that was now played; to the great treason and felony that were committed! Godwin was a traitor, and he did foul treason; a Judas did he show himself, deceiving and betraying the son of his natural lord,—the heir to the honor (lordship),—even as Judas sold our Lord. He had sainted and kissed him; he had eaten too out of his dish, and had pledged himself to bear faith and loyalty. But at midnight, when Alfred had laid down to rest and slept, Godwin surprised and bound him; and sent him to London to king Herout, who expected him, knowing of the treason. From thence he sent him to Eli, and there put out his eyes and murdered him dishonourably, and by treachery which he dared not to avow. Those too who came with Alfred (hearken to the foul cruelty!) were bound fast and guarded; and taken to Gede-fort, where all, except every tenth man, lost their heads and died miserably. When the English had numbered them, setting them in rows, they then decimated them, making every tenth man stand on one side, and striking off the heads of the other nine; and when the tithe so set apart amounted to a considerable number, it was again decimated, and all that was at last saved was this second tithe.

Herout soon after died, and went the way he deserved; whereupon the men of England assembled to consider about making a king in his place. They feared Edward who was the right heir, on account of the decimation of the Normans, and the murder of his brother Alvred; and at last they agreed to make Hardekenut king of England. So they sent for Hardekenut, the son of Emma and Kenut, and he repaired thither from Denmark, and the clergy crowned him: but he sent for Edward his brother, the son of Emma his mother, and kept him in great honour at his court, and was king over him only in name. Hardekenut was king twelve years, and then fell ill. He did not languish long, but soon died. His mother lamented over him exceedingly; but it was a great comfort to her that her son Edward was come; and he obtained the kingdom, the English finding no other heir who was entitled to the crown.

Edward was gentle and courteous, and established peace and good laws. He took to wife Godwin's daughter, Edif by name. She was a fair lady, but they had no children between them, and people said that he never consorted with her; but no man saw that there was ever any disagreement between them. He loved the Normans very much, and held them dear, keeping them on familiar terms about him; and loved duke William as a brother or child. Thus peace lasted, and long will last, never I hope to have an end.

## CHAPTER IV.

**THE REVOLT OF WILLIAM OF ARQUES;  
AND HOW HE AND THE KING OF  
FRANCE WERE FOILED BY DUKE  
WILLIAM.**

William of Arches was a brave and gallant knight, brother to the archbishop Maugier, who loved him well. He was also brother on one side to duke Robert, being the son of Richard and Papie, and uncle of William the bastard. He was versed in many a trick and subtlety, and plotted mischief against the duke, claiming a right of inheritance, inasmuch as he was born in wedlock. On account of his relationship, and to secure his fealty, the duke had given him, as a fief, Arches and Taillou; and he received them and became the duke's man; promising fealty, though he observed it but for a very brief space of time. To enable him the better to work mischief to his lord, he built a tower above Arches, setting it on the top of the hill, with a deep trench around on every side. Then confiding in the strength of his castle, and in his birth in wedlock, and knowing that the king of France had promised to succour him in case of need, he told William he should hold his castle free from all service to him; that he was in wrongful possession of Normandy, being a bastard and without any title of right.

But the duke had now great power; for he was very prudent, and no man is weak who possesses wisdom. He sent for William of Arches, and summoned him to attend, and do his service: but he altogether refused, and defied the bastard, relying on aid from the king of France. He plundered the country round of provisions and stores of every sort, heeding little whence it came, and thus supplied his castle and tower.

The duke bore with this behaviour but a very little while, and without further 'parlement' sent for his people from all sides. Then with ditches and stakes and palisades he quickly formed a fort, at the foot of the hill in the valley, so as to command all the country round, and prevent those in the castle from obtaining either ox, or cow, or calf: and the fort was so strong, and was garrisoned by so many knights, the best of the chivalry of all Normandy, that no effort of either king or earl to take it, was likely to be of any avail. So the duke, having thus completed his work, went his way to attend to his affairs elsewhere.

The king of France soon knew that the duke had fortified his post, and blockaded the tower, so that no provisions could enter therein. Then he assembled a great chivalry, and got together much store of provisions and arms, intending to relieve the tower of Arches, where the supply of corn began to fail. Having reached Saint-Albin, with an ample store both of corn and wine, the king made a halt, ordering sumpter horses to be made ready to carry the stores onward, and providing a troop of knights to form the convoy.

Those in the besiegers' fort soon heard of the great preparations waiting at Saint-Albin to provision and relieve Arches. Then they selected their strongest and best fighting men, and privily formed an ambuscade in the direction of Saint-Albin. Having done this, they sent out another party with orders to charge the king's force, and then to turn back, making as if they would flee. But when they had passed the spot where the ambuscade lay, they turned quickly round on those who were pursuing, and fiercely attacked the French; those also who were lying in ambuscade riding forth, and joining in the assault.

The Frenchmen were thus grievously taken in; and being separated from the rest of their army, the Normans charged them boldly, and took and killed many. Hue Bardous was taken early in the affray; Engerrens count of Abeville, was killed, and all suffered greatly. The king of France was in great grief; he mourned heavily, and was sorely vexed for the knights that had been thus surprised, and for his brave barons who had fallen. He made ready the baggage horses, and carried the stores to the town of Arches; and when he had so done, he returned back to Saint-Denis with no small shame and disgrace, as it seems to me.

The duke was sojourning at Valognes, for the sake of the woods and rivers which abound there, and on other affairs and business of his own, when a messenger came spurring on with pressing

speed, and hastening unto him, cried out and said, "Better would it be for thee to be elsewhere! they who guard the frontiers have need of thy aid; for thy uncle William of Arches hath linked himself by oath and affiance to king Henry of France. The king hasteth to relieve and store Arches, and William will do him service for it in return."

Then the duke tarried not till the varlet should speak further, nor indeed till he had well said his say; but called for his good horse. "Now I shall see," said he, "who of you is ready, now I shall see who will follow me." And he made no other preparation, but forthwith crossed the fords, passed Baieues and then Caen, and feigned as though he would go to Rouen. But when he came to Punt-Audumer, he crossed over to Chaudebec, and from Chaudebec rode on to Bans-le-Cunte. What need of many words? He hastened and galloped on till he joined his people before Arches; but none of those who took horse at the same time at Valognes kept up with him; and all wondered how he had come so soon from such a distance, when no one else had been able to do as much.

Then he rejoiced greatly to learn what had happened; how the French had been discomfited, and their people routed and taken prisoners. William of Arches however kept close, defending his castle bravely and long; and he would have held it longer still, had not provisions failed him. So at length he abandoned land, and castle, and tower; and surrendering all up to duke William, fled to the king of France.

## CHAPTER V.

**HOW THE KING OF FRANCE INVADED  
NORMANDY, AND WAS BEATEN AT  
MORTEMER.**

The French had often insulted the Normans by injurious deeds and words, on account of the great dislike and jealousy which they bore to Normandy. They continually spoke scornfully, and called the Normans BIGOZ and DRASCHIER; and often remonstrated with their king, and said, "Sire, why do you not chase the Bigoz out of the country? Their ancestors were robbers, who came by sea, and stole the land from our forefathers and us." By the persuasion of these felons, who talked thus because they hated the duke, the king undertook the enterprise; though it was disliked by many of his men. He said he would go into Normandy, and would conquer it; he would divide his army into two parts, and invade in two directions. And what he said, he endeavoured to execute; summoning his people from all sides.

He collected them in two positions, according as the river Seine divided them; those of Reins and those of Seissons, of Leun, and of Noions; those of Melant, and of Vermandeiz; of Pontif and of Amineiz; those of Flanders and of Belmont; of Brie and of Provins. All these, who are beyond Seine he assembled by twenties, by hundreds, and by thousands, in Belveisin, meaning to enter the pays de Caux from that side. To the Conestable and Guion, he sent his brother Odo, and directed them to enter by Caux, and ravage all the land around.

And he summoned all the rest of his people, according as the river Seine divides them from the others, to meet him at Meante; those of Toroigne and of Bleis; of Orlianz and of Vastineis; of the Perche and of the Chartrain; of the bocage and of the plain; those of Boorges, of Berri; of Estampes and of Montlheri; of Grez and of Chasteillun; of Senz and of Chastel-Landun, the king ordered to come to Meante. And he menaced the Normans, and boasted much that he would destroy Evrecin, Rosineis, and Lievin, and would ride even as far as the sea, returning by Auge.

William was in great alarm, for he was much afraid of the king's power; and he also formed his men into two companies. About Caux, he placed Galtier Giffart, and the men of that country; Robert, count d'Ou, and old Huon de Gornai; and with these he ranged William Crespin, who had much land in Velquessin. These had under them the people of the country around them, their relations and friends. The duke retained the other company under his own command, to oppose the king. He assembled the men of the Beessin, and the barons of the Costentin, and those of the valley of Moretoing; and of Avranches, which is beyond it;

Raol Tesson of Cingueleis, and the knights of Auge and of Wismeis; all these the duke summoned to meet him. He would, he said, be close upon the king, and encamp hard by him, looking keenly after the foragers, that they should not stray far without having some damage, if he could help it; and he caused all provisions to be removed from the way by which the king must pass; and drove the beasts into the woods, and made the villains keep watch over them there.

The barons who were stationed in Caux, to defend that part of the country, kept themselves to the woods and forests till the people of the country could be got together; and passed from wood to wood, concealing themselves in the thickets. But the men of France marched on, and encamped at Mortemer. They remained there one night for the convenience of the hostels; expecting that they could roam as they pleased over the whole country, without meeting any knights who would dare to encounter, or bear arms against them; for they believed that all the Norman knights were gone towards Evreues with their lord, and that he had retreated thither from fear of the king.

The Frenchmen demeaned themselves insolently, and with great cruelty. Wherever they had passed, they destroyed all they found, ravaging the villages and manors, burning houses, and plundering them of the furniture; seizing the villains, violating the women, and keeping whatever they pleased; till they had come to Mortemer, where they found fair quarters in the hostels. By day they delivered the country up to pillage, and devoted the night to revelry, searching out the wine and killing the cattle, eating and drinking their fill.

The Normans knew well from their spies where the French lay, and what their plans were; so they assembled their men together during the night, summoning their friends and companions; and in the morning before day-break, while the French were yet sleeping, behold! they surrounded Mortemer, and set fire to the town. The flames spread from one hostel to another, till the fire raged through all the streets. Then the Frenchmen were to be seen in consternation: the whole town was in confusion, and the *melée* became fierce; they rushed from the hostels, seizing such arms as they could find, and were grievously discomfited, for the Normans stooped them at the barriers. One man endeavours to mount his horse, but cannot find the bridle; and another would quit his hostel, but is unable to reach the door. The Normans guard all the issues, and the heads of the streets; and there the encounters are rudest, and the feats of arms the fairest.

From the rising of the morning's sun, till three in the afternoon, the assault lasted in its full force, and the battle continued to be hot and fierce. The French could not escape, for the Normans would let no one pass. The first who quitted the field and fled was Odes; and the Normans took Guion, the count of Pontif, alive and in arms; but they killed Valeran his brother, a very brave and valiant knight. There was no varlet, let him be ever so mean, or of ever so low degree, but took some Frenchman prisoner, and seized two or three horses with all their harness; nor was there a prison in all Normandy, which was not full of Frenchmen. They were to be seen fleeing around, skulking in the woods and bushes; and the dead and wounded lay amidst the burning ruins, and upon the dung-hills, about the fields, and in the by-paths.

That same night, the news passed quickly to where the duke lay with his army; how that the French were discomfited, and the invasion stayed. News travels fast, and is swift; and whoso bears good tidings may safely knock at the gate. The duke rejoiced greatly at the discomfiture of his enemies; and he sent a man, whether varlet or esquire I know not, to the place where the king was encamped, and had retired to his bed. He ordered the man to climb up into a tree, and all night to cry aloud, "Frenchmen, Frenchmen, arise! arise! make ready for your flight, ye sleep too long! Go forth at once to bury your friends, who lie dead at Mortemer."

As the king heard the cry, he marvelled much, and was sorely dismayed. So he sent out for his friends, and besought and conjured them to tell him if they had heard any such tidings as the man proclaimed from the tree. And whilst they yet talked and conversed with the king, concerning what had happened, behold the news came and spread all around, how that the best of their

friends lay dead at Mortemer, and how they who had escaped alive were made captive, and were in chains and in prison in Normandy.

The French were greatly moved and troubled at the news, and went crying out that they tarried too long. They seized the palfreys and war-horses, harnessed and loaded the baggage horses, set fire to the tents and huts, emptied them of every thing, and sent all on forward; and the king went off on his way homeward, looking cautiously around him. Had the duke wished to pursue, he might have injured him much, but he did not desire to annoy him more. "He has had quite enough," said he, "to trouble and cross him;" and he would not add more to his annoyance.

The king returned to Paris, the barons to their homes, and the great people whom he had led forth returned to their own countries. But his wrath against the Normans was very great, on account of those whom they had taken prisoners, and still more for those who were killed. The dead he could not recover, but he wished to redeem those who were prisoners; so he sent word to the duke, that if he would release his prisoners, he would make truce and peace with him till other cause of difference should arise; and that whatever the duke had taken or might take from Giffrei Martel, should never be a cause of war between them, or be alleged as a grievance against him.

And thereupon accordingly was done as I tell you; the duke restored the Frenchmen who were prisoners, but the harness was left to those who had won it; and the prisoners repaid to their captors the charges they had occasioned to them.

## CHAPTER VI.

### HOW THE KING OF FRANCE CAME AGAIN AGAINST DUKE WILLIAM, AND WAS DEFEATED AT VARAVILE.

Duke William carried himself gallantly, and triumphed over all his enemies; he was loved for his liberality, and feared for his bravery. He conquered many and won over many, lavishing his gifts around, and spending much; till the French became very jealous of his chivalry; of the troops that he had, and of the lands he conquered. Their king moreover could never be reconciled to the Normans; but said that he would sooner perjure himself, than not have his revenge for the battle of Mortemer. Then under the advice of Giffrei Martel, before August, when the corn was on the ground, he summoned together all his barons, and the knights who held fiefs of him, and owed him service, and entered Normandy, passing by Oismes, which they assaulted without tarrying before it long. From thence they traversed all Oismes, and through the Beessin as far as the sea coast; burning the villages and bourgs, and ruining and plundering both men and women, till at length they came to St. Pierre-sor-Dive. The town was completely garrisoned by them, and the king lay at the abbey.

The duke was with his people at Faleise, when the news came, concerning the wrong the king was doing him; and it grieved him sorely. So he sent out and assembled his knights, and strengthened his castles, cleansing the fosses, and repairing the walls; being determined to let the open country be laid waste, if he could maintain his strong places. He could easily, he said, recover the open lands, and repair the injury done to them. So he did not shew himself at all to the French, but let them wander over the country, intending to give them scurvy usage on their return back from their expedition.

The king meantime went on with his project. He would go, he said, towards Bayeux, and ravage the whole of the Beessin, and on his return thence would pass by Varavile, and lay waste Auge and Lievin. Accordingly the French overran the Beessin, as far as the river Seule; and returned from thence to Caen, where they passed the Ogne. Caen was then without a castle, and had neither wall nor fence to protect it. When the king left Caen, he proceeded homeward by Varavile, as he had proposed.

His train was great and long, so that it could not all be kept together; and the press was great to pass the bridge, every one wanting to be the foremost.

The duke, knowing some how or another all that was going on, and by what route the king would pass, hastened upon his track

with the great body of troops that he led, and conducted his people in close order along the valley below Barent. All over the country he sent out word, and summoned the villains to come to his aid as quickly as they could, with whatever arms they could get. Then from all round the villains were to be seen flocking in, with pikes and clubs in their hands.

The king had passed the river Dive, which runs through that country, together with all those of his host who had taken care to move quickly forward. But the baggage train was altogether, and far behind, extending over a great length. The duke, seeing that all who were thus in the rear were certain to fall into his hands, pressed on his men from village to village; and when he reached Varaville, he found those of the French there who remained to form the rear guard. Then began a fierce *mêlée*, and many a stroke of lance and sword. The knights struck with their lances, the archers shot from their bows, and the villains attacked with their pikes; charging and driving them along the *chaussée*, overwhelming and bearing down numbers. The Normans kept continually increasing in numbers, till they became a great force, and the French pressed forwards, one pushing the other on. The *chaussée* incommoded them very much, being long and in bad repair, and they were encumbered by their plunder. Many were to be seen breaking the line, and getting out of the track, who could not retrace their steps, nor reach the main road again.

The great press was at the bridge, every one being eager to reach it. But the bridge was old, the boards bent under the throng, the water rose, and the stream was strong; the weight was heavy, the bridge shook and at length fell, and all who were upon it perished. Many fell in close by the bridge foot where the water was deep; all about harness was to be seen floating, and men plunging and sinking; and none had any chance of life save skilful swimmers.

The cry arose that the bridge was broken. Grievous and fearful was that cry, and no one was so brave or bold as not to tremble for his life when he heard what had happened, and to see that his hour of exultation was gone by. They see the Normans meanwhile pressing on from behind, but there was no escape; they go along the banks of the river, seeking for fords and crossings, throwing away their arms and plunder, and cursing their having brought so much. They go straggling and stumbling over the ditches, helping each other forward, the Normans pursuing and sparing no one, till all those who had not crossed the bridge were either taken prisoners, killed, or drowned. Never, they say, were so many prisoners taken, or such great slaughter made in all Normandy. And William glorified God for his success.

The river and the sea also swept away numbers, the king looking on in sorrow and dismay. From the height of Basteborc, he looked down and saw Varaville and Caborc; he beheld the marshes and the valleys, which lay long and broad before him, the wide stream, and the broken bridge; he gazed upon his numerous troops thus fallen into trouble; some he saw seized and bound, others struggling in the deep waters; and to those who were drowning he could bring no succour, neither could he rescue the prisoners. In sorrow and indignation he groaned and sighed, and could say nothing; all his limbs trembled, and his face burned with rage. Willingly, he cried, would he turn back, and endeavour to find a passage, if his barons would so counsel, but no one would give such advice. "Sire," said they, "you shall not go; you shall return another time and destroy all the land, taking captive all their rich men."

Then the king went back into France, full of rage and heaviness of heart, and never after bore shield or lance; whether as a penance or not I know not. He never again entered Normandy: nor did he live long, but did as all men must do; from dust he came, to dust he returned. At his death he was greatly lamented, and his eldest son Philip was crowned king in his stead.

## CHAPTER VII.

### HOW WILLIAM PROSPERED, AND HOW HE WENT TO ENGLAND TO VISIT KING EDWARD; AND WHO GODWIN WAS.

The story will be long ere it close, how William became a king, what honour he reached, and who held his lands after him. His acts, his sayings and adventures that we find written, are all worthy to be recounted; but we cannot tell the whole. In his land he set good laws; he maintained justice and peace firmly, wherever he could, for the poor people's sake, and he never loved the knave nor the company of the felon.

By advice of his baronage he took a wife of high lineage in Flanders, the daughter of count Baldwin, and the granddaughter of Robert king of France, being the daughter of his daughter Constance. Her name was Mahelt, related to many a noble man, and very fair and graceful. The count gave her joyfully, with very rich apppareillement, and brought her to the castle of Ou, where the duke espoused her. From thence he took her to Roem, where she was greatly served and honoured.

At Caem the duke built two abbeys, endowing them richly. In the one, which was called SAINT STEPHEN, he placed monks; Mahelt his wife took charge of the other, which is that of THE HOLY TRINITY; she placed nuns there, and was buried in it as she had directed in her life, from the love which she had always used to bear towards it.

And the duke did what, I believe, no one before or after did. He sent for all his bishops to assemble, with his earls, abbots, and priors, barons and rich vavassors, at Caem, there to hear his commandment; and caused the holy bodies, wherever he could find them, to be brought thither, whether from bishopric or abbey, over which he had seigniory. He had the body of St. Oain taken from Roem to Caem in a chest; and when the clergy, and the holy relics, and the barons, of whom there were many, were assembled on the appointed day, he made all swear on the relics to hold peace and maintain it from sunset on Wednesday to sunrise on Monday. This was called THE TRUCE, and the like of it I believe is not in any country. If any man should beat another meantime, or do him any mischief, or take any of his goods, he was to be excommunicated, and amerced nine livres to the bishop. This the duke established, and swore aloud to observe, and all the barons did the same; they swore to keep the peace and maintain the truce faithfully.

To commemorate this peace through all time, that it might endure for ever, they forthwith built a minster of hewed stone and mortar, on the spot where they swore upon the relics which had been brought to the council. Many who had assisted at founding the minster called it Toz-sainz, on account of so many holy relics having been there; but it pleased many men to call it Sainte-paiz, on account of the peace sworn to when it was built: at least I have heard it called both Sainte-paiz and Toz-sainz. Close by they built a chapel called Saint-Oain's, on the spot where his bones had rested while the council sat.

William was generous, and the strangers who knew him, cherished him much. He was very gentle and courteous, therefore king Edward loved him well; great indeed was their love, each holding the other his lord. The duke went to see Edward and know his mind; and having crossed over into England, Edward received him with great honour, and gave him many dogs and birds, and whatever other good and fair gifts he could find, that became a man of high degree. He did not tarry long, but returned into Normandy; for he was engaged with the Bretons, who were at that time disturbing him.

Godwin had great wealth in England; he was rich in lands, and carried himself proudly. Edward had his daughter to wife; but Godwin was fell and false, and brought many evils on the land; and Edward feared and hated him on account of his brother whom he had betrayed, and of the Normans whom he had decimated, and many other mischiefs plotted by him. And thus, both in words and deeds, great discord arose between them, which was never thoroughly healed. Edward feared Godwin much, and banished him from the land; swearing that he should never come back, or abide in his kingdom, unless he swore fealty to him, and delivered

him hostages, and pledges for keeping the peace during his life. Godwin dared not refuse, and as well to satisfy the king, as for the sake of his relations, and the protection of his men, he delivered one of his nephews and one of his sons as hostages to the king. Edward sent them to Duke William in Normandy, as to one in whom he placed great trust, and desired him to keep them safe till he should himself demand them. This looked, people said, as if he wished William always to keep them, for the purpose of securing the kingdom to himself in case of Edward's death. On these terms the king suffered Godwin to remain at home in peace. I do not know how long this lasted, but I know that Godwin in the end choked himself, while eating at the king's table during a feast.

King Edward was debonaire; he neither wished nor did ill to any man; he was without pride or avarice, and desired strict justice to be done to all. He endowed abbeys with fiefs, and divers goodly gifts, and Westminster in particular. Ye shall hear the reason why. On some occasion, whether of sickness or on the recovery of his kingdom, or on some escape from peril at sea, he had vowed a pilgrimage to Rome, there to say his prayers, and crave pardon for his sins; to speak with the apostle, and receive penance from him. So at the time he had appointed, he prepared for his journey; but the barons met together, and the bishops and the abbots conferred with each other, and they counselled him by no means to go. They said they feared he could not bear so great a labour; that the pilgrimage was too long, seeing his great age; that if he should go to Rome, and death or any other mischance should prevent his return, the loss of their king would be a great misfortune to them; and that they would send to the apostle, and get him to grant absolution from the vow, so that he might be quit of it, even if some other penance should be imposed instead. Accordingly they sent to the apostle, and he absolved the king of his vow, but enjoined him by way of acquittance of it, to select some poor abbey dedicated to St. Peter, honoring and endowing it with so many goods and rents, that it might for all time to come be resorted to, and the name of St. Peter thereby exalted.

Edward received the injunction of the apostle in good part. On the western side of London, as still may be seen, there was an abbey of St. Peter, which had for a long time been greatly impoverished; it is situate on an island of the Thames called Zonee (Thorn-ee), so named because there were plenty of thorns upon it, and water around it; for the English call an island 'ee', and what the French call 'espine' they call 'zon' (thorn); so that 'Zon-ee' (Thorn-ee) in English means 'isle d'espine' in French. The name of Westminster was given to it afterwards, when the minster was built. King Edward perceived that there was much to improve at Westminster; he saw that the brotherhood were poor, and the minster decayed; and by counsel of clerks and laymen, while the country was in prosperity, he with great labour and attention, restored and amply endowed it with lands and other wealth. He gave indeed so much of his own, of fair villages, rich manors and lands, crosses and other goodly gifts, that the place will never know want, if things are managed honestly. But when each monk wants much service, is greedy of money, and makes a purse; the common stock soon wastes accordingly. Thus, however, the king restored Westminster, and held the spot dear, and loved it well. He also afterwards gave so much to St. Edmund (Bury), that the monks who dwell there are very rich.

King Edward was now of a good age; his reign had been long, and to his sorrow he had no child, and no near relation to take his kingdom after him, and maintain it. He considered with himself who should inherit it when he died; and often bethought him, and said he would give his inheritance to duke William his relation, as the best of his lineage. Robert his father had brought him up, and William himself had been of much service to him; and, in fact, all the good he had received had come from that line, and he had loved none so well, however kindly he might behave to any one else. For the honor thereof of his good kinsman, with whom he had been brought up, and on account of the great worth of William himself, he determined to make him heir to the realm.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### OF HAROLD'S JOURNEY TO NORMANDY, AND WHAT HE DID THERE.

Now in that country of England there was a seneschal, Heraut by name, a noble vassal, who on account of his worth and merits, had great influence, and was in truth the most powerful man in all the land. He was strong in his own men, and strong in his friends, and managed all England as a man does land of which he has the seneschalsy. On his father's side he was English, and on his mother's Danish; Gite his mother being a Danish woman, born and brought up in great wealth, a very gentle lady, the sister of King Kenut. She was wife to Godwin, mother to Harold, and her daughter Edif was queen. Harold himself was the favourite of his lord, who had his sister to wife. When his father had died (being choked at the feast), Harold, pitying the hostages, was desirous to cross over into Normandy, to bring them home. So he went to take leave of the king. But Edward strictly forbade him, and charged and conjured him not to go to Normandy, nor to speak with duke William; for he might soon be drawn into some snare, as the duke was very shrewd; and he told him, that if he wished to have the hostages home, he would choose some messenger for the purpose. So at least I have found the story written. But another book tells me that the king ordered him to go, for the purpose of assuring duke William, his cousin, that he should have the realm after his death. How the matter really was I never knew, and I find it written both the one way and the other.

Whatever was the business he went upon, or whatever it was that he meant to do, Harold set out on his way, taking the risk of what might fall out. What is fated to happen no man can prevent, let him be who he will. What must be will come to pass, and no one can make it nought.

He made ready two ships, and took the sea at Bodeham. I know not how the mischief was occasioned; whether the steersman erred, or whether it was that a storm arose; but this I know, that he missed the right course, and touched the coast of Pontif, where he could neither get away, nor conceal himself. A fisherman of that country, who had been in England and had often seen Harold, watched him; and knew him, both by his face and his speech; and went privily to Guy, the count of Pontif, and would speak to no other; and he told the count how he could put a great prize in his way, if he would go with him; and that if he would give him only twenty livres, he should gain a hundred by it, for he would deliver him such a prisoner, as would pay a hundred livres or more for ransom. The count agreed to his terms, and then the fisherman showed him Harold. They seized and took him to Abbeville; but Harold contrived to send off a message privily to duke William in Normandy, and told him of his journey; how he had set out from England to visit him, but had missed the right port; and how the count of Pontif had seized him, and without any cause of offence had put him in prison: and he promised that if the duke would deliver him from his captivity, he would do whatever he wished in return.

Guy guarded Harold mean time with great care; fearing some mischance, he sent him to Belrem, that he might be further from the duke. But William thought that if he could get Harold into his keeping, he might turn it to good account; so he made so many fair promises and offers to the earl, and so coaxed and flattered him, that he at last gave up his prisoner; and the duke thus got possession of him, and gave in return to the count Guy a fair manor lying along the river Alne.

William entertained Harold many days in great honour, as was his due. He took him to many rich tournaments, arrayed him nobly, gave him horses and arms, and led him with him into Brittany—I am not certain whether three or four times—when he had to fight with the Bretons. And in the meantime he bespoke Harold so fairly, that he agreed to deliver up England to him, as soon as king Edward should die; and he was to have Ele, one of William's daughters, for his wife if he would; and to swear to all this if required, William also binding himself to those terms.

To receive the oath, he caused a parliament to be called. It is commonly said that it was at Bayeux that he had his great council



assembled. He sent for all the holy bodies thither, and put so many of them together as to fill a whole chest, and then covered them with a pall; but Harold neither saw them, nor knew of their being there; for nought was shewn or told to him about it; and over all was a philactery, the best that he could select; OIL DE Bif, I have heard it called. When Harold placed his hand upon it, the hand trembled, and the flesh quivered; but he swore, and promised upon his oath, to take Ele to wife, and to deliver up England to the duke: and thereunto to do all in his power, according to his might and wit, after the death of Edward, if he should live, so help him God and the holy relics there! Many cried "God grant it!" and when Harold had kissed the saints, and had risen upon his feet, the duke led him up to the chest, and made him stand near it; and took off the chest the pall that had covered it, and shewed Harold upon what holy relics he had sworn; and he was sorely alarmed at the sight.

Then when all was ready for his journey homeward, he took his leave; and William exhorted him to be true to his word, and kissed him in the name of good faith and friendship. And Harold passed freely homeward, and arrived safely in England.

## CHAPTER IX.

### HOW KING EDWARD DIED, AND HAROLD WAS CROWNED IN HIS STEAD; AND HOW DUKE WILLIAM TOOK COUNSEL AGAINST HIM.

The day came that no man can escape, and king Edward drew near to die. He had it much at heart, that William should have his kingdom, if possible; but he was too far off, and it was too long to tarry for him, and Edward could not defer his hour. He lay in heavy sickness, in the illness whereof he was to die; and he was very weak, for death pressed hard upon him.

Then Harold assembled his kindred, and sent for his friends and other people, and entered into the king's chamber, taking with him whomsoever he pleased. An Englishman began to speak first, as Harold had directed him, and said, "Sire, we sorrow greatly that we are about to lose thee; and we are much alarmed, and fear that great trouble may come upon us: yet we cannot lengthen thy life, nor alter thy fate. Each one must die for himself, and none for another; neither can we cure thee; so that thou canst not escape death; but dust must return to dust. No heir of thine remains who may comfort us after thy death. Thou hast lived long, and art now old, but thou hast had no child, son or daughter; nor hast thou other heir, who may remain instead of thee to protect and guard us, and to become king by lineage. On this account the people weep and cry aloud, and say they are ruined, and that they shall never have peace again if thou failest them. And in this, I trow, they say truly; for without a king they will have no peace, and a king they cannot have, save through thee. Give then thy kingdom in thy lifetime to some one who is strong enough to maintain us in peace. God grant that none other than such may be our king! Wretched is a realm, and little worth, when justice and peace fail; and he who doth not or cannot maintain them, has little right to the kingdom he hath. Well hast thou lived, well hast thou done, and well wilt thou do; thou hast ever served God, and wilt be rewarded of him. Behold the best of thy people, the noblest of thy friends; all are come to beseech thee, and thou must grant their prayer before thou goest hence, or thou wilt not see God. All come to implore thee that Harold may be king of this land. We can give thee no better advice, and no better canst thou do."

As soon as he had named Harold, all the English in the chamber cried out that he said well, and that the king ought to give heed to him. "Sire," they said, "if thou dost it not, we shall never in our lives have peace."

Then the king sat up in his bed, and turned his face to the English there, and said, "Seignors, you well know, and have oftentimes heard, that I have given my realm at my death to the duke of Normandy; and as I have given it, so have some among you sworn that it shall go."

But Harold, who stood by, said, "Whatever thou hast heretofore done, sire, consent now that I shall be king, and that your land be

mine; I wish for no other title, and want no one to do any thing more for me." "Harold," said the king, "thou shalt have it, but I know full well that it will cost thee thy life. If I know any thing of the duke, and the barons that are with him, and the multitude of people that he can command, none but God can avail to save thee."

Then Harold said that he would stand the hazard, and that if the king would do what he asked, he feared no one, be he Norman or other. So the king turned round and said,—whether of his own free will I know not,—"Let the English make either the duke or Harold king as they please, I consent." Thus he made Harold heir to his kingdom, as William could not have it. A kingdom must have a king; without one, in fact, it would be no kingdom; so he let his barons have their own will.

And now he could abide no longer. He died, and the English lamented much over him. His body was greatly honoured, and was buried at Westminster; and the tomb which was made for him was rich, and endureth still. As soon as king Edward was dead, Harold, who was rich and powerful, had himself anointed and crowned, and said nought of it to the duke, but took the homage and fealty of the richest, and best born of the land.

The duke was in his park at Rouen. He held in his hand a bow, which he had strung and bent, making it ready for the arrow; and he had given it into the hands of a page, for he was going forth, I believe, to the chase, and had with him many knights and pages and esquires, when behold! at the gate appeared a serjeant, who came journeying from England, and went straight to the duke and saluted him, and drew him on one side, and told him privily that king Edward was dead, and that Harold was raised to be king.

When the duke had listened to him, and learnt all the truth, how that Edward was dead, and Harold was made king, he became as a man enraged, and left the craft of the woods. Oft he tied his mantle, and oft he untied it again; and spoke to no man, neither dared any man speak to him. Then he crossed the Seine in his boat, and came to his hall, and entered therein; and sat down at the end of a bench, shifting his place from time to time, covering his face with his mantle, and resting his head against a pillar. Thus he remained long, in deep thought, for no one dared speak to him; but many asked aside, "What ails the duke, why makes he such bad cheer?" Then behold in came his seneschal, who rode from the park on horseback; and he passed close by the duke, humming a tune as he went along the hall; and many came round him, asking how it came to pass that the duke was in such plight. And he said to them, "Ye will hear news, but press not for it out of season; news will always spread some time or another, and he who gets it not fresh, has it old."

Then the duke raised himself up, and the seneschal said to him, "Sire, sire, why do you conceal the news you have heard? If men hear it not at one time, they will at another; concealment will do you no good, nor will the telling of it do harm. What you keep so close, is by this time known all over the city; for men go through the streets telling, and all know, both great and small, that king Edward is dead, and that Harold is become king in his stead, and possesses the realm."

"That indeed is the cause of my sorrow," said the duke, "but I know no help for it. I sorrow for Edward, and for his death, and for the wrong that Harold has done me. He has wronged me in taking the kingdom that was granted and promised to me, as he himself had sworn."

To these words Fitz Osber, the bold of heart, replied, "Sire, do not vex yourself, but bestir yourself for your redress; that you may be revenged on Harold, who hath been so disloyal to you. If your courage fail not, the land shall not abide with him. Call together all that you can call; cross the sea, and take the kingdom from him. A bold man should begin nothing unless he pursue it to the end; what he begins he should carry through, or abandon it without more ado."

Thus the fame of king Harold's act went through the country. William sent to him often, and reminded him of his oath; and Harold replied injuriously, that he would do nought for him, neither take his daughter, nor yield up the land. Then William sent him his defiance, but Harold always answered that he feared him nought. The Normans who dwelt in England, who had wives

and children there, men whom Edward had invited and endowed with castles and fiefs, Harold chased out of the country, nor would he leave one there; he drove out fathers and mothers, sons and daughters, brothers and sisters.

Harold received the crown at Easter; but it would have been better for him if he had done otherwise, for he brought nought but evil on his heirs, and on all the land. He perjured himself for a kingdom, and that kingdom endured but little space; to him it was a great loss, and it brought all his lineage to sorrow. He refused to take the duke's daughter to wife, he would neither give nor take according to his covenant, and heavily will he suffer for it; he, and all he loves most.

When William found that Harold would do nothing towards performing his covenant, he considered and took counsel, how to cross the sea, and fight him, and by our Lord's leave, take vengeance for his perjury. He pondered much on the wrongs Harold had done him, and on his not deigning even to speak with him before he got himself crowned, and thus robbed him of what Edward had given him, and Harold himself had sworn to observe. If, he said, he could attack and punish him without crossing the sea, he would willingly have done so; but he would rather cross the sea than not revenge himself, and pursue his right. So he determined to go over sea, and take his revenge.

## CHAPTER X.

### HOW THE BARONS MET AT LILLEBONNE, AND WHAT AID THEY AGREED TO GIVE.

To consult on this matter before he opened his mind to any other, he sent for Robert, the count d'Ou, who dwelt by the men of Vimou, and Rogier de Montgomeri, whom he accounted a great friend, and Fitz Osber of Bretuil, William by name, the proud of spirit; and for Gautier Giffart, a man of great worth; and for his brother Odun, the bishop, and Robert of Moretoin, who was his brother also, and loved him much. Both these were his brothers, but only on the mother's side. He sent moreover for Rogier de Vilers, who was much honoured and esteemed for his wisdom, and was now of considerable age, having sons who were already noble and brave knights. He was lord of Belmont-le-Rogier, and possessed much land. And he sent also for Iwun al Chapel, who had Muriel to wife, sister of the duke on the mother's side, Herluin being her father. I know not if children were born to them; I never heard speak of any.

To these barons he told his design, before he made any great preparation. He told them how he had lost his right, which Harold had seized; and that if they approved, he would cross the sea to avenge himself. If they were willing, he could easily recover his right by the aid of the people he could summon, and by God's permission. And they said they were all ready to go with him, if need were; and to pledge their lands, and even sell them, if necessary; that he need lose nothing of his right, but might rely on his men and his clerks. "You have," said they, "a great baronage, many valiant and wise men, who have very great power, and are as able as we to whom you speak: shew these things to them; all should be taken into counsel who have to share the labour."

So the barons were all summoned, and being assembled at a set day, the duke shewed to them that Harold had cheated him, and had stolen the realm whereof Edward had made him heir; that he wished to avenge himself if he could, but that great aid was wanted; and that he could not, without their help, have many men and many ships, as he needed; let each say what he would do, how many men and ships he would bring. And they said they would speak together about it, and that after holding counsel, they would answer him; and he consented thereto.

They remained long in council; and the debate lasted a great while; for they hesitated long among themselves what they should say, what answer they should give, and what aid they would afford. They complained much to each other, saying that they had often been aggrieved; and they murmured much, conferring together in small parties; here five, there fifteen, here forty, there thirty, sixty, a hundred. Some said they were willing to bring ships and cross the sea with the duke; others said they would not go, for

they owed much and were poor. Some would, others would not, and there was great contention amongst them.

Then Fitz Osber came forward and said, "Why do you go on wrangling with your natural lord, who seeks to gain honour? You ought never to be wanting. You owe him service for your fiefs, and what you owe him you ought to render with all your might. Wait not for him to beseech you; ask him for no respite; but go forward at once, and offer him even more than you can perform. Let him not have cause to complain, nor miss his undertaking on your account. If he fail, he will perchance soon say (for he is of a jealous temper) that you are the cause of his loss. Take care that he has not to say, that his expedition failed through you."

"Sire," said they, "we fear the sea, and we are not bound to serve beyond it; speak for us, we pray you, we put the speech upon you. You shall say what you will, and we will do accordingly." "Do you put it upon me?" said he. "Yes," said each, "I agree, let us go to the duke; speak for us, for you know our minds."

Then Fitz Osber went at their head, and spoke for them. "Sire, sire, look around; there is no people under Heaven that so love their lord, or that will do so much for his honour, as the people you have; and much should you love and protect them. They say that to advance you, they would swim through the sea, or throw themselves into the raging fire; you may trust them much, for they have served you long, and followed you at great cost, and they will willingly continue to serve you. If they have hitherto done well, they will hereafter do yet better. They will pass with you over sea, and double their service. He who should bring twenty knights, will cheerfully bring forty; he who should serve with thirty, will now serve you with sixty; and he who owes a hundred will willingly bring two hundred. For myself, I will in good love bring to my lord, in his need, sixty ships, well furnished and charged with fighting men."

At these words the barons marvelled and murmured much, grumbling loudly at the great promises he made, for which he had no warranty. Many began to disavow him, and the court became much troubled; great noise arose, and the barons stormed. They feared that doubling their service would be turned into a charge on their fiefs, that it would grow to a custom, and would thenceforth become permanently due. The assembly was greatly troubled, the noise was great, and the clamour loud. No one could hear another speak; no one could either listen to reason, or render it for himself.

Then the duke, being greatly disturbed by the noise, drew on one side, and sent for the barons one by one; and spoke with and entreated each, telling them what need he had; how much they stood in his love and grace; and that if they doubled their service, and did of their own accord more than they were bound in this undertaking, they would do well; but he pledged himself that they should not be called on in future for service beyond what was the custom of the land, and such as their ancestors were wont to do for their lord. Each said what he would do, and how many ships he could bring; and the duke had it all recorded at once, numbering the ships and knights which the barons agreed to find; thus each named how many knights he would provide, and how many ships he could bring. Of his brother Odo, the bishop, he received forty ships as a gift. The bishop of Mans furnished thirty ships with their crews; for he desired much to advance the duke. Each of the barons in like manner promised ships, but how many each one said he would bring I do not know.

Then the duke called on his good neighbours, the Bretons, Mansels, and Angevins, and those of Pontif and Boloigne, to come with him in his need. To those who wished he promised lands, if he should conquer England. To many he promised other rewards, good pay, and rich gifts. From all sides he summoned soldiers who would serve for hire.

He shewed to the king of France his lord, how for good cause and for his honour's sake he was about to cross the sea against Harold, who had broken faith and defrauded him. The duke went to speak with the king at St. Girmier in Belveisen. He sought and found him there, and told him his situation, and that if he would aid him, and if by his help he should have his right, he would hold England of him, and would willingly serve him for it.

But the king of France said he would not do it, and that with his consent William should not go. For the French had besought their

king, and counselled him not to advance the duke, or suffer him to strengthen himself. They said he was too strong already, and that it would be foolish to let him become still stronger; for if he were allowed to add the great power beyond sea, the wealth and great force of England, to the good chivalry and pride of Normandy, the king would never have peace in his life; he therefore ought rather to think of disturbing William, and preventing his rising higher, or passing into England. "You cannot aid the duke if you would," they said, "without means and money; all France would thereby be injured and impoverished, and therefore no Frenchman will follow you; no one will pass the sea, and if mischance befall you, you will be brought to great shame. The duke seeks your aid only for his own interest, for no good can come of it to you. When he shall have conquered England, you will have no more service from him; he serves you but little now, and he will then serve you still less. The more he has, the less he will do for you."

After what the Frenchmen said, still more and more opposing it, the king would not assist the duke, but rather hindered him all he could. I know not exactly what the king answered, but I know well that he failed him altogether. When the duke took leave of him, he said like a man who is wroth at heart, "Sire, I will go, and will do the best I can. If God please, I will seek my right. If I win it (which God grant) you shall do me no harm; and if the English are able to defend themselves, so that I fail, I shall not lose heart or head on that account. All things shall be set in order; my children shall have my land, and you shall not take any advantage of them; whether I die or live, whatever befall me, I fear the threats of no man." Then William tried no more to persuade the king, but went his way.

He besought the count of Flanders to go with him as his brother-in-law and friend; but the count answered, that if he would make sure of aid from him, he must first let him know what share of England he was to have, and what division he would make of the spoil.

The duke said that he would go and talk with his barons about the matter, and take their counsel, and afterwards state by letter what they advised him to do. So he went away without more ado, and did such a thing as no one ever did before; for he took a small piece of parchment which had neither letter nor writing upon it, sealed it up with wax, all blank as it was, and wrote upon the label that the count should have such part of England as the letter within stated.

Then he sent the letter to the count by a cunning varlet, who had long been with him; and the varlet delivered it to the count, who broke the seal, and opened the parchment, and looked within, but saw nothing. So he shewed it to the messenger, and the shrewd varlet said to him off hand, "Nought is there, and nought shalt thou have! therefore look for nothing! The honour that the duke seeks will be for your sister and nephews as much as for himself; and if he and they should win England, no one would have more advantage from their success than yourself. All theirs would in truth be yours. If God please, he will conquer it by himself, and seek none of your help." What the count answered I know not, but the varlet thereupon went his way.

The duke determined to make his preparations prudently. He sent to the apostle, by clerks who could tell truly how Harold had used him; how he had broken his oath and lied; and how he would neither take his daughter, nor render him up the kingdom which Edward had given him, and Harold had guaranteed on oath. He said that perjury ought to be punished according to the rules of holy church; and that if by God's will he should conquer England, he would receive it of St. Peter, and do service for it to none but God. The apostle granted his request, and sent him a gonfanon, and a very precious, rich and fair ring, which, he said, had under the stone one of Saint Peter's hairs. With these tokens he commanded, and in God's name granted to him, that he should conquer England, and hold it of Saint Peter.

Now while these things were doing, a great star appeared, shining for fourteen days, with three long rays streaming towards the south; such a star as is wont to be seen when a kingdom is about to change its king. I have seen many men who saw it, men of full age at the time, and who lived many years after. Those who discourse of the stars would call it a comet.

## CHAPTER XI.

### HOW THE NORMAN HOST MET AT ST. VALERI, AND SAILED THENCE.

The duke rejoiced greatly at receiving the gonfanon, and the license which the apostle gave him. He got together carpenters smiths and other workmen, so that great stir was seen at all the ports of Normandy, in the collecting of wood and materials, cutting of planks, framing of ships and boats, stretching sails, and rearing masts, with great pains and at great cost. They spent all one summer and autumn in fitting up the fleet and collecting the forces; and there was no knight in the land, no good Serjeant, archer, nor peasant of stout heart, and of age for battle, that the duke did not summon to go with him to England: promising rents to the vavassors, and honors to the barons.

When the ships were ready, they were moored in the Somme at St Valeri, and there delivered to the barons. Many were the ships and boats in the river there, which is called the Somme, and separates Ponthieu and Vimou. Vimou extends as far as Ou, which separates Normandy from Vimou, a country under different government. Ou is a river, and Ou is also a fair castle situate upon that river.

The duke had men from many and various parts. Haimon, the viscount of Toarz came thither, a man of very great power, who could bring much people. Alain Felgan also came to the crossing, and brought with him great baronage from among the Bretons; and Fitz Bertran de Pelelt, and the Sire de Dinan came also; and Raol de Gael, and many Bretons from many castles, and from about Brechelian, concerning which the Bretons tell many fables. It is a forest long and broad, much famed throughout Brittany. The fountain of Berenton rises from beneath a stone there. Thither the hunters are used to repair in sultry weather; and drawing up water with their horns, they sprinkle the stone for the purpose of having rain, which is then wont to fall, they say, throughout the whole forest around; but why I know not. There, too, fairies are to be seen (if the Bretons tell truth) and many other wonders happen. The ground is broken and precipitous, and deer in plenty roam there, but the husbandmen have deserted it. I went thither on purpose to see these marvels. I saw the forest and the land, and I sought for the marvels, but I found none. I went like a fool, and so I came back; I sought after folly, and hold myself a fool for my pains.

The fame of the Norman duke soon went forth through many lands; how he meant to cross the sea against Harold, who had taken England from him. Then soldiers came flocking to him, one by one, two by two, and four by four; by fives and sixes, sevens and eights, nines and tens; and he retained them all, giving them much and promising more. Many came by agreement made with them beforehand; many bargained for lands, if they should win England; some required pay, allowances and gifts; and the duke was often obliged to give at once to those who could not wait the result.

I shall never put in writing, and would not undertake to set down, what barons, and how many knights, how many vavassors, and how many soldiers the duke had in his company, when he had collected all his navy; but I heard my father say—I remember it well, although I was but a lad—that there were seven hundred ships, less four, when they sailed from St. Valeri; and that there were besides these ships, boats and skiffs for the purpose of carrying the arms and harness. I have found it written (but I know not whether it be true) that there were in all three thousand vessels bearing sails and masts. Any one will know that there must have been a great many men to have furnished out so many vessels.

They waited long at St. Valeri for a fair wind, and the barons were greatly wearied. Then they prayed the convent to bring out the shrine of St Valeri, and set it on a carpet in the plain; and all came praying the holy reliques, that they might be allowed to pass over sea. They offered so much money, that the reliques were buried beneath it; and from that day forth, they had good weather and a fair wind. The duke placed a lantern on the mast of his ship, that the other ships might see it, and hold their course after it. At the summit was a vane of brass, gilt. On the head of the ship, in

the front, which mariners call the prow, there was the figure of a child in brass, bearing an arrow with a bended bow. His face was turned towards England, and thither he looked, as though he was about to shoot; so that whichever way the ship went, he seemed to aim onwards.

Of so large a fleet with so many people, only two ships were in any peril, and those perhaps from being overloaded. The duke had a great chivalry in his ships; and besides these, he had many archers and Serjeants, many brave men and warriors, carpenters and engineers, good smiths and other handicraftsmen.

## CHAPTER XII.

### HOW THE DUKE AND HIS HOST LANDED NEAR TO HASTINGS, AND MADE THEMSELVES A FORT.

The ships steered to one port; all arrived and reached the shore together; together cast anchor, and ran on dry land; and together they discharged themselves. They arrived near Hastings, and there each ship ranged by the other's side. There you might see the good sailors, the Serjeants and squires sally forth and unload the ships; cast the anchors, haul the ropes, bear out shields and saddles, and land the warhorses and palfreys. The archers came forth, and touched land the foremost; each with his bow bent, and his quiver full of arrows slung at his side. All were shaven and shorn, and all clad in short garments, ready to attack, to shoot, to wheel about and skirmish. All stood well equipped, and of good courage for the fight; and they scoured the whole shore, but found not an armed man there. After the archers had thus gone forth, the knights landed next, all armed; with their hauberks on, their shields slung at their necks, and their helmets laced. They formed together on the shore, each armed upon his warhorse. All had their swords girded on, and passed into the plain with their lances raised.

The barons had gonfanons, and the knights pennons. They occupied the advanced ground, next to where the archers had fixed themselves. The carpenters, who came after, had great axes in their hands, and planes and adzes hung at their sides. When they had reached the spot where the archers stood, and the knights were assembled, they consulted together, and sought for a good spot to place a strong fort upon. Then they cast out of the ships the materials, and drew them to land, all shaped framed and pierced to receive the pins which they had brought, cut and ready in large barrels; so that before evening had well set in, they had finished a fort. Then you might see them make their kitchens, light their fires, and cook their meat. The duke sat down to eat, and the barons and knights had food in plenty; for he had brought ample store. All ate and drank enough, and were right glad that they were ashore.

Before the duke left the Somme, a clerk had come to him, who knew, he said, astronomy and necromancy, and held himself a good diviner, and predicted many things. So he divined for the duke, and predicted that he should pass the sea safely, and succeed in his expedition, without fighting at all; for that Harold would make such promises, and come to such terms, that he would hold the land of the duke, and become his liegeman, and so William would return in safety. As to the good passage, he predicted right enough; but as to not fighting, he lied. When the duke had crossed, and arrived safely, he remembered the prediction, and inquired for the diviner. But one of the sailors said he had miscarried and was drowned at sea, being in one of the lost ships. "Little matters it," said the duke; "no great deal could he have known. A poor diviner indeed must he be about me, who could predict nought about himself. If the things to come were known to him, he might well have foreseen his own death; foolish is he who trusts in a diviner, who takes heed for others but forgets himself; who knows the end of other men's work, and can not discern the term of his own life." Such was the end of the diviner.

As the ships were drawn to shore, and the duke first landed, he fell by chance upon his two hands. Forthwith all raised a loud cry of distress, "An evil sign," said they, "is here." But he cried out lustily, "See, seignors, by the splendour of God! I have seized Eng-

land with my two hands; without challenge no prize can be made; all is our own that is here; and now we shall see who will be the bolder man." Then one of his men ran forward and put his hand on a hut, and took a handful of the thatch, and turned to the duke, saying heartily, "Sire, come forward and receive seizin; of this land I give you seizin; without doubt the country is yours." And the duke said, "I accept it; may God be with us."

Then he ordered proclamation to be made, and commanded the sailors that the ships should be dismantled, and drawn ashore and pierced, that the cowards might not have the ships to flee to.

All cannot be told or written at once; but, passing backward and forward to each matter in its turn, I have now to tell that the duke immediately after his arrival made all his host arm themselves.

The first day they held their course along the sea-shore; and on the morrow came to a castle called Penevesel. The squires and foragers, and those who looked out for booty, seized all the clothing and provisions they could find, lest what had been brought by the ships should fail them; and the English were to be seen fleeing before them, driving off their cattle, and quitting their houses. All took shelter in the cemeteries, and even there they were in grievous alarm.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### HOW AN ENGLISH KNIGHT RODE TO HAROLD WHO WAS FIGHTING TOSTI; AND WHAT MESSAGE WAS SENT BY THE DUKE.

A knight of that country heard the noise and cry made by the peasants and villains when they saw the great fleet arrive. He well knew that the Normans were come, and that their object was to seize the land. He posted himself behind a hill, so that they should not see him, and tarried there, watching the arrival of the great fleet. He saw the archers come forth from the ships, and the knights follow. He saw the carpenters with their axes, and the host of people and troops. He saw the men throw the materials for the fort out of the ships. He saw them build up and enclose the fort, and dig the fosse around it. He saw them land the shields and armour. And as he beheld all this, his spirit was troubled; and he girt his sword and took his lance, saying he would go straightway to king Harold, and tell the news. Forthwith he set out on his way, resting late and rising early; and thus he journeyed on by night and by day to seek Harold his lord.

He found him beyond the Humber, in a town where he had just dined. Harold carried himself very loftily, for he had been beyond Humber, and had had great success in overcoming Tosti. Tosti was Harold's brother; but unfortunately they had become enemies, and Tosti had sent his friends to Harold, calling upon him to give him his father's fief, now that it had fallen out, that, right or wrong, he had become king; and requiring him to let him have the lands their father held by inheritance; and he promised on this being done to ask no more; but to become his man, and acknowledge him for lord, and serve him as well as he did King Edward.

But Harold would not agree to this; he would neither give nor exchange ought with him; so Tosti became very wroth, and crossed over to Denmark, and brought with him Danes and Norwegians, and landed over against Euroick. When Harold learnt the news, he made himself ready, and set out against Tosti, and fought with and conquered him and his troops. Tosti was killed near Pontfrait, and his army besides suffered great loss. Then Harold set out on his return from Pontfrait, and glorified himself exceedingly. But foolish is he who glorifies himself, for good fortune soon passeth away; bad news swiftly comes; soon may he die himself who has slain others; and the heart of man often rejoiceth when his ruin is nigh.

Harold returned rejoicing and triumphing, bearing himself right proudly, when news met him that put other thoughts in his mind; for lo! the knight is come who set out from Hastings. "The Normans," he cried, "are come! they have landed at Hastings! thy land will they wrest from thee, if thou canst not defend thyself

well; they have enclosed a fort, and strengthened it round about with palisades and a fosse."

"Sorry am I," said Harold, "that I was not there at their arrival. It is a sad mischance; I had better have given what Tosti asked, so that I had been at the port when William reached the coast, and bad disputed his landing; we might then have driven so many into the sea that they would never have made good their landing, nor have touched ought of ours: neither would they have missed death on land, if they had escaped the dangers of the sea. But thus it hath pleased the heavenly king; and I could not be every where at once."

There was a baron of the land—I do not know his name—who had loved the duke well, and was in secret council with him, and desired, so far as he was able, that no harm should befall him. This baron sent word to him privily, that he was too weak; that he had come with too little force, as it seemed to him, to do what he had undertaken; for that there were so many men in England, that it would be very hard to conquer. So he counselled him in good faith, and in true love, to leave the country and go home to his own land before Harold should arrive; for he feared lest he should miscarry, and he should grieve much, he said, if any misfortune should befall him. The duke answered briefly, that he saw no reason for doubt; that he might rely upon it, if he had but ten thousand of as noble knights as those of whom he had sixty thousand or more, he would still fight it out. Yea, he said, he would never go back till he had taken vengeance on Harold.

Harold came full speed to London, ordering that from every part of England all should come forthwith, fully equipped, by a time appointed them, without allowing any excuse except sickness. He would have challenged the duke, and at once fixed a day for the battle, but he waited till his great baronage should come together: and they came in haste on receiving the summons.

The duke soon heard that Harold was assembling a great host, and that he was come to London from the north, where he had killed his brother Tosti. Then he sent for Huon Margot, a tonsured monk of Fescam; and as he was a learned man, well known, and much valued, the duke despatched him to Harold. And Margot set out on his way, and finding Harold at London, spoke to him thus:

"Harold! hearken to me! I am a messenger, hear ye from whom! The duke tells thee, by my mouth, that thou hast too soon forgotten the oath, which thou didst but lately take to him in Normandy, and that thou hast forsworn thyself. Repair the wrong, and restore him the crown and lordship, which are not thine by ancestry; for thou art neither king by heritage, nor through any man of thy lineage. King Edward of his free will and power, gave his land and realm to his best kinsman William. He gave this gift as he had a right to do, to the best man he had. He gave it in full health before his death, and if he did wrong, thou didst not forbid it; nay, thou didst assent, and warrant and swear to maintain it. Deliver him his land; do justice, lest greater damage befall thee. No such hosts can assemble as thou and he must combat with, without great cost and heavy loss; and thus there will be mischief to both sides. Restore the kingdom that thou hast seized! woe betide thee if thou shalt endeavour to hold it!"

Harold was exceedingly proud, and it is said that he had sometimes fits of madness. He was enraged at the words with which Margot had menaced him; and it is thought he would have ill used him, had not Gurth his brother sprung forth and stood between them, and sent Huon Margot away; and he went forth without taking leave, not choosing to stay longer, and neither said nor did any thing more concerning the matter he came about, but returned to duke William, and told him how Harold had insulted him.

Then Harold chose a messenger who knew the language of France, and sent him to duke William, charging him with these words: "Say to the duke that I desire he will not remind me of my covenant nor of my oath; if I ever foolishly made it and promised him any thing, I did it for my liberty. I swore in order to get my freedom; whatever he asked I agreed to; and I ought not to be reproached, for I did nothing of my own free will. The strength was all on his side, and I feared that unless I did his pleasure, I should never return, but should have remained there for ever. If I have done him any wrong, I will make him recompense. If he want any of my wealth, I will give it according to my ability. I will

refit all his ships, and give them safe conduct; but if he refuse this offer, tell him for a truth, that if he wait for me so long, I will on Saturday seek him out, and on that day will do battle with him."

The messenger hastened to the duke, and on the part of king Harold, told him that if he would return to his own land, and free England of his presence, he should have safe conduct for the purpose; and if money was his object, he should have as much gold and silver as should supply the wants of all his host.

Duke William replied, "Thanks for his fair words! I am not come into this country with so many *escus*, to change them for his *esterlins*; but I am come that I may have all his land, according to his oath, and the gift of king Edward, who delivered me two youths of gentle lineage as hostages; the one the son, the other the nephew of Godwin. I have them still in my keeping, and keep them I will, if I can, till I have right done unto me."

Then the messenger replied, "Sire, you ask too much of us, far too much of my lord; you would rob him of his honour and fair name, requiring him to deliver up his kingdom, as if he dared not defend it. All is still safe, and in good order with us; there is no weakness or decay in his force. He is not so pressed by the war, as that he should give up his land to you; neither is it very agreeable that, because you wish for his kingdom, he should at once abandon it to you. Harold will not give you what you cannot take from him; but in good will, and as a matter of favour, and without fear of your threats, he will give you as much as you desire of gold and silver, money and fine garments: and thus you may return to your country before any affray happen between you. If you will not accept this offer, know this, that if you abide his coming, he will be ready in the field on Saturday next, and on that day he will fight with you."

The duke accepted this appointment, and the messenger took his leave; but when he proposed to go, the duke gave him a horse and garments: and when he came back to Harold thus arrayed, he shewed all that the duke had given him, and told how he had been honoured, and all that had passed; and Harold repented much that he had done otherwise by Huon Margot.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### HOW THE ENGLISH CONSULTED, AND WENT TO MEET THE NORMAN HOST; AND HAROLD AND GURTH WENT FORTH TO RECONNOITRE.

Whilst Harold and William communicated in this way by messengers, clerks and knights, the English assembled at London. When they were about to set out thence, I have heard tell that Gurth, one of Harold's brothers, reasoned thus with him.

"Fair brother, remain here, but give me your troops; I will take the adventure upon me, and will fight William. I have no covenant with him, by oath or pledge; I am in no fealty to him, nor do I owe him my faith. It may chance that there will be no need to come to blows; but I fear that if you fight, you will pay the penalty of perjury, seeing you must forswear yourself; and he who has the right will win. But if I am conquered and taken prisoner, you, if God please, being alive, may still assemble your troops, and fight or come to such an arrangement with the duke, that you may hold your kingdom in peace. Whilst I go and fight the Normans, do you scour the country, burn the houses, destroy the villages, and carry off all stores and provisions, swine and goats and cattle; that they may find no food, nor any thing whatever to subsist upon. Thus you may alarm and drive them back, for the duke must return to his own country if provisions for his army shall fail him."

But Harold refused, and said that Gurth should not go against the duke and fight without him; and that he would not burn houses and villages, neither would he plunder his people. "How," said he, "can I injure the people I should govern? I cannot destroy or harass those who ought to prosper under me."

However all agreed that Gurth's advice was good, and wished him to follow it; but Harold, to shew his great courage, swore that they should not go to the field or fight without him. Men, he said, would hold him a coward, and many would blame him for sending his best friends where he dared not go himself. So he would not

be detained, but set out from London, leading his men forward armed for the fight, till he erected his standard and fixed his gonfanon right where THE ABBEY OF THE BATTLE is now built. There he said he would defend himself against whoever should seek him; and he had the place well examined, and surrounded it by a good fosse, leaving an entrance on each of three sides, which were ordered to be all well guarded.

The Normans kept watch and remained throughout the night in arms, and on their guard; for they were told that the English meant to advance and attack them that night. The English also feared that the Normans might attack them in the dark; so each kept guard the whole night, the one watching the other.

At break of day in the morning, Harold rose and Gurth with him. Noble chiefs were they both. Two warhorses were brought for them, and they issued forth from their entrenchment. They took with them no knight, varlet on foot, nor squire; and neither of them bore other arms than shield, lance and sword; their object being to reconnoitre the Normans, and to know where and how they were posted. They rode on, viewing and examining the ground, till from a hill where they stood they could see those of the Norman host, who were near. They saw a great many huts made of branches of trees, tents well equipped, pavilions and gonfanons; and they heard horses neighing, and beheld the glittering of armour. They stood a long while without speaking; nor do I know what they did, or what they said, or what counsel they held together there; but on their return to their tent Harold spoke first.

"Brother," said he, "yonder are many people, and the Normans are very good knights, and well used to bear arms. What say you? what do you advise? With so great a host against us, I dare not do otherwise than fall back upon London: I will return thither and assemble a larger army."

"Harold!" said Garth, "thou base coward! This counsel has come too late; it is of no use now to flinch, we must move onward. Base coward! when I advised you, and got the barons also to beseech you, to remain at London and let me fight, you would not listen to us, and now you must take the consequence. You would take no heed of any thing we could say; you believed not me or any one else; now you are willing, but I will not. You have lost your pride too soon; quickly indeed has what you have seen abated your courage. If you should turn back now, every one would say that you ran away. If men see you flee, who is to keep your people together? and if they once disperse, they will never be brought to assemble together again."

Thus Harold and Gurth disputed, till their words grew angry, and Gurth would have struck his brother, had he not spurred his horse on, so that the blow missed, and struck the horse behind the saddle, glancing along Harold's shield. Had it gone aright, it would have felled him to the ground. Gurth thus vented his humour, charging his brother with cowardice; but they galloped on to the tents, and shewed no sign of their dispute, neither let any ill will appear between them, when they saw their people coming. Lewine, Harold's next brother after Gurth, had also arisen early, and gone to Harold's tent; and when he found not his two brothers where he left them over night, he thought he should see them no more. "By Heaven," cried he, "they have been taken and delivered to their enemies;" for he thought they must either have been killed, or betrayed to the Normans; and he ran forth like a madman, shouting and crying out as if he had lost his senses. But when he learned where they were, and that they had gone out to reconnoitre the Normans, he and his companions, and the earls and barons, mounted quickly upon their horses, and set out from the tents; when behold! they met the brothers. The barons took it ill that they went so imprudently, and without any guard; but all turned back to the tents, and prepared for battle.

When they came in front of the enemy, the sight alarmed them grievously; and Harold sent forth two spies to reconnoitre the opposite troops, and see what barons and armed men the duke had brought with him. As they drew near to his army, they were observed, and being taken before William, were sore afraid. But when he learnt what was their errand, and that they wanted to estimate his strength, he had them taken through all the tents, and shewed the whole host to them. Then he used them exceed-

ing well, gave them abundantly to eat and drink, and let them go without injury or molestation.

When they returned to their lord, they spoke very honourably of the duke; and one of them, who had seen that the Normans were so close shaven and cropt, that they had not even moustaches, supposed he had seen priests and mass-sayers; and he told Harold that the duke had more priests with him than knights or other people. But Harold replied, "Those are valiant knights, bold and brave warriors, though they bear not beards or moustaches as we do."

## CHAPTER XV.

### WHAT FURTHER PARLEY WAS HAD BETWEEN THE KING AND DUKE WILLIAM BEFORE THE BATTLE.

Then the duke chose a messenger, a monk learned and wise, well instructed and experienced, and sent him to king Harold. He gave him his choice, to take which he would of three things. He should either resign England and take his daughter to wife; or submit to the good judgment of the apostle and his people; or meet him singly and fight body to body, on the terms that he who killed the other, or could conquer and take him prisoner, should have England in peace, nobody else suffering. Harold said he would do neither; he would neither perform his covenant, nor put the matter in judgment, nor would he meet him and fight body to body.

Before the day of the battle, which was now become certain, the duke of his great courage told his barons, that he would himself speak with Harold; and summon him with his own mouth to render up what he had defrauded him of, and see what he would answer; that he would appeal him of perjury, and summon him on his pledged faith; and if he would not submit, and make reparation forthwith, he would straightway defy, and fight him on the morrow; but that if he yielded, he would, with the consent of his council, give up to him all beyond the Humber towards Scotland.

The barons approved this, and some said to him, "Fair sir, one thing we wish to say to you; if we must fight, let us fight promptly, and let there be no delay. Delay may be to our injury, for we have nothing to wait for, but Harold's people increase daily; they come strengthening his army constantly with fresh forces." The duke said this was true, and he promised them that there should be no more delay.

Then he made a score of knights mount upon their war-horses. All had their swords girt, and their other arms were borne by the squires who went with them. A hundred other knights mounted next, and went riding after them, but at a little distance; and then a thousand knights also mounted and followed the hundred, but only so near as to see what the hundred and the twenty did.

The duke then sent to Harold, whether by monk or abbot I know not, and desired him to come into the field, and speak with him, and to fear nothing, but bring with him whom he would, that they might talk of an arrangement. But Gurth did not wait for Harold's answer, and neither let him speak, nor go to talk with the duke; for he instantly sprang up on his feet, and said to the messenger, "Harold will not go! tell your lord to send his message to us hither, and let us know what he will take, and what he will leave, or what other arrangement he is willing to make;"

Whilst the messenger returned to carry this answer, Harold called together his friends and his earls, all by their names, to hear what message the duke would send back. And he sent word to Harold, that if he would abide by his covenant, he would give him all Northumberland, and whatever belonged to the kingdom beyond Humber; and would also give to his brother Gurth the lands of Godwin their father. And if he refused this, he challenged him for perjury in not delivering up the kingdom, and not taking his daughter to wife, as he ought: in all this he had lied and broken faith; and unless he made reparation he defied him. And he desired the English should know and take notice, that all who came with Harold, or supported him in this affair, were excommunicated by the apostle and the clergy. At this excommunication the English were much troubled; they feared it greatly, and the battle

still more. And much murmuring was to be heard on all hands, and consulting one with the other; none was so brave, but that he wished the battle might be prevented.

"Seignors," said Gurth, "I know and see that you are in great alarm; that you fear the event of the battle, and desire an arrangement: and so do I as much, and in truth more, I believe; but I have also great fear of duke William, who is very full of treachery. You have heard what he says, and how low he rates us, and how he will only give us what he likes of a land which is not his yet. If we take what he offers, and go beyond the Humber, he will not long leave us even that, but will push us yet further. He will always keep his eye upon us, and bring us to ruin in the end. When he has got the uppermost, and has the best of the land, he will leave little for us, and will soon try to take it all. He wants to cheat us into taking instead of a rich country, a poor portion of one, and presently he will have even that. I have another fear, which is more on your than on my own account, for I think I could easily secure myself. He has given away all your lands to knights of other countries. There is neither earl nor baron to whom he has not made some rich present: there is no earldom, barony, nor chatelainie, which he has not given away: and I tell you for a truth, that he has already taken homage from many, for your inheritances which he has given them. They will chase you from your lands, and still worse, will kill you. They will pillage your vassals, and ruin your sons and daughters: they do not come merely for your goods, but utterly to ruin you and your heirs. Defend yourselves then and your children, and all that belong to you, while you may. My brother hath never given away, nor agreed to give away the great fiefs, the honors, or lands of your ancestors; but earls have remained earls, and barons enjoyed their rights; the sons have had their lands and fiefs after their fathers' deaths: and you know this to be true which I tell you, that peace was never disturbed. We may let things remain thus if we will, and it is best for us so to determine. But if you lose your houses, your manors, demesnes, and other possessions, where you have been nourished all your lives, what will you become, and what will you do? Into what country will you flee, and what will become of your kindred, your wives and children? In what land will they go begging, and where shall they seek an abode? When they thus lose their own honour, how shall they seek it of others?"

By these words of Gurth, and by others which were said at his instance, and by pledges from Harold to add to the fiefs of the barons, and by his promises of things which were then out of his power to give, the English were aroused, and swore by God, and cried out, that the Normans had come on an evil day, and had embarked on a foolish matter. Those who had lately desired peace, and feared the battle, now carried themselves boldly, and were eager to fight; and Gurth had so excited the council, that no man who had talked of peace would have been listened to, but would have been reproved by the most powerful there.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### HOW BOTH HOSTS PASSED THE NIGHT AND MADE READY FOR BATTLE; AND HOW THE DUKE EXHORTED HIS MEN.

The duke and his men tried no further negotiation, but returned to their tents, sure of fighting on the morrow. Then men were to be seen on every side straightening lances, fitting hauberks and helmets; making ready the saddles and stirrups; filling the quivers, stringing the bows, and making all ready for the battle.

I have heard tell that the night before the day of battle, the English were very merry, laughing much and enjoying themselves. All night they ate and drank, and never lay down on their beds. They might be seen carousing, gambolling and dancing, and singing; BUBLIE they cried, and WEISSEL, and LATI-COME and DRINCHEHEIL, DRINC-HINDREWART and DRINC-TOME, DRINC-HELF, and DRINC-TOME. Thus they beamed themselves; but the Normans and French betook themselves all night to their orisons, and were in very serious mood. They made confession of their sins, and accused themselves to the priests; and whoso had no priest near him, confessed himself to his neighbour.

The day on which the battle was to take place being Saturday, the Normans, by the advice of the priests, vowed that they would nevermore while they lived eat flesh on that day. Giffrei, bishop of Coutanes, received confessions, and gave benedictions, and imposed penances on many; and so did the bishop of Bayeux, who carried himself very nobly. He was bishop of the Bessin, Odes by name, the son of Herluin, and brother of the duke on the mother's side. He brought to his brother a great body of knights and other men, being very rich in gold and silver.

On the fourteenth day of October was fought the battle whereof I am about to tell you.

The priests had watched all night, and besought and called on God, and prayed to him in their chapels which were fitted up throughout the host. They offered and vowed fasts, penances, and orisons; they said psalms and misereres, litanies and kyriels; they cried on God, and for his mercy, and said paternosters and masses; some the SPIRITUS DOMINI, others SALUS POPULI, and many SALVE SANCTE PARENS, being suited to the season, as belonging to that day, which was Saturday. And when the masses were sung, which were finished betimes in the morning, all the barons assembled and came to the duke, and it was arranged they should form three divisions, so as to make the attack in three places.

The duke stood on a hill, where he could best see his men; the barons surrounded him, and he spoke to them proudly:

"Much ought I," said he, "to love you all, and much should I confide in you; much ought and will I thank you who have crossed the sea for me, and have come with me into this land. It grieves me that I cannot now render such thanks as are due to you, but when I can I will, and what I have shall be yours. If I conquer, you will conquer. If I win lands, you shall have lands; for I say most truly that I am not come merely to take for myself what I claim, but to punish the felonies, treasons, and falsehoods which the men of this country have always done and said to our people. They have done much ill to our kindred, as well as to other people, for they do all the treason and mischief they can. On the night of the feast of St Briçun, they committed horrible treachery; they slew all the Danes in one day; they had eaten with them, and then slew them in their sleep; no fouler crime was ever heard of than in this manner to kill the people who trusted in them.

"You have all heard of Alwered, and how Godwin betrayed him; he saluted and kissed him, ate and drank with him; then betrayed, seized and bound him, and delivered him to the felon king, who confined him in the Isle of Eli, tore out his eyes, and afterwards killed him. He had the men of Normandy also brought to Gedefort, and decimated them; and when the tenth was set apart, hear what felony they committed! they decimated that tenth once more, because it appeared too many to save. These felonies, and many other which they have done to our ancestors, and to our friends who demeaned themselves honourably, we will revenge on them, if God so please. When we have conquered them, we will take their gold and silver, and the wealth of which they have plenty, and their manors, which are rich. We shall certainly easily conquer them, for in all the world there is not so brave an army, neither such proved men and vassals, as are here assembled."

Then they began to cry out, "You will not see one coward; none here will fear to die for love of you, if need be."

And he answered them, "I thank you well. For God's sake spare not; strike hard at the beginning; stay not to take spoil; all the booty shall be in common, and there will be plenty for every one. There will be no safety in peace or flight; the English will never love or spare Normans. Felons they were and are; false they were and false they will be. Shew no weakness towards them, for they will have no pity on you; neither the coward for his flight, nor the bold man for his strokes, will be the better liked by the English, nor will any be the more spared on that account. You may fly to the sea, but you can fly no further; you will find neither ship nor bridge there; there will be no sailors to receive you; and the English will overtake you and kill you in your shame. More of you will die in flight than in battle; flight, therefore, will not secure you; but fight, and you will conquer. I have no doubt of the victory; we are come for glory, the victory is in our hands, and we may make sure of obtaining it if we so please."

As the duke said this, and would have said yet more, William Fitz Osber rode up, his horse being all coated with iron; "Sire," said he to his lord, "we tarry here too long, let us all arm ourselves. Allons! allons!"

Then all went to their tents and armed themselves as they best might; and the duke was very busy, giving every one his orders; and he was courteous to all the vassals, giving away many arms and horses to them.

When he prepared to arm himself, he called first for his good hauberk, and a man brought it on his arm, and placed before him; but in putting his head in, to get it on, he inadvertently turned it the wrong way, with the back part in front. He quickly changed it, but, when he saw that those who stood by were sorely alarmed, he said, "I have seen many a man who, if such a thing had happened to him, would not have borne arms, or entered the field the same day; but I never believed in omens, and I never will. I trust in God; for he does in all things his pleasure, and ordains what is to come to pass, according to his will. I have never liked fortune-tellers, nor believed in diviners; but I commend myself to our Lady. Let not this mischance give you trouble. The hauberk which was turned wrong, and then set right by me, signifies that a change will arise out of the matter we are now moving. You shall see the name of duke changed into king. Yea, a king shall I be, who hitherto have been but duke."

Then he crossed himself, and straightway took his hauberk, stooped his head, and put it on aright; and laced his helmet and girt his sword, which a varlet brought him.

## CHAPTER XVII.

### WHO WAS CHOSEN TO BEAR THE DUKE'S GONFANON IN THE BATTLE.

Then the duke called for his good horse; a better could not be found. It had been sent him by a king of Spain as a token of friendship. Neither arms nor throng did it fear, when its lord spurred on. Galtier Giffart, who had been to St. Jago, brought it. The duke stretched out his hand, took the reins, put foot in stirrup and mounted; and the good horse pawed, pranced, reared himself up, and curvetted.

The viscount of Toarz saw how the duke bore himself in arms, and said to his people that were around him, "Never have I seen a man so fairly armed, nor one who rode so gallantly, or bore his arms, or became his hauberk so well; neither any one who bore his lance so gracefully, or sat his horse and manjuved him so nobly. There is no other such knight under heaven! a fair count he is, and fair king he will be. Let him fight and he shall overcome; shame be to him who shall fail him!"

The duke called for horses, and had several led out to him; each had a good sword hanging at the saddlebow, and those who led the horses bore lances. Then the barons armed themselves, the knights and the lancemen; and the whole were divided into three companies; each company having many lords and captains appointed to them, that there might be no cowardice, or fear of loss of member or life.

The duke called a serving man, and ordered him to bring forth the gonfanon which the pope had sent him; and he who bore it having unfolded it, the duke took it, reared it, and called to Raol de Conches; "Bear my gonfanon," said he, "for I would not but do you right; by right and by ancestry your line are standard bearers of Normandy, and very good knights have they all been." "Many thanks to you," said Raol, "for acknowledging our right; but by my faith, the gonfanon shall not this day be borne by me. To-day I claim quittance of the service, for I would serve you in other guise. I will go with you into the battle, and will fight the English as long as life shall last, and know that my hand will be worth any twenty of such men."

Then the duke turned another way, and called to him Galtier Giffart. "Do thou take this gonfanon," said he, "and bear it in the battle." But Galtier Giffart answered, "Sire, for God's mercy look at my white and bald head; my strength has fallen away, and my breath become shorter. The standard should be borne by one who can endure long labour; I shall be in the battle, and you have not

any man who will serve you more truly; I will strike with my sword till it shall be died in your enemies' blood."

Then the duke said fiercely, "By the splendour of God, my lords, I think you mean to betray and fail me in this great need." "Sire," said Giffart, "not so! we have done no treason, nor do I refuse from any felony towards you; but I have to lead a great chivalry, both soldiers and the men of my fief. Never had I such good means of serving you as I now have; and if God please, I will serve you: it need be, I will die for you, and will give my own heart for yours."

"By my faith," quoth the duke, "I always loved thee, and now I love thee more; if I survive this day, thou shalt be the better for it all thy days." Then he called out a knight, whom he had heard much praised, Tosteins Fitz Rou le blanc, by name, whose abode was at Bec-en-Caux. To him he delivered the gonfanon; and Tosteins took it right cheerfully, and bowed low to him in thanks, and bore it gallantly, and with good heart. His kindred still have quittance of all service for their inheritance on that account, and their heirs are entitled so to hold their inheritance for ever.

William sat on his warhorse, and called out Rogier, whom they call de Montgomeri. "I rely much on you," said he; "lead your men thitherward, and attack them from that side. William, the son of Osber, the seneschal, a right good vassal, shall go with you and help in the attack, and you shall have the men of Boilogne and Poix, and all my soldiers. Alain Fergant and Aimeri shall attack on the other side; they shall lead the Poitevins and the Bretons, and all the barons of Maine; and I with my own great men, my friends and kindred, will fight in the middle throng, where the battle shall be the hottest."

The barons and knights and lancemen were all now armed; the men on foot were well equipped, each bearing bow and sword: on their heads were caps, and to their feet were bound buskins. Some had good hides which they had bound round their bodies; and many were clad in frocks, and had quivers and bows hung to their girdles. The knights had hauberks and swords, boots of steel and shining helmets; shields at their necks, and in their hands lances. And all had their cognizances, so that each might know his fellow, and Norman might not strike Norman, nor Frenchman kill his countryman by mistake. Those on foot led the way, with serried ranks, bearing their bows. The knights rode next, supporting the archers from behind. Thus both horse and foot kept their course and order of march as they began; in close ranks at a gentle pace, that the one might not pass or separate from the other. All went firmly and compactly, bearing themselves gallantly; and in each host stood archers ready to exchange shots.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### HOW THE MEN OF ENGLAND MADE READY, AND WHO THEY WERE.

Harold had summoned his men, earls, barons, and vavassors, from the castles and the cities; from the ports, the villages, and boroughs. The villains were also called together from the villages, bearing such arms as they found; clubs and great picks, iron forks and stakes. The English had enclosed the field where Harold was with his friends, and the barons of the country whom he had summoned and called together. Those of London had come at once, and those of Kent, of Herfort, and of Esseesse; those of Surée and Sussesse, of St. Edmund and Sufo; of Norwis and Norfoc; of Cantorbierre and Stanfort; Bedefort and Hundetone The men of Northanton also came; and those of Eurowic and Bokinkeham, of Bed and Notinkeham, Lindesie and Nichole. There came also from the west all who heard the summons; and very many were to be seen coming from Salebiere and Dorset, from Bat and from Sumerset. Many came too from about Gloucestre, and many from Wirecestre, from Wincestre, Hontesire, and Bricheshire; and many more from other counties that we have not named, and cannot indeed recount. All who could bear arms, and had learnt the news of the duke's arrival, came to defend the land. But none came from beyond Humbre, for they had other business upon their hands; the Danes and Tosti having much damaged and weakened them.

Harold knew that the Normans would come and attack him hand to hand: so he had early enclosed the field in which he placed



his men. He made them arm early, and range themselves for the battle; he himself having put on arms and equipments that became such a lord. The duke, he said, ought to seek him, as he wanted to conquer England; and it became him to abide the attack, who had to defend the land. He commanded his people, and counselled his barons to keep themselves all together, and defend themselves in a body; for if they once separated, they would with difficulty recover themselves. "The Normans," said he, "are good vassals, valiant on foot and on horseback; good knights are they on horseback, and well used to battle; all is lost if they once penetrate our ranks. They have brought long lances and swords, but you have pointed lances and keen edged bills; and I do not expect that their arms can stand against yours. Cleave whenever you can; it will be ill done if you spare aught."

Harold had many and brave men that came from all quarters in great numbers; but a multitude of men is of little worth, if the favour of Heaven is wanting. Many and many have since said, that Harold had but a small force, and that he fell on that account. But many others say, and so do I, that he and the duke had man for man. The men of the duke were not more numerous; but he had certainly more barons, and the men were better. He had plenty of good knights, and great plenty of good archers.

The English peasants carried hatchets, and keen edged bills. They had built up a fence before them with their shields, and with ash and other wood; and had well joined and wattled in the whole work, so as not to leave even a crevice; and thus they had a barricade in their front, through which any Norman who would attack them must first pass. Being covered in this way by their shields and barricades, their aim was to defend themselves; and if they had remained steady for that purpose, they would not have been conquered that day; for every Norman who made his way in, lost his life in dishonour, either by hatchet or bill, by club or other weapon. They wore short and close hauberks, and helmets that over hung their garments.

King Harold issued orders and made proclamation round, that all should be ranged with their faces toward the enemy; and that no one should move from where he was; so that whoever came might find them ready; and that whatever any one, be he Norman or other, should do, each should do his best to defend his own place. Then he ordered the men of Kent to go where the Normans were likely to make the attack; for they say that the men of Kent are entitled to strike first; and that whenever the king goes to battle, the first blow belongs to them. The right of the men of London is to guard the king's body, to place themselves around him, and to guard his standard; and they were accordingly placed by the standard, to watch and defend it.

When Harold had made all ready, and given his orders, he came into the midst of the English, and dismounted by the side of the standard, Leofwin and Gurth, his brothers, were with him; and around him he had barons enough, as he stood by his gonfanon, which was in truth a noble one, sparkling with gold and precious stones. After the victory William sent it to the apostle, to prove and commemorate his great conquest and glory. The English stood in close ranks, ready and eager for the fight; and they had moreover made a fosse, which went across the field, guarding one side of their army.

## CHAPTER XIX.

### HOW THE THREE NORMAN COMPANIES MOVED ON TO ATTACK THE ENGLISH.

Meanwhile the Normans appeared, advancing over the ridge of a rising ground; and the first division of their troops moved onwards along the hill and across a valley. As they advanced king Harold saw them afar off, and calling to Gurth, said, "Brother, which way are you looking? See you the duke coining yonder? Our people will have no mischief from the force I see yonder. There are not men enough there to conquer the great force we have in this land. I have four times a hundred thousand armed men, knights and peasants."

"By my faith," answered Gurth, "you have many men; but a great gathering of vilanaille is worth little in battle. You have

plenty of men in every day clothes, but I fear the Normans much; for all who have come from over sea are men to be feared. They are all well armed, and come on horseback, and will trample our people under foot; they have many lances and shields, hauberks and helmets; glaives and swords, bows and barbed arrows that are swift, and fly fleetlier than the swallow."

"Gurth," said Harold, "be not dismayed, God can give us sufficient aid, if he so pleases; and there certainly is no need to be alarmed at yonder army."

But while they yet spoke of the Normans they were looking at, another division, still larger, came in sight, close following upon the first; and they wheeled towards another side of the field, forming together as the first body had done. Harold saw and examined them, and pointing them out to Gurth, said to him, "Gurth, our enemies grow; knights come up thickening their ranks; they gather together from all around; I am dismayed, and was never before so troubled: I much fear the result of the battle, and my heart is in great tribulation."

"Harold," said Gurth, "you did ill when you fixed a day for the battle. I lament that you came, and that you did not remain at London, or at Winchester: but it is now too late; it must be as it is."

"Sire brother," replied Harold, "bygone counsel is little worth; let us defend ourselves as we can; I know no other remedy."

"If," said Gurth, "you had stayed in London, you might have gone thence from town to town, and the duke would never have followed you. He would have feared you and the English, and would have returned or made peace; and thus you would have saved your kingdom. You would not believe me, nor value the advice I gave; you fixed the day of battle, and sought it of your own free will."

"Gurth," said Harold, "I did it for good; I named Saturday because I was born on a Saturday; and my mother used to tell me that good luck would attend me on that day."

"He is a fool," said Gurth, "who believes in luck, which no brave man ought to do. No brave man should trust to luck. Every one has his day of death; you say you were born on a Saturday, and on that day also you may be killed."

Meanwhile, a fresh company came in sight, covering all the plain; and in the midst of them was raised the gonfanon that came from Rome. Near it was the duke, and the best men and greatest strength of the army were there. The good knights, the good vassals and brave warriors were there; and there were gathered together the gentle barons, the good archers, and the lancemen, whose duty it was to guard the duke, and range themselves around him. The youths and common herd of the camp, whose business was not to join in the battle, but to take care of the harness and stores, moved off towards a rising ground. The priests and the clerks also ascended a hill, there to offer up prayers to God, and watch the event of the battle.

Harold saw William come, and beheld the field covered with arms, and how the Normans divided into three companies, in order to attack at three places. I know not of which he was most afraid; but his trouble was so great that he could scarcely say, "We are fallen on an evil lot, and I fear much lest we come to shame. The count of Flanders hath betrayed me: I trusted to him, and was a fool for so doing; when he sent me word by letter, and assured me by messages that William could never collect so great a chivalry. On the faith of his report I delayed my preparations, and now I rue the delay."

Then his brother Gurth drew near, and they placed themselves by the standard; each praying God to protect them. Around them were their kinsmen, and those barons who were their nearest friends; and they besought all to do their best, seeing that none could now avoid the conflict. Each man had his hauberk on, with his sword girt and his shield at his neck. Great hatchets were also slung at their necks, with which they expected to strike heavy blows. They were on foot in close ranks, and carried themselves right boldly; yet if they had foretold the issue, well might they have bewailed the evil fate—cruel and hard of a truth—that was approaching. OLICROSSE they often cried, and many times repeated GODEMITE. 'Olicrosse' is in English what 'Sainte Croix' is in French, and 'Godemite' the same as 'Dex tot potissant' in French.

The Normans brought on the three divisions of their army to attack at different places. They set out in three companies, and in three companies did they fight. The first and second had come up, and then advanced the third, which was the greatest; with that came the duke with his own men, and all moved boldly forward.

As soon as the two armies were in full view of each other, great noise and tumult arose. You might hear the sound of many trumpets, of bugles and of horns; and then you might see men ranging themselves in line, lifting their shields, raising their lances, bending their bows, handling their arrows, ready for assault and for defence. The English stood steady to their post, the Normans still moving on; and when they drew near, the English were to be seen stirring to and fro; men going and coming; troops ranging themselves in order; some with their colour rising, others turning pale; some making ready their arms, others raising their shields; the brave man rousing himself to the fight, the coward trembling at the approaching danger.

## CHAPTER XX.

### HOW TAILLEFER SANG, AND THE BATTLE BEGAN.

Then Taillefer who sang right well, rode mounted on a swift horse before the duke, singing of Karlemaine, and of Rollant, of Oliver and the vassals who died in Renchevals. And when they drew nigh to the English, "A boon, sire!" cried Taillefer; "I have long served you, and you owe me for all such service. To-day, so please you, you shall repay it. I ask as my guerdon, and beseech you for it earnestly, that you will allow me to strike the first blow in the battle!"

And the duke answered, "I grant it." Then Taillefer put his horse to a gallop, charging before all the rest, and struck an Englishman dead, driving his lance below the breast into his body, and stretching him upon the ground. Then he drew his sword, and struck another, crying out "Come on! come on! What do ye, sirs? lay on! lay on!" At the second blow he struck, the English pushed forward and surrounded him. Forthwith arose the noise and cry of war, and on either side the people put themselves in motion. The Normans moved on to the assault, and the English defended themselves well. Some were striking, others urging onwards; all were bold, and cast aside fear.

AND NOW, BEHOLD! THAT BATTLE WAS GATHERED WHEREOF THE FAME IS YET MIGHTY.

Loud and far resounded the bray of the horns; and the shocks of the lances; the mighty strokes of clubs, and the quick clashing of swords. One while the Englishmen rushed on, another while they fell back; one while the men from over sea charged onwards, and again at other times retreated. The Normans shouted DEX AIE, the English people UT. Then came the cunning man;uvres, the rude shocks and strokes of the lance and blows of the sword, among the Serjeants and soldiers, both English and Norman. When the English fall, the Normans shout. Each side taunts and defies the other, yet neither knoweth what the other saith; and the Normans say the English bark, because they understand not their speech.

Some wax strong, others weak; the brave exult, but the cowards tremble, as men who are sore dismayed. The Normans press on the assault, and the English defend their post well; they pierce the hauberk, and cleave the shields; receive and return mighty blows. Again some press forwards; others yield, and thus in various ways the struggle proceeds.

In the plain was a fosse, which the Normans had now behind them, having passed it in the fight without regarding it. But the English charged and drove the Normans before them, till they made them fall back upon this fosse, overthrowing into it horses and men. Many were to be seen falling therein, rolling one over the other, with their faces to the earth, and unable to rise. Many of the English also, whom the Normans drew down along with them, died there. At no time during the day's battle did so many Normans die, as perished in that fosse. So those said who saw the dead.

The varlets who were set to guard the harness began to abandon it, as they saw the loss of the Frenchmen, when thrown back upon the fosse without power to recover themselves. Being greatly alarmed at seeing the difficulty in restoring order, they began to quit the harness, and sought around, not knowing where to find shelter. Then Odo, the good priest, the bishop of Bayeux, galloped up, and said to them, "Stand fast! stand fast! be quiet and move not! fear nothing, for if God please, we shall conquer yet." So they took courage, and rested where they were; and Odo returned galloping back to where the battle was most fierce, and was of great service on that day. He had put a hauberk on, over a white aube; wide in the body, with the sleeve tight; and sat on a white horse, so that all might recognise him. In his hand he held a mace, and wherever he saw most need, he led up and stationed the knights, and often urged them on to assault and strike the enemy.

## CHAPTER XXI.

### HOW THE ARCHERS SMOTE HAROLD'S EYE; AND WHAT STRATAGEM THE NORMANS USED.

From nine o'clock in the morning, when the combat began, till three o'clock came, the battle was up and down, this way and that, and no one knew who would conquer and win the land. Both sides stood so firm and fought so well, that no one could guess which would prevail. The Norman archers with their bows shot thickly upon the English; but they covered themselves with their shields, so that the arrows could not reach their bodies, nor do any mischief, how true soever was their aim, or however well they shot. Then the Normans determined to shoot their arrows upwards into the air, so that they might fall on their enemies' heads, and strike their faces. The archers adopted this scheme, and shot up into the air towards the English; and the arrows in falling struck their heads and faces, and put out the eyes of many; and all feared to open their eyes, or leave their faces unguarded.

The arrows now flew thicker than rain before the wind; fast sped the shafts that the English call 'wibetes'. Then it was that an arrow, that had been thus shot upwards, struck Harold above his right eye, and put it out. In his agony he drew the arrow and threw it away, breaking it with his hands: and the pain to his head was so great, that he leaned upon his shield. So the English were wont to say, and still say to the French, that the arrow was well shot which was so sent up against their king; and that the archer won them great glory, who thus put out Harold's eye.

The Normans saw that the English defended themselves well, and were so strong in their position that they could do little against them. So they consulted together privily, and arranged to draw off, and pretend to flee, till the English should pursue and scatter themselves over the field; for they saw that if they could once get their enemies to break their ranks, they might be attacked and discomfited much more easily. As they had said, so they did. The Normans by little and little fled, the English following them. As the one fell back, the other pressed after; and when the Frenchmen retreated, the English thought and cried out, that the men of France fled, and would never return.

Thus they were deceived by the pretended flight, and great mischief thereby befell them; for if they had not moved from their position, it is not likely that they would have been conquered at all; but like fools they broke their lines and pursued.

The Normans were to be seen following up their stratagem, retreating slowly so as to draw the English further on. As they still flee, the English pursue; they push out their lances and stretch forth their hatchets: following the Normans, as they go rejoicing in the success of their scheme, and scattering themselves over the plain. And the English meantime jeered and insulted their foes with words. "Cowards," they cried, "you came hither in an evil hour, wanting our lands, and seeking to seize our property, fools that ye were to come! Normandy is too far off, and you will not easily reach it. It is of little use to run back; unless you can cross the sea at a leap, or can drink it dry, your sons and daughters are lost to you."

The Normans bore it all, but in fact they knew not what the English said; their language seemed like the baying of dogs, which they could not understand. At length they stopped and turned round, determined to recover their ranks; and the barons might be heard crying DEX AIE! for a halt. Then the Normans resumed their former position, turning their faces towards the enemy; and their men were to be seen facing round and rushing onwards to a fresh *melée*; the one party assaulting the other; this man striking, another pressing onwards. One hits, another misses; one flies, another pursues: one is aiming a stroke, while another discharges his blow. Norman strives with Englishman again, and aims his blows afresh. One flies, another pursues swiftly: the combatants are many, the plain wide, the battle and the *melée* fierce. On every hand they fight hard, the blows are heavy, and the struggle becomes fierce.

The Normans were playing their part well, when an English knight came rushing up, having in his company a hundred men, furnished with various arms. He wielded a northern hatchet, with the blade a full foot long; and was well armed after his manner, being tall, bold, and of noble carriage. In the front of the battle where the Normans thronged most, he came bounding on swifter than the stag, many Normans falling before him and his company. He rushed straight upon a Norman who was armed and riding on a warhorse, and tried with his hatchet of steel to cleave his helmet; but the blow miscarried, and the sharp blade glanced down before the saddle bow, driving through the horse's neck down to the ground, so that both horse and master fell together to the earth. I know not whether the Englishman struck another blow; but the Normans who saw the stroke were astonished, and about to abandon the assault, when Rogier de Montgomeri came galloping up, with his lance set, and heeding not the long handled axe, which the Englishman wielded aloft, struck him down, and left him stretched upon the ground. Then Rogier cried out, "Frenchmen strike! the day is ours!" And again a fierce *melée* was to be seen, with many a blow of lance and sword; the English still defending themselves, killing the horses and cleaving the shields.

There was a French soldier of noble mien, who sat his horse gallantly. He spied two Englishmen who were also carrying themselves boldly. They were both men of great worth, and had become companions in arms and fought together, the one protecting the other. They bore two long and broad bills, and did great mischief to the Normans, killing both horses and men. The French soldier looked at them and their bills, and was sore alarmed, for he was afraid of losing his good horse, the best that he had; and would willingly have turned to some other quarter, if it would not have looked like cowardice. He soon, however, recovered his courage, and spurring his horse gave him the bridle, and galloped swiftly forward. Fearing the two bills, he raised his shield by the 'en-armes,' and struck one of the Englishmen with his lance on the breast, so that the iron passed out at his back. At the moment that he fell, the lance broke, and the Frenchman seized the mace that hung at his right side, and struck the other Englishman a blow that completely fractured his skull.

## CHAPTER XXII.

### THE ROLL OF THE NORMAN CHIEFS; AND THEIR DEEDS.

LES NONS DE GRAUNTZ DELA LA MER  
QUE VINDRENT OD LE CONQUEROUR  
WILLIAM BASTARD DE GRAUNT VIGOURE.

Old Rogier de Belmont attacked the English in the front rank; and was of high service, as is plain by the wealth his heirs enjoy: any one may know that they had good ancestors, standing well with their lords who gave them such honors. From this Rogier descended the lineage of Mellant. Guillaume, whom they call Mallet, also threw himself boldly into the fray, and with his glittering sword created great alarm among the English. But they pierced his shield and killed his horse under him, and he would have been slain himself, had not the Sire de Montfort, and Dam William de Vez-pont, come up with their strong force and bravely rescued

him, though with the loss of many of their people, and mounted him on a fresh horse.

The men of the Beessin also fought well, and the barons of the Costentin; and Neel de St. Salveor exerted himself much to earn the love and good will of his lord, and assaulted the English with great vigour. He overthrew many that day with the poitrail of his horse, and came with his sword to the rescue of many a baron. The lord of Felgieres also won great renown, with many very brave men that he brought with him from Brittany.

Henri the Sire de Ferrieres, and he who then held Tillieres, both these barons brought large companies, and charged the English together. Dead or captive were all who did not flee before them, and the field quaked and trembled.

On the other side was an Englishman who much annoyed the French, continually assaulting them with a keen edged hatchet. He had a helmet made of wood, which he had fastened down to his coat, and laced round his neck, so that no blows could reach his head. The ravage he was making was seen by a gallant Norman knight, who rode a horse that neither fire nor water could stop in its career, when its lord urged it on. The knight spurred, and his horse carried him on well till he charged the Englishman, striking him over the helmet, so that it fell down over his eyes; and as he stretched out his hand to raise it and uncover his face, the Norman cut off his right hand, so that his hatchet fell to the ground. Another Norman sprung forward and eagerly seized the prize with both his hands, but he kept it little space, and paid dearly for it; for as he stooped to pick up the hatchet, an Englishman with his long handled axe struck him over the back, breaking all his bones, so that his entrails and lungs gushed forth. The knight of the good horse meantime returned without injury; but on his way he met another Englishman, and bore him down under his horse, wounding him grievously, and trampling him altogether underfoot.

The good citizens of Rouen, and the young men of Caen, Faleise and Argentoen, of Anisie and Matoen, and he who was then sire d'Aubemare, and dam Willame de Romare, and the sires de Litehare, Touke, and La Mare, and the sire de Neauhou, and a knight of Pirou, Robert the sire de Belfou, and he who was then sire de Alnou, the chamberlain of Tancharville and the sire d'Estotevile, and Wiestace d'Abeville, and the sire de Magneville, William whom they call Crespin, and the sire de St. Martin, and dam William des Molins and he who was sire des Pins; all these were in the battle, and there was not one of them that did not render great aid.

A vassal from Grente-mesnil was that day in great peril; his horse ran away with him, so that he was near falling, for in leaping over a bush the bridle rein broke, and the horse plunged forward. The English seeing him ran to meet him with their hatchets raised, but the horse took fright, and turning quickly round brought him safe back again.

Old Gifrei de Meaine, and old Onfrei de Bohun, Onfrei de Cartrai, and Maugier a newly made knight, were there also. William de Garennes came too, his helmet setting gracefully on his head; and old Hue de Gornai and together with him his men of Brai. With the numerous forces they brought, they killed great numbers.

And Engerran de l'Aigle came also, with shield slung at his neck; and gallantly handling his spear, struck down many English. He strove hard to serve the duke well, for the sake of the lands he had promised him. And the viscount of Toarz was no coward that day. And Richard d'Avrencin was there, and with him were the sire de Biarz, and the sire de Solignie, and the butler d'Aubignie, and the lords de Vitrie, de Lacie, de Val de Saire, and de Tracie; and these forming one troop, fell on the English off hand, fearing neither fence nor fosse; many a man did they overthrow that day; many did they maim, and many a good horse did they kill.

Hugh the sire de Montfort, and those of Espine, Port, Courcie, and Jort also, that day slew many English. He who was then sire de Reviers, brought with him many knights who were foremost in the assault, bearing the enemy down with their warhorses. Old Willame de Moion had with him many companions; and Raol Teisson de Cingueleiz, and old Rogier Marmion, carried themselves as barons ought, and afterwards received a rich guerdon for their service.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

### THE ROLL OF THE NORMAN LORDS CONTINUED.

Next the company of Neel rode Raol de Gael; he was himself a Breton, and led Bretons; he served for the land which he had, but he held it short time enough; for he forfeited it, as they say.

Avenals des Biarz was there, and Païenals des Mostiers-Hubert; and Robert Bertram, who was Tort (crooked), but was very strong when on horseback, had with him a great force, and many men fell before him. The archers of Val de Roil, and those of Bretoil, put out the eyes of many an Englishman with their arrows. The men of Sole and Oireval, and of St. Johan and Brehal, of Brius and of Homez, were to be seen on that day, striking at close quarters, and holding their shields over their heads, so as to receive the blows of the hatchets. All would rather have died than have failed their lawful lord.

And there were also present the lords of Saint-Sever and Cailie, and the sire de Semillie, and Martels de Basqueville; and near him the lords of Prael, of Goviz and Sainteals, of Viez Molei, and Monceals; and he who was sire de Pacie, and the seneschal de Corcie, and a chevalier de Lacie, with the lords de Gascie, d'Oillie, and de Sacie, and the sires de Vaacie, del Torneor and de Praeres, and Willame de Columbieres, and old Gilbert d'Asnieres, de Chaignes, and de Tornieres, and old Hue de Bolebec, and Dam Richart, who held Orbec, and the sire de Bonnesboz, and the sires de Sap, and de Gloz and he who then held Gregoz; he killed two Englishmen; smiting the one through with his lance, and braining the other with his sword; and then galloped his horse back, so that no Englishman touched him.

And the sire de Monfichet was there, leading a gallant party; and the ancestor of Hue li Bigot, who had lands at Maletot, and at Loges and Chanon, and served the duke in his house as one of his seneschals, which office he held in fee. He had with him a large troop, and was a noble vassal. He was small of body, but very brave and bold, and assaulted the English with his men gallantly.

And now might be heard the loud clang and cry of battle, and the clashing of lances. The English stood firm in their barricades, and shivered the lances, beating them into pieces with their bills and maces. The Normans drew their swords and hewed down the barricades, and the English in great trouble fell back upon their standard, where were collected the maimed and wounded.

Then the sire de la Haie charged on, and neither spared nor pitied any; striking none whom he did not kill, and inflicting wounds such as none could cure.

The lords de Vitrie and Urinie, de Moubrai and Saie, and the sire de la Ferté, smote down many of the English, most of whom suffered grievously, and many of them were killed. Botevilain and Trossebot feared neither blow nor thrust, but heartily gave and took many on that day.

William Patric de la Lande called aloud for king Harold, saying that if he could see him, he would appeal him of perjury. He had seen him at la Lande, and Harold had rested there on his way through, when he was taken to the duke, then at Avranches, on his road to Brittany. The duke made him a knight there, and gave him and his companions arms and garments, and sent him against the Bretons. Patric stood armed by the duke's side, and was much esteemed by him.

There were many knights of Chauz, who jousted and made attacks. The English knew not how to joust, nor bear arms on horseback, but fought with hatchets and bills. A man when he wanted to strike with one of their hatchets, was obliged to hold it with both his hands, and could not at the same time, as it seems to me, both cover himself and strike with any freedom.

The English fell back upon a rising ground, and the Normans followed them across the valley, attacking them on foot and horseback. Then Hue de Mortemer, with the sires d'Auviler, d'Onebac, and Saint-Cler, rode up and charged, overthrowing many.

Robert Fitz Erneis fixed his lance, took his shield, and galloping towards the standard with his keen-edged sword, struck an Englishman who was in front, killed him, and then drawing back his sword, attacked many others, and pushed straight for the stan-

dard, trying to beat it down; but the English surrounded it, and killed him with their bills. He was found on the spot, when they afterwards sought for him, dead, and lying at the standard's foot.

Robert count of Moretoing never went far from the duke. He was his brother on the mother's side, and brought him great aid. The sire de Herecort was also there, riding a very swift horse, and gave all the help he could. The sires de Crievecoer, Driencort, and Briencort, also followed the duke wherever he moved. The sires de Combrai, and Alnei; de Fontenei, Rebercil, and Molei challenged Harold the king to come forth, and said to the English, "Stay! stay! where is your king? he that perjured himself to William? He is a dead man, if we find him."

Many other barons there were, whom I have not even named; for I cannot give an account of them all, nor can I tell of all the feats they did, for I would not be tedious. Neither can I give the names of all the barons, nor the surnames of all whom the duke brought from Normandy and Brittany in his company. He had also many from Mans and Thouars; and Angevins and Poitevins; and men of Ponthieu and Bologne. He had also soldiers from many lands, who came some for land and some for money. Great was the host, and great the enterprize.

Duke William fought gallantly, throwing himself wherever the greatest press was, beating down many who found no rescue; so that it might easily be seen that the business in hand was his own. He who bore his gonfalon that day—Tostein, Fitz-Rou le blanc by name, born at Bec near Fescamp—was a brave and renowned knight. He bore the gonfalon boldly, high aloft in the breeze, and rode by the duke, going wherever he went. Wherever the duke turned, he turned also, and wheresoever he stayed his course, there he rested also. And the duke fought where the greatest throng was, where he saw the most English, and wherever the Normans were attacking and slaughtering them. He also had around him a great company, vavassors of Normandy, who to save their lord would have put their own bodies between him and the enemies' blows.

Alain Fergant, count of Brittany, lead a great company of Bretons, a bold and fierce people, who willingly go wherever booty is to be won. They wounded and killed many; and few that they struck stood their ground. Alain Fergant himself fought like a noble and valiant knight, and led his Bretons on, doing great damage to the English.

The sire de St. Galeri, and the count d'Ou, and Roger de Montgomeri and dam Ameri de Toarz also demeaned themselves like brave men, and those whom their blows reached were ill handled.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

### WHAT DEEDS OF ARMS DUKE WILLIAM DID; AND HOW HAROLD WAS SLAIN AND THE ENGLISH FLED.

Duke William pressed close upon the English with his lance; striving hard to reach the standard with the great troop he led; and seeking earnestly for Harold, on whose account the whole war was. The Normans follow their lord, and press around him; they ply their blows upon the English; and these defend themselves stoutly, striving hard with their enemies, returning blow for blow.

One of them was a man of great strength, a wrestler, who did great mischief to the Normans with his hatchet; all feared him, for he struck down a great many Normans. The duke spurred on his horse, and aimed a blow at him, but he stooped, and so escaped the stroke; then jumping on one side, he lifted his hatchet aloft, and as the duke bent to avoid the blow, the Englishman boldly struck him on the head, and beat in his helmet, though without doing much injury. He was very near falling however, but bearing on his stirrups he recovered himself immediately; and when he thought to have revenged himself on the vagabond by killing him, the rogue had escaped, dreading the duke's blow. He ran back in among the English, but he was not safe even there, for the Normans seeing him, pursued and caught him; and having pierced him through and through with their lances, left him dead on the ground.

Where the throng of the battle was greatest, the men of Kent and of Essex fought wondrously well, and made the Normans

again retreat, but without doing them much injury. And when the duke saw his men fall back, and the English triumphing over them, his spirit rose high, and he seized his shield by the 'enarnes', and his lance, which a vassal handed to him, and took his post by his gonfanon.

Then those who kept close guard by him, and rode where he rode, being about a thousand armed men, came and rushed with closed ranks upon the English; and with the weight of their good horses, and the blows the knights gave, broke the press of the enemy, and scattered the crowd before them, the good duke leading them on in front. Many pursued and many fled; many were the Englishmen who fell around, and were trampled under the horses, crawling upon the earth, and not able to rise. Many of the richest and noblest men fell in that rout, but still the English rallied in places; smote down those whom they reached, and maintained the combat the best they could; beating down the men and killing the horses. One Englishman watched the duke, and plotted to kill him; he would have struck him with his lance, but he could not, for the duke struck him first, and felled him to the earth.

Loud was now the clamour, and great the slaughter; many a soul then quitted the body it inhabited. The living marched over the heaps of dead, and each side was weary of striking. He charged on who could, and he who could no longer strike still pushed forward. The strong struggled with the strong; some failed, others triumphed; the cowards fell back, the brave pressed on; and sad was his fate who fell in the midst, for he had little chance of rising again; and many in truth fell who never rose at all, being crushed under the throng.

And now the Normans had pressed on so far, that at last they reached the standard. There Harold had remained, defending himself to the utmost; but he was sorely wounded in his eye by the arrow, and suffered grievous pain from the blow. An armed man came in the throng of the battle, and struck him on the ventaille of his helmet, and beat him to the ground; and as he sought to recover himself, a knight beat him down again, striking him on the thick of his thigh, down to the bone.

Gurth saw the English falling around, and that there was no remedy. He saw his race hastening to ruin, and despaired of any aid; he would have fled, but could not, for the throng continually increased. And the duke pushed on till he reached him, and struck him with great force. Whether he died of that blow I know not, but it was said that he fell under it, and rose no more.

The standard was beaten down, the golden gonfanon was taken, and Harold and the best of his friends were slain; but there was so much eagerness, and throng of so many around, seeking to kill him, that I know not who it was that slew him.

The English were in great trouble at having lost their king, and at the duke's having conquered and beat down the standard; but they still fought on, and defended themselves long, and in fact till the day drew to a close. Then it clearly appeared to all that the standard was lost, and the news had spread throughout the army that Harold, for certain, was dead; and all saw that there was no longer any hope, so they left the field, and those fled who could.

I do not tell, and I do not indeed know, for I was not there to see, and have not heard say, who it was that smote down king Harold, nor by what weapon he was wounded; but this I know, that he was found among the dead. His great force availed him nothing; amidst the slain he was found slain also.

The English who escaped from the field did not stop till they reached London, for they were in great fear, and cried out that the Normans followed close after them. The press was great to cross the bridge, and the river beneath it was deep; so that the bridge broke under the throng, and many fell into the water.

William fought well; many an assault did he lead, many a blow did he give, and many receive, and many fell dead under his hand. Two horses were killed under him, and he took a third when necessary, so that he fell not to the ground, and lost not a drop of blood. But whatever any one did, and whoever lived or died, this is certain, that William conquered, and that many of the English fled from the field, and many died on the spot. Then he returned thanks to God, and in his pride ordered his gonfanon to be brought and set up on high, where the English standard had stood; and that was the signal of his having conquered, and beaten down the stan-

dard. And he ordered his tent to be raised on the spot among the dead, and had his meat brought thither, and his supper prepared there.

But behold, up galloped Galtier Giffart; "Sire," said he, "what are you about? you are surely not fitly placed here among the dead. Many an Englishman lies bloody and mingled with the dead, but yet sound, or only wounded and besmeared with gore; tarrying of his own accord, and meaning to rise at night, and escape in the darkness. They would delight to take their revenge, and would sell their lives dearly; no one of them caring who killed him afterwards, if he but slew a Norman first; for they say we have done them much wrong. You should lodge elsewhere, and let yourself be guarded by one or two thousand armed men, whom you can best trust. Let a careful watch be set this night, for we know not what snares may be laid for us. You have made a noble day of it, but I like to see the end of the work." "Giffart," said the duke, "I thank God, we have done well hitherto; and, if such be God's will, we will go on, and do well henceforward. Let us trust God for all!"

Then he turned from Giffart, and took off his armour; and the barons and knights, pages and squires came, when he had unstrung his shield; and they took the helmet from his head, and the hauberk from his back, and saw the heavy blows upon his shield, and how his helmet was dented in. And all greatly wondered, and said, "Such a baron (ber) never bestrode warhorse, nor dealt such blows, nor did such feats of arms; neither has there been on earth such a knight since Rollant and Oliver."

Thus they lauded and extolled him greatly, and rejoiced in what they saw; but grieving also for their friends who were slain in the battle. And the duke stood meanwhile among them, of noble stature and mien; and rendered thanks to the king of glory, through whom he had the victory; and thanked the knights around him, mourning also frequently for the dead. And he ate and drank among the dead, and made his bed that night upon the field.

The morrow was Sunday; and those who had slept upon the field of battle, keeping watch around, and suffering great fatigue, bestirred themselves at break of day, and sought out and buried such of the bodies of their dead friends as they might find. The noble ladies of the land also came, some to seek their husbands, and others their fathers, sons, or brothers. They bore the bodies to their villages, and interred them at the churches; and the clerks and priests of the country were ready, and, at the request of their friends, took the bodies that were found, and prepared graves and lay them therein.

King Harold was carried and buried at Varham; but I know not who it was that bore him thither, neither do I know who buried him. Many remained on the field, and many had fled in the night.

## CHAPTER XXV.

### HOW WILLIAM WAS CROWNED KING; AND HOW HE AT LAST FELL ILL AT ROUEN

The duke placed a guard in Hastings, from the best of his knights, so as to garrison the castle well, and went thence to Romenel, to destroy it utterly, because some of his people had arrived there, I know not by what accident, and the false and traitorous had killed them by felony. On that account he was very wroth against them, and grievously punished them for it.

Proceeding thence, he rested no where till he reached Dover, at the strong fort he had ordered to be made at the foot of the hill. The castle on the hill was well garrisoned, and there all the goods of the country round were stored, and all the people had collected. The place being well fortified, and being out of the reach of any engines, they had made ready to defend themselves, and determined to contest the matter with the duke; and it was so well fenced in, and so high, and had so many towers and walls, that it was no easy matter to take it, as long as provisions should last.

The duke held them besieged there eight days; and during that time there were many fierce and bold assaults of the men and esquires. But the castle guards learnt that however long they might hold out, they must expect no succour, for that Harold the king

was dead, and all the best of the English: and thus all saw plainly that the kingdom could no longer be defended. They dared not therefore longer keep up the contest, seeing the great loss they had sustained, and that do what they would it would not avail them long; so being forced by this necessity, they surrendered the castle, strong, rich, and fair as it was, to the duke, saving only their bodies and goods; and made their peace with him, all the men of the country swearing fealty to him. Then he placed a gallant and brave garrison in the castle; and before he parted thence all came to him from Cantorbire, both of high and low degree, and gave him their oaths and homage, and delivered hostages.

Stiganz was then archbishop of the city, as I read, who had greater wealth and more powerful friends than any other man of the country. In concert with the greatest men of the kingdom, and the sons of earl Algar, who could not brook the shame of their people being so conquered, and would not suffer a Norman to obtain such honour, they had chosen and made their lord a knight and gallant youth called Addelin, of the lineage of the good king Edward. Whether from fear or affection they made him king; and they rather chose to die than have for king in England one who was a stranger, and had been born in another land.

Towards London repaired all the great men of the kingdom, ready to aid and support Addelin in his attempt. And the duke, being desirous to go where he might encounter the greatest number of them, journeyed also to London, where the brave men were assembled ready to defend it. Those who were most daring issued out of the gates, armed, and on horseback; manœuvring against his people, to show how little they feared him, and that they would do nothing for him. When the duke saw their behaviour, he valued them not sufficiently to arm against them more than five hundred of his people. These, lacing their helmets on, gave the rein to their horses, angry and eager for the fray. Then might you see heads fly off, and swords cleaving body and ribs of the enemy.

Thus without any pause they drove all back again, and many were made prisoners, or lost their lives. And they set fire to the houses, and the fire was so great that all on this side the Thames was burnt that day.

Great grief was there in the city, and much were they discomfited. They had lost so much property, and so many people, that their sorrow was very heavy. Then they crossed the water, some on foot and some on horseback, and sought the duke at Walenford, and stayed not till they had concluded their peace, and surrendered their castles to him. Then the joy of all was great; and archbishop Stiganz came there, and did fealty to duke William, and so did many more of the realm; and he took their homages and pledges. And Addelin was brought there also, whom they had foolishly made king. And Stiganz so entreated the duke, that he gave him his pardon, and then led all his force to London, to take possession of the city; and neither prince nor people came forth against him, but abandoned all to him, body, goods, and city, and promised to be faithful and serve him, and to do his pleasure; and they delivered hostages, and did fealty to him.

Then the bishops by concert met at London, and the barons came to them; and they held together a great council. And by the common council of the clergy, who advised it, and of the barons, who saw that they could elect no other, they made the duke a crowned king, and swore fealty to him; and he accepted their fealty and homages, and so restored them their inheritances. It was a thousand sixty and six years, as the clerks duly reckon, from the birth of Jesus Christ when William took the crown; and for twenty and one years, a half and more afterwards, he was king and duke.

To many of those who had followed him, and had long served him, he gave castles and cities, manors and earldoms and lands, and many rents to his vavassors.

Then he called together all the barons, and assembled all the English, and put it to their choice, what laws they would hold to, and what customs they chose to have observed, whether the Norman or the English; those of which lord and which king; and they all said, "King Edward's; let his laws be held and kept." They requested to have the customs which were well known, and which used to be kept in the time of king Edward; these pleased them

well, and they therefore chose them: and it was done according to their desire, the king consenting to their wish.

He had much labour, and many a war before he could hold the land in peace: but troubled as he was, he brought himself well out of all in the end. He returned to Normandy, and came and went backward and forward from time to time, making peace here and peace there; rooting out marauders and harassing evil doers.

WHERE THE BATTLE HAD BEEN, HE BUILT AN ABBEY, AND PUT AN ABBOT THEREIN.

The king of France called on the duke to do service to him for England, as he did for his other fief of Normandy; but William answered that he would pay him just as much service for England as he had received help towards winning it; that the king had not assisted him in his enterprize, nor helped him in his need; that he would serve him duly for his original fief, but owed him nought for any other; that if the king had helped him, and had taken part in the adventure, as he had requested, it might have been said that he held England of him: but that he had won the land without him, and owed no service for it to any one, save God and the apostle at Rome; and that he would serve none else for it.

Thus they wrangled together, but they afterwards came to an accord; and the king of France remained quiet, making no more demands on William. The French, however, often made war upon him and annoyed him; and he defended himself, and attacked them in return. One day he won, another he lost; as it often chances in war, that he who loses on one day gains on the next.

William was once sojourning at Rouen, where he had rested several days; for illness (I know not whence arising) pressed upon him, so that he could not mount his warhorse, nor bear his arms and take the field. The king of France soon heard that he was not in a condition to fight, and was in truth in bed; so he sent him word maliciously, that he was a long time lying in like a lady, and that he ought soon to get up, or he might lie too long. But William answered him, that he had not laid within too long yet; "Tell him," said he, "that when I get up, I will go to mass in his lands, and will make a rich offering of a thousand candles. My matches shall be of wood, and the points shall blaze with steel instead of fire."

This was his message, and when he had recovered, he accomplished what he had threatened. He led into France a thousand armed men with their lances set, the points gleaming with steel; and he burnt houses and villages on his route, till the king of France could see the blaze. He set fire even to Mantes, and reduced the whole place to ashes; so that borough, city, and churches were all burnt together. But as he passed through the city mounted on his favourite horse, it put its foot upon a heap of live ashes, and instantly starting back, gave a sudden plunge. The king saved himself from falling, but wounded himself sorely against the pommel of the saddle, upon which he was thrown. He returned with his men back to Rouen, and took to his bed; and as his malady increased, he caused himself to be carried to Saint-Gervais, in order that he might be there in greater quiet and ease.

Then he gave his land to his sons, in order that there might be no dispute after his death. He called together his barons, and said, "Listen to me, and see that ye understand. Normandy my inheritance, where the most of my race are, I give to Robert my son, the eldest born; and so I had settled before I came to be king. Moreover I give him Mans. He shall have Normandy and Mans, and serve the king of France for the same. There are many brave men in Normandy; I know none equal to them. They are noble and valiant knights, conquering in all lands whither they go. If they have a good captain, a company of them is much to be dreaded; but if they have not a lord whom they fear, and who governs them severely, the service they will render will soon be but poor. The Normans are worth little without strict justice; they must be bent and bowed to their ruler's will; and whoso holds them always under his foot, and curbs them tightly, may get his business well done by them. Haughty are they and proud; boastful and arrogant, difficult to govern, and requiring to be at all times kept under; so that Robert will have much to do and to provide, in order to manage such a people.

"I should greatly desire, if God so pleased, to advance my noble and gallant son William. He has set his heart upon England, and it may be that he will be king there; but I can of myself do nothing

towards it, and you well know the reason. I conquered England by wrong; and by wrong I slew many men there, and killed their heirs; by wrong I seized the kingdom, and of that which I have so gained, and in which I have no right, I can give nought to my son; he cannot inherit through my wrong. But I will send him over sea, and will pray the archbishop to grant him the crown; and if he can in reason do it, I entreat that he will make him the gift.

"To Henry my son, the youngest born, I have given five thousand livres, and have commanded both William and Robert, my other sons, that each, according to his power, will, as he loves me, make Henry more rich and powerful than any other man who holds of them."

## CHAPTER XXVI.

### HOW WILLIAM DIED, AND WAS BURIED AT CAEN.

William lay ill six weeks; his sickness was heavy and increased. He made confession of his sins to the bishops and abbots, and the tonsured priests, and afterwards received the CORPUS DOMINI. He dispossessed himself of his wealth, devising and apportioning it all: and caused his prisoners to be set free, giving them quit-tance of all claims. His brother Odo the bishop he also set at liberty; which he would not have done so soon, if he had thought he should live. He had arrested him in the Isle of Wic, and brought him and put him in prison at Rouen. He was said to be crafty and rapacious beyond all bounds; and when seneschal to the king, he was so cruel and treacherous to every one, that all England complained, rich and poor together. He had privily consulted his friends as to whether a bishop could be king, hoping to succeed should William die first; for he trusted in his great power, and the multitude of the followers that he had attached to himself by his large words and foolish boasts, and by the promises he made. The king therefore thought very ill of him, and held him in great suspicion.

When he had ordered him to be seized, for not rendering his account of the revenue that he had collected in England while he held it for the king, there was no baron who would touch him, or durst put forth his hand against him. Then the king himself sprang boldly forward, and seized him by the 'ataches,' and drew him forth out of the circle of his friends; "I arrest thee," said he, "I arrest thee." "You do me wrong," said Odo; "I am a bishop and bear crozier, and you ought not to lay hand on me." "By my head," quoth the king, "but I ought; I will seize the earl of Kent my bailiff and steward, who has not accounted to me for my kingdom that he has held." Thus was the bishop put in custody, and so remained for four years; for the ship was ready and the wind fair, and he was put on board, and carried by sea to Rouen, and kept in the tower there four years, and was not like to come out thence till the king should die.

On the morn of the eighth day of September the king died, and left this world as the hour of PRIME struck; he heard it well, and asked what it was that was striking. Then he called upon God as far as his strength sufficed, and on our holy Lady, the blessed Mary, and so departed, while yet speaking, without any loss of his senses or change in speech.

Many a feat of arms had he done; and he had lived sixty and four years; for he was only seven years old when duke Robert took the cross and went to Jerusalem.

At the time when the king departed this world, many of his servants were to be seen running up and down, some going in, others coming out, carrying off the rich hangings and the tapestry, and whatever they could lay their hands upon. One whole day elapsed before the corpse was laid upon the bier; for they who were before wont to fear him, now left him lying alone.

But when the news spread, much people gathered together, and bishops and barons came in long procession; and the body was well tended, opened, anointed, embalmed, and carried to Caen as he had commanded. There was no bishop in the province, nor abbot, earl, or noble prince, who did not repair to the interment of the body, if he could; and there were besides many monks, priests, and clerks.

When they had duly arranged the body, they sang aloud 'LIBERA ME.' They carried it to the church, but the bier was yet outside the door when behold! a cry was heard which alarmed all the people, that the town was on fire; and every one rushed thither, save the monks who remained by the body. When the fire was quenched the people returned back, and they took the body within the church; and the clerks did their office, and all with good will chaunted 'REQUIEM ETERNAM.'

While they were yet engaged in preparing the grave where the corpse was to lie, and the bishops and the barons stood around, lo! a vavassor, whose name was Acelin, the son of Arthur, came running and burst through the throng. He pressed boldly forward, and mounted aloft upon a stone, and turned towards the bier and appealed to the clerks and bishops, while all the people gazed upon him. "Lords," cried he aloud, "hearken unto me! I warn all and forbid ye, by Jesu the almighty, and by the apostle of Rome—by greater names I cannot adjure ye—that ye inter not William in the spot where ye are about to lay him. He shall not commit trespass on what is my right, for the greater part of this church is my right and of my fee, and I have no greater right in any of my lands. I neither sold nor pledged it, forfeited it, nor granted it away. He made no contract with me, and I received no price for it from him. By force he took it from me, and never afterwards offered to do me right. I appeal him therefore by name, that he do me right, in that judgment where all alike go, before him who lieth not. Before ye all I summon him by name, that he on that day render me justice for it!"

When he had said this, he came down. Forthwith arose great clamour in the church, and there was such tumult that no one could hear the other speak. Some went, others came; and all marvelled that this great king, who had conquered so much, and won so many cities, and so many castles, could not call so much land his own as his body might lie within after death.

But the bishops called the man to them, and asked of the neighbours, whether what he had said were true; and they answered that he was right; that the land had been his ancestors' from father to son. Then they gave him money, to waive his claim without further challenge. Sixty sols gave they to him, and that price he took, and released his claim to the sepulchre where the body was placed. And the barons promised him that he should be the better for it all the days of his life. Thus Acelin was satisfied, and then the body was interred.

# Chrétien: Erec et Enide

The rustic's proverb says that many a thing is despised that is worth much more than is supposed. Therefore he does well who makes the most of whatever intelligence he may possess. For he who neglects this concern may likely omit to say something which would subsequently give great pleasure. So Chretien de Troyes maintains that one ought always to study and strive to speak well and teach the right; and he derives from a story of adventure a pleasing argument whereby it may be proved and known that he is not wise who does not make liberal use of his knowledge so long as God may give him grace. The story is about Erec the son of Lac—a story which those who earn a living by telling stories are accustomed to mutilate and spoil in the presence of kings and counts. And now I shall begin the tale which will be remembered so long as Christendom endures. This is Chretien's boast.

One Easter Day in the Springtime, King Arthur held court in his town of Cardigan. Never was there seen so rich a court; for many a good knight was there, hardy, bold, and brave, and rich ladies and damsels, gentle and fair daughters of kings. But before the court was disbanded, the King told his knights that he wished to hunt the White Stag, in order to observe worthily the ancient custom. When my lord Gawain heard this, he was sore displeased, and said: "Sire, you will derive neither thanks nor goodwill from this hunt. We all know long since what this custom of the White Stag is: whoever can kill the White Stag must forsooth kiss the fairest maiden of your court, come what may. But of this there might come great ill, for there are here five hundred damsels of high birth, gentle and prudent daughters of kings, and there is none of them but has a bold and valiant knight for her lover who would be ready to contend, whether fight or wrong, that she who is his lady is the fairest and gentlest of them all." The King replies: "That I know well; yet will I not desist on that account; for a king's word ought never to be gainsaid. To-morrow morning we shall all gaily go to hunt the White Stag in the forest of adventure. And very delightful this hunt will be."

And so the affair is arranged for the next morning at daybreak. The morrow, as soon as it is day, the King gets up and dresses, and dons a short jacket for his forest ride. He commands the knights to be aroused and the horses to be made ready. Already they are ahorse, and off they go, with bows and arrows. After them the Queen mounts her horse, taking a damsel with her. A maid she was, the daughter of a king, and she rode a white palfrey. After them there swiftly followed a knight, named Erec, who belonged to the Round Table, and had great fame at the court. Of all the knights that ever were there, never one received such praise; and he was so fair that nowhere in the world need one seek a fairer knight than he. He was very fair, brave, and courteous, though not yet twenty-five years old. Never was there a man of his age of greater knighthood. And what shall I say of his virtues? Mounted on his horse, and clad in an ermine mantle, he came galloping down the road, wearing a coat of splendid flowered silk which was made at Constantinople. He had put on hose of brocade, well made and cut, and when his golden spurs were well attached, he sat securely in his stirrups. He carried no arm with him but his sword. As he galloped along, at the corner of a street he came up with the Queen, and said: "My lady, if it please you, I should gladly accompany you along this road, having come for no other purpose than to bear you company." And the Queen thanks him: "Fair friend, I like your company well, in truth; for better I could

not have."

Then they ride along at full speed until they come into the forest, where the party who had gone before them had already started the stag. Some wind the horns and others shout; the hounds plunge ahead after the stag, running, attacking, and baying; the bowmen shoot amain. And before them all rode the King on a Spanish hunter.

Queen Guinevere was in the wood listening for the dogs; beside her were Erec and the damsel, who was very courteous and fair. But those who had pursued the stag were so far from them that, however intently they might listen to catch the sound of horn or baying of hound, they no longer could hear either horse, huntsman, or hound. So all three of them drew rein in a clearing beside the road. They had been there but a short time when they saw an armed knight along on his steed, with shield slung about his neck, and his lance in hand. The Queen espied him from a distance. By his right side rode a damsel of noble bearing, and before them, on a hack, came a dwarf carrying in his hand a knotted scourge. When Queen Guinevere saw the comely and graceful knight, she desired to know who he and his damsel were. So she bid her damsel go quickly and speak to him.

"Damsel," says the Queen, "go and bid yonder knight come to me and bring his damsel with him." The maiden goes on amble straight toward the knight. But the spiteful dwarf sallies forth to meet her with his scourge in hand, crying: "Halt, maiden, what do you want here? You shall advance no farther." "Dwarf," says she, "let me pass. I wish to speak with yonder knight; for the Queen sends me hither." The dwarf, who was rude and mean, took his stand in the middle of the road, and said: "You have no business here. Go back. It is not meet that you should speak to so excellent a knight." The damsel advanced and tried to pass him by force, holding the dwarf in slight esteem when she saw that he was so small. Then the dwarf raised his whip, when he saw her coming toward him and tried to strike her in the face. She raised her arm to protect herself, but he lifted his hand again and struck her all unprotected on her bare hand: and so hard did he strike her on the back of her hand that it turned all black and blue. When the maiden could do nothing else, in spite of herself she must needs return. So weeping she turned back. The tears came to her eyes and ran down her cheeks. When the Queen sees her damsel wounded, she is sorely grieved and angered and knows not what to do. "Ah, Erec, fair friend," she says, "I am in great sorrow for my damsel whom that dwarf has wounded. The knight must be discourteous indeed, to allow such a monster to strike so beautiful a creature. Erec, fair friend, do you go to the knight and bid him come to me without delay. I wish to know him and his lady." Erec starts off thither, giving spurs to his steed, and rides straight toward the knight. The ignoble dwarf sees him coming and goes to meet him. "Vassal," says he, "stand back! For I know not what business you have here. I advise you to withdraw." "Avaunt," says Erec, "provoking dwarf! Thou art vile and troublesome. Let me pass." "You shall not." "That will I." "You shall not." Erec thrusts the dwarf aside. The dwarf had no equal for villainy: he gave him a great blow with his lash right on the neck, so that Erec's neck and face are scarred with the blow of the scourge; from top to bottom appear the lines which the thongs have raised on him. He knew well that he could not have the satisfaction of striking the dwarf; for he saw that the knight was armed, arrogant, and of evil intent, and he was afraid



that he would soon kill him, should he strike the dwarf in his presence. Rashness is not bravery. So Erec acted wisely in retreating without more ado. "My lady," he says, "now matters stand worse; for the rascally dwarf has so wounded me that he has badly cut my face. I did not dare to strike or touch him; but none ought to reproach me, for I was completely unarmed. I mistrusted the armed knight, who, being an ugly fellow and violent, would take it as no jest, and would soon kill me in his pride. But this much I will promise you; that if I can, I shall yet avenge my disgrace, or increase it. But my arms are too far away to avail me in this time of need; for at Cardigan did I leave them this morning when I came away. And if I should go to fetch them there, peradventure I should never again find the knight who is riding off apace. So I must follow him at once, far or near, until I find some arms to hire or borrow. If I find some one who will lend me arms, the knight will quickly find me ready for battle. And you may be sure without fail that we two shall fight until he defeat me, or I him. And if possible, I shall be back by the third day, when you will see me home again either joyous or sad, I know not which. Lady, I cannot delay longer, for I must follow after the knight. I go. To God I commend you." And the Queen in like manner more than five hundred rimes commends him to God, that he may defend him from harm.

Erec leaves the Queen and ceases not to pursue the knight. The Queen remains in the wood, where now the King had come up with the Stag. The King himself outstripped the others at the death. Thus they killed and took the White Stag, and all returned, carrying the Stag, till they came again to Cardigan. After supper, when the knights were all in high spirits throughout the hall, the King, as the custom was, because he had taken the Stag, said that he would bestow the kiss and thus observe the custom of the Stag. Throughout the court a great murmur is heard: each one vows and swears to his neighbour that it shall not be done without the protest of sword or ashen lance. Each one gallantly desires to contend that his lady is the fairest in the hall. Their conversation bodes no good, and when my lord Gawain heard it, you must know that it was not to his liking. Thus he addressed the King: "Sire," he says, "your knights here are greatly aroused, and all their talk is of this kiss. They say that it shall never be bestowed without disturbance and a fight." And the King wisely replied to him: "Fair nephew Gawain, give me counsel now, sparing my honour and my dignity, for I have no mind for any disturbance."

To the council came a great part of the best knights of the court. King Yder arrived, who was the first to be summoned, and after him King Cadoalant, who was very wise and bold. Kay and Gireflet came too, and King Amauguin was there, and a great number of other knights were there with them. The discussion was in process when the Queen arrived and told them of the adventure which she had met in the forest, of the armed knight whom she saw, and of the malicious little dwarf who had struck her damsel on the bare hand with his whip, and who struck Erec, too, in the same way an ugly blow on the face; but that Erec followed the knight to obtain vengeance, or increase his shame, and how he said that if possible he would be back by the third day. "Sire," says the Queen to the King, "listen to me a moment. If these knights approve what I say, postpone this kiss until the third day, when Erec will be back." There is none who does not agree with her, and the King himself approves her words.

Erec steadily follows the knight who was armed and the dwarf who had struck him until they come to a well placed town, strong and fine. They enter straight through the gate. Within the town there was great joy of knights and ladies, of whom there were many and fair. Some were feeding in the streets their sparrow-hawks and moulting falcons; others were giving an airing to their terrels, their mewed birds, and young yellow hawks; others play at dice or other game of chance, some at chess, and some at backgammon. The grooms in front of the stables are rubbing down and currying the horses. The ladies are bedecking themselves in their boudoirs. As soon as they see the knight coming, whom they recognised with his dwarf and damsel, they go out three by three to meet him. The knight they all greet and salute, but they give no heed to Erec, for they did not know him. Erec follows close upon the knight through the town, until he saw him lodged. Then, very

joyful, he passed on a little farther until he saw reclining upon some steps a vavasor well on in years. He was a comely man, with white locks, debonair, pleasing, and frank. There he was seated all alone, seeming to be engaged in thought. Erec took him for an honest man who would at once give him lodging. When he turned through the gate into the yard, the vavasor ran to meet him, and saluted him before Erec had said a word. "Fair sir," says he, "be welcome. If you will deign to lodge with me, here is my house all ready for you." Erec replies: "Thank you! For no other purpose have I come; I need a lodging place this night."

Erec dismounts from his horse, which the host himself leads away by the bridle, and does great honour to his guest. The vavasor summons his wife and his beautiful daughter, who were busy in a work-room—doing I know not what. The lady came out with her daughter, who was dressed in a soft white under-robe with wide skirts hanging loose in folds. Over it she wore a white linen garment, which completed her attire. And this garment was so old that it was full of holes down the sides. Poor, indeed, was her garb without, but within her body was fair.

The maid was charming, in sooth, for Nature had used all her skill in forming her. Nature herself had marvelled more than five hundred times how upon this one occasion she had succeeded in creating such a perfect thing. Never again could she so strive successfully to reproduce her pattern. Nature bears witness concerning her that never was so fair a creature seen in all the world. In truth I say that never did Iseut the Fair have such radiant golden tresses that she could be compared with this maiden. The complexion of her forehead and face was clearer and more delicate than the lily. But with wondrous art her face with all its delicate pallor was suffused with a fresh crimson which Nature had bestowed upon her. Her eyes were so bright that they seemed like two stars. God never formed better nose, mouth, and eyes. What shall I say of her beauty? In sooth, she was made to be looked at; for in her one could have seen himself as in a mirror. So she came forth from the work-room: and when she saw the knight whom she had never seen before, she drew back a little, because she did not know him, and in her modesty she blushed. Erec, for his part, was amazed when he beheld such beauty in her, and the vavasor said to her: "Fair daughter dear, take this horse and lead him to the stable along with my own horses. See that he lack for nothing: take off his saddle and bridle, give him oats and hay, look after him and curry him, that he may be in good condition."

The maiden takes the horse, unlaces his breast-strap, and takes off his bridle and saddle. Now the horse is in good hands, for she takes excellent care of him. She throws a halter over his head, rubs him down, curries him, and makes him comfortable. Then she ties him to the manger and puts plenty of fresh sweet hay and oats before him. Then she went back to her father, who said to her: "Fair daughter dear, take now this gentleman by the hand and show him all honour. Take him by the hand upstairs." The maiden did not delay (for in her there was no lack of courtesy) and led him by the hand upstairs. The lady had gone before and prepared the house. She had laid embroidered cushions and spreads upon the couches, where they all three sat down Erec with his host beside him, and the maiden opposite. Before them, the fire burns brightly. The vavasor had only one man-servant, and no maid for chamber or kitchen work. This one man was busy in the kitchen preparing meat and birds for supper. A skilful cook was he, who knew how to prepare meal in boiling water and birds on the spit. When he had the meal prepared in accordance with the orders which had been given him, he brought them water for washing in two basins. The table was soon set, cloths, bread, and wine set out, and they sat down to supper. They had their fill of all they needed. When they had finished and when the table was cleared, Erec thus addressed his host, the master of the house: "Tell me, fair host," he asked, "why your daughter, who is so passing fair and clever, is so poorly and unsuitably attired." "Fair friend," the vavasor replies, "many a man is harmed by poverty, and even so am I. I grieve to see her so poorly clad, and yet I cannot help it, for I have been so long involved in war that I have lost or mortgaged or sold all my land. And yet she would be well enough dressed if I allowed her to accept everything that people wish to give her. The lord of this castle himself would have dressed her in becoming fashion

and would have done her every manner of favour, for she is his niece and he is a count. And there is no nobleman in this region, however rich and powerful, who would not willingly have taken her to wife had I given my consent. But I am waiting yet for some better occasion, when God shall bestow still greater honour upon her, when fortune shall bring hither some king or count who shall lead her away, for there is under Heaven no king or count who would be ashamed of my daughter, who is so wondrous fair that her match cannot be found. Fair, indeed, she is; but yet greater far than her beauty, is her intelligence. God never created any one so discreet and of such open heart. When I have my daughter beside me, I don't care a marble about all the rest of the world. She is my delight and my pastime, she is my joy and comfort, my wealth and my treasure, and I love nothing so much as her own precious self."

When Erec had listened to all that his host told him, he asked him to inform him whence came all the chivalry that was quartered in the town. For there was no street or house so poor and small but it was full of knights and ladies and squires. And the vavasor said to him: "Fair friend, these are the nobles of the country round; all, both young and old, have come to a fete which is to be held in this town tomorrow; therefore the houses are so full. When they shall all have gathered, there will be a great stir tomorrow; for in the presence of all the people there will be set upon a silver perch a sparrow-hawk of five or six moultings—the best you can imagine. Whoever wishes to gain the hawk must have a mistress who is fair, prudent, and courteous. And if there be a knight so bold as to wish to defend the worth and the name of the fairest in his eyes, he will cause his mistress to step forward and lift the hawk from the perch, if no one dares to interpose. This is the custom they are observing, and for this each year they gather here." Thereupon Erec speaks and asks him: "Fair host, may it not displease you, but tell me, if you know, who is a certain knight bearing arms of azure and gold, who passed by here not long ago, having close beside him a courtly damsel, preceded by a hump-backed dwarf?" To him the host then made reply: "That is he who will win the hawk without any opposition from the other knights. I don't believe that any one will offer opposition; this time there will be no blows or wounds. For two years already he has won it without being challenged; and if he wins it again this year, he will have gained permanent possession of it. Every succeeding year he may keep it without contest or challenge." Quickly Erec makes reply: "I do not like that knight. Upon my word, had I some arms I should challenge him for the hawk. Fair host, I beg you as a boon to advise me how I may be equipped with arms whether old or new, poor or rich, it matters not." And he replies to him generously: "It were a pity for you to feel concern on that score! I have good fine arms which I shall be glad to lend you. In the house I have a triple-woven hauberk, which was selected from among five hundred. And I have some fine valuable greaves, polished, handsome, and light in weight. The helmet is bright and handsome, and the shield fresh and new. Horse, sword, and lance all I will lend you, of course; so let no more be said." "Thank you kindly, fair gentle host! But I wish for no better sword than this one which I have brought with me, nor for any other horse than my own, for I can get along well enough with him. If you will lend me the rest, I shall esteem it a great favour. But there is one more boon I wish to ask of you, for which I shall make just return if God grant that I come off from the battle with honour." And frankly he replies to him: "Ask confidently for what you want, whatever it be, for nothing of mine shall lack you." Then Erec said that he wished to defend the hawk on behalf of his daughter; for surely there will be no damsel who is one hundredth part as beautiful as she. And if he takes her with him, he will have good and just reason to maintain and to prove that she is entitled to carry away the hawk. Then he added: "Sire, you know not what guest you have sheltered here, nor do you know my estate and kin. I am the son of a rich and puissant king: my father's name is King Lac, and the Bretons call me Erec. I belong to King Arthur's court, and have been with him now three years. I know not if any report of my father or of me has ever reached this land. But I promise you and vow that if you will fit me out with arms, and will give me your daughter to-morrow when I strive for the hawk, I will take her to my country, if God

grant me the victory, and I will give her a crown to wear, and she shall be queen of three cities." "Ah, fair sir! Is it true that you are Erec, the son of Lac?" "That is who I am, indeed" quoth he. Then the host was greatly delighted and said: "We have indeed heard of you in this country. Now I think all the more of you, for you are very valiant and brave. Nothing now shall you be refused by me. At your request I give you my fair daughter." Then taking her by the hand, he says: "Here, I give her to you." Erec received her joyfully, and now has all he desired. Now they are all happy there: the father is greatly delighted, and the mother weeps for joy. The maiden sat quiet; but she was very happy and glad that she was betrothed to him, because he was valiant and courteous: and she knew that he would some day be king, and she should receive honour and be crowned rich queen.

They had sat up very late that night. But now the beds were prepared with white sheets and soft pillows, and when the conversation flagged they all went to bed in happy frame. Erec slept little that night, and the next morn, at crack of dawn, he and his host rose early. They both go to pray at church, and hear a hermit chant the Mass of the Holy Spirit, not forgetting to make an offering. When they had heard Mass both kneel before the altar and then return to the house. Erec was eager for the battle; so he asks for arms, and they are given to him. The maiden herself puts on his arms (though she casts no spell or charm), laces on his iron greaves, and makes them fast with thong of deer-hide. She puts on his hauberk with its strong meshes, and laces on his ventail. The gleaming helmet she sets upon his head, and thus arms him well from tip to toe. At his side she fastens his sword, and then orders his horse to be brought, which is done. Up he jumped clear of the ground. The damsel then brings the shield and the strong lance: she hands him the shield, and he takes it and hangs it about his neck by the strap. She places the lance in his hand, and when he had grasped it by the butt-end, he thus addressed the gentle vavasor: "Fair sire," quoth he, "if you please, make your daughter ready now; for I wish to escort her to the sparrow-hawk in accordance with our agreement." The vavasor then without delay had saddled a bay palfrey. There can nothing be said of the harness because of the dire poverty with which the vavasor was afflicted. Saddle and bridle were put on, and up the maiden mounted all free and in light attire, without waiting to be urged. Erec wished to delay no longer; so off he starts with the host's daughter by his side, followed by the gentleman and his lady.

Erec rides with lance erect and with the comely damsel by his side. All the people, great and small, gaze at them with wondering eyes as they pass through the streets. And thus they question each other: "Who is yonder knight? He must be doughty and brave, indeed, to act as escort for this fair maid. His efforts will be well employed in proving that this damsel is the fairest of them all." One man to another says: "In very truth, she ought to have the sparrow-hawk." Some praised the maid, while many said: "God! who can this knight be, with the fair damsel by his side?" "I know not." "Nor I." Thus spake each one. "But his gleaming helmet becomes him well, and the hauberk, and shield, and his sharp steel sword. He sits well upon his steed and has the bearing of a valiant vassal, well-shapen in arm, in limb and foot." While all thus stand and gaze at them, they for their part made no delay to take their stand by the sparrow-hawk, where to one side they awaited the knight. And now behold! they see him come, attended by his dwarf and his damsel. He had heard the report, that a knight had come who wished to obtain the sparrow-hawk, but he did not believe there could be in the world a knight so bold as to dare to fight with him. He would quickly defeat him and lay him low. All the people knew him well, and all welcome him and escort him in a noisy crowd: knights, squires, ladies, and damsels make haste to run after him. Leading them all the knight rides proudly on, with his damsel and his dwarf at his side, and he makes his way quickly to the sparrow-hawk. But all about there was such a press of the rough and vulgar crowd that it was impossible to touch the hawk or to come near where it was. Then the Count arrived on the scene, and threatened the populace with a switch which he held in his hand. The crowd drew back, and the knight advanced and said quietly to his lady: "My lady, this bird, which is so perfectly moulted and so fair, should be yours as your just portion; for you

are wondrous fair and full of charm. Yours it shall surely be so long as I live. Step forward, my dear, and lift the hawk from the perch." The damsel was on the point of stretching forth her hand when Erec hastened to challenge her, little heeding the other's arrogance. "Damsel," he cries, "stand back! Go dally with some other bird, for to this one you have no right. In spite of all, I say this hawk shall never be yours. For a better one than you claims it—aye, much more fair and more courteous." The other knight is very wroth; but Erec does not mind him, and bids his own maiden step forward. "Fair one," he cries, "come forth. Lift the bird from the perch, for it is right that you should have it. Damsel, come forth! For I will make boast to defend it if any one is so bold as to intervene. For no woman excels you in beauty or worth, in grace or honour any more than the moon outshines the sun." The other could suffer it no longer, when he hears him so manfully offer himself to do battle. "Vassal," he cries, "who art thou who dost thus dispute with me the hawk?" Erec boldly answers him: "A knight I am from another land. This hawk I have come to obtain; for it is right, I say it in spite of all, that this damsel of mine should have it." "Away!" cries the other, "it shall never be. Madness has brought thee here. If thou dost wish to have the hawk, thou shalt pay fight dearly for it." "Pay, vassal; and how?" "Thou must fight with me, if thou dost not resign it to me." "You talk madness," cries Erec; "for me these are idle threats; for little enough do I fear you." "Then I defy thee here and now. The battle is inevitable." Erec replies: "God help me now; for never did I wish for aught so much." Now soon you will hear the noise of battle.

The large place was cleared, with the people gathered all around. They draw off from each other the space of an acre, then drive their horses together; they reach for each other with the tips of their lances, and strike each other so hard that the shields are pierced and broken; the lances split and crack; the saddle-bows are knocked to bits behind. They must needs lose their stirrups, so that they both fall to the ground, and the horses run off across the field. Though smitten with the lances, they are quickly on their feet again, and draw their swords from the scabbards. With great fierceness they attack each other, and exchange great sword blows, so that the helmets are crushed and made to ring. Fierce is the clash of the swords, as they rain great blows upon neck and shoulders. For this is no mere sport: they break whatever they touch, cutting the shields and shattering the hauberks. The swords are red with crimson blood. Long the battle lasts; but they fight so lustily that they become weary and listless. Both the damsels are in tears, and each knight sees his lady weep and raise her hands to God and pray that He may give the honours of the battle to the one who strives for her. "Ha! vassal," quoth the knight to Erec, "let us withdraw and rest a little; for too weak are these blows we deal. We must deal better blows than these; for now it draws near evening. It is shameful and highly discreditable that this battle should last so long. See yonder that gentle maid who weeps for thee and calls on God. Full sweetly she prays for thee, as does also mine for me. Surely we should do our best with our blades of steel for the sake of our lady-loves." Erec replies: "You have spoken well." Then they take a little rest, Erec looking toward his lady as she softly prays for him. While he sat and looked on her, great strength was recruited within him. Her love and beauty inspired him with great boldness. He remembered the Queen, to whom he pledged his word that he would avenge the insult done him, or would make it greater yet. "Ah! wretch," says he, "why do I wait? I have not yet taken vengeance for the injury which this vassal permitted when his dwarf struck me in the wood." His anger is revived within him as he summons the knight: "Vassal," quoth he, "I call you to battle anew. Too long we have rested; let us now renew our strife." And he replies: "That is no hardship to me." Whereupon, they again fall upon each other. They were both expert fencers. At his first lunge the knight would have wounded Erec had he not skilfully parried. Even so, he smote him so hard over the shield beside his temple that he struck a piece from his helmet. Closely shaving his white coif, the sword descends, cleaving the shield through to the buckle, and cutting more than a span from the side of his hauberk. Then he must have been well stunned, as the cold steel penetrated to the flesh on his thigh. May God protect him now! If the blow had not glanced off, it would

have cut right through his body. But Erec is in no wise dismayed: he pays him back what is owing him, and, attacking him boldly, smites him upon the shoulder so violently a blow that the shield cannot withstand it, nor is the hauberk of any use to prevent the sword from penetrating to the bone. He made the crimson blood flow down to his waist-band. Both of the vassals are hard fighters: they fight with honours even, for one cannot gain from the other a single foot of ground. Their hauberks are so torn and their shields so hacked, that there is actually not enough of them left to serve as a protection. So they fight all exposed. Each one loses a deal of blood, and both grow weak. He strikes Erec and Erec strikes him. Erec deals him such a tremendous blow upon the helmet that he quite stuns him. Then he lets him have it again and again, giving him three blows in quick succession, which entirely split the helmet and cut the coif beneath it. The sword even reaches the skull and cuts a bone of his head, but without penetrating the brain. He stumbles and totters, and while he staggers, Erec pushes him over, so that he falls upon his right side. Erec grabs him by the helmet and forcibly drags it from his head, and unlaces the ventail, so that his head and face are completely exposed. When Erec thinks of the insult done him by the dwarf in the wood, he would have cut off his head, had he not cried for mercy. "Ah! vassal," says he, "thou hast defeated me. Mercy now, and do not kill me, after having overcome me and taken me prisoner: that would never bring thee praise or glory. If thou shouldst touch me more, thou wouldst do great villainy. Take here my sword; I yield it thee." Erec, however, does not take it, but says in reply: "I am within an ace of killing thee." "Ah! gentle knight, mercy! For what crime, indeed, or for what wrong shouldst thou hate me with mortal hatred? I never saw thee before that I am aware, and never have I been engaged in doing thee any shame or wrong." Erec replies: "Indeed you have." "Ah, sire, tell me when! For I never saw you, that I can remember, and if I have done you any wrong, I place myself at your mercy." Then Erec said: "Vassal, I am he who was in the forest yesterday with Queen Guinevere, when thou didst allow thy ill-bred dwarf to strike my lady's damsel. It is disgraceful to strike a woman. And afterwards he struck me, taking me for some common fellow. Thou wast guilty of too great insolence when thou sawest such an outrage and didst complacently permit such a monster of a lout to strike the damsel and myself. For such a crime I may well hate thee; for thou hast committed a grave offence. Thou shalt now constitute thyself my prisoner, and without delay go straight to my lady whom thou wilt surely find at Cardigan, if thither thou takest thy way. Thou wilt reach there this very night, for it is not seven leagues from here, I think. Thou shalt hand over to her thyself, thy damsel, and thy dwarf, to do as she may dictate; and tell her that I send her word that to-morrow I shall come contented, bringing with me a damsel so fair and wise and fine that in all the world she has not her match. So much thou mayst tell her truthfully. And now I wish to know thy name." Then he must needs say in spite of himself: "Sire, my name is Yder, son of Nut. This morning I had not thought that any single man by force of arms could conquer me. Now I have found by experience a man who is better than I. You are a very valiant knight, and I pledge you my faith here and now that I will go without delay and put myself in the Queen's hands. But tell me without reserve what your name may be. Who shall I say it is that sends me? For I am ready to start." And he replies: "My name I will tell thee without disguise: it is Erec. Go, and tell her that it is I who have sent thee to her." "Now I'll go, and I promise you that I will put my dwarf, my damsel, and myself altogether at her disposal (you need have no fear), and I will give her news of you and of your damsel." Then Erec received his plighted word, and the Count and all the people round about the ladies and the gentlemen were present at the agreement. Some were joyous, and some downcast; some were sorry, and others glad. The most rejoiced for the sake of the damsel with the white raiment, the daughter of the poor vavasor she of the gentle and open heart; but his damsel and those who were devoted to him were sorry for Yder.

Yder, compelled to execute his promise, did not wish to tarry longer, but mounted his steed at once. But why should I make a long story? Taking his dwarf and his damsel, they traversed the woods and the plain, going on straight until they came to

Cardigan. In the bower outside the great hall, Gawain and Kay the seneschal and a great number of other lords were gathered. The seneschal was the first to espy those approaching, and said to my lord Gawain: "Sire, my heart divines that the vassal who yonder comes is he of whom the Queen spoke as having yesterday done her such an insult. If I am not mistaken, there are three in the party, for I see the dwarf and the damsel." "That is so," says my lord Gawain; "it is surely a damsel and a dwarf who are coming straight toward us with the knight. The knight himself is fully armed, but his shield is not whole. If the Queen should see him, she would know him. Hello, seneschal, go call her now!" So he went straightway and found her in one of the apartments. "My lady," says he, "do you remember the dwarf who yesterday angered you by wounding your damsel?" "Yes, I remember him right well. Seneschal, have you any news of him? Why have you mentioned him?" "Lady, because I have seen a knight-errant armed coming upon a grey horse, and if my eyes have not deceived me, I saw a damsel with him; and it seems to me that with him comes the dwarf, who still holds the scourge from which Erec received his lashing." Then the Queen rose quickly and said: "Let us go quickly, seneschal, to see if it is the vassal. If it is he, you may be sure that I shall tell you so, as soon as I see him." And Kay said: "I will show him to you. Come up into the bower where your knights are assembled. It was from there we saw him coming, and my lord Gawain himself awaits you there. My lady, let us hasten thither, for here we have too long delayed." Then the Queen bestirred herself, and coming to the windows she took her stand by my lord Gawain, and straightway recognised the knight. "Ha! my lords," she cries, "it is he. He has been through great danger. He has been in a battle. I do not know whether Erec has avenged his grief, or whether this knight has defeated Erec. But there is many a dent upon his shield, and his hauberk is covered with blood, so that it is rather red than white." "In sooth, my lady," quoth my lord Gawain, "I am very sure that you are quite right. His hauberk is covered with blood, and pounded and beaten, showing plainly that he has been in a fight. We can easily see that the battle has been hot. Now we shall soon hear from him news that will give us joy or gloom: whether Erec sends him to you here as a prisoner at your discretion, or whether he comes in pride of heart to boast before us arrogantly that he has defeated or killed Erec. No other news can he bring, I think." The Queen says: "I am of the same opinion." And all the others say: "It may well be so."

Meanwhile Yder enters the castle gate, bringing them news. They all came down from the bower, and went to meet him. Yder came up to the royal terrace and there dismounted from his horse. And Gawain took the damsel and helped her down from her palfrey; the dwarf, for his part, dismounted too. There were more than one hundred knights standing there, and when the three newcomers had all dismounted they were led into the King's presence. As soon as Yder saw the Queen, he bowed low and first saluted her, then the King and his knights, and said: "Lady, I am sent here as your prisoner by a gentleman, a valiant and noble knight, whose face yesterday my dwarf made smart with his knotted scourge. He has overcome me at arms and defeated me. Lady, the dwarf I bring you here: he has come to surrender to you at discretion. I bring you myself, my damsel, and my dwarf to do with us as you please." The Queen keeps her peace no longer, but asks him for news of Erec: "Tell me," she says, "if you please, do you know when Erec will arrive?" "To-morrow, lady, and with him a damsel he will bring, the fairest of all I ever knew." When he had delivered his message, the Queen, who was kind and sensible, said to him courteously: "Friend, since thou hast thrown thyself upon my mercy, thy confinement shall be less harsh; for I have no desire to seek thy harm. But tell me now, so help thee God, what is thy name?" And he replies: "Lady, my name is Yder, son of Nut." And they knew that he told the truth. Then the Queen arose, and going before the King, said: "Sire, did you hear? You have done well to wait for Erec, the valiant knight. I gave you good advice yesterday, when I counselled you to await his return. This proves that it is wise to take advice." The King replies: "That is no lie; rather is it perfectly true that he who takes advice is no fool. Happily we followed your advice yesterday. But if you care anything for me, release this knight from his durance, provided he consent to join

henceforth my household and court; and if he does not consent, let him suffer the consequence." When the King had thus spoken, the Queen straightway released the knight; but it was on this condition, that he should remain in the future at the court. He did not have to be urged before he gave his consent to stay. Now he was of the court and household to which he had not before belonged. Then valets were at hand to run and relieve him of his arms.

Now we must revert to Erec, whom we left in the field where the battle had taken place. Even Tristan, when he slew fierce Morhot on Saint Samson's isle, awakened no such jubilee as they celebrated here over Erec. Great and small, thin and stout—all make much of him and praise his knighthood. There is not a knight but cries: "Lord what a vassal! Under Heaven there is not his like!" They follow him to his lodgings, praising him and talking much. Even the Count himself embraces him, who above the rest was glad, and said: "Sire, if you please, you ought by right to lodge in my house, since you are the son of King Lac. If you would accept of my hospitality you would do me a great honour, for I regard you as my liege. Fair sire, may it please you, I beg you to lodge with me." Erec answers: "May it not displease you, but I shall not desert my host to-night, who has done me much honour in giving me his daughter. What say you, sir? Is it not a fair and precious gift?" "Yes, sire," the Count replies; "the gift, in truth, is fine and good. The maid herself is fair and clever, and besides is of very noble birth. You must know that her mother is my sister. Surely, I am glad at heart that you should deign to take my niece. Once more I beg you to lodge with me this night." Erec replies: "Ask me no more. I will not do it." Then the Count saw that further insistence was useless, and said: "Sire, as it please you! We may as well say no more about it; but I and my knights will all be with you to-night to cheer you and bear you company." When Erec heard that, he thanked him, and returned to his host's dwelling, with the Count attending him. Ladies and knights were gathered there, and the vavasor was glad at heart. As soon as Erec arrived, more than a score of squires ran quickly to remove his arms. Any one who was present in that house could have witnessed a happy scene. Erec went first and took his seat; then all the others in order sit down upon the couches, the cushions, and benches. At Erec's side the Count sat down, and the damsel with her radiant face, who was feeding the much disputed hawk upon her wrist with a plover's wing. Great honour and joy and prestige had she gained that day, and she was very glad at heart both for the bird and for her lord. She could not have been happier, and showed it plainly, making no secret of her joy. All could see how gay she was, and throughout the house there was great rejoicing for the happiness of the maid they loved.

Erec thus addressed the vavasor: "Fair host, fair friend, fair sire! You have done me great honour, and richly shall it be repaid you. To-morrow I shall take away your daughter with me to the King's court, where I wish to take her as my wife; and if you will tarry here a little, I shall send betimes to fetch you. I shall have you escorted into the country which is my father's now, but which later will be mine. It is far from here—by no means near. There I shall give you two towns, very splendid, rich, and fine. You shall be lord of Roadan, which was built in the time of Adam, and of another town close by, which is no less valuable. The people call it Montrevel, and my father owns no better town. And before the third day has passed, I shall send you plenty of gold and silver, of dappled and grey furs, and precious silken stuffs wherewith to adorn yourself and your wife my dear lady. To-morrow at dawn I wish to take your daughter to court, dressed and arrayed as she is at present. I wish my lady, the Queen, to dress her in her best dress of satin and scarlet cloth."

There was a maiden near at hand, very honourable, prudent, and virtuous. She was seated on a bench beside the maid with the white shift, and was her own cousin the niece of my lord the Count. When she heard how Erec intended to take her cousin in such very poor array to the Queen's court, she spoke about it to the Count. "Sire," she says, "it would be a shame to you more than to any one else if this knight should take your niece away with him in such sad array." And the Count made answer: "Gentle niece, do you give her the best of your dresses." But Erec heard the conversation, and said: "By no means, my lord. For be assured that nothing

in the world would tempt me to let her have another robe until the Queen shall herself bestow it upon her." When the damsel heard this, she replied: "Alas! fair sire, since you insist upon leading off my cousin thus dressed in a white shift and chemise, and since you are determined that she shall have none of my dresses, a different gift I wish to make her. I have three good palfreys, as good as any of king or count, one sorrel, one dappled, and the other black with white forefeet. Upon my word, if you had a hundred to pick from, you would not find a better one than the dappled mount. The birds in the air do not fly more swiftly than the palfrey; and he is not too lively, but just suits a lady. A child can ride him, for he is neither skittish nor balky, nor does he bite nor kick nor become unmanageable. Any one who is looking for something better does not know what he wants. And his pace is so easy and gentle that a body is more comfortable and easy on his back than in a boat." Then said Erec: "My dear, I have no objection to her accepting this gift; indeed, I am pleased with the offer, and do not wish her to refuse it." Then the damsel calls one of her trusty servants, and says to him: "Go, friend, saddle my dappled palfrey, and lead him here at once." And he carries out her command: he puts on saddle and bridle and strives to make him appear well. Then he jumps on the maned palfrey, which is now ready for inspection. When Erec saw the animal, he did not spare his praise, for he could see that he was very fine and gentle. So he bade a servant lead him back and hitch him in the stable beside his own horse. Then they all separated, after an evening agreeably spent. The Count goes off to his own dwelling, and leaves Erec with the vavasor, saying that he will bear him company in the morning when he leaves. All that night they slept well. In the morning, when the dawn was bright, Erec prepares to start, commanding his horses to be saddled. His fair sweetheart, too, awakes, dresses, and makes ready. The vavasor and his wife rise too, and every knight and lady there prepares to escort the damsel and the knight. Now they are all on horseback, and the Count as well. Erec rides beside the Count, having beside him his sweetheart ever mindful of her hawk. Having no other riches, she plays with her hawk. Very merry were they as they rode along; but when the time came to part, the Count wished to send along with Erec a party of his knights to do him honour by escorting him. But he announced that none should bide with him, and that he wanted no company but that of the damsel. Then, when they had accompanied them some distance, he said: "In God's name, farewell!" Then the Count kisses Erec and his niece, and commends them both to merciful God. Her father and mother, too, kiss them again and again, and could not keep back their tears: at parting, the mother weeps, the father and the daughter too. For such is love and human nature, and such is affection between parents and children. They wept from sorrow, tenderness, and love which they had for their child; yet they knew full well that their daughter was to fill a place from which great honour would accrue to them. They shed tears of love and pity when they separated from their daughter, but they had no other cause to weep. They knew well enough that eventually they would receive great honour from her marriage. So at parting many a tear was shed, as weeping they commend one another to God, and thus separate without more delay.

Erec quit his host; for he was very anxious to reach the royal court. In his adventure he took great satisfaction; for now he had a lady passing fair, discreet, courteous, and debonaire. He could not look at her enough: for the more he looks at her, the more she pleases him. He cannot help giving her a kiss. He is happy to ride by her side, and it does him good to look at her. Long he gazes at her fair hair, her laughing eyes, and her radiant forehead, her nose, her face, and mouth, for all of which gladness fills his heart. He gazes upon her down to the waist, at her chin and her snowy neck, her bosom and sides, her arms and hands. But no less the damsel looks at the vassal with a clear eye and loyal heart, as if they were in competition. They would not have ceased to survey each other even for promise of a reward! A perfect match they were in courtesy, beauty, and gentleness. And they were so alike in quality, manner, and customs, that no one wishing to tell the truth could choose the better of them, nor the fairer, nor the more discreet. Their sentiments, too, were much alike; so that they were well suited to each other. Thus each steals the other's

heart away. Law or marriage never brought together two such sweet creatures. And so they rode along until just on the stroke of noon they approached the castle of Cardigan, where they were both expected. Some of the first nobles of the court had gone up to look from the upper windows and see if they could see them. Queen Guinevere ran up, and even the King came with Kay and Perceval of Wales, and with them my lord Gawain and Tor, the son of King Ares; Lucan the cupbearer was there, too, and many another doughty knight. Finally, they espied Erec coming along in company with his lady. They all knew him well enough from as far as they could see him. The Queen is greatly pleased, and indeed the whole court is glad of his coming, because they all love him so. As soon as he was come before the entrance hall, the King and Queen go down to meet him, all greeting him in God's name. They welcome Erec and his maiden, commending and praising her great beauty. And the King himself caught her and lifted her down from her palfrey. The King was decked in fine array and was then in cheery mood. He did signal honour to the damsel by taking her hand and leading her up into the great stone hall. After them Erec and the Queen also went up hand in hand, and he said to her: "I bring you, lady, my damsel and my sweetheart dressed in poor garb. As she was given to me, so have I brought her to you. She is the daughter of a poor vavasor. Through poverty many an honourable man is brought low: her father, for instance, is gentle and courteous, but he has little means. And her mother is a very gentle lady, the sister of a rich Count. She has no lack of beauty or of lineage, that I should not marry her. It is poverty that has compelled her to wear this white linen garment until both sleeves are torn at the side. And yet, had it been my desire, she might have had dresses rich enough. For another damsel, a cousin of hers, wished to give her a robe of ermine and of spotted or grey silk. But I would not have her dressed in any other robe until you should have seen her. Gentle lady, consider the matter now and see what need she has of a fine becoming gown." And the Queen at once replies: "You have done quite right; it is fitting that she should have one of my gowns, and I will give her straightway a rich, fair gown, both fresh and new." The Queen then hastily took her off to her own private room, and gave orders to bring quickly the fresh tunic and the greenish-purple mantle, embroidered with little crosses, which had been made for herself. The one who went at her behest came bringing to her the mantle and the tunic, which was lined with white ermine even to the sleeves. At the wrists and on the neck-band there was in truth more than half a mark's weight of beaten gold, and everywhere set in the gold there were precious stones of divers colours, indigo and green, blue and dark brown. This tunic was very rich, but not a writ less precious, I trow, was the mantle. As yet, there were no ribbons on it; for the mantle like the tunic was brand new. The mantle was very rich and fine: laid about the neck were two sable skins, and in the tassels there was more than an ounce of gold; on one a hyacinth, and on the other a ruby flashed more bright than burning candle. The fur lining was of white ermine; never was finer seen or found. The cloth was skilfully embroidered with little crosses, all different, indigo, vermilion, dark blue, white, green, blue, and yellow. The Queen called for some ribbons four ells long, made of silken thread and gold. The ribbons are given to her, handsome and well matched. Quickly she had them fastened to the mantle by some one who knew how to do it, and who was master of the art. When the mantle needed no more touches, the gay and gentle lady clasped the maid with the white gown and said to her cheerily: "Mademoiselle, you must change this frock for this tunic which is worth more than a hundred marks of silver. So much I wish to bestow upon you. And put on this mantle, too. Another time I will give you more." Not able to refuse the gift, she takes the robe and thanks her for it. Then two maids took her aside into a room, where she took off her frock as being of no further value; but she asked and requested that it be given away (to some poor woman) for the love of God. Then she dons the tunic, and girds herself, binding on tightly a golden belt, and afterwards puts on the mantle. Now she looked by no means ill; for the dress became her so well that it made her look more beautiful than ever. The two maids wove a gold thread in amongst her golden hair: but her tresses were more radiant than the thread of gold, fine though

it was. The maids, moreover, wove a fillet of flowers of many various colours and placed it upon her head. They strove as best they might to adorn her in such wise that no fault should be found with her attire. Strung upon a ribbon around her neck, a damsel hung two brooches of enamelled gold. Now she looked so charming and fair that I do not believe that you could find her equal in any land, search as you might, so skilfully had Nature wrought in her. Then she stepped out of the dressing-room into the Queen's presence. The Queen made much of her, because she liked her and was glad that she was beautiful and had such gentle manners. They took each other by the hand and passed into the King's presence. And when the King saw them, he got up to meet them. When they came into the great hall, there were so many knights there who rose before them that I cannot call by name the tenth part of them, or the thirteenth, or the fifteenth. But I can tell you the names of some of the best of the knights who belonged to the Round Table and who were the best in the world.

Before all the excellent knights, Gawain ought to be named the first, and second Erec the son of Lac, and third Lancelot of the Lake. Gornemant of Gohort was fourth, and the fifth was the Handsome Coward. The sixth was the Ugly Brave, the seventh Meliant of Liz, the eighth Mauduit the Wise, and the ninth Dodinel the Wild. Let Gandelu be named the tenth, for he was a goodly man. The others I shall mention without order, because the numbers bother me. Eslit was there with Briien, and Yvain the son of Urien. And Yvain of Loenel was there, as well as Yvain the Adulterer. Beside Yvain of Cavalot was Garravain of Estrangot. After the Knight with the Horn was the Youth with the Golden Ring. And Tristan who never laughed sat beside Bliobleheris, and beside Brun of Piciez was his brother Gru the Sullen. The Armourer sat next, who preferred war to peace. Next sat Karadues the Short-armed, a knight of good cheer; and Caveron of Robendic, and the son of King Quenedic and the Youth of Quintareus and Yder of the Dolorous Mount. Gaheriet and Kay of Estraus, Amauguin and Gales the Bald, Grain, Gornevain, and Carabes, and Tor the son of King Aras, Girlet the son of Do, and Taulas, who never wearied of arms: and a young man of great merit, Loholt the son of King Arthur, and Sagremor the Impetuous, who should not be forgotten, nor Bedoiier the Master of the Horse, who was skilled at chess and trictrac, nor Bravain, nor King Lot, nor Galegantinn of Wales, nor Gronosis, versed in evil, who was son of Kay the Seneschal, nor Labigodes the Courteous, nor Count Cadorcanciois, nor Letron of Prepelesant, whose manners were so excellent, nor Breon the son of Canodan, nor the Count of Honolan who had such a head of fine fair hair; he it was who received the King's horn in an evil day; he never had any care for truth.

When the stranger maiden saw all the knights arrayed looking steadfastly at her, she bowed her head in embarrassment; nor was it strange that her face blushed all crimson. But her confusion was so becoming to her that she looked all the more lovely. When the King saw that she was embarrassed, he did not wish to leave her side. Taking her gently by the hand, he made her sit down on his right hand; and on his left sat the Queen, speaking thus to the King the while. "Sire, in my opinion he who can win such a fair lady by his arms in another land ought by right to come to a royal court. It was well we waited for Erec; for now you can bestow the kiss upon the fairest of the court. I should think none would find fault with you! for none can say, unless he lie, that this maiden is not the most charming of all the damsels here, or indeed in all the world." The King makes answer: "That is no lie; and upon her, if there is no remonstrance, I shall bestow the honour of the White Stag." Then he added to the knights: "My lords, what say you? What is your opinion? In body, in face, and in whatever a maid should have, this one is the most charming and beautiful to be found, as I may say, before you come to where Heaven and earth meet. I say it is meet that she should receive the honour of the Stag. And you, my lords, what do you think about it? Can you make any objection? If any one wishes to protest, let him straightway speak his mind. I am King, and must keep my word and must not permit any baseness, falsity, or arrogance. I must maintain truth and righteousness. It is the business of a loyal king to support the law, truth, faith, and justice. I would not in any wise commit a disloyal deed or wrong to either weak or

strong. It is not meet that any one should complain of me; nor do I wish the custom and the practice to lapse, which my family has been wont to foster. You, too, would doubtless regret to see me strive to introduce other customs and other laws than those my royal sire observed. Regardless of consequences, I am bound to keep and maintain the institution of my father Pendragon, who was a just king and emperor. Now tell me fully what you think! Let none be slow to speak his mind, if this damsel is not the fairest of my household and ought not by right to receive the kiss of the White Stag: I wish to know what you truly think." Then they all cry with one accord: "Sire, by the Lord and his Cross! you may well kiss her with good reason, for she is the fairest one there is. In this damsel there is more beauty than there is of radiance in the sun. You may kiss her freely, for we all agree in sanctioning it." When the King hears that this is well pleasing to them all, he will no longer delay in bestowing the kiss, but turns toward her and embraces her. The maid was sensible, and perfectly willing that the King should kiss her; she would have been discourteous, indeed, to resent it. In courteous fashion and in the presence of all his knights the King kissed her, and said: "My dear. I give you my love in all honesty. I will love you with true heart, without malice and without guile." By this adventure the King carried out the practice and the usage to which the White Stag was entitled at his court.

Here ends the first part of my story.

When the kiss of the Stag was taken according to the custom of the country, Erec, like a polite and kind man, was solicitous for his poor host. It was not his intention to fail to execute what he had promised. Hear how he kept his covenant: for he sent him now five sumpter mules, strong and sleek, loaded with dresses and clothes, buckrams and scarlets, marks of gold and silver plate, furs both vair and grey, skins of sable, purple stuffs, and silks. When the mules were loaded with all that a gentleman can need, he sent with them an escort of ten knights and sergeants chosen from his own men, and straightly charged them to salute his host and show great honour both to him and to his lady, as if it were to himself in person; and when they should have presented to them the sumpters which they brought them, the gold, the silver, and money, and all the other furnishings which were in the boxes, they should escort the lady and the vavasor with great honour into his kingdom of Farther Wales. Two towns there he had promised them, the most choice and the best situated that there were in all his land, with nothing to fear from attack. Montrevél was the name of one, and the other's name was Roadan. When they should arrive in his kingdom, they should make over to them these two towns, together with their rents and their jurisdiction, in accordance with what he had promised them. All was carried out as Erec had ordered. The messengers made no delay, and in good time they presented to his host the gold and the silver and the sumpters and the robes and the money, of which there was great plenty. They escorted them into Erec's kingdom, and strove to serve them well. They came into the country on the third day, and transferred to them the towers of the towns; for King Lac made no objection. He gave them a warm welcome and showed them honour, loving them for the sake of his son Erec. He made over to them the title to the towns, and established their suzerainty by making knights and bourgeois swear that they would reverence them as their true liege lords. When this was done and accomplished, the messengers returned to their lord Erec, who received them gladly. When he asked for news of the vavasor and his lady, of his own father and of his kingdom, the report they gave him was good and fair.

Not long after this, the time drew near when Erec was to celebrate his marriage. The delay was irksome to him, and he resolved no longer to suffer and wait. So he went and asked of the King that it might please him to allow him to be married at the court. The King vouchsafed him the boon, and sent through all his kingdom to search for the kings and counts who were his liege-men, bidding them that none be so bold as not to be present at Pentecost. None dares to hold back and not go to court at the King's summons. Now I will tell you, and listen well, who were these counts and kings. With a rich escort and one hundred extra mounts Count Brandes of Gloucester came. After him came Menagormon, who

was Count of Clivelon. And he of the Haute Montagne came with a very rich following. The Count of Treverain came, too, with a hundred of his knights, and Count Godegrain with as many more. Along with those whom I have just mentioned came Maheloas, a great baron, lord of the Isle of Voirre. In this island no thunder is heard, no lightning strikes, nor tempests rage, nor do toads or serpents exist there, nor is it ever too hot or too cold. Graislemer of Fine Posterne brought twenty companions, and had with him his brother Guigomar, lord of the Isle of Avalon. Of the latter we have heard it said that he was a friend of Morgan the Fay, and such he was in very truth. Davit of Tintagel came, who never suffered woe or grief. Guergesin, the Duke of Haut Bois, came with a very rich equipment. There was no lack of counts and dukes, but of kings there were still more. Garras of Cork, a doughty king, was there with five hundred knights clad in mantles, hose, and tunics of brocade and silk. Upon a Cappadocian steed came Aguisel, the Scottish king, and brought with him his two sons, Cadret and Coi—two much respected knights. Along with those whom I have named came King Ban of Gomeret, and he had in his company only young men, beardless as yet on chin and lip. A numerous and gay band he brought two hundred of them in his suite; and there was none, whoever he be, but had a falcon or tercel, a merlin or a sparrow-hawk, or some precious pigeon-hawk, golden or mewed. Kerrin, the old King of Riel, brought no youth, but rather three hundred companions of whom the youngest was seven score years old. Because of their great age, their heads were all as white as snow, and their beards reached down to their girdles. Arthur held them in great respect. The lord of the dwarfs came next, Bilis, the king of Antipodes. This king of whom I speak was a dwarf himself and own brother of Brien. Bilis, on the one hand, was the smallest of all the dwarfs, while his brother Brien was a half-foot or full palm taller than any other knight in the kingdom. To display his wealth and power, Bilis brought with him two kings who were also dwarfs and who were vassals of his, Grigoras and Gledaldan. Every one looked at them as marvels. When they had arrived at court, they were treated with great esteem. All three were honoured and served at the court like kings, for they were very perfect gentlemen. In brief, when King Arthur saw all his lords assembled, his heart was glad. Then, to heighten the joy, he ordered a hundred squires to be bathed whom he wished to dub knights. There was none of them but had a parti-coloured robe of rich brocade of Alexandria, each one choosing such as pleased his fancy. All had arms of a uniform pattern, and horses swift and full of mettle, of which the worst was worth a hundred livres.

When Erec received his wife, he must needs call her by her right name. For a wife is not espoused unless she is called by her proper name. As yet no one knew her name, but now for the first time it was made known: Enide was her baptismal name. The Archbishop of Canterbury, who had come to the court, blessed them, as is his right. When the court was all assembled, there was not a minstrel in the countryside who possessed any pleasing accomplishment that did not come to the court. In the great hall there was much merry-making, each one contributing what he could to the entertainment: one jumps, another tumbles, another does magic; there is story-telling, singing, whistling, playing from notes; they play on the harp, the rote, the fiddle, the violin, the flute, and pipe. The maidens sing and dance, and outdo each other in the merry-making. At the wedding that day everything was done which can give joy and incline man's heart to gladness. Drums are beaten, large and small, and there is playing of pipes, fifes, horns, trumpets, and bagpipes. What more shall I say? There was not a wicket or a gate kept closed; but the exits and entrances all stood ajar, so that no one, poor or rich, was turned away. King Arthur was not miserly, but gave orders to the bakers, the cooks, and the butlers that they should serve every one generously with bread, wine, and venison. No one asked anything whatever to be passed to him without getting all he desired.

There was great merriment in the palace. But I will pass over the rest, and you shall hear of the joy and pleasure in the bridal chamber. Bishops and archbishops were there on the night when the bride and groom retired. At this their first meeting, Iseut was not filched away, nor was Brangien put in her place. The Queen herself took charge of their preparations for the night; for both of

them were dear to her. The hunted stag which pants for thirst does not so long for the spring, nor does the hungry sparrow-hawk return so quickly when he is called, as did these two come to hold each other in close embrace. That night they had full compensation for their long delay. After the chamber had been cleared, they allow each sense to be gratified: the eyes, which are the entrance-way of love, and which carry messages to the heart, take satisfaction in the glance, for they rejoice in all they see; after the message of the eyes comes the far surpassing sweetness of the kisses inviting love; both of them make trial of this sweetness, and let their hearts quaff so freely that hardly can they leave off. Thus, kissing was their first sport. And the love which is between them emboldened the maid and left her quite without her fears; regardless of pain, she suffered all. Before she rose, she no longer bore the name of maid; in the morning she was a new-made dame. That day the minstrels were in happy mood, for they were all well paid. They were fully compensated for the entertainment they had given, and many a handsome gift was bestowed upon them: robes of grey squirrel skin and ermine, of rabbit skins and violet stuffs, scarlets and silken stuffs. Whether it be a horse or money, each one got what he deserved according to his skill. And thus the wedding festivities and the court lasted almost a fortnight with great joy and magnificence. For his own glory and satisfaction, as well as to honour Erec the more, King Arthur made all the knights remain a full fortnight. When the third week began, all together by common consent agreed to hold a tournament. On the one side, my lord Gawain offered himself as surety that it would take place between Evroic and Tenebroc: and Meliz and Meliadoc were guarantors on the other side. Then the court separated.

A month after Pentecost the tournament assembled, and the jousting began in the plain below Tenebroc. Many an ensign of red, blue, and white, many a veil and many a sleeve were bestowed as tokens of love. Many a lance was carried there, flying the colours argent and green, or gold and azure blue. There were many, too, with different devices, some with stripes and some with dots. That day one saw laced on many a helmet of gold or steel, some green, some yellow, and others red, all aglowing in the sun; so many scutcheons and white hauberks; so many swords girt on the left side; so many good shields, fresh and new, some resplendent in silver and green, others of azure with buckles of gold; so many good steeds marked with white, or sorrel, tawny, white, black, and bay: all gather hastily. And now the field is quite covered with arms. On either side the ranks tremble, and a roar rises from the fight. The shock of the lances is very great. Lances break and shields are riddled, the hauberks receive bumps and are torn asunder, saddles go empty and horsemen ramble, while the horses sweat and foam. Swords are quickly drawn on those who tumble noisily, and some run to receive the promise of a ransom, others to stave off this disgrace. Erec rode a white horse, and came forth alone at the head of the line to joust, if he may find an opponent. From the opposite side there rides out to meet him Orgueilleus de la Lande, mounted on an Irish steed which bears him along with marvellous speed. On the shield before his breast Erec strikes him with such force that he knocks him from his horse: he leaves him prone and passes on. Then Raindurant opposed him, son of the old dame of Tergalo, covered with blue cloth of silk; he was a knight of great prowess. Against one another now they charge and deal fierce blows on the shields about their neck. Erec from lance's length lays him over on the hard ground. While riding back he met the King of the Red City, who was very valiant and bold. They grasp their reins by the knots and their shields by the inner straps. They both had fine arms, and strong swift horses, and good shields, fresh and new. With such fury they strike each other that both their lances fly in splinters. Never was there seen such a blow. They rush together with shields, arms, and horses. But neither girth nor rein nor breast-strap could prevent the king from coming to earth. So he flew from his steed, carrying with him saddle and stirrup, and even the reins of his bride in his hand. All those who witnessed the jousting were filled with amazement, and said it cost him dear to joust with such a goodly knight. Erec did not wish to stop to capture either horse or rider, but rather to joust and distinguish himself in order that his prowess might appear. He thrills the ranks in front of him. Gawain animates those

who were on his side by his prowess, and by winning horses and knights to the discomfiture of his opponents. I speak of my lord Gawain, who did right well and valiantly. In the fight he unhorsed Guinzel, and took Gaudin of the Mountain; he captured knights and horses alike: my lord Gawain did well. Girtlet the son of Do, and Yvain, and Sagremor the Impetuous, so evilly entreated their adversaries that they drove them back to the gates, capturing and unhorsing many of them. In front of the gate of the town the strife began again between those within and those without. There Sagremor was thrown down, who was a very gallant knight. He was on the point of being detained and captured, when Erec spurs to rescue him, breaking his lance into splinters upon one of the opponents. So hard he strikes him on the breast that he made him quit the saddle. Then he made of his sword and advances upon them, crushing and splitting their helmets. Some flee, and others make way before him, for even the boldest fears him. Finally, he distributed so many blows and thrusts that he rescued Sagremor from them, and drove them all in confusion into the town. Meanwhile, the vesper hour drew to a close. Erec bore himself so well that day that he was the best of the combatants. But on the morrow he did much better yet: for he took so many knights and left so many saddles empty that none could believe it except those who had seen it. Every one on both sides said that with his lance and shield he had won the honours of the tournament. Now was Erec's renown so high that no one spoke save of him, nor was any one of such goodly favour. In countenance he resembled Absalom, in language he seemed a Solomon, in boldness he equalled Samson, and in generous giving and spending he was the equal of Alexander. On his return from the tourney Erec went to speak with the King. He went to ask him for leave to go and visit his own land; but first he thanked him like a frank, wise, and courteous man for the honour which he had done him; for very deep was his gratitude. Then he asked his permission to leave, for he wished to visit his own country, and he wished to take his wife with him. This request the King could not deny, and yet he would have had him stay. He gives him leave and begs him to return as soon as possible: for in the whole court there was no better or more gallant knight, save only his dear nephew Gawain; with him no one could be compared. But next after him, he prized Erec most, and held him more dear than any other knight.

Erec wished to delay no longer. As soon as he had the King's leave, he bid his wife make her preparations, and he retained as his escort sixty knights of merit with horses and with dappled and grey furs. As soon as he was ready for his journey, he tarried little further at court, but took leave of the Queen and commended the knights to God. The Queen grants him leave to depart. At the hour of prime he set out from the royal palace. In the presence of them all he mounted his steed, and his wife mounted the dappled horse which she had brought from her own country; then all his escort mounted. Counting knights and squires, there were full seven score in the train. After four long days' journey over hills and slopes, through forests, plains, and streams, they came on the fifth day to Camant, where King Lac was residing in a very charming town. No one ever saw one better situated; for the town was provided with forests and meadow-land, with vineyards and farms, with streams and orchards, with ladies and knights, and fine, lively youths, and polite, well-mannered clerks who spent their incomes freely, with fair and charming maidens, and with prosperous burghers. Before Erec reached the town, he sent two knights ahead to announce his arrival to the King. When he heard the news, the King had clerks, knights, and damsels quickly mount, and ordered the bells to be rung, and the streets to be hung with tapestries and silken stuffs, that his son might be received with joy; then he himself got on his horse. Of clerks there were present fourscore, gentle and honourable men, clad in grey cloaks bordered with sable. Of knights there were full five hundred, mounted on bay, sorrel, or white-spotted steeds. There were so many burghers and dames that no one could tell the number of them. The King and his son galloped and rode on till they saw and recognised each other. They both jump down from their horses and embrace and greet each other for a long time, without stirring from the place where they first met. Each party wished the other joy: the King makes much of Erec, but all at once breaks

off to turn to Enide. On all sides he is in clover: he embraces and kisses them both, and knows not which of the two pleases him the more. As they gaily enter the castle, the bells all ring their peals to honour Erec's arrival. The streets are all strewn with reeds, mint, and iris, and are hung overhead with curtains and tapestries of fancy silk and satin stuffs. There was great rejoicing; for all the people came together to see their new lord, and no one ever saw greater happiness than was shown alike by young and old. First they came to the church, where very devoutly they were received in a procession. Erec kneeled before the altar of the Crucifix, and two knights led his wife to the image of Our Lady. When she had finished her prayer, she stepped back a little and crossed herself with her right hand, as a well-bred dame should do. Then they came out from the church and entered the royal palace, when the festivity began. That day Erec received many presents from the knights and burghers: from one a palfrey of northern stock, and from another a golden cup. One presents him with a golden pigeon-hawk, another with a setter-dog, this one a greyhound, this other a sparrowhawk, and another a swift Arab steed, this one a shield, this one an ensign, this one a sword, and this a helmet. Never was a king more gladly seen in his kingdom, nor received with greater joy, as all strove to serve him well. Yet greater joy they made of Enide than of him, for the great beauty which they saw in her, and still more for her open charm. She was seated in a chamber upon a cushion of brocade which had been brought from Thessaly. Round about her was many a fair lady; yet as the lustrous gem outshines the brown flint, and as the rose excels the poppy, so was Enide fairer than any other lady or damsel to be found in the world, wherever one might search. She was so gentle and honourable, of wise speech and affable, of pleasing character and kindly mien. No one could ever be so watchful as to detect in her any folly, or sign of evil or villainy. She had been so schooled in good manners that she had learned all virtues which any lady can possess, as well as generosity and knowledge. All loved her for her open heart, and whoever could do her any service was glad and esteemed himself the more. No one spoke any ill of her, for no one could do so. In the realm or empire there was no lady of such good manners. But Erec loved her with such a tender love that he cared no more for arms, nor did he go to tournaments, nor have any desire to joust; but he spent his time in cherishing his wife. He made of her his mistress and his sweetheart. He devoted all his heart and mind to fondling and kissing her, and sought no delight in other pastime. His friends grieved over this, and often regretted among themselves that he was so deep in love. Often it was past noon before he left her side; for there he was happy, say what they might. He rarely left her society, and yet he was as open-handed as ever to his knights with arms, dress, and money. There was not a tournament anywhere to which he did not send them well apparelled and equipped. Whatever the cost might be, he gave them fresh steeds for the tourney and joust. All the knights said it was a great pity and misfortune that such a valiant man as he was wont to be should no longer wish to bear arms. He was blamed so much on all sides by the knights and squires that murmurs reached Enide's ears how that her lord had turned craven about arms and deeds of chivalry, and that his manner of life was greatly changed. She grieved sorely over this, but she did not dare to show her grief; for her lord at once would take affront, if she should speak to him. So the matter remained a secret, until one morning they lay in bed where they had had sport together. There they lay in close embrace, like the true lovers they were. He was asleep, but she was awake, thinking of what many a man in the country was saying of her lord. And when she began to think it all over, she could not keep back the tears. Such was her grief and her chagrin that by mischance she let fall a word for which she later felt remorse, though in her heart there was no guile. She began to survey her lord from head to foot, his well-shaped body and his clear countenance, until her tears fell fast upon the bosom of her lord, and she said: "Alas, woe is me that I ever left my country! What did I come here to seek? The earth ought by right to swallow me up when the best knight, the most hardy, brave, fair, and courteous that ever was a count or king, has completely abjured all his deeds of chivalry because of me. And thus, in truth, it is I who have brought shame upon his head, though I would fain not have



done so at any price." Then she said to him: "Unhappy thou!" And then kept silence and spoke no more. Erec was not sound asleep and, though dozing, heard plainly what she said. He aroused at her words, and much surprised to see her weeping, he asked her: "Tell me, my precious beauty, why do you weep thus? What has caused you woe or sorrow? Surely it is my wish to know. Tell me now, my gentle sweetheart; and raise care to keep nothing back, why you said that woe was me? For you said it of me and of no one else. I heard your words plainly enough." Then was Enide in a great plight, afraid and dismayed. "Sire," says she, "I know nothing of what you say." "Lady, why do you conceal it? Concealment is of no avail. You have been crying; I can see that, and you do not cry for nothing. And in my sleep I heard what you said." "Ah! fair sire, you never heard it, and I dare say it was a dream." "Now you are coming to me with lies. I hear you calmly lying to me. But if you do not tell me the truth now, you will come to repent of it later." "Sire, since you torment me thus, I will tell you the whole truth, and keep nothing back. But I am afraid that you will not like it. In this land they all say—the dark, the fair, and the ruddy—that it is a great pity that you should renounce your arms; your reputation has suffered from it. Every one used to say not long ago that in all the world there was known no better or more gallant knight. Now they all go about making game of you—old and young, little and great—calling you a recreant. Do you suppose it does not give me pain to hear you thus spoken of with scorn? It grieves me when I hear it said, and yet it grieves me more that they put the blame for it on me. Yes, I am blamed for it, I regret to say, and they all assert it is because I have so ensnared and caught you that you are losing all your merit, and do not care for aught but me. You must choose another course, so that you may silence this reproach and regain your former fame; for I have heard too much of this reproach, and yet I did not dare to disclose it to you. Many a time, when I think of it, I have to weep for very grief. Such chagrin I felt just now that I could not keep myself from saying that you were ill-starred." "Lady," said he, "you were in the right, and those who blame me do so with reason. And now at once prepare yourself to take the road. Rise up from here, and dress yourself in your richest robe, and order your saddle to be put on your best palfrey." Now Enide is in great distress: very sad and pensive, she gets up, blaming and upbraiding herself for the foolish words she spoke: she had now made her bed, and must lie in it. "Ah!" said she, "poor fool! I was too happy, for there lacked me nothing. God! why was I so forward as to dare to utter such folly? God! did not my lord love me to excess? In faith, alas, he was too fond of me. And now I must go away into exile. But I have yet a greater grief, that I shall no longer see my lord, who loved me with such tenderness that there was nothing he held so dear. The best man that was ever born had become so wrapped up in me that he cared for nothing else. I lacked for nothing then. I was very happy. But pride it is that stirred me up: because of my pride, I must suffer woe for telling him such insulting words, and it is right that I should suffer woe. One does not know what good fortune is until he has made trial of evil." Thus the lady bemoaned her fate, while she dressed herself fitly in her richest robe. Yet nothing gave her any pleasure, but rather cause for deep chagrin. Then she had a maid call one of her squires, and bids him saddle her precious palfrey of northern stock, than which no count or king ever had a better. As soon as she had given him the command, the fellow asked for no delay, but straightway went and saddled the dappled palfrey. And Erec summoned another squire and bade him bring his arms to arm his body withal. Then he went up into a bower, and had a Limoges rug laid out before him on the floor. Meanwhile, the squire ran to fetch the arms and came back and laid them on the rug. Erec took a seat opposite, on the figure of a leopard which was portrayed on the rug. He prepares and gets ready to put on his arms: first, he had laced on a pair of greaves of polished steel; next, he dons a hauberk, which was so fine that not a mesh could be cut away from it. This hauberk of his was rich, indeed, for neither inside nor outside of it was there enough iron to make a needle, nor could it gather any rust; for it was all made of worked silver in tiny meshes triple-wove; and it was made with such skill that I can assure you that no one who had put it on would have been more uncomfortable or sore because of it, than

if he had put on a silk jacket over his undershirt. The knights and squires all began to wonder why he was being armed; but no one dared to ask him why. When they had put on his hauberk, a valet laces about his head a helmet fluted with a band of gold, shining brighter than a mirror. Then he takes the sword and girds it on, and orders them to bring him saddled his bay steed of Gascony. Then he calls a valet to him, and says: "Valet, go quickly, run to the chamber beside the tower where my wife is, and tell her that she is keeping me waiting here too long. She has spent too much time on her attire. Tell her to come and mount at once, for I am awaiting her." And the fellow goes and finds her all ready, weeping and making moan: and he straightway addressed her thus: "Lady, why do you so delay? My lord is awaiting you outside yonder, already fully armed. He would have mounted some time ago, had you been ready." Enide wondered greatly what her lord's intention was; but she very wisely showed herself with as cheerful a countenance as possible, when she appeared before him. In the middle of the courtyard she found him, and King Lac comes running out. Knights come running, too, striving with each other to reach there first. There is neither young nor old but goes to learn and ask if he will take any of them with him. So each offers and presents himself. But he states definitely and affirms that he will take no companion except his wife, asserting that he will go alone. Then the King is in great distress. "Fair son," says he, "what dost thou intend to do? Thou shouldst tell me thy business and keep nothing back. Tell me whither thou wilt go; for thou art unwilling on any account to be accompanied by an escort of squires or knights. If thou hast undertaken to fight some knight in single combat, yet shouldst thou not for that reason fail to take a part of thy knights with thee to betoken thy wealth and lordship. A king's son ought not to fare alone. Fair son, have thy sumpters loaded now, and take thirty or forty or more of thy knights, and see that silver and gold is taken, and whatever a gentleman needs." Finally Erec makes reply and tells him all in detail how he has planned his journey. "Sire," says he, "it must be so. I shall take no extra horse, nor have I any use for gold or silver, squire or sergeant; nor do I ask for any company save that of my wife alone. But I pray you, whatever may happen, should I die and she come back, to love her and hold her dear for love of me and for my prayer, and give her so long as she live, without contention or any strife, the half of your land to be her own." Upon hearing his son's request, the King said: "Fair son, I promise it. But I grieve much to see thee thus go off without escort, and if I had my way, thou shouldst not thus depart." "Sire, it cannot be otherwise. I go now, and to God commend you. But keep in mind my companions, and give them horses and arms and all that knight may need." The King cannot keep back the tears when he is parted from his son. The people round about weep too; the ladies and knights shed tears and make great moan for him. There is not one who does not mourn, and many a one in the courtyard swoons. Weeping, they kiss and embrace him, and are almost beside themselves with grief. I think they would not have been more sad if they had seen him dead or wounded. Then Erec said to comfort them: "My lords, why do you weep so sore? I am neither in prison nor wounded. You gain nothing by this display of grief. If I go away, I shall come again when it please God and when I can. To God I commend you one and all; so now let me go; too long you keep me here. I am sorry and grieved to see you weep." To God he commends them and they him.

So they departed, leaving sorrow behind them. Erec starts, and leads his wife he knows not whither, as chance dictates. "Ride fast," he says, "and take good care not to be so rash as to speak to me of anything you may see. Take care never to speak to me, unless I address you first. Ride on now fast and with confidence." "Sire," says she, "it shall be done." She rode ahead and held her peace. Neither one nor the other spoke a word. But Enide's heart is very sad, and within herself she thus laments, soft and low that he may not hear: "Alas," she says, "God had raised and exalted me to such great joy; but now He has suddenly cast me down. Fortune who had beckoned me has quickly now withdrawn her hand. I should not mind that so much, alas, if only I dared to address my lord. But I am mortified and distressed because my lord has turned against me, I see it clearly, since he will not speak to me. And I am not so bold as to dare to look at him." While she thus laments, a knight

who lived by robbery issued forth from the woods. He had two companions with him, and all three were armed. They covet the palfrey which Enide rides. "My lords, do you know the news I bring?" says he to his two companions. "If we do not now make a haul, we are good-for-nothing cowards and are playing in bad luck. Here comes a lady wondrous fair, whether married or not I do not know, but she is very richly dressed. The palfrey and saddle, with the breast-strap and reins, are worth a thousand livres of Chartres. I will take the palfrey for mine, and the rest of the booty you may have. I don't want any more for my share. The knight shall not lead away the lady, so help me God. For I intend to give him such a thrust as he will dearly pay. I it was who saw him first, and so it is my right to go the first and offer battle." They give him leave and he rides off, crouching well beneath his shield, while the other two remain aloof. In those days it was the custom and practice that in an attack two knights should not join against one; thus if they too had assailed him, it would seem that they had acted treacherously. Enide saw the robbers, and was seized with great fear. "God," says she, "what can I say? Now my lord will be either killed or made a prisoner; for there are three of them and he is alone. The contest is not fair between one knight and three. That fellow will strike him now at a disadvantage; for my lord is off his guard. God, shall I be then such a craven as not to dare to raise my voice? Such a coward I will not be: I will not fail to speak to him." On the spot she turns about and calls to him: "Fair sire, of what are you thinking? There come riding after you three knights who press you hard. I greatly fear they will do you harm." "What?" says Erec, "what's that you say? You have surely been very bold to disdain my command and prohibition. This time you shall be pardoned; but if it should happen another time, you would not be forgiven." Then turning his shield and lance, he rushes at the knight. The latter sees him coming and challenges him. When Erec hears him, he defies him. Both give spur and clash together, holding their lances at full extent. But he missed Erec, while Erec used him hard; for he knew well the right attack. He strikes him on the shield so fiercely that he cracks it from top to bottom. Nor is his hauberk any protection: Erec pierces and crushes it in the middle of his breast, and thrusts a foot and a half of his lance into his body. When he drew back, he pulled out the shaft. And the other fell to earth. He must needs die, for the blade had drunk of his life's blood. Then one of the other two rushes forward, leaving his companion behind, and spurs toward Erec, threatening him. Erec firmly grasps his shield, and attacks him with a stout heart. The other holds his shield before his breast. Then they strike upon the emblazoned shields. The knight's lance flies into two bits, while Erec drives a quarter of lance's length through the other's breast. He will give him no more trouble. Erec unhorses him and leaves him in a faint, while he spurs at an angle toward the third robber. When the latter saw him coming on he began to make his escape. He was afraid, and did not dare to face him; so he hastened to take refuge in the woods. But his flight is of small avail, for Erec follows him close and cries aloud: "Vassal, vassal, turn about now, and prepare to defend yourself, so that I may not slay you in act of flight. It is useless to try to escape." But the fellow has no desire to turn about, and continues to flee with might and main. Following and overtaking him, Erec hits him squarely on his painted shield, and throws him over on the other side. To these three robbers he gives no further heed: one he has killed, another wounded, and of the third he got rid by throwing him to earth from his steed. He took the horses of all three and tied them together by the bridles. In colour they were not alike: the first was white as milk, the second black and not at all bad looking, while the third was dappled all over. He came back to the road where Enide was awaiting him. He bade her lead and drive the three horses in front of her, warning her harshly never again to be so bold as to speak a single word unless he give her leave. She makes answer: "I will never do so, fair sire, if it be your will." Then they ride on, and she holds her peace.

They had not yet gone a league when before them in a valley there came five other knights, with lances in rest, shields held close in to the neck, and their shining helmets laced up tight; they, too, were on plunder bent. All at once they saw the lady approach in charge of the three horses, and Erec who followed

after. As soon as they saw them, they divided their equipment among themselves, just as if they had already taken possession of it. Covetousness is a bad thing. But it did not turn out as they expected; for vigorous defence was made. Much that a fool plans is not executed, and many a man misses what he thinks to obtain. So it befell them in this attack. One said that he would take the maid or lose his life in the attempt; and another said that the dappled steed shall be his, and that he will be satisfied with that. The third said that he would take the black horse. "And the white one for me," said the fourth. The fifth was not at all backward, and vowed that he would have the horse and arms of the knight himself. He wished to win them by himself, and would fain attack him first, if they would give him leave: and they willingly gave consent. Then he leaves them and rides ahead on a good and nimble steed. Erec saw him, but made pretence that he did not yet notice him. When Enide saw them, her heart jumped with fear and great dismay. "Alas!" said she, "I know not what to say or do; for my lord severely threatens me, and says that he will punish me, if I speak a word to him. But if my lord were dead now, there would be no comfort for me. I should be killed and roughly treated. God! my lord does not see them! Why, then, do I hesitate, crazed as I am? I am indeed too chary of my words, when I have not already spoken to him. I know well enough that those who are coming yonder are intent upon some wicked deed. And God! how shall I speak to him? He will kill me. Well, let him kill me! Yet I will not fail to speak to him." Then she softly calls him: "Sire!" "What?" says he, "what do you want?" "Your pardon, sire. I want to tell you that five knights have emerged from yonder thicket, of whom I am in mortal fear. Having noticed them, I am of the opinion that they intend to fight with you. Four of them have stayed behind, and the other comes toward you as fast as his steed can carry him. I am afraid every moment lest he will strike you. 'Tis true, the four have stayed behind; but still they are not far away, and will quickly aid him, if need arise." Erec replies: "You had an evil thought, when you transgressed my command—a thing which I had forbidden you. And yet I knew all the time that you did not hold me in esteem. Your service has been ill employed; for it has not awakened my gratitude, but rather kindled the more my ire. I have told you that once, and I say it again. This once again I will pardon you; but another time restrain yourself, and do not again turn around to watch me: for in doing so you would be very foolish. I do not relish your words." Then he spurs across the field toward his adversary, and they come together. Each seeks out and assails the other. Erec strikes him with such force that his shield flies from his neck, and thus he breaks his collar-bone. His stirrups break, and he falls without the strength to rise again, for he was badly bruised and wounded. One of the others then appeared, and they attack each other fiercely. Without difficulty Erec thrusts the sharp and well forged steel into his neck beneath the chin, severing thus the bones and nerves. At the back of his neck the blade protrudes, and the hot red blood flows down on both sides from the wound. He yields his spirit, and his heart is still. The third sallies forth from his hiding-place on the other side of a ford. Straight through the water, on he comes. Erec spurs forward and meets him before he came out of the water, striking him so hard that he beats down flat both rider and horse. The steed lay upon the body long enough to drown him in the stream, and then struggled until with difficulty he got upon his feet. Thus he conquered three of them, when the other two thought it wise to quit the conflict and not to strive with him. In flight they follow the stream, and Erec after them in hot pursuit, until he strikes one upon the spine so hard that he throws him forward upon the saddle-bow. He put all his strength into the blow, and breaks his lance upon his body, so that the fellow fell head foremost. Erec makes him pay dearly for the lance which he has broken on him, and drew his sword from the scabbard. The fellow unwisely straightened up; for Erec gave him three such strokes that he slaked his sword's thirst in his blood. He severs the shoulder from his body, so that it fell down on the ground. Then, with sword drawn, he attacked the other, as he sought to escape without company or escort. When he sees Erec pursuing him, he is so afraid that he knows not what to do: he does not dare to face him, and cannot turn aside; he has to leave his horse, for he has no more trust in him. He throws away

his shield and lance, and slips from his horse to earth. When he saw him on his feet, Erec no longer cared to pursue him, but he stooped over for the lance, not wishing to leave that, because of his own which had been broken. He carries off his lance and goes away, not leaving the horses behind: he catches all five of them and leads them off. Enide had hard work to lead them all; for he hands over all five of them to her with the other three, and commands her to go along smartly, and to keep from addressing him in order that no evil or harm may come to her. So not a word does she reply, but rather keeps silence; and thus they go, leading with them all the eight horses.

They rode till nightfall without coming to any town or shelter. When night came on, they took refuge beneath a tree in an open field. Erec bids his lady sleep, and he will watch. She replies that she will not, for it is not right, and she does not wish to do so. It is for him to sleep who is more weary. Well pleased at this, Erec accedes. Beneath his head he placed his shield, and the lady took her cloak, and stretched it over him from head to foot. Thus, he slept and she kept watch, never dozing the whole night, but holding tight in her hand by the bridle the horses until the morning broke; and much she blamed and reproached herself for the words which she had uttered, and said that she acted badly, and was not half so ill-treated as she deserved to be. "Alas," said she, "in what an evil hour have I witnessed my pride and presumption! I might have known without doubt that there was no knight better than, or so good as, my lord. I knew it well enough before, but now I know it better. For I have seen with my own eyes how he has not quailed before three or even five armed men. A plague for ever upon my tongue for having uttered such pride and insult as now compel me to suffer shame!" All night long she thus lamented until the morning dawned. Erec rises early, and again they take the road, she in front and he behind. At noon a squire met them in a little valley, accompanied by two fellows who were carrying cakes and wine and some rich autumn cheeses to those who were mowing the hay in the meadows belonging to Count Galoain. The squire was a clever fellow, and when he saw Erec and Enide, who were coming from the direction of the woods, he perceived that they must have spent the night in the forest and had had nothing to eat or drink; for within a radius of a day's journey there was no town, city or tower, no strong place or abbey, hospice or place of refuge. So he formed an honest purpose and turned his steps toward them, saluting them politely and saying: "Sire, I presume that you have had a hard experience last night. I am sure you have had no sleep and have spent the night in these woods. I offer you some of this white cake, if it please you to partake of it. I say it not in hope of reward: for I ask and demand nothing of you. The cakes are made of good wheat; I have good wine and rich cheeses, too, a white cloth and fine jugs. If you feel like taking lunch, you need not seek any farther. Beneath these white beeches, here on the greensward, you might lay off your arms and rest yourself a while. My advice is that you dismount." Erec got down from his horse and said: "Fair gentle friend, I thank you kindly: I will eat something, without going farther." The young man knew well what to do: he helped the lady from her horse, and the boys who had come with the squire held the steeds. Then they go and sit down in the shade. The squire relieves Erec of his helmet, unlaces the mouth-piece from before his face; then he spreads out the cloth before them on the thick turf. He passes them the cake and wine, and prepares and cuts a cheese. Hungry as they were, they helped themselves, and gladly drank of the wine. The squire serves them and omits no attention. When they had eaten and drunk their fill, Erec was courteous and generous. "Friend," says he, "as a reward, I wish to present you with one of my horses. Take the one you like the best. And I pray it may be no hardship for you to return to the town and make ready there a goodly lodging." And he replies that he will gladly do whatever is his will. Then he goes up to the horses and, untying them, chooses the dapple, and speaks his thanks; for this one seems to be the best. Up he springs by the left stirrup, and leaving them both there, he rode off to the town at top speed, where he engaged suitable quarters. Now behold! he is back again: "Now mount, sire, quickly," says he, "for you have a good fine lodging ready." Erec mounted, and then his lady, and, as the town was hard by, they soon had reached their lodging-place.

There they were received with joy. The host with kindness welcomed them, and with joy and gladness made generous provision for their needs.

When the squire had done for them all the honour that he could do, he came and mounted his horse again, leading it off in front of the Count's bower to the stable. The Count and three of his vassals were leaning out of the bower, when the Count, seeing his squire mounted on the dappled steed, asked him whose it was. And he replied that it was his. The Count, greatly astonished, says: "How is that? Where didst thou get him?" "A knight whom I esteem highly gave him to me, sire," says he. "I have conducted him within this town, and he is lodged at a burgher's house. He is a very courteous knight and the handsomest man I ever saw. Even if I had given you my word and oath, I could not half tell you how handsome he is." The Count replies: "I suppose and presume that he is not more handsome than I am." "Upon my word, sire," the sergeant says, "you are very handsome and a gentleman. There is not a knight in this country, a native of this land, whom you do not excel in favour. But I dare maintain concerning this one that he is fairer than you, if he were not beaten black and blue beneath his hauberk, and bruised. In the forest he has been fighting single-handed with eight knights, and leads away their eight horses. And there comes with him a lady so fair that never lady was half so fair as she." When the Count hears this news, the desire takes him to go and see if this is true or false. "I never heard such a thing," says he; "take me now to his lodging-place, for certainly I wish to know if thou dost lie or speak the truth." He replies: "Right gladly, sire. This is the way and the path to follow, for it is not far from here." "I am anxious to see them," says the Count. Then he comes down, and the squire gets off his horse, and makes the Count mount in his place. Then he ran ahead to tell Erec that the Count was coming to visit him. Erec's lodging was rich indeed—the kind to which he was accustomed. There were many tapers and candles lighted all about. The Count came attended by only three companions. Erec, who was of gracious manners, rose to meet him, and exclaimed: "Welcome, sire!" And the Count returned his salutation. They both sat down side by side upon a soft white couch, where they chat with each other. The Count makes him an offer and urges him to consent to accept from him a guarantee for the payment of his expenses in the town. But Erec does not deign to accept, saying he is well supplied with money, and has no need to accept aught from him. They speak long of many things, but the Count constantly glances about in the other direction, where he caught sight of the lady. Because of her manifest beauty, he fixed all his thought on her. He looked at her as much as he could; he coveted her, and she pleased him so that her beauty filled him with love. Very craftily he asked Erec for permission to speak with her. "Sire," he says "I ask a favour of you, and may it not displease you. As an act of courtesy and as a pleasure, I would fain sit by yonder lady's side. With good intent I came to see you both, and you should see no harm in that. I wish to present to the lady my service in all respects. Know well that for love of you I would do whatever may please her." Erec was not in the least jealous and suspected no evil or treachery. "Sire," says he, "I have no objection. You may sit down and talk with her. Don't think that I have any objection. I give you permission willingly." The lady was seated about two spear-lengths away from him. And the Count took his seat close beside her on a low stool. Prudent and courteous, the lady turned toward him. "Alas," quoth he, "how grieved I am to see you in such humble state! I am sorry and feel great distress. But if you would believe my word, you could have honour and great advantage, and much wealth would accrue to you. Such beauty as yours is entitled to great honour and distinction. I would make you my mistress, if it should please you and be your will; you would be my mistress dear and lady over all my land. When I deign to woo you thus, you ought not to disdain my suit. I know and perceive that your lord does not love and esteem you. If you will remain with me, you would be mated with a worthy lord." "Sire," says Enide, "your proposal is vain. It cannot be. Ah! better that I were yet unborn, or burnt upon a fire of thorns and my ashes scattered abroad than that I should ever in any wise be false to my lord, or conceive any felony or treachery toward him. You have made a great mistake in making such a proposal to me. I shall not agree to it in any wise."

The Count's ire began to rise. "You disdain to love me, lady?" says he; "upon my word, you are too proud. Neither for flattery nor for prayer you will do my will? It is surely true that a woman's pride mounts the more one prays and flatters her; but whoever insults and dishonours her will often find her more tractable. I give you my word that if you do not do my will there soon will be some sword-play here. Rightly or wrongly, I will have your lord slain right here before your eyes." "Ah, sire," says Enide, "there is a better way than that you say. You would commit a wicked and treacherous deed if you killed him thus. Calm yourself again, I pray; for I will do your pleasure. You may regard me as all your own, for I am yours and wish to be. I did not speak as I did from pride, but to learn and prove if I could find in you the true love of a sincere heart. But I would not at any price have you commit an act of treason. My lord is not on his guard; and if you should kill him thus, you would do a very ugly deed, and I should have the blame for it. Every one in the land would say that it had been done with my consent. Go and rest until the morrow, when my lord shall be about to rise. Then you can better do him harm without blame and without reproach." With her heart's thoughts her words do not agree. "Sire," says she, "believe me now! Have no anxiety; but send here to-morrow your knights and squires and have me carried away by force. My lord will rush to my defence, for he is proud and bold enough. Either in earnest or in jest, have him seized and treated ill, or strike his head off, if you will. I have led this life now long enough; to tell the truth. I like not the company of this my lord. Rather would I feel your body lying beside me in a bed. And since we have reached this point, of my love you may rest assured." The Count replies: "It is well, my lady! God bless the hour that you were born; in great estate you shall be held." "Sire," says she, "indeed, I believe it. And yet I would fain have your word that you will always hold me dear; I could not believe you otherwise." Glad and merry, the Count replies: "See here, my faith I will pledge to you loyally as a Count, Madame, that I shall do all your behests. Have no further fear of that. All you want you shall always have." Then she took his plighted word; but little she valued or cared for it, except therewith to save her lord. Well she knows how to deceive a fool, when she puts her mind upon it. Better it were to lie to him than that her lord should be cut off. The Count now rose from her side, and commends her to God a hundred times. But of little use to him will be the faith which she has pledged to him. Erec knew nothing at all of this that they were plotting to work his death; but God will be able to lend him aid, and I think He will do so. Now Erec is in great peril, and does not know that he must be on his guard. The Count's intentions are very base in planning to steal away his wife and kill him when he is without defence. In treacherous guise he takes his leave: "To God I commend you," says he, and Erec replies: "And so do I you, sire." Thus they separated. Already a good part of the night was passed. Out of the way, in one of the rooms, two beds were made upon the floor. In one of them Erec lays him down, in the other Enide went to rest. Full of grief and anxiety, she never closed her eyes that night, but remained on watch for her lord's sake; for from what she had seen of the Count, she knew him to be full of wickedness. She knows full well that if he once gets possession of her lord, he will not fail to do him harm. He may be sure of being killed: so for his sake she is in distress. All night she must needs keep her vigil; but before the dawn, if she can bring it about, and if her lord will take her word, they will be ready to depart.

Erec slept all night long securely until daylight. Then Enide realised and suspected that she might hesitate too long. Her heart was tender toward her lord, like a good and loyal lady. Her heart was neither deceitful nor false. So she rises and makes ready, and drew near to her lord to wake him up. "Ah, sire," says she, "I crave your pardon. Rise quickly now, for you are betrayed beyond all doubt, though guiltless and free from any crime. The Count is a proven traitor, and if he can but catch you here, you will never get away without his having cut you in pieces. He hates you because he desires me. But if it please God, who knows all things, you shall be neither slain nor caught. Last evening he would have killed you had I not assured him that I would be his mistress and his wife. You will see him return here soon: he wants to seize me and keep me here and kill you if he can find you." Now Erec learns

how loyal his wife is to him. "Lady," says he, "have our horses quickly saddled; then run and call our host, and tell him quickly to come here. Treason has been long abroad." Now the horses are saddled, and the lady summoned the host. Erec has armed and dressed himself, and into his presence came the host. "Sire," said he, "what haste is this, that you are risen at such an hour, before the day and the sun appear?" Erec replies that he has a long road and a full day before him, and therefore he has made ready to set out, having it much upon his mind; and he added: "Sire, you have not yet handed me any statement of my expenses. You have received me with honour and kindness, and therein great merit redounds to you. Cancel my indebtedness with these seven horses that I brought here with me. Do not disdain them, but keep them for your own. I cannot increase my gift to you by so much as the value of a halter." The burgher was delighted with this gift and bowed low, expressing his thanks and gratitude. Then Erec mounts and takes his leave, and they set out upon their way. As they ride, he frequently warns Enide that if she sees anything she should not be so bold as to speak to him about it. Meanwhile, there entered the house a hundred knights well armed, and very much dismayed they were to find Erec no longer there. Then the Count learned that the lady had deceived him. He discovered the footsteps of the horses, and they all followed the trail, the Count threatening Erec and vowing that, if he can come up with him, nothing can keep him from having his head on the spot. "A curse on him who now hangs back, and does not spur on fast!" quoth he; "he who presents me with the head of the knight whom I hate so bitterly, will have served me to my taste." Then they plunge on at topmost speed, filled with hostility toward him who had never laid eyes on them and had never harmed them by deed or word. They ride ahead until they made him out; at the edge of a forest they catch sight of him before he was hid by the forest trees. Not one of them halted then, but all rushed on in rivalry. Enide hears the clang and noise of their arms and horses, and sees that the valley is full of them. As soon as she saw them, she could not restrain her tongue. "Ah, sire," she cries, "alas, how this Count has attacked you, when he leads against you such a host! Sire, ride faster now, until we be within this wood. I think we can easily distance them, for they are still a long way behind. If you go on at this pace, you can never escape from death, for you are no match for them." Erec replies: "Little esteem you have for me, and lightly you hold my words. It seems I cannot correct you by fair request. But as the Lord have mercy upon me until I escape from here, I swear that you shall pay dearly for this speech of yours; that is, unless my mind should change." Then he straightway turns about, and sees the seneschal drawing near upon a horse both strong and fleet. Before them all he takes his stand at the distance of four cross-bow shots. He had not disposed of his arms, but was thoroughly well equipped. Erec reckons up his opponents' strength, and sees there are fully a hundred of them. Then he who thus is pressing him thinks he had better call a hair. Then they ride to meet each other, and strike upon each other's shield great blows with their sharp and trenchant swords. Erec caused his stout steel sword to pierce his body through and through, so that his shield and hauberk protected him no more than a shred of dark-blue silk. And next the Count comes spurring on, who, as the story tells, was a strong and doughty knight. But the Count in this was ill advised when he came with only shield and lance. He placed such trust in his own prowess that he thought that he needed no other arms. He showed his exceeding boldness by rushing on ahead of all his men more than the space of nine acres. When Erec saw him stand alone, he turned toward him; the Count is not afraid of him, and they come together with clash of arms. First the Count strikes him with such violence upon the breast that he would have lost his stirrups if he had not been well set. He makes the wood of his shield to split so that the iron of his lance protrudes on the other side. But Erec's hauberk was very solid and protected him from death without the tear of a single mesh. The Count was strong and breaks his lance; then Erec strikes him with such force on his yellow painted shield that he ran more than a yard of his lance through his abdomen, knocking him senseless from his steed. Then he turned and rode away without further tarrying on the spot. Straight into the forest he spurs at full speed. Now Erec is in the woods, and the oth-

ers paused a while over those who lay in the middle of the field. Loudly they swear and vow that they will rather follow after him for two or three days than fail to capture and slaughter him. The Count, though grievously wounded in the abdomen, hears what they say. He draws himself up a little and opens his eyes a tiny bit. Now he realises what an evil deed he had begun to execute. He makes the knights step back, and says: "My lords, I bid you all, both strong and weak, high and low, that none of you be so bold as to dare to advance a single step. All of you return now quickly! I have done a villainous deed, and I repent me of my foul design. The lady who outwitted me is very honourable, prudent, and courteous. Her beauty fired me with love for her; because I desired her, I wished to kill her lord and keep her back with me by force. I well deserved this woe, and now it has come upon me. How abominably disloyal and treacherous I was in my madness! Never was there a better knight born of mother than he. Never shall he receive harm through me if I can in any way prevent it. I command you all to retrace your steps." Back they go disconsolate, carrying the lifeless seneschal on the shield reversed. The Count, whose wound was not mortal, lived on for some time after. Thus was Erec delivered.

Erec goes off at full speed down a road between two hedgerows—he and his wife with him. Both putting spurs to their horses, they rode until they came to a meadow which had been mown. After emerging from the hedged enclosure they came upon a drawbridge before a high tower, which was all closed about with a wall and a broad and deep moat. They quickly pass over the bridge, but had not gone far before the lord of the place espied them from up in his tower. About this man I can tell you the truth: that he was very small of stature, but very courageous of heart. When he sees Erec cross the bridge, he comes down quickly from his tower, and on a great sorrel steed of his he causes a saddle to be placed, which showed portrayed a golden lion. Then he orders to be brought his shield, his stiff, straight lance, a sharp polished sword, his bright shining helmet, his gleaming hauberk, and triple-woven greaves; for he has seen an armed knight pass before his list against whom he wishes to strive in arms, or else this stranger will strive against him until he shall confess defeat. His command was quickly done: behold the horse now led forth; a squire brought him around already bridled and with saddle on. Another fellow brings the arms. The knight passed out through the gate, as quickly as possible, all alone, without companion. Erec is riding along a hill-side, when behold the knight comes tearing down over the top of the hill, mounted upon a powerful steed which tore along at such a pace that he crushed the stones beneath his hoofs finer than a millstone grinds the corn; and bright gleaming sparks flew off in all directions, so that it seemed as if his four feet were all ablaze with fire. Enide heard the noise and commotion, and almost fell from her palfrey, helpless and in a faint. There was no vein in her body in which the blood did not turn, and her face became all pale and white as if she were a corpse. Great is her despair and dismay, for she does not dare to address her lord, who often threatens and chides at her and charges her to hold her peace. She is distracted between two courses to pursue, whether to speak or to hold her peace. She takes counsel with herself, and often she prepares to speak, so that her tongue already moves, but the voice cannot issue forth; for her teeth are clenched with fear, and thus shut up her speech within. Thus she admonishes and reproaches herself, but she closes her mouth and grits her teeth so that her speech cannot issue forth. At strife with herself, she said: "I am sure and certain that I shall incur a grievous loss, if here I lose my lord. Shall I tell him all, then, openly? Not I. Why not? I would not dare, for thus I should enrage my lord. And if my lord's ire is once aroused, he will leave me in this wild place alone, wretched and forlorn. Then I shall be worse off than now. Worse off? What care I? May grief and sorrow always be mine as long as I live, if my lord does not promptly escape from here without being delivered to a violent death. But if I do not quickly inform him, this knight who is spurring hither will have killed him before he is aware; for he seems of very evil intent. I think I have waited too long from fear of his vigorous prohibition. But I will no longer hesitate because of his restraint. I see plainly that my lord is so deep in thought that he forgets himself; so it is fight that I should

address him." She spoke to him. He threatens her, but has no desire to do her harm, for he realises and knows full well that she loves him above all else, and he loves her, too, to the utmost. He rides toward the knight, who challenges him to battle, and they meet at the foot of the hill, where they attack and defy each other. Both smite each other with their iron-tipped lances with all their strength. The shields that hang about their necks are not worth two coats of bark: the leather tears, and they split the wood, and they shatter the meshes of the hauberks. Both are pierced to the vitals by the lances, and the horses fall to earth. Now, both the warriors were doughty. Grievously, but not mortally, wounded, they quickly got upon their feet and grasped afresh their lances, which were not broken nor the worse for wear. But they cast them away on the ground, and drawing their swords from the scabbard, they attack each other with great fury. Each wounds and injures the other, for there is no mercy on either side. They deal such blows upon the helmets that gleaming sparks fly out when their swords recoil. They split and splinter the shields; they batter and crush the hauberks. In four places the swords are brought down to the bare flesh, so that they are greatly weakened and exhausted. And if both their swords had lasted long without breaking, they would never have retreated, nor would the battle have come to an end before one of them perforce had died. Enide, who was watching them, was almost beside herself with grief. Whoever could have seen her then, as she showed her great woe by wringing her hands, tearing her hair and shedding tears, could have seen a loyal lady. And any man would have been a vulgar wretch who saw and did not pity her. And the knights still fight, knocking the jewels from the helmets and dealing at each other fearful blows. From the third to the ninth hour the battle continued so fierce that no one could in any wise make out which was to have the better of it. Erec exerts himself and strives; he brought his sword down upon his enemy's helmet, cleaving it to the inner lining of mail and making him stagger; but he stood firmly and did not fall. Then he attacked Erec in turn, and dealt him such a blow upon the covering of his shield that his strong and precious sword broke when he tried to pull it out. When he saw that his sword was broken, in a spite he threw as far away as he could the part that remained in his hand. Now he was afraid and must needs draw back; for any knight that lacks his sword cannot do much execution in battle or assault. Erec pursues him until he begs him, for God's sake, not to kill him. "Mercy, noble knight," he cries, "be not so cruel and harsh toward me. Now that I am left without my sword, you have the strength and the power to take my life or make me your prisoner, for I have no means of defence." Erec replies: "When thou dost petition me I fain would hear thee admit outright whether thou art defeated and overcome. Thou shalt not again be touched by me if thou dost surrender at my discretion." The knight was slow to make reply. So, when Erec saw him hesitate, in order to further dismay him, he again attacked him, rushing at him with drawn sword; whereupon, thoroughly terrified, he cried: "Mercy, sire! Regard me as your captive, since it cannot be otherwise." Erec answers: "More than that is necessary. You shall not get off so easily as that. Tell me your station and your name, and I in turn will tell you mine." "Sire," says he, "you are right. I am king of this country. My liegemen are Irishmen, and there is none who does not have to pay me rent. My name is Guivret the Little. I am very rich and powerful; for there is no landholder whose lands touch mine in any direction who ever transgresses my command and who does not do my pleasure. I have no neighbour who does not fear me, however proud and bold he may be. But I greatly desire to be your confidant and friend from this time on." Erec replies: "I, too, can boast that I am a noble man. My name is Erec, son of King Lac. My father is king of Farther Wales, and has many a rich city, fine hall, and strong town; no king or emperor has more than he, save only King Arthur. Him, of course, I except; for with him none can compare." Guivret is greatly astonished at this, and says: "Sire, a great marvel is this I hear. I was never so glad of anything as of your acquaintance. You may put full trust in me! And should it please you to abide in my country within my estates, I shall have you treated with great honour. So long as you care to remain here, you shall be recognised as my lord. We both have need of a physician, and I have a castle of mine near here, not eight leagues away,

nor even seven. I wish to take you thither with me, and there we shall have our wounds tended." Erec replies: "I thank you for what I have heard you say. However, I will not go, thank you. But only so much I request of you, that if I should be in need, and you should hear that I had need of aid, you would not then forget me." "Sire" says he, "I promise you that never, so long as I am alive, shall you have need of my help but that I shall go at once to aid you with all the assistance I can command." "I have nothing more to ask of you," says Erec; "you have promised me much. You are now my lord and friend, if your deed is as good as your word." Then each kisses and embraces the other. Never was there such an affectionate parting after such a fierce battle; for from very affection and generosity each one cut off long, wide strips from the bottom of his shirt and bound up the other's wounds. When they had thus bandaged each other, they commended each other to God.

So thus they parted. Guivret takes his way back alone, while Erec resumed his road, in dire need of plaster wherewith to heal his wounds. He did not cease to travel until he came to a plain beside a lofty forest all full of stags, hinds, deer, does, and other beasts, and all sorts of game. Now King Arthur and the Queen and the best of his barons had come there that very day. The King wished to spend three or four days in the forest for pleasure and sport, and had commanded tents, pavilions, and canopies to be brought. My lord Gawain had stepped into the King's tent, all tired out by a long ride. In front of the tent a white beech stood, and there he had left a shield of his, together with his ashen lance. He left his steed, all saddled and bridled, fastened to a branch by the rein. There the horse stood until Kay the seneschal came by. He came up quickly and, as if to beguile the time, took the steed and mounted, without the interference of any one. He took the lance and the shield, too, which were close by under the tree. Galloping along on the steed, Kay rode along a valley until it came about by chance that Erec met him. Now Erec recognised the seneschal, and he knew the arms and the horse, but Kay did not recognise him, for he could not be distinguished by his arms. So many blows of sword and lance had he received upon his shield that all the painted design had disappeared from it. And the lady, who did not wish to be seen or recognised by him, shrewdly held her veil before her face, as if she were doing it because of the sun's glare and the dust. Kay approached rapidly and straightway seized Erec's rein, without so much as saluting him. Before he let him move, he presumptuously asked him: "Knight," says he, "I wish to know who you are and whence you come." "You must be mad to stop me thus," says Erec; "you shall not know that just now." And the other replies: "Be not angry; I only ask it for your good. I can see and make out clearly that you are wounded and hurt. If you will come along with me you shall have a good lodging this night; I shall see that you are well cared for, honoured and made comfortable: for you are in need of rest. King Arthur and the Queen are close by here in a wood, lodged in pavilions and tents. In all good faith, I advise you to come with me to see the Queen and King, who will take much pleasure in you and will show you great honour." Erec replies: "You say well; yet will I not go thither for anything. You know not what my business is: I must yet farther pursue my way. Now let me go; too long I stay. There is still some daylight left." Kay makes answer: "You speak madness when you decline to come. I trow you will repent of it. And however much it may be against your will, you shall both go, as the priest goes to the council, willy-nilly. To-night you will be badly served, if, unmindful of my advice, you go there as strangers. Come now quickly, for I will take you." At this word Erec's ire was roused. "Vassal," says he, "you are mad to drag me thus after you by force. You have taken me quite off my guard. I tell you you have committed an offence. For I thought to be quite safe, and was not on my guard against you." Then he lays his hand upon his sword and cries: "Hands off my bridle, vassal! Step aside. I consider you proud and impudent. I shall strike you, be sure of that, if you drag me longer after you. Leave me alone now." Then he lets him go, and draws off across the field more than an acre's width; then turns about and, as a man with evil intent, issues his challenge. Each rushed at the other. But, because Kay was without armour, Erec acted courteously and turned the point of his lance about and presented the butt-end instead. Even so, he gave him such a blow high up

on the broad expanse of his shield that he caused it to wound him on the temple, pinning his arm to his breast: all prone he throws him to the earth. Then he went to catch the horse and hands him over by the bridle to Enide. He was about to lead it away, when the wounded man with his wonted flattery begs him to restore it courteously to him. With fair words he flatters and wheedles him. "Vassal," says he, "so help me God, that horse is not mine. Rather does it belong to that knight in whom dwells the greatest prowess in the world, my lord Gawain the Bold. I tell you so much on his behalf, in order that you may send it back to him and thus win honour. So shall you be courteous and wise, and I shall be your messenger." Erec makes answer: "Take the horse, vassal, and lead it away. Since it belongs to my lord Gawain it is not meet that I should appropriate it." Kay takes the horse, remounts, and coming to the royal tent, tells the King the whole truth, keeping nothing back. And the King summoned Gawain, saying: "Fair nephew Gawain, if ever you were true and courteous, go quickly after him and ask him in winsome wise who he is and what his business. And if you can influence him and bring him along with you to us, take care not to fail to do so." Then Gawain mounts his steed, two squires following after him. They soon made Erec out, but did not recognise him. Gawain salutes him, and he Gawain: their greetings were mutual. Then said my lord Gawain with his wonted openness: "Sire," says he, "King Arthur sends me along this way to encounter you. The Queen and King send you their greeting, and beg you urgently to come and spend some time with them (it may benefit you and cannot harm), as they are close by." Erec replies: "I am greatly obliged to the King and Queen and to you who are, it seems, both kind of heart and of gentle mien. I am not in a vigorous state; rather do I bear wounds within my body: yet will I not turn aside from my way to seek a lodging-place. So you need not longer wait: I thank you, but you may be gone." Now Gawain was a man of sense. He draws back and whispers in the ear of one of the squires, bidding him go quickly and tell the King to take measures at once to take down and lower his tents and come and set them up in the middle of the road three or four leagues in advance of where they now are. There the King must lodge to-night, if he wishes to meet and extend hospitality to the best knight in truth whom he can ever hope to see; but who will not go out of his way for a lodging at the bidding of any one. The fellow went and gave his message. The King without delay causes his tents to be taken down. Now they are lowered, the sumpters loaded, and off they set. The King mounted Aubagu, and the Queen afterwards mounted a white Norse palfrey. All this while, my lord Gawain did not cease to detain Erec, until the latter said to him: "Yesterday I covered more ground than I shall do to-day. Sire, you annoy me; let me go. You have already disturbed a good part of my day." And my lord Gawain answers him: "I should like to accompany you a little way, if you do not object; for it is yet a long while until night. They spent so much time in talking that all the tents were set up before them, and Erec sees them, and perceives that his lodging is arranged for him. "Ah! Gawain," he says, "your shrewdness has outwitted me. By your great cunning you have kept me here. Since it has turned out thus, I shall tell you my name at once. Further concealment would be useless. I am Erec, who was formerly your companion and friend." Gawain hears him and straightway embraces him. He raised up his helmet and unlaced his mouthpiece. Joyfully he clasps him in his embrace, while Erec embraces him in turn. Then Gawain leaves him, saying, "Sire, this news will give great pleasure to my lord; he and my lady will both be glad, and I must go before to tell them of it. But first I must embrace and welcome and speak comfortably to my lady Enide, your wife. My lady the Queen has a great desire to see her. I heard her speak of her only yesterday." Then he steps up to Enide and asks her how she is, if she is well and in good case. She makes answer courteously: "Sire, I should have no cause for grief, were I not in great distress for my lord; but as it is, I am in dismay, for he has hardly a limb without a wound." Gawain replies: "This grieves me much. It is perfectly evident from his face, which is all pale and colourless. I could have wept myself when I saw him so pale and wan, but my joy effaced my grief, for at sight of him I felt so glad that I forgot all other pain. Now start and ride along slowly. I shall ride ahead at top-speed to tell the Queen and the

King that you are following after me. I am sure that they will both be delighted when they hear it." Then he goes, and comes to the King's tent. "Sire," he cries, "now you and my lady must be glad, for here come Erec and his wife." The King leaps to his feet with joy. "Upon my word!" he says, "right glad I am. I could hear no news which could give me so much happiness." The Queen and all the rest rejoice, and come out from the tents as fast as they may. Even the King comes forth from his pavilion, and they met Erec near at hand. When Erec sees the King coming, he quickly dismounts, and Enide too. The King embraces and meets them, and the Queen likewise tenderly kisses and embraces them: there is no one that does not show his joy. Right there, upon the spot, they took off Erec's armour; and when they saw his wounds, their joy turned to sadness. The King draws a deep sigh at the sight of them, and has a plaster brought which Morgan, his sister, had made. This piaster, which Morgan had given to Arthur, was of such sovereign virtue that no wound, whether on nerve or joint, provided it were treated with the piaster once a day, could fail to be completely cured and healed within a week. They brought to the King the piaster which gave Erec great relief. When they had bathed, dried, and bound up his wounds, the King leads him and Enide into his own royal tent, saying that he intends, out of love for Erec, to tarry in the forest a full fortnight, until he be completely restored to health. For this Erec thanks the King, saying: "Fair sire, my wounds are not so painful that I should desire to abandon my journey. No one could detain me; to-morrow, without delay, I shall wish to get off in the morning, as soon as I see the dawn." At this the King shook his head and said: "This is a great mistake for you not to remain with us. I know that you are far from well. Stay here, and you will do the right thing. It will be a great pity and cause for grief if you die in this forest. Fair gentle friend, stay here now until you are quite yourself again." Erec replies: "Enough of this. I have undertaken this journey, and shall not tarry in any wise." The King hears that he would by no means stay for prayer of his; so he says no more about it, and commands the supper to be prepared at once and the tables to be spread. The servants go to make their preparations. It was a Saturday night; so they ate fish and fruit, pike and perch, salmon and trout, and then pears both raw and cooked. Soon after supper they ordered the beds to be made ready. The King, who held Erec dear, had him laid in a bed alone; for he did not wish that any one should lie with him who might touch his wounds. That night he was well lodged. In another bed close by lay Enide with the Queen under a cover of ermine, and they all slept in great repose until the day broke next morning.

Next day, as soon as it is dawn. Erec arises, dresses, commands his horses to be saddled, and orders his arms to be brought to him. The valets run and bring them to him. Again the King and all the knights urge him to remain; but entreaty is of no avail, for he will not stay for anything. Then you might have seen them all weep and show such grief as if they already saw him dead. He puts on his arms, and Enide arises. All the knights are sore distressed, for they think they will never see them more. They follow them out from the tents, and send for their own horses, that they may escort and accompany them. Erec said to them: "Be not angry! but you shall not accompany me a single step. I'll thank you if you'll stay behind!" His horse was brought to him, and he mounts without delay. Taking his shield and lance, he commands them all to God, and they in turn wish Erec well. Then Enide mounts, and they ride away.

Entering a forest, they rode on without halting till hour of prime. While they thus traversed the wood, they heard in the distance the cry of a damsel in great distress. When Erec heard the cry, he felt sure from the sound that it was the voice of one in trouble and in need of help. Straightway calling Enide, he says: "Lady, there is some maiden who goes through the wood calling aloud. I take it that she is in need of aid and succour. I am going to hasten in that direction and see what her trouble is. Do you dismount and await me here, while I go yonder." "Gladly, sire," she says. Leaving her alone, he makes his way until he found the damsel, who was going through the wood, lamenting her lover whom two giants had taken and were leading away with very cruel treatment. The maiden was rending her garments, and tearing her hair and her

tender crimson face. Erec sees her and, wondering greatly, begs her to tell him why she cries and weeps so sore. The maiden cries and sighs again, then sobbing, says: "Fair sire, it is no wonder if I grieve, for I wish I were dead. I neither love nor prize my life, for my lover has been led away prisoner by two wicked and cruel giants who are his mortal enemies. God! what shall I do? Woe is me! deprived of the best knight alive, the most noble and the most courteous. And now he is in great peril of death. This very day, and without cause, they will bring him to some vile death. Noble knight, for God's sake, I beg you to succour my lover, if now you can lend him any aid. You will not have to run far, for they must still be close by." "Damsel," says Erec, "I will follow them, since you request it, and rest assured that I shall do all within my power: either I shall be taken prisoner along with him, or I shall restore him to you safe and sound. If the giants let him live until I can find him, I intend to measure my strength with theirs." "Noble knight," the maiden said, "I shall always be your servant if you restore to me my lover. Now go in God's name, and make haste, I beseech you." "Which way lies their path?" "This way, my lord. Here is the path with the footprints." Then Erec started at a gallop, and told her to await him there. The maid commends him to the Lord, and prays God very fervently that He should give him force by His command to discomfit those who intend evil toward her lover.

Erec went off along the trail, spurring his horse in pursuit of the giants. He followed in pursuit of them until he caught sight of them before they emerged from the wood; he saw the knight with bare limbs mounted naked on a nag, his hands and feet bound as if he were arrested for highway robbery. The giants had no lances, shields or whetted swords; but they both had clubs and scourges, with which they were beating him so cruelly that already they had cut the skin on his back to the bone. Down his sides and flanks the blood ran, so that the nag was all covered with blood down to the belly. Erec came along alone after them. He was very sad and distressed about the knight whom he saw them treat so spitefully. Between two woods in an open field he came up with them, and asks: "My lords," says he, "for what crime do you treat this man so ill and lead him along like a common thief? You are treating him too cruelly. You are driving him just as if he had been caught stealing. It is a monstrous insult to strip a knight naked, and then bind him and beat him so shamefully. Hand him over to me, I beg of you with all good-will and courtesy. I have no wish to demand him of you forcibly." "Vassal," they say, "what business is this of yours? You must be mad to make any demand of us. If you do not like it, try and improve matters." Erec replies: "Indeed, I like it not, and you shall not lead him away so easily. Since you have left the matter in my hands, I say whoever can get possession of him let him keep him. Take your positions. I challenge you. You shall not take him any farther before some blows have been dealt." "Vassal," they reply, "you are mad, indeed, to wish to measure your strength with us. If you were four instead of one, you would have no more strength against us than one lamb against two wolves." "I do not know how it will turn out," Erec replies; "if the sky fails and the earth melts, then many a lark will be caught. Many a man boasts loudly who is of little worth. On guard now, for I am going to attack you." The giants were strong and fierce, and held in their clenched hands their big clubs tipped with iron. Erec went at them lance in rest. He fears neither of them, in spite of their menace and their pride, and strikes the foremost of them through the eye so deep into the brain that the blood and brains spurt out at the back of his neck; that one lies dead and his heart stops beating. When the other saw him dead, he had reason to be sorely grieved. Furious, he went to avenge him: with both hands he raised his club on high and thought to strike him squarely upon his unprotected head: but Erec watched the blow, and received it on his shield. Even so, the giant landed such a blow that it quite stunned him, and almost made him fall to earth from his steed. Erec covers himself with his shield and the giant, recovering himself, thinks to strike again quickly upon his head. But Erec had drawn his sword, and attacked him with such fierceness that the giant was severely handled: he strikes him so hard upon the neck that he splits him down to the saddle-bow. He scatters his bowels upon the earth, and the body falls full length, split in two halves. The knight weeps with joy and, worshipping, praises God who has

sent him this aid. Then Erec unbound him, made him dress and arm himself, and mount one of the horses; the other he made him lead with his right hand, and asks him who he is. And he replied: "Noble knight, thou art my liege lord. I wish to regard thee as my lord, as by right I ought to do, for thou hast saved my life, which but now would have been cut off from my body with great torment and cruelty. What chance, fair gentle sire, in God's name, guided thee hither to me, to free me by thy courage from the hands of my enemies? Sire, I wish to do thee homage. Henceforth, I shall always accompany thee and serve thee as my lord." Erec sees that he is disposed to serve him gladly, if he may, and says: "Friend, for your service I have no desire; but you must know that I came hither to succour you at the instance of your lady, whom I found sorrowing in this wood. Because of you, she grieves and moans; for full of sorrow is her heart. I wish to present you to her now. As soon as I have reunited you with her, I shall continue my way alone; for you have no call to go with me. I have no need of your company; but I fain would know your name." "Sire," says he, "as you wish. Since you desire to know my name, it must not be kept from you. My name is Cadoc of Tabriol: know that thus I am called. But since I must part from you. I should like to know, if it may be, who you are and of what land, where I may sometime find and search for you, when I shall go a way from here." Erec replies: "Friend, that I will never confide to you. Never speak of it again; but if you wish to find it out and do me honour in any wise go quickly now without delay to my lord, King Arthur, who with might and main is hunting the stag in yonder wood, as I take it, not five short leagues from here. Go thither quickly and take him word that you are sent to him as a gift by him whom yesterday within his tent he joyfully received and lodged. And be careful not to conceal from him from what peril I set free both your life and body. I am dearly cherished at the court, and if you present yourself in my name you will do me a service and honour. There you shall ask who I am; but you cannot know it otherwise." "Sire," says Cadoc, "I will follow your bidding in all respects. You need never have any fear that I do not go with a glad heart. I shall tell the King the full truth regarding the battle which you have fought on my behalf." Thus speaking, they continued their way until they came to the maiden where Erec had left her. The damsel's joy knew no bounds when she saw coming her lover whom she never thought to see again. Taking him by the hand, Erec presents him to her with the words: "Grieve no longer, demoiselle! Behold your lover glad and joyous." And she with prudence makes reply: "Sire, by right you have won us both. Yours we should be, to serve and honour. But who could ever repay half the debt we owe you?" Erec makes answer: "My gentle lady, no recompense do I ask of you. To God I now commend you both, for too long, methinks, I have tarried here." Then he turns his horse about, and rides away as fast as he can. Cadoc of Tabriol with his damsel rides off in another direction; and soon he told the news to King Arthur and the Queen.

Erec continues to ride at great speed to the place where Enide was awaiting him in great concern, thinking that surely he had completely deserted her. And he, too, was in great fear lest some one, finding her alone, might have carried her off. So he made all haste to return. But the heat of the day was such, and his arms caused him such distress, that his wounds broke open and burst the bandages. His wounds never stopped bleeding before he came directly to the spot where Enide was waiting for him. She espied him and rejoiced: but she did not realise or know the pain from which he was suffering; for all his body was bathed in blood, and his heart hardly had strength to beat. As he was descending a hill he fell suddenly over upon his horse's neck. As he tried to straighten up, he lost his saddle and stirrups, falling, as if lifeless, in a faint. Then began such heavy grief, when Enide saw him fall to earth. Full of fear at the sight of him, she runs toward him like one who makes no concealment of her grief. Aloud she cries, and wrings her hands: not a shred of her robe remains untorn across her breast. She begins to tear her hair and lacerate her tender face. "Ah God!" she cries, "fair gentle Lord, why dost Thou let me thus live on? Come Death, and kill me hastily!" With these words she faints upon his body. When she recovered, she said to herself reproachfully: "Woe is me, wretched Enide; I am the murderer of my

lord, in having killed him by my speech. My lord would still be now alive, if I in my mad presumption had not spoken the word which engaged him in this adventure. Silence never harmed any one, but speech often worketh woe. The truth of this I have tried and proved in more ways than one." Beside her lord she took her seat, holding his head upon her lap. Then she begins her dole anew. "Alas," she says, "my lord, unhappy thou, thou who never hadst a peer; for in thee was beauty seen and prowess was made manifest; wisdom had given thee its heart, and largess set a crown upon thee, without which no one is esteemed. But what did I say? A grievous mistake I made in uttering the word which has killed my lord—that fatal poisoned word for which I must justly be reproached; and I recognise and admit that no one is guilty but myself; I alone must be blamed for this." Then fainting she falls upon the ground, and when she later sat up again, she only moans again the more: "God, what shall I do, and why live on? Why does Death delay and hesitate to come and seize me without respite? Truly, Death holds me in great contempt! Since Death does not deign to take my life, I must myself perforce achieve the vengeance for my sinful deed. Thus shall I die in spite of Death, who will not heed my call for aid. Yet, I cannot die through mere desire, nor would complaining avail me aught. The sword, which my lord had gilded on, ought by right to avenge his death. I will not longer consume myself in distress, in prayer, and vain desire." She draws the sword forth from its sheath and begins to consider it. God, who is full of mercy, caused her to delay a little; and while she passes in review her sorrow and her misfortune, behold there comes riding apace a Count with numerous suite, who from afar had heard the lady's loud outcry. God did not wish to desert her; for now she would have killed herself, had she not been surprised by those who took away from her the sword and thrust it back into its sheath. The Count then dismounted from his horse and began to inquire of her concerning the knight, and whether she was his wife or his lady-love. "Both one and the other, sire," she says, "my sorrow is such as I cannot tell. Woe is me that I am not dead." And the Count begins to comfort her: "Lady," he says, "by the Lord, I pray you, to take some pity on yourself! It is meet that you should mourn, but it is no use to be disconsolate; for you may yet rise to high estate. Do not sink into apathy, but comfort yourself; that will be wise, and God will give you joy again. Your wondrous beauty holds good fortune in store for you; for I will take you as my wife, and make you a countess and dame of rank: this ought to bring you much consolation. And I shall have the body removed and laid away with great honour. Leave off now this grief of yours which in your frenzy you display." And she replies: "Sire, begone! For God's sake, let me be! You can accomplish nothing here. Nothing that one could say or do could ever make me glad again." At this the Count drew back and said: "Let us make a bier, whereon to carry away this body with the lady to the town of Limors. There the body shall be interred. Then will I espouse the lady, whether or not she give consent: for never did I see any one so fair, nor desire any as I do her. Happy I am to have met with her. Now make quickly and without delay a proper bier for this dead knight. Halt not for the trouble, nor from sloth." Then some of his men draw out their swords and soon cut two saplings, upon which they laid branches cross-wise. Upon this litter they laid Erec down; then hitched two horses to it. Enide rides alongside, not ceasing to make lament, and often fainting and falling back; but the horse-men hold her tight, and try to support her with their arms, and raise her up and comfort her. All the way to Limors they escort the body, until they come to the palace of the Count. All the people follow up after them—ladies, knights, and townspeople. In the middle off the hall upon a dais they stretched the body out full length, with his lance and shield alongside. The hall is full, the crowd is dense. Each one is anxious to inquire what is this trouble, what marvel here. Meanwhile the Count takes counsel with his barons privily. "My lords," he says, "upon the spot I wish to espouse this lady here. We can plainly judge by her beauty and prudent mien that she is of very gentle rank. Her beauty and noble bearing show that the honour of a kingdom or empire might well be bestowed upon her. I shall never suffer disgrace through her; rather I think to win more honour. Have my chaplain summoned now, and do you go and fetch the lady. The half of all my land I



will give her as her dower if she will comply with my desire." Then they bade the chaplain come, in accordance with the Count's command, and the dame they brought there, too, and made her marry him perforce; for she flatly refused to give consent. But in spite of all, the Count married her in accordance with his wish. And when he had married her, the constable at once had the tables set in the palace, and had the food prepared; for already it was time for the evening meal.

After vespers, that day in May, Enide was in sore distress, nor did her grief cease to trouble her. And the Count urged her mildly by prayer and threat to make her peace and be consoled, and he made her sit down upon a chair, though it was against her will. In spite of her, they made her take a seat and placed the table in front of her. The Count takes his place on the other side, almost beside himself with rage to find that he cannot comfort her. "Lady," he says, "you must now leave off this grief and banish it. You can have full trust in me, that honour and riches will be yours. You must surely realise that mourning will not revive the dead; for no one ever saw such a thing come about. Remember now, though poor you were, that great riches are within your reach. Once you were poor; rich now you will be. Fortune has not been stingy toward you, in bestowing upon you the honour of being henceforth hailed as Countess. It is true that your lord is dead. If you grieve and lament because of this, do you think that I am surprised? Nay. But I am giving you the best advice I know how to give. In that I have married you, you ought to be content. Take care you do not anger me! Eat now, as I bid you do." And she replies: "Not I, my lord. In faith, as long as I live I will neither eat nor drink unless I first see my lord eat who is lying on yonder dais." "Lady, that can never be. People will think that you are mad when you talk such great nonsense. You will receive a poor reward if you give occasion to-day for further reproof." To this she vouchsafed no reply, holding his threats in slight esteem, and the Count strikes her upon the face. At this she shrieks, and the barons present blame the Count. "Hold, sire!" they cry to the Count; "you ought to be ashamed of having struck this lady because she will not eat. You have done a very ugly deed. If this lady is distressed because of her lord whom she now sees dead, no one should say that she is wrong." "Keep silence, all," the Count replies; "the dame is mine and I am hers, and I will do with her as I please." At this she could not hold her peace, but swears she will never be his. And the Count springs up and strikes her again, and she cries out aloud. "Ha! wretch," she says, "I care not what thou say to me, or what thou do! I fear not thy blows, nor yet thy threats. Beat me and strike me, as thou wilt. I shall never heed thy power so much as to do thy bidding more or less, even were thou with thy hands fight now to snatch out my eyes or flay me alive."

In the midst of these words and disputes Erec recovered from his swoon, like a man who awakes from sleep. No wonder that he was amazed at the crowd of people he saw around. But great was his grief and great his woe when he heard the voice of his wife. He stepped to the floor from off the dais and quickly drew his sword. Wrath and the love he bore his wife gave him courage. He runs thither where he sees her, and strikes the Count squarely upon the head, so that he beats out his brains and, knocking in his forehead, leaves him senseless and speechless; his blood and brains flow out. The knights spring from the tables, persuaded that it is the devil who had made his way among them there. Of young or old there none remains, for all were thrown in great dismay. Each one tries to outrun the other in beating a hasty retreat. Soon they were all clear of the palace, and cry aloud, both weak and strong: "Flee, flee, here comes the corpse!" At the door the press is great: each one strives to make his escape, and pushes and shoves as best he may. He who is last in the surging throng would fain get into the foremost line. Thus they make good their escape in flight, for one dares not stand upon another's going. Erec ran to seize his shield, hanging it about his neck by the strap, while Enide lays hands upon the lance. Then they step out into the courtyard. There is no one so bold as to offer resistance; for they did not believe it could be a man who had thus expelled them, but a devil or some enemy who had entered the dead body. Erec pursues them as they flee, and finds outside in the castle-yard a stable-boy in the act of leading his steed to the watering-place, all equipped

with bridle and saddle. This chance encounter pleased Erec well: as he steps up quickly to the horse, the boy in fear straightway yields him up. Erec takes his seat between the saddle-bows, while Enide, seizing the stirrup, springs up on to the horse's neck, as Erec, who bade her mount, commanded and instructed her to do. The horse bears them both away; and finding open the town gate, they make their escape without detention. In the town there was great anxiety about the Count who had been killed; but there is no one, however brave, who follows Erec to take revenge. At his table the Count was slain; while Erec, who bears his wife away, embraces and kisses and gives her cheer. In his arms he clasps her against his heart, and says: "Sweet sister mine, my proof of you has been complete! Be no more concerned in any wise, for I love you now more than ever I did before; and I am certain and rest assured that you love me with a perfect love. From this time on for evermore, I offer myself to do your will just as I used to do before. And if you have spoken ill of me, I pardon you and call you quit of both the offence and the word you spoke." Then he kisses her again and clasps her tight. Now Enide is not ill at ease when her lord clasps and kisses her and tells her again that he loves her still. Rapidly through the night they ride, and they are very glad that the moon shines bright.

Meanwhile, the news has travelled fast, and there is nothing else so quick. The news had reached Guivret the Little that a knight wounded with arms had been found dead in the forest, and that with him was a lady making moan, and so wondrous fair that Iseut would have seemed her waiting-maid. Count Ormle of Limors had found them both, and had caused the corpse to be borne away, and wished himself to espouse the lady; but she refused him. When Guivret heard this news, he was by no means pleased; for at once the thought of Erec occurred to him. It came into his heart and mind to go and seek out the lady, and to have the body honourably interred, if it should turn out to be he. He assembled a thousand men-at-arms and knights to take the town. If the Count would not surrender of his own accord the body and the lady, he would put all to fire and flame. In the moonlight shining clear he led his men on toward Limors, with helmets laced, in hauberks clad, and from their necks the shields were hung. Thus, under arms, they all advanced until nearly midnight, when Erec espied them. Now he expects to be ensnared or killed or captured inevitably. He makes Enide dismount beside a thicket-hedge. No wonder if he is dismayed. "Lady, do you stay here," he says, "beside this thicket-hedge a while, until these people shall have passed. I do not wish them to catch sight of you, for I do not know what manner of people they are, nor of what they go in search. I trust we may not attract their attention. But I see nowhere any place where we could take refuge, should they wish to injure us. I know not if any harm may come to me, but not from fear shall I fail to sally out against them. And if any one assails me, I shall not fail to joust with him. Yet, I am so sore and weary that it is no wonder if I grieve. Now to meet them I must go, and do you stay quiet here. Take care that no one see you, until they shall have left you far behind." Behold now Guivret, with lance outstretched, who espied him from afar. They did not recognise each other, for the moon had gone behind the shadow of a dark cloud. Erec was weak and exhausted, and his antagonist was quite recovered from his wounds and blows. Now Erec will be far from wise if he does not promptly make himself known. He steps out from the hedge. And Guivret spurs toward him without speaking to him at all, nor does Erec utter a word to him: he thought he could do more than he could. Whoever tries to run farther than he is able must perforce give up or take a rest. They clash against each other; but the fight was unequal, for one was weak and the other strong. Guivret strikes him with such force that he carries him down to earth from his horse's back. Enide, who was in hiding, when she sees her lord on the ground, expects to be killed and badly used. Springing forth from the hedge, she runs to help her lord. If she grieved before, now her anguish is greater. Coming up to Guivret, she seized his horse's rein, and then said: "Cursed be thou, knight! For thou hast attacked a weak and exhausted man, who is in pain and mortally wounded, with such injustice that thou canst not find reason for thy deed. If thou hadst been alone and helpless, thou wouldst have rued this attack, provided my lord had been in health. Now

be generous and courteous, and kindly let cease this battle which thou hast begun. For thy reputation would be no better for having killed or captured a knight who has not the strength to rise, as thou canst see. For he has suffered so many blows of arms that he is all covered with wounds" And he replies: "Fear not, lady! I see that loyally you love your lord, and I commend you for it. Have no fear whatsoever of me or of my company. But tell me now without concealment what is the name of your lord; for only advantage will you get from telling me. Whoever he be, tell me his name; then he shall go safe and unmolested. Neither he nor you have ought to fear, for you are both in safe hands."

Then Enide learns that she is safe, she answers him briefly in a word: "His name is Erec; I ought not to lie, for I see you are honest and of good intent." Guivret, in his delight, dismounts and goes to fall at Erec's feet, where he was lying on the ground. "My lord," he says, "I was going to seek for you, and was on my way to Limors, where I expected to find you dead. It was told and recounted to me as true that Count Oringle had carried off to Limors a knight who was mortally wounded, and that he wickedly intended to marry a lady whom he had found in his company; but that she would have nothing to do with him. And I was coming urgently to aid and deliver her. If he refused to hand over to me both the lady and you without resistance, I should esteem myself of little worth if I left him a foot of earth to stand upon. Be sure that had I not loved you dearly I should never have taken this upon myself. I am Guivret, your friend; but if I have done you any hurt through my failure to recognise you, you surely ought to pardon me." At this Erec sat up, for he could do no more, and said: "Rise up, my friend. Be absolved of the harm you have done me, since you did not recognise me." Guivret gets up, and Erec tells him how he has killed the Count while he sat at meat, and how he had gained possession again of his steed in front of the stable, and how the sergeants and the squires had fled across the yard, crying: "Flee, flee, the corpse is chasing us;" then, how he came near being caught, and how he escaped through the town and down the hill, carrying his wife on his horse's neck: all this adventure of his he told him. Then Guivret said, "Sire, I have a castle here close by, which is well placed in a healthful site. For your comfort and benefit I wish to take you there to-morrow and have your wounds cared for. I have two charming and sprightly sisters who are skilful in the care of wounds: they will soon completely cure you. To-night we shall let our company lodge here in the fields until morning; for I think a little rest to-night will do you much good. My advice is that we spend the night here." Erec replies: "I am in favour of doing so." So there they stayed and spent the night. They were not reluctant to prepare a lodging-place, but they found few accommodations, for the company was quite numerous. They lodge as best they may among the bushes: Guivret had his tent set up, and ordered tinder to be kindled, that they might have light and cheer. He has tapers taken out from the boxes, and they light them within the tent. Now Enide no longer grieves, for all has turned out well. She strips her lord of his arms and clothes, and having washed his wounds, she dried them and bound them up again; for she would let no one else touch him. Now Erec knows no further reason to reproach her, for he has tried her well and found that she bears great love to him. And Guivret, who treats them kindly, had a high, long bed constructed of quilted coverlids, laid upon grass and reed, which they found in abundance. There they laid Erec and covered him up. Then Guivret opened a box and took out two patties. "Friend," says he, "now try a little of these cold patties, and drink some wine mixed with water. I have as much as six barrels of it, but undiluted it is not good for you; for you are injured and covered with wounds. Fair sweet friend, now try to eat; for it will do you good. And my lady will eat some too—your wife who has been to-day in sore distress on your account. But you have received full satisfaction for all that, and have escaped. So eat now, and I will eat too, fair friend." Then Guivret sat down by Erec's side, and so did Enide who was much pleased by all that Guivret did. Both of them urge him to eat, giving him wine mixed with water; for unmixed it is too strong and heating. Erec ate as a sick man eats, and drank a little—all he dared. But he rested comfortably and slept all night; for on his account no noise or disturbance was made.

In the early morning they awoke, and prepared again to mount and ride. Erec was so devoted to his own horse that he would ride no other. They gave to Enide a mule, for she had lost her palfrey. But she was not concerned; to judge by her looks, she gave the matter no thought. She had a good mule with an easy gait that bore her very comfortably. And it gave her great satisfaction that Erec was not cast down, but rather assured them that he would recover completely. Before the third hour they reached Penevric, a strong castle, well and handsomely situated. There dwelt the two sisters of Guivret; for the place was agreeable enough. Guivret escorted Erec to a delightful, airy room in a remote part of the castle. His sisters, at his request, exerted themselves to cure Erec; and Erec placed himself in their hands, for they inspired him with perfect confidence. First, they removed the dead flesh, then applied plaster and lint, devoting to his care all their skill, like women who knew their business well. Again and again they washed his wounds and applied the plaster. Four times or more each day they made him eat and drink, allowing him, however, no garlic or pepper. But whoever might go in or out Enide was always with him, being more than any one else concerned. Guivret often came in to ask and inquire if he wanted anything. He was well kept and well served, and everything that he wished was willingly done. But the damsels cheerfully and gladly showed such devotion in caring for him that by the end of a fortnight he felt no hurt or pain. Then, to bring his colour back, they began to give him baths. There was no need to instruct the damsels, for they understood the treatment well. When he was able to walk about. Guivret had two loose gowns made of two different kinds of silk, one trimmed with ermine, the other with vair. One was of a dark purple colour, and the other striped, sent to him as a present by a cousin of his from Scotland. Enide had the purple gown trimmed with ermine, which was very precious, while Erec had the striped stuff with the fur, which was no less valuable. Now Erec was strong and well, cured and recovered. Now that Enide was very happy and had everything she desired, her great beauty returned to her; for her great distress had affected her so much that she was very pale and wan. Now she was embraced and kissed, now she was blessed with all good things, now she had her joy and pleasures; for unadorned they lie in bed and each enfolds and kisses the other; nothing gives them so much joy. They have had so much pain and sorrow, he for her, and she for him, that now they have their satisfaction. Each vies in seeking to please the other. Of their further sport I must not speak. Now they have so welded their love and forgotten their grief that they scarcely remember it any more. But now they must go on their way; so they asked his leave to depart from Guivret, in whom they had found a friend indeed; for he had honoured and served them in every way. When he came to take leave, Erec said: "Sire, I do not wish to delay longer my departure for my own land. Order everything to be prepared and collected, in order that I may have all I need. I shall wish to start to-morrow morning, as soon as it is day. I have stayed so long with you that I feel strong and vigorous. God grant, if it please Him, that I may live to meet you again somewhere, when I may be able in my turn to serve and honour you. Unless I am captured or detained, I do not expect to tarry anywhere until I reach the court of King Arthur, whom I hope to find either at Robais or Carduel." To which Guivret makes prompt reply, "Sire, you shall not go off alone! For I myself shall go with you and shall take companions with us, if it be your pleasure." Erec accedes to this advice, and says that, in accordance with his plans, he wishes the journey to be begun. That night they make preparations for their journey, not wishing to delay there longer. They all make ready and prepare. In the early morning, when they awake, the saddles are placed upon the steeds. Before he leaves, Erec goes to bid farewell to the damsels in their rooms; and Enide (who was glad and full of joy) thither follows him. When their preparations for departure were made, they took their leave of the damsels. Erec, who was very courteous, in taking leave of them, thanks them for his health and life, and pledges to them his service. Then he took one of them by the hand she who was the nearer to him and Enide took the other's hand: hand in hand they came up from the bedroom into the castle hall. Guivret urges them to mount at once without delay. Enide thinks the time will never come for them to

mount. They bring around to the block for her a good-tempered palfrey, a soft stepper, handsome and well shaped. The palfrey was of fine appearance and a good mount: it was no less valuable than her own which had stayed behind at Limors. That other one was dappled, this one was sorrel; but the head was of another colour: it was marked in such a way that one cheek was all white, while the other was raven black. Between the two colours there was a line, greener than a grape-vine leaf, which separated the white from the black. Of the bridle, breast-strap, and saddle I can surely say that the workmanship was rich and handsome. All the breast-strap and bridle was of gold set with emeralds. The saddle was decorated in another style, covered with a precious purple cloth. The saddle-bows were of ivory, on which was carved the story of how Aeneas came from Troy, how at Carthage with great joy Dido received him to her bed, how Aeneas deceived her, and how for him she killed herself, how Aeneas conquered Laurentum and all Lombardy, of which he was king all his life. Cunning was the workmanship and well carved, all decorated with fine gold. A skilful craftsman, who made it spent more than seven years in carving it, without touching any other piece of work. I do not know whether he sold it; but he ought to have obtained a good price for it. Now that Enide was presented with this palfrey, she was well compensated for the loss of her own. The palfrey, thus richly apparelled, was given to her and she mounted it gladly; then the gentlemen and squires quickly mounted too. For their pleasure and sport Guivret caused to be taken with them rich falcons, both young and moulted, many a tercel and sparrow-hawk, and many a setter and greyhound.

They rode straight on from morn till eve more than thirty Welsh leagues, and then came to the towers of a stronghold, rich and fair, girt all about with a new wall. And all around, beneath this wall, ran a very deep stream, roaring rushing like a storm. Erec stops to look at it, and ask and find out if any one could truly tell him who was the lord of this town. "Friend," said he to his kind companion, "could you tell me the name of this town, and whose it is? Tell me if it belongs to a count or a king. Since you have brought me here, tell me, if you know." "Sire," he says, "I know very well, and will tell you the truth about it. The name of the town is Brandigant, and it is so strong and fine that it fears neither king nor emperor. If France, and all of England, and all who live from here to Liege were ranged about to lay a siege, they would never take it in their lives; for the isle on which the town stands stretches away four leagues or more, and within the enclosure grows all that a rich town needs: fruit and wheat and wine are found; and of wood and water there is no lack. It fears no assault on any side, nor could anything reduce it to starvation. King Evrain had it fortified, and he has possessed it all his days unmolested, and will possess it all his life. But not because he feared any one did he thus fortify it; but the town is more pleasing so. For if it had no wall or tower, but only the stream that encircles it, it would still be so secure and strong that it would have no fear of the whole world." "God!" said Erec, "what great wealth! Let us go and see the fortress, and we shall take lodging in the town, for I wish to stop here." "Sire," said the other in great distress, "were it not to disappoint you, we should not stop here. In the town there is a dangerous passage." "Dangerous?" says Erec; "do you know about it? Whatever it be, tell us about it; for very gladly would I know." "Sire," says he, "I should fear that you might suffer some harm there. I know there is so much boldness and excellence in your heart that, were I to tell you what I know of the perilous and hard adventure, you would wish to enter in. I have often heard the story, and more than seven years have passed since any one that went in quest of the adventure has come back from the town; yet, proud, bold knights have come hither from many a land. Sire, do not treat this as a jest: for you will never learn the secret from me until you shall have promised me, by the love you have sworn to me, that never by you will be undertaken this adventure, from which no one escapes without receiving shame or death."

Now Erec hears what pleases him, and begs Guivret not to be grieved, saying: "Ah, fair sweet friend, permit that our lodging be made in the town, and do not be disturbed. It is time to halt for the night, and so I trust that it will not displease you; for if any honour comes to us here you ought to be very glad. I appeal to you

conceding the adventure that you tell me just the name of it, and I'll not insist upon the rest." "Sire," he says, "I cannot be silent and refuse the information you desire. The name is very fair to say, but the execution is very hard: for no one can come from it alive. The adventure, upon my word, is called 'the Joy of the Court.'" "God! there can be nothing but good in joy," says Erec; "I go to seek it. Don't go now and discourage me about this or anything else, fair gentle friend; but let us have our lodgings taken, for great good may come to us of this. Nothing could restrain me from going to seek the Joy." "Sire," says he, "God grant your prayer, that you may find joy and return without mishap. I clearly see that we must go in. Since otherwise it may not be, let us go in. Our lodging is secured; for no knight of high degree, as I have heard it said and told, can enter this castle with intent to lodge here but that King Evrain offers to shelter him. So gentle and courteous is the King that he has given notice to all his townsmen, appealing to their love for him, that any gentleman from afar should not find lodging in their houses, so that he himself may do honour to all gentlemen who may wish to tarry here."

Thus they proceed toward the castle, passing the list and the drawbridge; and when they passed the listing-place, the people who were gathered in the streets in crowds see Erec in all his beauty, and apparently they think and believe that all the others are in his train. Marvelling much, they stare at him; the whole town was stirred and moved, as they take counsel and discuss about him. Even the maidens at their song leave off their singing and desist, as all together they look at him; and because of his great beauty they cross themselves, and marvellously they pity him. One to another whispers low: "Alas! This knight, who is passing, is on his way to the 'Joy of the Court.' He will be sorry before he returns; no one ever came from another land to claim the 'Joy of the Court' who did not receive shame and harm, and leave his head there as a forfeit." Then, that he may hear their words, they cry-aloud: "God defend thee, knight, from harm; for thou art wondrously handsome, and thy beauty is greatly to be pitied, for to-morrow we shall see it quenched. Tomorrow thy death is come; to-morrow thou shalt surely die if God does not guard and defend thee." Erec hears and understands that they are speaking of him through the lower town: more than two thousand pitied him; but nothing causes him dismay. He passes on without delay, bowing gaily to men and women alike. And they all salute him too; and most of them swear with anxiety, fearing more than he does himself, for his shame and for his hurt. The mere sight of his countenance, his great beauty and his bearing, has so won to him the hearts of all, that knights, ladies, and maids alike fear his harm. King Evrain hears the news that men were arriving at his court who brought with them a numerous train, and by his harness it appeared that their leader was a count or king. King Evrain comes down the street to meet them, and saluting them he cries: "Welcome to this company, both to the master and all his suite. Welcome, gentlemen! Dismount." They dismounted, and there were plenty to receive and take their horses. Nor was King Evrain backward when he saw Enide coming; but he straightway saluted her and ran to help her to dismount. Taking her white and tender hand, he led her up into the palace, as was required by courtesy, and honoured her in every way he could, for he knew right well what he ought to do, without nonsense and without malice. He ordered a chamber to be scented with incense, myrrh, and aloes. When they entered, they all complimented King Evrain on its fine appearance. Hand in hand they enter the room, the King escorting them and taking great pleasure in them. But why should I describe to you the paintings and the silken draperies with which the room was decorated? I should only waste time in folly, and I do not wish to waste it, but rather to hasten on a little; for he who travels the straight road passes him who turns aside; therefore I do not wish to tarry. When the time and hour arrived, the King orders supper to be prepared; but I do not wish to stop over that if I can find some more direct way. That night they had in abundance all that heart desires and craves: birds, venison, and fruit, and wines of different sorts. But better than all is a happy cheer! For of all dishes the sweetest is a joyful countenance and a happy face. They were very richly served until Erec suddenly left off eating and drinking, and began speaking of what rested most

upon his heart: he remembered 'the Joy', and began a conversation about it in which King Evrain joined. "Sire" says he, "it is time now to tell you what I intend, and why I have come here. Too long I have refrained from speech, and now can no longer conceal my object. I ask you for 'the Joy' of the Court, for I covet nothing else so much. Grant it to me, whatever it be, if you are in control of it." "In truth, fair friend," the King replies, "I hear you speak great nonsense. This is a very parlous thing, which has caused sorrow to many a worthy man; you yourself will eventually be killed and undone if you will not heed my counsel. But if you were willing to take my word, I should advise you to desist from soliciting so grievous a thing in which you would never succeed. Speak of it no more! Hold your peace! It would be imprudent on your part not to follow my advice. I am not at all surprised that you desire honour and fame; but if I should see you harmed or injured in your body I should be distressed at heart. And know well that I have seen many a man ruined who solicited this joy. They were never any the better for it, but rather did they all die and perish. Before to-morrow's evening come you may expect a like reward. If you wish to strive for the Joy, you shall do so, though it grieve me sore. It is something from which you are free to retreat and draw back if you wish to work your welfare. Therefore I tell you, for I should commit treachery and do you wrong were I not to tell you all the truth." Erec hears him and admits that the King with reason counsels him. But the greater the wonder and the more perilous the adventure, the more he covets it and yearns for it, saying: "Sire, I can tell you that I find you a worthy and a loyal man, and I can put no blame on you. I wish to undertake this boon, however it may fall out with me. The die is cast, for I shall never draw back from anything I have undertaken without exerting all my strength before I quit the field." "I know that well," the King replied; "you are acting against my will. You shall have the Joy which you desire. But I am in great despair; for I greatly fear you will be undone. But now be assured that you shall have what you desire. If you come out of it happily, you will have won such great honour that never did man win greater; and may God, as I desire, grant you a joyous deliverance."

All that night they talked of it, until the beds were prepared and they went to rest. In the morning, when it was daylight, Erec, who was on the watch, saw the clear dawn and the sun, and quickly rising, clothed himself. Enide again is in distress, very sad and ill at ease; all night she is greatly disquieted with the solicitude and fear which she felt for her lord, who is about to expose himself to great peril. But nevertheless he equips himself, for no one can make him change his mind. For his equipment the King sent him, when he arose, arms which he put to good use. Erec did not refuse them, for his own were worn and impaired and in bad state. He gladly accepted the arms and had himself equipped with them in the hall. When he was armed, he descends the steps and finds his horse saddled and the King who had mounted. Every one in the castle and in the houses of the town hastened to mount. In all the town there remained neither man nor woman, erect or deformed, great or small, weak or strong, who is able to go and does not do so. When they start, there is a great noise and clamour in all the streets; for those of high and low degree alike cry out: "Alas, alas! oh knight, the Joy that thou wishest to win has betrayed thee, and thou goest to win but grief and death." And there is not one but says: "God curse this joy! which has been the death of so many gentlemen. To-day it will wreak the worst woe that it has ever yet wrought." Erec hears well and notes that up and down they said of him: "Alas, alas, ill-starred wert thou, fair, gentle, skilful knight! Surely it would not be just that thy life should end so soon, or that harm should come to wound and injure thee." He hears clearly the words and what they said; but notwithstanding, he passes on without lowering his head, and without the bearing of a craven. Whoever may speak, he longs to see and know and understand why they are all in such distress, anxiety, and woe. The King leads him without the town into a garden that stood near by; and all the people follow after, praying that from this trial God may grant him a happy issue. But it is not meet that I should pass on, from weariness and exhaustion of tongue, without telling you the whole truth about the garden, according as the story runs.

The garden had around it no wall or fence except of air: yet, by

a spell, the garden was on all sides so shut in by the air that nothing could enter there any more than if the garden were enclosed in iron, unless it flew in over the top. And all through the summer and the winter, too, there were flowers and ripe fruits there; and the fruit was of such a nature that it could be eaten inside; the danger consisted in carrying it out; for whoever should wish to carry out a little would never be able to find the gate, and never could issue from the garden until he had restored the fruit to its place. And there is no flying bird under heaven, pleasing to man, but it sings there to delight and to gladden him, and can be heard there in numbers of every kind. And the earth, however far it stretch, bears no spice or root of use in making medicine, but it had been planted there, and was to be found in abundance. Through a narrow entrance the people entered—King Evrain and all the rest. Erec went riding, lance in rest, into the middle of the garden, greatly delighting in the song of the birds which were singing there; they put him in mind of his Joy the thing he most was longing for. But he saw a wondrous thing, which might arouse fear in the bravest warrior of all whom we know, be it Thiebaut the Esclavon, or Ospinell, or Fernagu. For before them, on sharpened stakes, there stood bright and shining helmets, and each one had beneath the rim a man's head. But at the end there stood a stake where as yet there was nothing but a horn. He knows not what this signifies, yet draws not back a step for that; rather does he ask the King, who was beside him at the right, what this can be. The King speaks and explains to him: "Friend," he says, "do you know the meaning of this thing that you see here? You must be in great terror of it, if you care at all for your own body; for this single stake which stands apart, where you see this horn hung up, has been waiting a very long time, but we know not for whom, whether for you or someone else. Take care lest thy head be set up there; for such is the purpose of the stake. I had warned you well of that before you came here. I do not expect that you will escape hence, but that you will be killed and rent apart. For this much we know, that the stake awaits your head. And if it turns out that it be placed there, as the matter stands agreed, as soon as thy head is fixed upon it another stake will be set up beside it which will await the arrival of some one else—I know not when or whom. I will tell you nothing of the horn; but never has any one been able to blow it. However, he who shall succeed in blowing it his fame and honour will grow until it distance all those of his country, and he shall find such renown that all will come to do him honour, and will hold him to be the best of them all. Now there is no more of this matter. Have your men withdraw; for 'the Joy' will soon arrive, and will make you sorry, I suspect."

Meanwhile King Evrain leaves his side, and Erec stoops over before Enide, whose heart was in great distress, although she held her peace; for grief on lips is of no account unless it also touch the heart. And he who well knew her heart, said to her: "Fair sister dear, gentle, loyal, and prudent lady, I am acquainted with your thoughts. You are in fear, I see that well, and yet you do not know for what; but there is no reason for your dismay until you shall see that my shield is shattered and that my body is wounded, and until you see the meshes of my bright hauberk covered with blood, and my helmet broken and smashed, and me defeated and weary, so that I can no longer defend myself, but must beg and sue for mercy against my will; then you may lament, but now you have begun too soon. Gentle lady, as yet you know not what this is to be; no more do I. You are troubled without cause. But know this truly: if there were in me only so much courage as your love inspires, truly I should not fear to face any man alive. But I am foolish to vaunt myself; yet I say it not from any pride, but because I wish to comfort you. So comfort yourself, and let it be! I cannot longer tarry here, nor can you go along with me; for, as the King has ordered, I must not take you beyond this point." Then he kisses her and commends her to God, and she him. But she is much chagrined that she cannot follow and escort him, until she may learn and see what this adventure is to be, and how he will conduct himself. But since she must stay behind and cannot follow him, she remains sorrowful and grieving. And he went off alone down a path, without companion of any sort, until he came to a silver couch with a cover of gold-embroidered cloth, beneath the shade of a sycamore; and on the bed a maiden of comely body

and lovely face, completely endowed with all beauty, was seated all alone. I intended to say no more of her; but whoever could consider well all her attire and her beauty might well say that never did Lavinia of Laurentum, who was so fair and comely, possess the quarter of her beauty. Erec draws near to her, wishing to see her more closely, and the onlookers go and sit down under the trees in the orchard. Then behold, there comes a knight armed with vermilion arms, and he was wondrous tall; and if he were not so immeasurably tall, under the heavens there would be none fairer than he; but, as every one averred, he was a foot taller than any knight he knew. Before Erec caught sight of him, he cried out: "Vassal, vassal! You are mad, upon my life, thus to approach my damsel. I should say you are not worthy to draw near her. You will pay dearly for your presumption, by my head! Stand back!" And Erec stops and looks at him, and the other, too, stood still. Neither made advance until Erec had replied all that he wished to say to him. "Friend," he says, "one can speak folly as well as good sense. Threaten as much as you please, and I will keep silence; for in threatening there is no sense. Do you know why? A man sometimes thinks he has won the game who afterward loses it. So he is manifestly a fool who is too presumptuous and who threatens too much. If there are some who flee there are plenty who chase, but I do not fear you so much that I am going to run away yet. I am ready to make such defence, if there is any who wishes to offer me battle, that he will have to do his uttermost, or otherwise he cannot escape." "Nay," quoth he, "so help me God! know that you shall have the battle, for I defy and challenge you." And you may know, upon my word, that then the reins were not held in. The lances they had were not light, but were big and square; nor were they planed smooth, but were rough and strong. Upon the shields with mighty strength they smote each other with their sharp weapons, so that a fathom of each lance passes through the gleaming shields. But neither touches the other's flesh, nor was either lance cracked; each one, as quickly as he could, draws back his lance, and both rushing together, return to the fray. One against the other rides, and so fiercely they smite each other that both lances break and the horses fall beneath them. But they, being seated on their steeds, sustain no harm; so they quickly rise, for they were strong and lithe. They stand on foot in the middle of the garden, and straightway attack each other with their green swords of German steel, and deal great wicked blows upon their bright and gleaming helmets, so that they hew them into bits, and their eyes shoot out flame. No greater effort can be made than those they make in striving and toiling to injure and wound each other. Both fiercely smite with the gilded pommel and the cutting edge. Such havoc did they inflict upon each other's teeth, cheeks, nose, hands, arms, and the rest, upon temples, neck, and throat that their bones all ache. They are very sore and very tired; yet they do not desist, but rather only strive the more. Sweat, and the blood which flows down with it, dim their eyes, so that they can hardly see a thing; and very often they missed their blows, like men who did not see to wield their swords upon each other. They can scarcely harm each other now; yet, they do not desist at all from exercising all their strength. Because their eyes are so blinded that they completely lose their sight, they let their shields fall to the ground, and seize each other angrily. Each pulls and drags the other, so that they fall upon their knees. Thus, long they fight until the hour of noon is past, and the big knight is so exhausted that his breath quite fails him. Erec has him at his mercy, and pulls and drags so that he breaks all the lacing of his helmet, and forces him over at his feet. He falls over upon his face against Erec's breast, and has not strength to rise again. Though it distresses him, he has to say and own: "I cannot deny it, you have beaten me; but much it goes against my will. And yet you may be of such degree and fame that only credit will redound to me; and insistently I would request, if it may be in any way, that I might know your name, and he thereby somewhat comforted. If a better man has defeated me, I shall be glad, I promise you; but if it has so fallen out that a baser man than I has worsted me, then I must feel great grief indeed." "Friend, dost thou wish to know my name?" says Erec; "Well, I shall tell thee ere I leave here; but it will be upon condition that thou tell me now why thou art in this garden. Concerning that I will know all what is thy name and what

the Joy; for I am very anxious to hear the truth from beginning to end of it." "Sire," says he, "fearlessly I will tell you all you wish to know." Erec no more withholds his name, but says: "Didst thou ever hear of King Lac and of his son Erec?" "Yea, sire, I knew him well; for I was at his father's court for many a day before I was knighted, and, if he had had his will, I should never have left him for anything." "Then thou oughtest to know me well, if thou weft ever with me at the court of my father, the King." "Then, upon my faith, it has turned out well. Now hear who has detained me so long in this garden. I will tell the truth in accordance with your injunction, whatever it may cost me. That damsel who yonder sits, loved me from childhood and I loved her. It pleased us both, and our love grew and increased, until she asked a boon of me, but did not tell me what it was. Who would deny his mistress aught? There is no lover but would surely do all his sweet-heart's pleasure without default or guile, whenever he can in any way. I agreed to her desire; but when I had agreed, she would have it, too, that I should swear. I would have done more than that for her, but she took me at my word. I made her a promise, without knowing what. Time passed until I was made a knight. King Evrain, whose nephew I am, dubbed me a knight in the presence of many honourable men in this very garden where we are. My lady, who is sitting there, at once recalled to me my word, and said that I had promised her that I would never go forth from here until there should come some knight who should conquer me by trial of arms. It was right that I should remain, for rather than break my word, I should never have pledged it. Since I knew the good there was in her, I could not reveal or show to the one whom I hold most dear that in all this I was displeased; for if she had noticed it, she would have withdrawn her heart, and I would not have had it so for anything that might happen. Thus my lady thought to detain me here for a long stay; she did not think that there would ever enter this garden any vassal who could conquer me. In this way she intended to keep me absolutely shut up with her all the days of my life. And I should have committed an offence if I had had resort to guile and not defeated all those against whom I could prevail; such escape would have been a shame. And I dare to assure you that I have no friend so dear that I would have feigned at all in fighting with him. Never did I weary of arms, nor did I ever refuse to fight. You have surely seen the helmets of those whom I have defeated and put to death; but the guilt of it is not mine, when one considers it aright. I could not help myself, unless I were willing to be false and recreant and disloyal. Now I have told you the truth, and be assured that it is no small honour which you have gained. You have given great joy to the court of my uncle and my friends; for now I shall be released from here; and because all those who are at the court will have joy of it, therefore those who awaited the joy called it 'Joy of the Court'. They have awaited it so long that now it will be granted them by you who have won it by your fight. You have defeated and bewitched my prowess and my chivalry. Now it is right that I tell you my name, if you would know it. I am called Mabonagrain; but I am not remembered by that name in any land where I have been, save only in this region; for never, when I was a squire, did I tell or make known my name. Sire, you knew the truth concerning all that you asked me. But I must still tell you that there is in this garden a horn which I doubt not you have seen. I cannot issue forth from here until you have blown the horn; but then you will have released me, and then the Joy will begin. Whoever shall hear and give it heed no hindrance will detain him, when he shall hear the sound of the horn, from coming straight-way to the court. Rise up, sire! Go quickly now! Go take the horn right joyfully; for you have no further cause to wait; so do that which you must do." Now Erec rose, and the other rises with him, and both approach the horn. Erec takes it and blows it, putting into it all his strength, so that the sound of it reaches far. Greatly did Enide rejoice when she heard the note, and Guivret was greatly delighted too. The King is glad, and so are his people; there is not one who is not well suited and pleased at this. No one ceases or leaves off from making merry and from song. Erec could boast that day, for never was such rejoicing made; it could not be described or related by mouth of man, but I will tell you the sum of it briefly and with few words. The news spreads through the country that thus the affair has turned

out. Then there was no holding back from coming to the court. All the people hasten thither in confusion, some on foot and some on horse, without waiting for each other. And those who were in the garden hastened to remove Erec's arms, and in emulation they all sang a song about the Joy; and the ladies made up a lay which they called 'the Lay of Joy', but the lay is not well known. Erec was well sated with joy and well served to his heart's desire; but she who sat on the silver couch was not a bit pleased. The joy which she saw was not at all to her taste. But many people have to keep still and look on at what gives them pain. Enide acted graciously; because she saw her sitting pensive, alone on the couch, she felt moved to go and speak with her and tell her about her affairs and about herself, and to strive, if possible, to make her tell in return about herself, if it did not cause her too great distress. Enide thought to go alone, wishing to take no one with her, but some of the most noble and fairest dames and damsels followed her out of affection to bear her company, and also to comfort her to whom the joy brings great chagrin; for she assumed that now her lover would be no longer with her so much as he had been, inasmuch as he desired to leave the garden. However disappointing it may be, no one can prevent his going away, for the hour and the time have come. Therefore the tears ran down her face from her eyes. Much more than I can say was she grieving and distressed; nevertheless she sat up straight. But she does not care so much for any of those who try to comfort her that she ceases her moan. Enide salutes her kindly; but for a while the other could not reply a word, being prevented by the sighs and sobs which torment and distress her. Some time it was before the damsel returned her salutation, and when she had looked at her and examined her for a while, it seemed that she had seen and known her before. But not being very certain of it, she was not slow to inquire from whence she was, of what country, and where her lord was born; she inquires who they both are. Enide replies briefly and tells her the truth, saying: "I am the niece of the Count who holds sway over Lalut, the daughter of his own sister; at Lalut I was born and brought up." The other cannot help smiling, without hearing more, for she is so delighted that she forgets her sorrow. Her heart leaps with joy which she cannot conceal. She runs and embraces Enide, saying: "I am your cousin! This is the very truth, and you are my father's niece; for he and your father are brothers. But I suspect that you do not know and have never heard how I came into this country. The Count, your uncle, was at war, and to him there came to fight for pay knights of many lands. Thus, fair cousin, it came about, that with these hireling knights there came one who was the nephew of the king of Brandigan. He was with my father almost a year. That was, I think, twelve years ago, and I was still but a little child. He was very handsome and attractive. There we had an understanding between us that pleased us both. I never had any wish but his, until at last he began to love me and promised and swore to me that he would always be my lover, and that he would bring me here; that pleased us both alike. He could not wait, and I was longing to come hither with him; so we both came away, and no one knew of it but ourselves. In those days you and I were both young and little girls. I have told you the truth; so now tell me in turn, as I have told you, all about your lover, and by what adventure he won you." "Fair cousin, he married me in such a way that my father knew all about it, and my mother was greatly pleased. All our relatives knew it and rejoiced over it, as they should do. Even the Count was glad. For he is so good a knight that better cannot be found, and he does not need to prove his honour and knighthood, and he is of very gentle birth: I do not think that any can be his equal. He loves me much, and I love him more, and our love cannot be greater. Never yet could I withhold my love from him, nor should I do so. For is not my lord the son of a king? For did he not take me when I was poor and naked? Through him has such honour come to me that never was any such vouchsafed to a poor helpless girl. And if it please you, I will tell you without lying how I came to be thus raised up; for never will I be slow to tell the story." Then she told and related to her how Erec came to Lalut; for she had no desire to conceal it. She told her the adventure word for word, without omission. But I pass over it now, because he who tells a story twice makes his tale now tiresome. While they were thus conversing, one lady

slipped away alone, who sent and told it all to the gentlemen, in order to increase and heighten their pleasure too. All those who heard it rejoiced at this news. And when Mabonagrain knew it he was delighted for his sweetheart because now she was comforted. And she who bore them quickly the news made them all happy in a short space. Even the King was glad for it; although he was very happy before, yet now he is still happier, and shows Erec great honour. Enide leads away her fair cousin, fairer than Helen, more graceful and charming. Now Erec and Mabonagrain, Guivret and King Evrain, and all the others run to meet them and salute them and do them honour, for no one is grudging or holds back. Mabonagrain makes much of Enide, and she of him. Erec and Guivret, for their part, rejoice over the damsel as they all kiss and embrace each other. They propose to return to the castle, for they have stayed too long in the garden. They are all prepared to go out; so they sally forth joyfully, kissing each other on the way. All go out after the King, but before they reached the castle, the nobles were assembled from all the country around, and all those who knew of the Joy, and who could do so, came hither. Great was the gathering and the press. Every one, high and low, rich and poor, strives to see Erec. Each thrusts himself before the other, and they all salute him and bow before him, saying constantly: "May God save him through whom joy and gladness come to our court! God save the most blessed man whom God has ever brought into being!" Thus they bring him to the court, and strive to show their glee as their hearts dictate. Breton zithers, harps, and viols sound, fiddles, psalteries, and other stringed instruments, and all kinds of music that one could name or mention. But I wish to conclude the matter briefly without too long delay. The King honours him to the extent of his power, as do all the others ungrudgingly. There is no one who does not gladly offer to do his service. Three whole days the Joy lasted, before Erec could get away. On the fourth he would no longer tarry for any reason they could urge. There was a great crowd to accompany him and a very great press when it came to taking leave. If he had wished to reply to each one, he would not have been able in half a day to return the salutations individually. The nobles he salutes and embraces; the others he commends to God in a word, and salutes them. Enide, for her part, is not silent when she takes leave of the nobles. She salutes them all by name, and they in turn do the like. Before she goes, she kisses her cousin very tenderly and embraces her. Then they go and the Joy is over.

They go off and the others return. Erec and Guivret do not tarry, but keep joyfully on their way, until they came in nine days to Robais, where they were told the King was. The day before he had been bled privately in his apartments; with him he had only five hundred nobles of his household. Never before at any time was the King found so alone, and he was much distressed that he had no more numerous suite at his court. At that time a messenger comes running, whom they had sent ahead to apprise the King of their approach. This man came in before the assembly, found the King and all his people, and saluting him correctly, said: "I am a messenger of Erec and of Guivret the Little." Then he told him how they were coming to see him at his court. The King replies: "Let them be welcome, as valiant and gallant gentlemen! Nowhere do I know of any better than they two. By their presence my court will be much enhanced." Then he sent for the Queen and told her the news. The others have their horses saddled to go and meet the gentlemen. In such haste are they to mount that they did not put on their spurs. I ought to state briefly that the crowd of common people, including squires, cooks, and butlers, had already entered the town to prepare for the lodgings. The main party came after, and had already drawn so near that they had entered the town. Now the two parties have met each other, and salute and kiss each other. They come to the lodgings and make themselves comfortable, removing their hose and making their toilet by donning their rich robes. When they were completely decked out, they took their way to the court. They come to court, where the King sees them, and the Queen, who is beside herself with impatience to see Erec and Enide. The King makes them take seats beside him, kisses Erec and Guivret; about Enide's neck he throws his arms and kisses her repeatedly, in his great joy. Nor is the Queen slow in embracing Erec and Enide. One might well rejoice

to see her now so full of joy. Every one enters with spirit into the merry-making. Then the King causes silence to be made, and appeals to Erec and asks news of his adventures. When the noise had ceased, Erec began his story, telling him of his adventures, without forgetting any detail. Do you think now that I shall tell you what motive he had had in starting out? Nay, for you know the whole truth about this and the rest, as I have revealed it to you. To tell the story again would burden me; for the tale is not short, that any one should wish to begin it afresh and re-embellish it, as he told and related it: of the three knights whom he defeated, and then of the five, and then of the Count who strove to do him harm, and then of the two giants—all in order, one after the other, he told him of his adventures up to the point where he met Count Oringle of Limors. "Many a danger have you gone through, fair gentle friend," said the King to him; "now tarry in this country at my court, as you are wont to do." "Sire, since you wish it, I shall remain very gladly three or four years entire. But ask Guivret to remain here too a request in which I would fain join." The King prays him to remain, and he consents to stay. So they both stay: the King kept them with him, and held them dear and honoured them.

Erec stayed at court, together with Guivret and Enide, until the death of his father, the king, who was an old man and full of years. The messengers then started out: the nobles who went to seek him, and who were the greatest men of the land, sought and searched for him until they found him at Tintagel three weeks before Christmas; they told him the truth what had happened to his old, white-haired father, and how he now was dead and gone. This grieved Erec much more than he showed before the people. But sorrow is not seemly in a king, nor does it become a king to mourn. There at Tintagel where he was, he caused vigils for the dead and Masses to be sung; he promised and kept his promises, as he had vowed to the religious houses and churches; he did well all that he ought to do: he chose out more than one hundred and sixty-nine of the wretched poor, and clothed them all in new garments. To the poor clerks and priors he gave, as was right, black copes and warm linings to wear beneath. For God's sake he did great good to all: to those who were in need he distributed more than a barrel of small coins. When he had shared his wealth, he then did a very wise thing in receiving his land from the King's hand; and then he begged the King to crown him at his court. The King bade him quickly be prepared; for they shall both be crowned, he together with his wife, at the approaching Christmastide; and he added: "You must go hence to Nantes in Brittany; there you shall carry a royal ensign with crown on head and sceptre in hand; this gift and privilege I bestow upon you." Erec thanked the King, and said that that was a noble gift. At Christmas the King assembles all his nobles, summoning them individually and commanding them to come to Nantes. He summoned them all, and none stayed behind. Erec, too, sent word to many of his followers, and summoned them to come thither; but more came than he had bidden, to serve him and do him honour. I cannot tell you or relate who each one was, and what his name; but whoever came or did not come, the father and mother of my lady Enide were not forgotten. Her father was sent for first of all, and he came to court in handsome style, like a great lord and a chatelain. There was no great crowd of chaplains or of silly, gaping yokels, but of excellent knights and of people well equipped. Each day they made a long day's journey, and rode on each day with great joy and great display, until on Christmas eve they came to the city of Nantes. They made no halt until they entered the great hall where the King and his courtiers were. Erec and Enide see them, and you may know how glad they were. To meet them they quickly make their way, and salute and embrace them, speaking to them tenderly and showing their delight as they should. When they had rejoiced together, taking each other by the hand, they all four came before the King, saluting him and likewise the Queen, who was sitting by his side. Taking his host by the hand, Erec said: "Sire, behold my good host, my kind friend, who did me such honour that he made me master in his own house. Before he knew anything about me, he lodged me well and handsomely. All that he had he made over to me, and even his daughter he bestowed upon me, without the advice or counsel of any one." "And this lady with him," the King inquires, "who is she?" Erec

does not conceal the truth: "Sire," says he, "of this lady I may say that she is the mother of my wife." "Is she her mother?" "Yes, truly, sire." "Certainly, I may then well say that fair and comely should be the flower born of so fair a stem, and better the fruit one picks; for sweet is the smell of what springs from good. Fair is Enide and fair she should be in all reason and by right; for her mother is a very handsome lady, and her father is a goodly knight. Nor does she in aught belie them; for she descends and inherits directly from them both in many respects." Then the King ceases and sits down, bidding them be seated too. They do not disobey his command, but straightway take seats. Now is Enide filled with joy when she sees her father and mother, for a very long time had passed since she had seen them. Her happiness now is greatly increased, for she was delighted and happy, and she showed it all she could, but she could not make such demonstration but that her joy was yet greater. But I wish to say no more of that, for my heart draws me toward the court which was now assembled in force. From many a different country there were counts and dukes and kings, Normans, Bretons, Scotch, and Irish: from England and Cornwall there was a very rich gathering of nobles; for from Wales to Anjou, in Maine and in Poitou, there was no knight of importance, nor lady of quality, but the best and the most elegant were at the court at Nantes, as the King had bidden them. Now hear, if you will, the great joy and grandeur, the display and the wealth, that was exhibited at the court. Before the hour of none had sounded, King Arthur dubbed four hundred knights or more all sons of counts and of kings. To each one he gave three horses and two pairs of suits, in order that his court may make a better showing. Puissant and lavish was the King; for the mantles he bestowed were not of serge, nor of rabbit-skins, nor of cheap brown fur, but of heavy silk and ermine, of spotted fur and flowered silks, bordered with heavy and stiff gold braid. Alexander, who conquered so much that he subdued the whole world, and who was so lavish and rich, compared with him was poor and mean. Caesar, the Emperor of Rome, and all the kings whose names you hear in stories and in epic songs, did not distribute at any feast so much as Arthur gave on the day that he crowned Erec; nor would Caesar and Alexander dare to spend so much as he spent at the court. The raiment was taken from the chests and spread about freely through the halls; one could take what he would, without restraint. In the midst of the court, upon a rug, stood thirty bushels of bright sterlings; for since the time of Merlin until that day sterlings had currency throughout Britain. There all helped themselves, each one carrying away that night all that he wanted to his lodging-place. At nine o'clock on Christmas day, all came together again at court. The great joy that is drawing near for him had completely filched Erec's heart away. The tongue and the mouth of no man, however skilful, could describe the third, or the fourth, or the fifth part of the display which marked his coronation. So it is a mad enterprise I undertake in wishing to attempt to describe it. But since I must make the effort, come what may, I shall not fail to relate a part of it, as best I may.

The King had two thrones of white ivory, well constructed and new, of one pattern and style. He who made them beyond a doubt was a very skilled and cunning craftsman. For so precisely did he make the two alike in height, in breadth, and in ornamentation, that you could not look at them from every side to distinguish one from the other and find in one aught that was not in the other. There was no part of wood, but all of gold and fine ivory. Well were they carved with great skill, for the two corresponding sides of each bore the representation of a leopard, and the other two a dragon's shape. A knight named Bruiant of the Isles had made a gift and present of them to King Arthur and the Queen. King Arthur sat upon the one, and upon the other he made Erec sit, who was robed in watered silk. As we read in the story, we find the description of the robe, and in order that no one may say that I lie, I quote as my authority Macrobius, who devoted himself to the description of it. Macrobius instructs me how to describe, according as I have found it in the book, the workmanship and the figures of the cloth. Four fairies had made it with great skill and mastery. One represented there geometry, how it estimates and measures the extent of the heavens and the earth, so that nothing is lacking there; and then the depth and the height, and the width,

and the length; then it estimates, besides, how broad and deep the sea is, and thus measures the whole world. Such was the work of the first fairy. And the second devoted her effort to the portrayal of arithmetic, and she strove hard to represent clearly how it wisely enumerates the days and the hours of time, and the water of the sea drop by drop, and then all the sand, and the stars one by one, knowing well how to tell the truth, and how many leaves there are in the woods: such is the skill of arithmetic that numbers have never deceived her, nor will she ever be in error when she wishes to apply her sense to them. The third design was that of music, with which all merriment finds itself in accord, songs and harmonies, and sounds of string: of harp, of Breton violin, and of viol. This piece of work was good and fine; for upon it were portrayed all the instruments and all the pastimes. The fourth, who next performed her task, executed a most excellent work; for the best of the arts she there portrayed. She undertook astronomy, which accomplishes so many marvels and draws inspiration from the stars, the moon, and the sun. Nowhere else does it seek counsel concerning aught which it has to do. They give it good and sure advice. Concerning whatever inquiry it make of them, whether in the past or in the future, they give it information without falsehood and without deception. This work was portrayed on the stuff of which Erec's robe was made, all worked and woven with thread of gold. The fur lining that was sewed within, belonged to some strange beasts whose heads are all white, and whose necks are as black as mulberries, and which have red backs and green bellies, and dark blue tail. These beasts live in India and they are called "barbiolets". They eat nothing but spices, cinnamon, and fresh cloves. What shall I tell you of the mantle? It was very rich and fine and handsome; it had four stones in the tassels—two chrysolites on one side, and two amethysts on the other, which were mounted in gold.

As yet Enide had not come to the palace. When the King sees that she delays, he bids Gawain go quickly to bring her and the Queen. Gawain hastens and was not slow, and with him King Cadoalant and the generous King of Galloway. Guivret the Little accompanies them, followed by Yder the son of Nut. So many of the other nobles ran thither to escort the two ladies that they would have sufficed to overcome a host; for there were more than a thousand of them. The Queen had made her best effort to adorn Enide. Into the palace they brought her the courteous Gawain escorting her on one side, and on the other the generous King of Galloway, who loved her dearly on account of Erec who was his nephew. When they came to the palace, King Arthur came quickly toward them, and courteously seated Enide beside Erec; for he wished to do her great honour. Now he orders to be brought forth from his treasure two massive crowns of fine gold. As soon as he had spoken and given the command, without delay the crowns were brought before him, all sparkling with carbuncles, of which there were four in each. The light of the moon is nothing compared with the light which the least of the carbuncles could shed. Because of the radiance which they shed, all those who were in the palace were so dazzled that for a moment they could see nothing; and even the King was amazed, and yet filled with satisfaction, when he saw them to be so clear and bright. He had one of them held by two damsels, and the other by two gentlemen. Then he bade the bishops and priors and the abbots of the Church step forward and anoint the new King, as the Christian practice is. Now all the prelates, young and old, came forward; for at the court there were a great number of bishops and abbots. The Bishop of Nantes himself, who was a very worthy and saintly man, anointed the new King in a very holy and becoming manner, and placed the crown upon his head. King Arthur had a sceptre brought which was very fine. Listen to the description of the sceptre, which was clearer than a pane of glass, all of one solid emerald, fully as large as your fist. I dare to tell you in very truth that in all the world there is no manner of fish, or of wild beast, or of man, or of flying bird that was not worked and chiselled upon it with its proper figure. The sceptre was handed to the King, who looked at it with amazement; then he put it without delay into King Erec's right hand; and now he was King as he ought to be. Then he crowned Enide in turn. Now the bells ring for Mass, and they go to the main church to hear the Mass and service; they go to pray at the

cathedral. You would have seen weeping with joy the father of Queen Enide and her mother, Carsenefide. In truth this was her mother's name, and her father's name was Liconal. Very happy were they both. When they came to the cathedral, the procession came out from the church with relics and treasures to meet them. Crosses and prayerbooks and censers and reliquaries, with all the holy relics, of which there were many in the church, were all brought out to meet them; nor was there any lack of chants made. Never were seen so many kings, counts, dukes, and nobles together at a Mass, and the press was so great and thick that the church was completely filled. No low-born man could enter there, but only ladies and knights. Outside the door of the church a great number still remained, so many were there come together who could not get inside the church. When they had heard all the Mass they returned to the palace. It was all prepared and decorated: tables set and cloths spread five hundred tables and more were there; but I do not wish to make you believe a thing which does not seem true. It would seem too great a lie were I to say that five hundred tables were set in rows in one palace, so I will not say it; rather were there five halls so filled with them that with great difficulty could one make his way among the tables. At each table there was in truth a king or a duke or a count; and full a hundred knights were seated at each table. A thousand knights served the bread, and a thousand served the wine, and a thousand the meat—all of them dressed in fresh fur robes of ermine. All are served with divers dishes. Even if I did not see them, I might still be able to tell you about them; but I must attend to something else than to tell you what they had to eat. They had enough, without wanting more; joyfully and liberally they were served to their heart's desire.

When this celebration was concluded, the King dismissed the assemblage of kings, dukes, and counts, of which the number was immense, and of the other humble folk who had come to the festival. He rewarded them liberally with horses, arms and silver, cloths and brocades of many kinds, because of his generosity, and because of Erec whom he loved so much. Here the story ends at last.



## Chrétien: Cliges

He who wrote of Erec and Enide, and translated into French the commands of Ovid and the Art of Love, and wrote the Shoulder Bite, and about King Mark and the fair Iseut, and about the metamorphosis of the Lapwing, the Swallow, and the Nightingale, will tell another story now about a youth who lived in Greece and was a member of King Arthur's line. But before I tell you aught of him, you shall hear of his father's life, whence he came and of what family. He was so bold and so ambitious that he left Greece and went to England, which was called Britain in those days, in order to win fame and renown. This story, which I intend to relate to you, we find written in one of the books of the library of my lord Saint Peter at Beauvais. From there the material was drawn of which Chretien has made this romance. The book is very old in which the story is told, and this adds to its authority. From such books which have been preserved we learn the deeds of men of old and of the times long since gone by. Our books have informed us that the pre-eminence in chivalry and learning once belonged to Greece. Then chivalry passed to Rome, together with that highest learning which now has come to France. God grant that it may be cherished here, and that it may be made so welcome here that the honour which has taken refuge with us may never depart from France: God had awarded it as another's share, but of Greeks and Romans no more is heard, their fame is passed, and their glowing ash is dead.

Chretien begins his story as we find it in the history, which tells of an emperor powerful in wealth and honour who ruled over Greece and Constantinople. A very noble empress, too, there was, by whom the emperor had two children. But the elder son was already so far advanced before the younger one was born that, if he had wished, he might have become a knight and held all the empire beneath his sway. The name of the elder was Alexander, and the other's name was Alis. Alexander, too, was the father's name, and the mother's name was Tantalus. I shall now say nothing more of the emperor and of Alis; but I shall speak of Alexander, who was so bold and proud that he scorned to become a knight in his own country. He had heard of King Arthur, who reigned in those days, and of the knights whom he always kept about him, thus causing his court to be feared and famed throughout the world. However, the affair may result and whatever fortune may await him, nothing can restrain Alexander from his desire to go into Britain, but he must obtain his father's consent before proceeding to Britain and Cornwall. So Alexander, fair and brave, goes to speak with the emperor in order to ask and obtain his leave. Now he will tell him of his desire and what he wishes to do and undertake. "Fair sire," he says, "in quest of honour and fame and praise I dare to ask you a boon, which I desire you to give me now without delay, if you are willing to grant it to me." The emperor thinks no harm will come from this request: he ought rather to desire and long for his son's honour. "Fair son," he says, "I grant you your desire; so tell me now what you wish me to give you." Now the youth has accomplished his purpose, and is greatly pleased when the boon is granted him which he so greatly desired. "Sire," says he, "do you wish to know what it is that you have promised me? I wish to have a great plenty of gold and silver, and such companions from among your men as I will select; for I wish to go forth from your empire, and to present my service to the king who rules over Britain, in order that he may make me a knight. I promise you never in my life to wear armour on my face or helmet

upon my head until King Arthur shall gird on my sword, if he will graciously do so. For from no other than from him will I accept my arms." Without hesitation the emperor replies: "Fair son, for God's sake, speak not so! This country all belongs to you, as well as rich Constantinople. You ought not to think me mean, when I am ready to make you such a gift. I shall be ready soon to have you crowned, and to-morrow you shall be a knight. All Greece will be in your hands, and you shall receive from your nobles, as is right, their homage and oaths of allegiance. Whoever refuses such an offer is not wise."

The youth hears the promise how the next morning after Mass his father is ready to dub him knight; but he says he will seek his fortune for better or worse in another land. "If you are willing in this matter to grant the boon I have asked of you, then give me mottled and grey furs, some good horses and silken stuffs: for before I become a knight I wish to enrol in King Arthur's service. Nor have I yet sufficient strength to bear arms. No one could induce me by prayer or flattery not to go to the foreign land to see his nobles and that king whose fame is so great for courtesy and prowess. Many men of high degree lose through sloth the great renown which they might win, were they to wander about the world. Repose and glory ill agree, as it seems to me; for a man of wealth adds nothing to his reputation if he spends all his days at ease. Prowess is irksome to the ignoble man, and cowardice is a burden to the man of spirit; thus the two are contrary and opposite. He is the slave of his wealth who spends his days in storing and increasing it. Fair father, so long as I have the chance, and so long as my rigour lasts, I wish to devote my effort and energy to the pursuit of fame."

Upon hearing this; the emperor doubtless feels both joy and grief: he is glad that his son's intention is fixed upon honour, and on the other hand he is sorrowful because his son is about to be separated from him. Yet, because of the promise which he made, despite the grief he feels, he must grant his request; for an emperor must keep his word. "Fair son," he says, "I must not fail to do your pleasure, when I see you thus striving for honour. From my treasure you may have two barges full of gold and silver; but take care to be generous and courteous and well-behaved." Now the youth is very happy when his father promises him so much, and places his treasure at his disposal, and bids him urgently to give and spend generously. And his father explains his reason for this: "Fair son," he says, "believe me, that generosity is the dame and queen which sheds glory upon all the other virtues. And the proof of this is not far to seek. For where could you find a man, be he never so rich and powerful, who is not blamed if he is mean? Nor could you find one, however ungracious he may be, whom generosity will not bring into fair repute? Thus largess makes the gentleman, which result can be accomplished neither by high birth, courtesy, knowledge, gentility, money, strength, chivalry, boldness, dominion, beauty, or anything else. But just as the rose is fairer than any other flower when it is fresh and newly blown, so there, where largess dwells, it takes its place above all other virtues, and increases five hundred fold the value of other good traits which it finds in the man who acquires himself well. So great is the merit of generosity that I could not tell you the half of it." The young man has now successfully concluded the negotiations for what he wished; for his father has acceded to all his desires. But the empress was sorely grieved when she heard of the journey

which her son was about to take. Yet, whoever may grieve or sorrow, and whoever may attribute his intention to youthful folly, and ever may blame and seek to dissuade him, the youth ordered his ships to be made ready as soon as possible, desiring to tarry no longer in his native land. At his command the ships were freighted that very night with wine, meat, and biscuit.

The ships were loaded in the port, and the next morning Alexander came to the strand in high spirits, accompanied by his companions, who were happy over the prospective voyage. They were escorted by the emperor and the empress in her grief. At the port they find the sailors in the ships drawn up beside the cliff. The sea was calm and smooth, the wind was light, and the weather clear. When he had taken leave of his father, and bidden farewell to the empress, whose heart was heavy in her bosom, Alexander first stepped from the small boat into the skip; then all his companions hastened by fours, threes, and twos to embark without delay. Soon the sail was spread and the anchor raised. Those on shore whose heart is heavy because of the men whom they watch depart, follow them with their gaze as long as they can: and in order to watch them longer, they all climb a high hill behind the beach. From there they sadly gaze, as long as their eyes can follow them. With sorrow, indeed, they watch them go, being solicitous for the youths, that God may bring them to their haven without accident and without peril. All of April and part of May they spent at sea. Without any great danger or mishap they came to port at Southampton. One day, between three o'clock and vespers, they cast anchor and went ashore. The young men, who had never been accustomed to endure discomfort or pain, had suffered so long from their life at sea that they had all lost their colour, and even the strongest and most vigorous were weak and faint. In spite of that, they rejoice to have escaped from the sea and to have arrived where they wished to be. Because of their depleted state, they spend the night at Southampton in happy frame, and make inquiries whether the King is in England. They are told that he is at Winchester, and that they can reach there in a very short time if they will start early in the morning and keep to the straight road. At this news they are greatly pleased, and the next morning at daybreak the youths wake early, and prepare and equip themselves. And when they were ready, they left Southampton, and kept to the direct road until they reached Winchester, where the King was. Before six o'clock in the morning the Greeks had arrived at the court. The squires with the horses remain below in the yard, while the youths go up into the presence of the King, who was the best that ever was or ever will be in the world. And when the King sees them coming, they please him greatly, and meet with his favour. But before approaching the King's presence, they remove the cloaks from about their necks, lest they should be considered ill-bred. Thus, all unmantled, they came before the King, while all the nobles present held their peace, greatly pleased at the sight of these handsome and well-behaved young men. They suppose that of course they are all sons of counts or kings; and, to be sure, so they were, and of a very charming age, with graceful and shapely forms. And the clothes they wore were all of the same stuff and cut of the same appearance and colour. There were twelve of them beside their lord, of whom I need tell you no more than that there was none better than he. With modesty and orderly mien, he was handsome and shapely as he stood uncovered before the King. Then he kneeled before him, and all the others, for honour's sake, did the same beside their lord.

Alexander, with his tongue well skilled in speaking fair and wisely, salutes the King. "King," he says, "unless the report is false that spreads abroad your fame, since God created the first man there was never born a God-fearing man of such puissance as yours. King, your widespread renown has drawn me to serve and honour you in your court, and if you will accept my service, I would fain remain here until I be dubbed a knight by your hand and by no one else. For unless I receive this honour from your hand, I shall renounce all intention of being knighted. If you will accept my service until you are willing to dub me a knight, retain me now, oh gentle King, and my companions gathered here." To which at once the King replies: "Friend, I refuse neither you nor your companions. Be welcome all. For surely you seem, and I doubt it not, to be sons of high-born men. Whence do you come?"

"From Greece." "From Greece?" "Yes." "Who is thy father?" "Upon my word, sire, the emperor." "And what is thy name, fair friend?" "Alexander is the name that was given me when I received the salt and holy oil, and Christianity and baptism." "Alexander, my dear, fair friend. I will keep you with me very gladly, with great pleasure and delight. For you have done me signal honour in thus coming to my court. I wish you to be honoured here, as free vassals who are wise and gentle. You have been too long upon your knees; now, at my command, and henceforth make your home with man and in my court; it is well that you have come to us."

Then the Greeks rise up, joyful that the King has so kindly invited them to stay. Alexander did well to come; for he lacks nothing that he desires, and there is no noble at the court who does not address him kindly and welcome him. He is not so foolish as to be puffed up, nor does he vaunt himself nor boast. He makes acquaintance with my lord Gawain and with the others, one by one. He gains the good graces of them all, but my lord Gawain grows so fond of him that he chooses him as his friend and companion. The Greeks took the best lodgings to be had, with a citizen of the town. Alexander had brought great possessions with him from Constantinople, intending to give heed above all to the advice and counsel of the Emperor, that his heart should be ever ready to give and dispense his riches well. To this end he devotes his efforts, living well in his lodgings, and giving and spending liberally, as is fitting in one so rich, and as his heart dictates. The entire court wonders where he got all the wealth that he bestows; for on all sides he presents the valuable horses which he had brought from his own land. So much did Alexander do, in the performance of his service, that the King, the Queen, and the nobles bear him great affection. King Arthur about this time desired to cross over into Brittany. So he summons all his barons together to take counsel and inquire to whom he may entrust England to be kept in peace and safety until his return. By common consent, it seems, the trust was assigned to Count Angres of Windsor, for it was their judgement that there was no more trustworthy lord in all the King's realm. When this man had received the land, King Arthur set out the next day accompanied by the Queen and her damsels. The Bretons make great rejoicing upon hearing the news in Brittany that the King and his barons are on the way.

Into the ship in which the King sailed there entered no youth or maiden save only Alexander and Soredamors, whom the Queen brought with her. This maiden was scornful of love, for she had never heard of any man whom she would deign to love, whatever might be his beauty, prowess, lordship, or birth. And yet the damsel was so charming and fair that she might fitly have learned of love, if it had pleased her to lend a willing ear; but she would never give a thought to love. Now Love will make her grieve, and will avenge himself for all the pride and scorn with which she has always treated him. Carefully Love has aimed his dart with which he pierced her to the heart. Now she grows pale and trembles, and in spite of herself must succumb to Love. Only with great difficulty can she restrain herself from casting a glance toward Alexander; but she must be on her guard against her brother, my lord Gawain. Dearly she pays and atones for her great pride and disdain. Love has heated for her a bath which heats and burns her painfully. At first it is grateful to her, and then it hurts; one moment she likes it, and the next she will have none of it. She accuses her eyes of treason, and says: "My eyes, you have betrayed me now! My heart, usually so faithful, now bears me ill-will because of you. Now what I see distresses me. Distresses? Nay, verily, rather do I like it well. And if I actually see something that distresses me, can I not control my eyes? My strength must indeed have failed, and little should I esteem myself, if I cannot control my eyes and make them turn their glance elsewhere. Thus, I shall be able to baffle Love in his efforts to get control of me. The heart feels no pain when the eye does not see; so, if I do not look at him, no harm will come to me. He addresses me no request or prayer, as he would do were he in love with me. And since he neither loves nor esteems me, shall I love him without return? If his beauty allures my eyes, and my eyes listen to the call, shall I say that I love him just for that? Nay, for that would be a lie. Therefore, he has no ground for complaint, nor can I make any claim against him. One cannot love with the eyes alone. What crime, then, have my eyes committed,

if their glance but follows my desire? What is their fault and what their sin? Ought I to blame them, then? Nay, verily. Who, then, should be blamed? Surely myself, who have them in control. My eye glances at nothing unless it gives my heart delight. My heart ought not to have any desire which would give me pain. Yet its desire causes me pain. Pain? Upon my faith, I must be mad, if to please my heart I wish for something which troubles me. If I can, I ought to banish any wish that distresses me. If I can? Mad one, what have I said? I must, indeed, have little power if I have no control over myself. Does Love think to set me in the same path which is wont to lead others astray? Others he may lead astray, but not me who care not for him. Never shall I be his, nor ever was, and I shall never seek his friendship." Thus she argues with herself, one moment loving, and hating the next. She is in such doubt that she does not know which course she had better adopt. She thinks to be on the defence against Love, but defence is not what she wants. God! She does not know that Alexander is thinking of her too! Love bestows upon them equally such a share as is their due. He treats them very fairly and justly, for each one loves and desires the other. And this love would be true and right if only each one knew what was the other's wish. But he does not know what her desire is, and she knows not the cause of his distress.

The Queen takes note of them and sees them often blanch and pale and heave deep sighs and tremble. But she knows no reason why they should do so, unless it be because of the sea where they are. I think she would have divined the cause had the sea not thrown her off her guard, but the sea deceives and tricks her, so that she does not discover love because of the sea; and it is from love that comes the bitter pain that distresses them. But of the three concerned, the Queen puts all the blame upon the sea; for the other two accuse the third to her, and hold it alone responsible for their guilt. Some one who is not at fault is often blamed for another's wrong. Thus, the Queen lays all the blame and guilt upon the sea, but it is unfair to put the blame upon the sea, for it is guilty of no misdeed. Soredamors' deep distress continued until the vessel came to port. As for the King, it is well known that the Bretons were greatly pleased, and served him gladly as their liege lord. But of King Arthur I will not longer speak in this place; rather shall you hear me tell how Love distresses these two lovers whom he has attacked.

Alexander loves and desires her; and she, too, pines for the love of him, but he knows it not, nor will he know it until he has suffered many a pain and many a grief. It is for her sake that he renders to the Queen loving service, as well as to her maids-in-waiting; but to her on whom his thoughts are fixed, he dares not speak or address a word. If she but dared to assert to him the right which she thinks she has, she would gladly inform him of the truth; but she does not dare, and cannot do it. They dare neither speak nor act in accordance with what each sees in the other—which works a great hardship to them both, and their love but grows and flames the more. However, it is the custom of all lovers to feast their eyes gladly with gazing, if they can do no more; and they assume that, because they find pleasure in that which causes their love to be born and grow, therefore it must be to their advantage; whereas it only harms them more, just as he who approaches and draws close beside the fire burns himself more than he who holds aloof. Their love waxes and grows anon; but each is abashed before the other, and so much is hidden and concealed that no flame or smoke arises from the coals beneath the ashes. The heat is no less on this account, but rather is better sustained beneath the ashes than above. Both of them are in great torment; for, in order that none may perceive their trouble, they are forced to deceive people by a feigned bearing; but at night comes the bitter moan, which each one makes within his breast. Of Alexander I will tell you first how he complains and vents his grief. Love presents before his mind her for whom he is in such distress; it is she who has filched his heart away, and grants him no rest upon his bed, because, forsooth, he delights to recall the beauty and the grace of her who, he has no hope, will ever bring him any joy. "I may as well hold myself a madman," he exclaims. "A madman? Truly, I am beside myself, when I dare not speak what I have in mind; for it would speedily fare worse with me (if I held my peace). I have engaged my thoughts in a mad emprise.

But is it not better to keep my thoughts to myself than to be called a fool? My wish will never then be known. Shall I then conceal the cause of my distress, and not dare to seek aid and healing for my wound? He is mad who feels himself afflicted, and seeks not what will bring him health, if perchance he may find it anywhere; but many a one seeks his welfare by striving for his heart's desire, who pursues only that which brings him woe instead. And why should one ask for advice, who does not expect to gain his health? He would only exert himself in vain. I feel my own illness to be so grievous that I shall never be healed by any medicine or draught, by any herb or root. For some ills there is no remedy, and mine lies so deep within that it is beyond the reach of medicine. Is there no help, then? Methinks I have lied. When first I felt this malady, if I had dared to make mention of it. I might have spoken with a physician who could have completely cured me. But I like not to discuss such matters; I think he would pay me no heed and would not consent to accept a fee. No wonder, then, if I am terrified; for I am very ill, yet I do not know what disease this is which has me in its grip, and I know not whence this pain has come. I do not know? I know full well that it is Love who does me this injury. How is that? Can Love do harm? Is he not gentle and well-bred? I used to think that there was naught but good in Love; but I have found him full of enmity. He who has not had experience of him does not know what tricks Love plays. He is a fool who joins his ranks; for he always seeks to harm his followers. Upon my faith, his tricks are bad. It is poor sport to play with him, for his game will only do me harm. What shall I do, then? Shall I retreat? I think it would be wise to do so, but I know not how to do it. If Love chastens and threatens me in order to teach and instruct me, ought I to disdain my teacher? He is a fool who scorns his master. I ought to keep and cherish the lesson which Love teaches me, for great good may soon come of it. But I am frightened because he beats me so. And dost thou complain, when no sign of blow or wound appears? Art thou not mistaken? Nay, for he has wounded me so deep that he has shot his dart to my very heart, and has not yet drawn it out again. How has he pierced thy body with it, when no wound appears without? Tell me that, for I wish to know. How did he make it enter in? Through the eye. Through the eye? But he has not put it out? He did not harm the eye at all, but all the pain is in the heart. Then tell me, if the dart passed through the eye, how is it that the eye itself is not injured or put out. If the dart entered through the eye, why does the heart in the breast complain, when the eye, which received the first effect, makes no complaint of it at all? I can readily account for that: the eye is not concerned with the understanding, nor has it any part in it; but it is the mirror of the heart, and through this mirror passes, without doing harm or injury, the flame which sets the heart on fire. For is not the heart placed in the breast just like a lighted candle which is set in a lantern? If you take the candle away no light will shine from the lantern; but so long as the candle lasts the lantern is not dark at all, and the flame which shines within does it no harm or injury. Likewise with a pane of glass, which might be very strong and solid, and yet a ray of the sun could pass through it without cracking it at all; yet a piece of glass will never be so bright as to enable one to see, unless a stronger light strikes its surface. Know that the same thing is true of the eyes as of the glass and the lantern; for the light strikes the eyes in which the heart is accustomed to see itself reflected, and lo! it sees some light outside, and many other things, some green, some purple, others red or blue; and some it dislikes, and some it likes, scorning some and prizing others. But many an object seems fair to it when it looks at it in the glass, which will deceive it if it is not on its guard. My mirror has greatly deceived me; for in it my heart saw a ray of light with which I am afflicted, and which has penetrated deep within me, causing me to lose my wits. I am ill-treated by my friend, who deserts me for my enemy. I may well accuse him of felony for the wrong he has done to me. I thought I had three friends, my heart and my two eyes together; but it seems that they hate me. Where shall I ever find a friend, when these three are my enemies, belonging to me, yet putting me to death? My servants mock at my authority, in doing what they please without consulting my desire. After my experience with these who have done me wrong, I know full well that a good man's love may be befouled by wicked servants in his employ. He

who is attended by a wicked servant will surely have cause to rue it, sooner or later. Now I will tell you how the arrow, which has come into my keeping and possession, is made and fashioned; but I fear greatly that I shall fail in the attempt; for the fashion of it is so fine that it will be no wonder if I fail. Yet I shall devote all my effort to telling you how it seems to me. The notch and the feathers are so close together, when carefully examined, that the line of separation is as fine as a hair's breadth; but the notch is so smooth and straight that in it surely no improvement could be made. The feathers are coloured as if they were of gold or gilt; but gilt is here beside the mark, for I know these feathers were more brilliant than any gilt. This dart is barbed with the golden tresses that I saw the other day at sea. That is the dart which awakes my love. God! What a treasure to possess! Would he who could gain such a prize crave other riches his whole life long? For my part I could swear that I should desire nothing else; I would not give up even the barb and the notch for all the gold of Antioch. And if I prize so highly these two things, who could estimate the value of what remains? That is so fair and full of charm, so dear and precious, that I yearn and long to gaze again upon her brow, which God's hand has made so clear that it were vain to compare with it any mirror, emerald, or topaz. But all this is of little worth to him who sees her flashing eyes; to all who gaze on them they seem like twin candles burning. And whose tongue is so expert as to describe the fashion of her well-shaped nose and radiant face, in which the rose suffuses the lily so as to efface it somewhat, and thus enhance the glory of her visage? And who shall speak of her laughing mouth, which God shaped with such great skill that none might see it and not suppose that she was laughing? And what about her teeth? They are so close to one another that it seems they are all of one solid piece, and in order that the effect might still be enhanced Nature added her handiwork; for any one, to see her part her lips, would suppose that the teeth were of ivory or of silver. There is so much to be said were I to portray each detailed charm of chin and ears, that it would not be strange were I to pass over some little thing. Of her throat I shall only say that crystal beside it looks opaque. And her neck beneath her hair is four times as white as ivory. Between the border of her gown and the buckle at the parted throat, I saw her bosom left exposed and whiter than new-fallen snow. My pain would be indeed assuaged, if I had seen the dart entire. Gladly would I tell, if I but knew, what was the nature of the shaft. But I did not see it, and it is not my fault if I do not attempt to describe something I have never seen. At that time Love showed me only the notch and the barb; for the shaft was hidden in the quiver, to wit, in the robe and shift in which the damsel was arrayed. Upon my faith, malady which tortures me is the arrow—it is the dart at which I am a wretch to be enraged. I am ungrateful to be incensed. Never shall a straw be broken because of any distrust or quarrel that may arise between Love and me. Now let Love do what he will with me as with one who belongs to him; for I wish it, and so it pleases me. I hope that this malady may never leave me, but that it may thus always maintain its hold, and that health may never come to me except from the source of my illness."

Alexander's complaint is long enough; but that of the maiden is nothing less. All night she lies in such distress that she cannot sleep or get repose. Love has confined within her heart a struggle and conflict which disturbs her breast, and which causes her such pain and anguish that she weeps and moans all night, and tosses about with sudden starts, so that she is almost beside herself. And when she has tossed and sobbed and groaned and started up and sighed again then she looked within her heart to see who and what manner of man it was for whom Love was tormenting her. And when she has refreshed herself somewhat with thinking to her heart's content, she stretches and tosses about again, and ridicules all the thoughts she has had. Then she takes another course, and says: "Silly one, what matters it to me if this youth is of good birth and wise and courteous and valorous? All this is simply to his honour and credit. And as for his beauty, what care I? Let his beauty be gone with him! But if so, it will be against my will, for it is not my wish to deprive him of anything. Deprive? No, indeed! That I surely will not do. If he had the wisdom of Solomon, and if Nature had bestowed on him all the beauty she can place in

human form, and if God had put in my power to undo it all, yet would I not injure him; but I would gladly, if I could, make him still more wise and fair. In faith, then, I do not hate him! And am I for that reason his friend? Nay, I am not his any more than any other man's. Then what do I think of him so much, if he pleases me no more than other men? I do not know; I am all confused; for I never thought so much about any man in the world, and if I had my will, I should see him all the time, and never take my eyes from him. I feel such joy at the sight of him! Is this love? Yes, I believe it is. I should not appeal to him so often, if I did not love him above all others. So I love him, then, let it be agreed. Then shall I not do what I please? Yes, provided he does not refuse. This intention of mine is wrong; but Love has so filled my heart that I am mad and beside myself, nor will any defence avail me now, if I must endure the assault of Love. I have demeaned myself prudently toward Love so long, and would never accede to his will; but now I am more than kindly disposed toward him. And what thanks will he owe to me, if he cannot have my loving service and good-will? By force he has humbled my pride, and now I must follow his pleasure. Now I am ready to love, and I have a master, and Love will teach me—but what? How I am to serve his will. But of that I am very well informed, and am so expert in serving him that no one could find fault with me. I need learn no more of that. Love would have it, and so would I, that I should be sensible and modest and kind and approachable to all for the sake of one I love. Shall I love all men, then, for the sake of one? I should be pleasant to every one, but Love does not bid me be the true friend of every one. Love's lessons are only good. It is not without significance that I am called by the name of Soredamors. I am destined to love and be loved in turn, and I intend to prove it by my name, if I can find the explanation there. There is some significance in the fact that the first part of my name is of golden colour; for what is golden is the best. For this reason I highly esteem my name, because it begins with that colour with which the purest gold harmonises. And the end of the name calls Love to my mind; for whoever calls me by my right name always refreshes me with love. And one half gilds the other with a bright coat of yellow gold; for Soredamors has the meaning of 'one gilded over with Love.' Love has highly honoured me in gilding me over with himself. A gilding of real gold is not so fine as that which makes me radiant. And I shall henceforth do my best to be his gilding, and shall never again complain of it. Now I love and ever more shall love. Whom? Truly, that is a fine question! Him whom Love bids me love, for no other shall ever have my love. What will he care in his ignorance, unless I tell him of it myself? What shall I do, if I do not make to him my prayer? Whoever desires anything ought to ask for it and make request. What? Shall I beseech him, then? Nay. Why? Did ever such a thing come about that a woman should be so forward as to make love to any man; unless she were clean beside herself. I should be mad beyond question if I uttered anything for which I might be reproached. If he should know the truth through word of mine I think he would hold me in slight esteem, and would often reproach me with having solicited his love. May love never be so base that I should be the first to prefer a request which would lower me in his eyes! Alas, God! How will he ever know the truth, since I shall not tell him of it? As yet I have very little cause to complain. I will wait until his attention is aroused, if ever it is to be aroused. He will surely guess the truth, I think, if ever he has had commerce with Love, or has heard of it by word of mouth. Heard of it? That is a foolish thing to say. Love is not of such easy access that any one may claim acquaintance by hear-say only and without personal experience. I have come to know that well enough myself; for I could never learn anything of love through flattery and wooing words, though I have often been in the school of experience, and have been flattered many a time. But I have always stood aloof, and now he makes me pay a heavy penalty: now I know more about it than does the ox of ploughing. But one thing causes me despair: I fear he has never been in love. And if he is not in love, and never has been so, then I have sowed in the sea where no seed can take root. So there is nothing to do but wait and suffer, until I see whether I can lead him on by hints and covered words. I shall continue this until he is sure of my love and dares to ask me for it. So there is nothing

more about the matter, but that I love him and am his. If he loves me not, yet will I love him."

Thus he and she utter their complaint, unhappy at night and worse by day, each hiding the truth from the other's eyes. In such distress they remained a long time in Brittany, I believe, until the end of the summer came. At the beginning of October there came messengers by Dover from London and Canterbury, bearing to the King news which troubled him. The messengers told him that he might be tarrying too long in Brittany; for, he to whom he had entrusted the kingdom was intending to withstand him, and had already summoned a great army of his vassals and friends, and had established himself in London for the purpose of defending the city against Arthur when he should return.

When the King heard this news, angry and sore displeased he summons all his knights. In order the better to spur them on to punish the traitor, he tells them that they are entirely to blame for his trouble and strife; for on their advice he entrusted his land to the hands of the traitor, who is worse than Ganelon. There is not a single one who does not agree that the King is right, for he had only followed their advice; but now this man is to be outlawed, and you may be sure that no town or city will avail to save his body from being dragged out by force. Thus they all assure the King, giving him their word upon oath, that they will deliver the traitor to him, or never again claim their fiefs. And the King proclaims throughout Brittany that no one who can bear arms shall refuse to follow him at once.

All Brittany is now astir. Never was such an army seen as King Arthur brought together. When the ships came to set sail, it seemed that the whole world was putting out to sea; for even the water was hid from view, being covered with the multitude of ships. It is certainly true that, to judge by the commotion, all Brittany is under way. Now the ships have crossed the Channel, and the assembled host is quartered on the shore. Alexander bethought himself to go and pray the King to make him a knight, for if ever he should win renown it will be in this war. Prompted by his desire, he takes his companions with him to accomplish what he has in mind. On reaching the King's quarters, they found him seated before his tent. When he saw the Greeks approaching, he summoned them to him, saying: "Gentlemen, do not conceal what business has brought you here." Alexander replied on behalf of all, and told him his desire: "I have come," he says, "to request of you, as I ought to do of my liege lord, on behalf of my companions and myself, that you should make us knights." The King replies: "Very gladly; nor shall there be any delay about it, since you have preferred your request." Then the King commands that equipment shall be furnished for twelve knights. Straightway the King's command is done. As each one asks for his equipment, it is handed to him—rich arms and a good horse: thus each one received his outfit. The arms and robes and horse were of equal value for each of the twelve; but the harness for Alexander's body, if it should be valued or sold, was alone worth as much as that of all the other twelve. At the water's edge they stripped, and then washed and bathed themselves. Not wishing that any other bath should be heated for them, they washed in the sea and used it as their tub.

All this is known to the Queen, who bears Alexander no ill will, but rather loves, esteems, and values him. She wishes to make Alexander a gift, but it is far more precious than she thinks. She seeks and delves in all her boxes until she finds a white silk shirt, well made of delicate texture, and very soft. Every thread in the stitching of it was of gold, or of silver at least. Soredamors had taken a hand in the stitching of it here and there, and at intervals, in the sleeves and neck, she had inserted beside the gold a strand of her own hair, to see if any man could be found who, by close examination, could detect the difference. For the hair was quite as bright and golden as the thread of gold itself. The Queen takes the shirt and presents it to Alexander. Ah, God! What joy would Alexander have felt had he known what the Queen was giving him! And how glad would she, too, have been, who had inserted her own hair, if she had known that her lover was to own and wear it! She could then have taken great comfort; for she would not have cared so much for all the hair she still possessed as for the little that Alexander had. But, more is the pity, neither of them

knew the truth. The Queen's messenger finds the youths on the shore where they are bathing, and gives the shirt to Alexander. He is greatly pleased with it, esteeming the present all the more because it was given him by the Queen. But if he had known the rest, he would have valued it still more; in exchange for it he would not have taken the whole world, but rather would have made a shrine of it and worshipped it, doubtless, day and night.

Alexander delays no longer, but dresses himself at once. When he was dressed and ready, he returned to the King's tent with all his companions. The Queen, it seems, had come there, too, wishing to see the new knights present themselves. They might all be called handsome, but Alexander with his shapely body was the fairest of them all. Well, now that they are knights I will say no more of them for the present, but will tell of the King and of his host which came to London. Most of the people remained faithful to him, though many allied themselves with the opposition. Count Angres assembled his forces, consisting of all those whose influence could be gained by promises or gifts. When he had gathered all his strength, he slipped away quietly at night, fearing to be betrayed by the many who hated him. But before he made off, he sacked London as completely as possible of provisions, gold and silver, which he divided among his followers. This news was told to the King, how the traitor had escaped with all his forces, and that he had carried off from the city so many supplies that the distressed citizens were impoverished and destitute. Then the King replied that he would not take a ransom for the traitor, but rather hang him, if he could catch him or lay hands on him. Thereupon, all the army proceeded to Windsor. However it may be now, in those days the castle was not easy to take when any one chose to defend it. The traitor made it secure, as soon as he planned his treacherous deed, with a triple line of walls and moats, and had so braced the walls inside with sharpened stakes that catapults could not throw them down. They had taken great pains with the fortifications, spending all of June, July, and August in building walls and barricades, making moats and drawbridges, ditches, obstructions, and barriers, and iron portcullises and a great square tower of stone. The gate was never closed from fear or against assault. The castle stood upon a high hill, and around beneath it flows the Thames. The host encamped on the river bank, and that day they have time only to pitch camp and set up the tents.

The army is in camp beside the Thames, and all the meadow is filled with green and red tents. The sun, striking on the colours, causes the river to flash for more than a league around. Those in the town had come down to disport themselves upon the river bank with only their lances in their hands and their shields grasped before their breasts, and carrying no other arms at all. In coming thus, they showed those without the walls that they stood in no fear of them. Alexander stood aloof and watched the knights disporting themselves at feats of arms. He yearns to attack them, and summons his companions one by one by name. First Cornix, whom he dearly loved, then the doughty Licorides, then Nabunal of Mvvene, and Acorionde of Athens, and Ferolin of Salonica, and Calcedor from Africa, Parmenides and Francagel, mighty Torin and Pinabel, Nerius and Neriolis. "My lords," he says, "I feel the call to go with shield and lance to make the acquaintance of those who disport themselves yonder before our eyes. I see they scorn us and hold us in slight esteem, when they come thus without their arms to exercise before our very eyes. We have just been knighted, and have not yet given an account of ourselves against any knight or manikin. We have kept our first lances too long intact. And for what were our shields intended? As yet, they have not a hole or crack to show. There is no use in having them except in a combat or a fight. Let's cross the ford and rush at them!" "We shall not fail you," all reply; and each one adds: "So help me God, who fails you now is no friend of yours." Then they fasten on their swords, tighten their saddles and girths, and mount their steeds with shields in hand. When they had hung the shields about their necks, and taken their lances with the gaily coloured ensigns, they all proceed to the ford at once. Those on the farther side lower their lances, and quickly ride to strike at them. But they (on the hither bank) knew how to pay them back, not sparing nor avoiding them, nor yielding to them a foot of ground. Rather, each man struck his opponent so fiercely that there is no knight so brave

but is compelled to leave the saddle. They did not underestimate the experience, skill, and bravery of their antagonists, but made their first blows count, and unhorsed thirteen of them. The report spread to the camp of the fight and of the blows that were being struck. There would soon have been a merry strife if the others had dared to stand their ground. All through the camp they run to arms, and raising a shout they cross the ford. And those on the farther bank take to flight, seeing no advantage in staying where they are. And the Greeks pursue them with blows of lance and sword. Though they struck off many a head they themselves did not receive a wound, and gave a good account of themselves that day. But Alexander distinguished himself, who by his own efforts led off four captive knights in bonds. The sands are strewn with headless dead, while many others lie wounded and injured.

Alexander courteously presents the victims of his first conquest to the Queen, not wishing them to fall into the hands of the King, who would have had them all hanged. The Queen, however, had them seized and safely kept under guard, as being charged with treason. Throughout the camp they talk of the Greeks, and all maintain that Alexander acted very courteously and wisely in not surrendering the knights whom he had captured to the King, who would surely have had them burned or hanged. But the King is not so well satisfied, and sending promptly to the Queen he bids her come into his presence and not detain those who have proved treacherous towards him, for either she must give them up or offend him by keeping them. While the Queen was in conference with the King, as was necessary, about the traitors, the Greeks remained in the Queen's tent with her maids-in-waiting. While his twelve companions conversed with them, Alexander uttered not a word. Soredamors took note of this, seated as she was close by his side. Her head resting upon her hand, it was plain that she was lost in thought. Thus they sat a long time, until Soredamors saw on his sleeve and about his neck the hair which she had stitched into the shirt. Then she drew a little closer thinking now to find an excuse for speaking a word to him. She considers how she can address him first, and what the first word is to be—whether she should address him by his name; and thus she takes counsel with herself: "What shall I say first?" she says; "shall I address him by his name, or shall I call him 'friend'? Friend? Not I. How then? Shall I call him by his name? God! The name of 'friend' is fair and sweet to take upon the lips. If I should dare to call him 'friend'! Should I dare? What forbids me to do so? The fact that that implies a lie. A lie? I know not what the result will be, but I shall be sorry if I do not speak the truth. Therefore, it is best to admit that I should not like to speak a lie. God! yet he would not speak a lie were he to call me his sweet friend! And should I lie in thus addressing him? We ought both to tell the truth. But if I lie the fault is his. But why does his name seem so hard to me that I should wish to replace it by a surname? I think it is because it is so long that I should stop in the middle. But if I simply called him 'friend', I could soon utter so short a name. Fearing lest I should break down in uttering his proper name, I would fain shed my blood if his name were simply 'my sweet friend.'"

She turns this thought over in her mind until the Queen returns from the King who had summoned her. Alexander, seeing her come, goes to meet her, and inquires what is the King's command concerning the prisoners, and what is to be their fate. "Friend," says she, "he requires of me to surrender them at his discretion, and to let his justice be carried out. Indeed, he is much incensed that I have not already handed them over. So I must needs send them to him, since I see no help for it." Thus they passed that day; and the next day there was a great assembly of all the good and loyal knights before the royal tent to sit in judgment and decide by what punishment and torture the four traitors should die. Some hold that they should be flayed alive, and others that they should be hanged or burned. And the King, for his part, maintains that traitors ought to be torn asunder. Then he commands them to be brought in. When they are brought, he orders them to be bound, and says that they shall not be torn asunder until they are taken beneath the town, so that those within may see the sight.

When this sentence was pronounced, the King addresses Alexander, calling him his dear friend. "My friend," he says, "yesterday I saw you attack and defend yourself with great bravery. I

wish now to reward your action! I will add to your company five hundred Welsh knights and one thousand troopers from that land. In addition to what I have given you, when the war is over I will crown you king of the best kingdom in Wales. Towns and castles, cities and halls will I give you until the time you receive the land which your father holds, and of which you are to be emperor." Alexander's companions join him in thanking the King kindly for this boon, and all the nobles of the court say that the honour which the King has bestowed upon Alexander is well deserved.

As soon as Alexander sees his force, consisting of the companions and the men-at-arms whom it had pleased the King to give him, straightway they begin to sound the horns and trumpets throughout the camp. Men of Wales and Britain, of Scotland and Cornwall, both good and bad without exception—all take arms, for the forces of the host were recruited from all quarters. The Thames was low because of the drought resulting from a summer without rain, so that all the fish were dead, and the ships were stranded upon the shore, and it was possible to ford the stream even in the widest part.

After fording the Thames, the army divided, some taking possession of the valley, and others occupying the high ground. Those in the town take notice of them, and when they see approaching the wonderful array, bent upon reducing and taking the town, they prepare on their side to defend it. But before any assault is made, the King has the traitors drawn by four horses through the valleys and over the hills and unploughed fields. At this Count Angres is much distressed, when he sees those whom he held dear dragged around outside the town. And his people, too, are much dismayed, but in spite of the anxiety which they feel, they have no mind to yield the place. They must needs defend themselves, for the King makes it plain to all that he is angry, and ill-disposed, and they see that if he should lay hands upon them he would make them die a shameful death.

When the four had been torn asunder and their limbs lay strewn upon the field, then the assault begins. But all their labour is in vain, for no matter how much they cast and shoot, their efforts are of no effect. Yet they strive to do their utmost, hurling their javelins amain, and shooting darts and bolts. On all sides is heard the din of cross-bows and slings as the arrows and the round stones fly thick, like rain mixed with hail. Thus all day long the struggle of attack and defence continues, until the night separates them. And the King causes to be proclaimed what gift he will bestow upon him who shall effect the surrender of the town: a cup of great price weighing fifteen marks of gold, the richest in his treasure, shall be his reward. The cup will be very fine and rich, and, to tell the truth, the cup is to be esteemed for the workmanship rather than for the material of which it is made. But good as the workmanship may be, and fine though the gold, if the truth be told, the precious stones set in the outside of the cup were of most value. He through whose efforts the town shall be taken is to have the cup, if he be only a foot soldier; and if the town is taken by a knight, with the cup in his possession he shall never seek his fortune in vain, if there is any to be found in the world.

When this news was announced, Alexander had not forgotten his custom of going to see the Queen each evening. That night, too, he had gone thither and was seated beside the Queen. Soredamors was sitting alone close by them, looking at him with such satisfaction that she would not have exchanged her lot for Paradise. The Queen took Alexander by the hand, and examined the golden thread which was showing the effects of wear; but the strand of hair was becoming more lustrous, while the golden thread was tarnishing. And she laughed as she happened to recall that the embroidery was the work of Soredamors. Alexander noticed this, and begged her to tell him, if suitable, why she laughed. The Queen was slow to make reply, and looking toward Soredamors, bade her come to her. Gladly she went and knelt before her. Alexander was overjoyed when he saw her draw so near that he could have touched her. But he is not so bold as even to look at her; but rather does he so lose his senses that he is well-nigh speechless. And she, for her part, is so overcome that she has not the use of her eyes; but she casts her glance upon the ground without fastening it upon anything. The Queen marvels greatly at seeing her now pale, now crimson, and she notes well

in her heart the bearing and expression of each of them. She notices and thinks she sees that these changes of colour are the fruit of love. But not wishing to embarrass them, she pretends to understand nothing of what she sees. In this she did well, for she gave no evidence of what was in her mind beyond saying: "Look here, damsel, and tell us truly where the shirt was sewed that this knight has on, and if you had any hand in it or worked anything of yours into it." Though the maiden feels some shame, yet she tells the story gladly; for she wishes the truth to be known by him, who, when he hears her tell of how the shirt was made, can hardly restrain himself for joy from worshipping and adoring the golden hair. His companions and the Queen, who were with him, annoy him and embarrass him; for their presence prevents him from raising the hair to his eyes and mouth, as he would fain have done, had he not thought that it would be remarked. He is glad to have so much of his lady, but he does not hope or expect ever to receive more from her: his very desire makes him dubious. Yet, when he has left the Queen and is by himself, he kisses it more than a hundred thousand times, feeling how fortunate he is. All night long he makes much of it, but is careful that no one shall see him. As he lies upon his bed, he finds a vain delight and solace in what can give him no satisfaction. All night he presses the shirt in his arms, and when he looks at the golden hair, he feels like the lord of the whole wide world. Thus Love makes a fool of this sensible man, who finds his delight in a single hair and is in ecstasy over its possession. But this charm will come to an end for him before the sun's bright dawn. For the traitors are met in council to discuss what they can do; and what their prospects are. To be sure they will be able to make a long defence of the town if they determine so to do; but they know the King's purpose to be so firm that he will not give up his efforts to take the town so long as he lives, and when that time comes they needs must die. And if they should surrender the town, they need expect no mercy for doing so. Thus either outcome looks dark indeed, for they see no help, but only death in either case. But this decision at last is reached, that the next morning, before dawn appears, they shall issue secretly from the town and find the camp disarmed, and the knights still sleeping in their beds. Before they wake and get their armour on there will have been such slaughter done that posterity will always speak of the battle of that night. Having no further confidence in life, the traitors as a last resort all subscribe to this design. Despair emboldened them to fight, whatever the result might be; for they see nothing sure in store for them save death or imprisonment. Such an outcome is not attractive; nor do they see any use in flight, for they see no place where they could find refuge should they betake themselves to flight, being completely surrounded by the water and their enemies. So they spend no more time in talk, but arm and equip themselves and make a sally by an old postern gate toward the north-west, that being the side where they thought the camp would least expect attack. In serried ranks they sallied forth, and divided their force into five companies, each consisting of two thousand well armed foot, in addition to a thousand knights. That night neither star nor moon had shed a ray across the sky. But before they reached the tents, the moon began to show itself, and I think it was to work them woe that it rose sooner than was its wont. Thus God, who opposed their enterprise, illumined the darkness of the night, having no love for these evil men, but rather hating them for their sin. For God hates traitors and treachery more than any other sin. So the moon began to shine in order to hamper their enterprise.

They are much hampered by the moon, as it shines upon their shields, and they are handicapped by their helmets, too, as they glitter in the moonlight. They are detected by the pickets keeping watch over the host, who now shout throughout the camp: "Up, knights, up! Rise quickly, take your arms and arm yourselves! The traitors are upon us." Through all the camp they run to arms, and hastily strive to equip themselves in the urgent need; but not a single one of them left his place until they were all comfortably armed and mounted upon their steeds. While they are arming themselves, the attacking forces are eager for battle and press forward, hoping to catch them off their guard and find them disarmed. They bring up from different directions the five companies into which they had divided their troops: some hug the

woods, others follow the river, the third company deploys upon the plain, while the fourth enters a valley, and the fifth proceeds beside a rocky cliff. For they planned to fall upon the tents suddenly with great fury. But they did not find the path clear. For the King's men resist them, defying them courageously and reproaching them for their treason. Their iron lance-tips are splintered and shattered as they meet; they come together with swords drawn, striking each other and casting each other down upon the face. They rush upon each other with the fury of lions, which devour whatever they capture. In this first rush there was heavy slaughter on both sides. When they can no longer maintain themselves, help comes to the traitors, who are defending themselves bravely and selling their lives dearly. They see their troops from four sides arrive to succour them. And the King's men ride hard with spur to attack them. They deal such blows upon their shields that, beside the wounded, they unhorse more than five hundred of them. Alexander, with his Greeks, has no thought of sparing them, making every effort to prevail into the thickest of the fight he goes to strike a knave whose shield and hauberk are of no avail to keep him from falling to the earth. When he has finished with him, he offers his service to another freely and without stint, and serves him, too, so savagely that he drives the soul from his body quite, and leaves the apartment without a tenant. After these two, he addresses himself to another, piercing a noble and courteous knight clean through and through, so that the blood spurts out on the other side, and his expiring soul takes leave of the body. Many he killed and many stunned, for like a flying thunderbolt he blasts all those whom he seeks out. Neither coat of mail nor shield can protect him whom he strikes with lance or sword. His companions, too, are generous in the spilling of blood and brains, for they, too, know well how to deal their blows. And the royal troops butcher so many of them that they break them up and scatter them like low-born folk who have lost their heads. So many dead lay about the fields, and so long did the battle rage, that long before the day dawned the ranks were so cut in pieces that the rows of dead stretched for five leagues along the stream. Count Angres leaves his banner on the field and steals away, accompanied by only seven of his men. Towards his town he made his way by a secret path, thinking that no one could see him. But Alexander notices this, and sees them escaping from the troops, and he thinks that if he can slip away without the knowledge of any one, he will go to catch up with them. But before he got down into the valley, he saw thirty knights following him down the path, of whom six were Greeks, and twenty-four were men of Wales. These intended to follow him at a distance until he should stand in need of them. When Alexander saw them coming, he stopped to wait for them, without failing to observe what course was taken by those who were making their way back to the town. Finally, he saw them enter it. Then he began to plan a very daring deed and a very marvellous design. And when he had made up his mind, he turned toward his companions and thus addressed them: "My lords," says he, "whether it be folly or wisdom, frankly grant me my desire if you care for my good-will." And they promised him never to oppose his will in aught. Then he says: "Let us change our outer gear, by taking the shields and lances from the traitors whom we have killed. Thus, when we approach the town, the traitors within will suppose that we are of their party, and regardless of the fate in store for them, they will throw open the gates for us. And do you know what reward we shall offer them? If God so will we shall take them all dead or alive. Now, if any of you repents of his promise, be sure that, so long as I live, I shall never hold him dear."

All the others grant his boon, and, despoiling the corpses of their shields, they arm themselves with them instead. The men within the town had mounted to the battlements, and, recognising the shields, suppose that they belong to their party, never dreaming of the ruse hidden beneath the shields. The gatekeeper opens the gate for them and admits them to the town. He is beguiled and deceived in not addressing them a word; for no one of them speaks to him, but silently and mute they pass, making such a show of grief that they trail their lances after them and support themselves upon their shields. Thus it seems that they are in great distress, as they pass on at their own sweet will until they are within the

triple walls. Inside they find a number of men-at-arms and knights with the Count. I cannot tell you just how many; but they were unarmed, except eight of them who had just returned from the fight, and even they were preparing to remove their arms. But their haste was ill considered; for now the other party make no further pretence, but without any challenge by way of warning, they brace themselves in the stirrups, and let their horses charge straight at them, attacking them with such rigour that they lay low more than thirty-one of them. The traitors in great dismay shout out: "We are betrayed, betrayed!" But the assailants take no heed of this, and let those whom they find unarmed feel the temper of their swords. Indeed, three of those whom they found still armed were so roughly handled that but five remained alive. Count Angres rushed at Calcedor, and in the sight of all struck him upon his golden shield with such violence that he stretched him dead upon the ground. Alexander is greatly troubled, and is almost beside himself with rage when he sees his companion dead; his blood boils with anger, but his strength and courage are doubled as he strikes the Count with such fury that he breaks his lance. If possible, he would avenge his friend. But the Count was a powerful man and a good and hardy knight, whose match it would have been hard to find, had he not been a base traitor. He now returns the blow, making his lance double up so that it splits and breaks; but the other's shield holds firm, and neither gives way before the other any more than a rock would do, for both men were passing strong. But the fact that the Count was in the wrong disturbs him greatly and troubles him. The anger of each rises higher as they both draw their swords after their lances had been broken. No escape would have been possible if these two swordsmen had persisted in continuing the fight. But at last one or the other must die. The Count dares not longer hold his ground, when he sees lying dead about him his men who had been caught unarmed. Meanwhile the others press them hard, cutting, slashing, and carving them, spilling their brains, and reproaching the Count for his treachery. When he hears himself accused of treason, he flees for safety to his tower, followed by his men. And their enemies follow after them, fiercely charging them from the rear, and not letting a single one escape of all upon whom they lay their hands. They kill and slay so many of them that I guess not more than seven made good their escape.

When they had got inside the tower, they made a stand at the gate; for those who were coming close behind had followed so closely after them that they too would have pressed in had the gateway been left exposed. The traitors make a brave defence, waiting for succour from their friends, who were arming themselves down in the town. But upon the advice of Nabunal, who was a Greek of great wisdom, the approach was blocked so that relief could not arrive in time; for those below had tarried too long, either from cowardice or sloth. Now there was only one entrance to the stronghold; so that, if they stop that entrance-way, they need have no fear that any force shall approach to do them harm. Nabunal bids and exhorts twenty of them to hold the gate; for soon such a company might arrive with force as would do them harm by their assault and attack. While these twenty hold the gate, the remaining ten should attack the tower and prevent the Count from barricading himself inside. Nabunal's advice is taken: ten remain to continue the assault at the entrance of the tower, while twenty go to defend the gate. In doing so, they delay almost too long; for they see approaching, furious and keen for the fight, a company containing many cross-bow men and foot soldiers of different grades who carried arms of divers sorts. Some carried light missiles, and others Danish axes, lances and Turkish swords, bolts for cross-bows, arrows and javelins. The Greeks would have had to pay a heavy score, if this crowd had actually fallen upon them; but they did not reach the place in time. Nabunal by his foresight and counsel had blocked their plans, and they were forced to remain outside. When they see that they are shut out, they pause in their advance, as it is evident they can gain nothing by making an assault. Then there begins such weeping and wailing of women and young children, of old men and youths, that those in the town could not have heard a thunder-clap from heaven. At this the Greeks are overjoyed; for now they know of a certainty that the Count by no good luck can escape capture. Four

of them mount the walls to keep watch lest those outside by any means or ruse should enter the stronghold and fall upon them. The remaining sixteen returned to where the ten were fighting. The day was already breaking, and the ten had fought so well that they had forced their way within the tower. The Count took his stand against a post, and, armed with a battleaxe, defended himself with great bravery. Those whom he reaches, he splits in half. And his men line up about him, and are not slow to avenge themselves in this last stand of the day. Alexander's men have reason to complain, for of the original sixteen there remain now but thirteen. Alexander is almost beside himself when he sees the havoc wrought among his dead or exhausted followers. Yet his thoughts are fixed on vengeance: finding at hand a long heavy club, he struck one of the rascals with it so fiercely that neither shield nor hauberk was worth a button in preventing him from falling to the ground. After finishing with him, he pursues the Count, and raising his club to strike him he deals him such a blow with his square club that the axe falls from his hands; and he was so stunned and bewildered that he could not have stood up unless he had leaned against the wall.

After this blow the battle ceases. Alexander leaps at the Count and holds him so that he cannot move. Of the others nothing need be said, for they were easily mastered when they saw the capture of their lord. All are made prisoners with the Count and led away in disgrace, in accordance with their deserts. Of all this the men outside knew nothing. But when morning came they found their companions shields lying among the slain when the battle was over. Then the Greeks, misled, made a great lament for their lord. Recognising his shield, all are in an agony of grief, swooning at sight of his shield and saying that now they have lived too long. Cornix and Nerius first swoon, then, recovering their senses, wish they were dead. So do Torin and Acorionde. The tears run down in floods from their eyes upon their breasts. Life and joy seem hateful now. And Parmenides more than the rest tore his hair in dire distress. No greater grief could be shown than that of these five for their lord. Yet, their dismay is groundless, for it is another's body which they bear away when they think to have their lord. Their distress is further increased by the sight of the other shields, which cause them to mistake these corpses for their companions. So over them they lament and swoon. But they are deceived by all these shields, for of their men only one was killed, whose name was Neriolis. Him, indeed, they would have borne away had they known the truth. But they are in as great anxiety for the others as for him; so they bore them all away. In every case but one they were misled. But like the man who dreams and takes a fiction for the truth, so the shields cause them to suppose this illusion to be a reality. It is the shields, then, that cause this mistake. Carrying the corpses, they move away and come to their tents, where there was a sorrowing troop. Upon hearing the lament raised by the Greeks, soon all the others gathered, until there was but one great outcry. Now Saredamors thinks of her wretched estate when she hears the cry and lament over her lover. Their anguish and distress cause her to lose her senses and her colour, and her grief and sorrow are increased because she dares not openly show a trace of her distress. She shut up her grief within her heart. Had any one looked at her, he could have seen by the expression of her face what agony she was in; but every one was so engrossed with his own sorrow that he had no care for another's grief. Each one lamented his own loss. For they find the river bank covered with their relatives and friends, who had been wounded or roughly treated. Each one wept for his own heavy and bitter loss: here is a son weeping for a father, there a father for a son; one swoons at the sight of his cousin, another over his nephew. Thus fathers, brothers, and relatives bemoan their loss on every side. But above all is noticeable the sorrow of the Greeks; and yet they might have anticipated great joy, for the deepest grief of all the camp will soon be changed into rejoicing.

The Greeks outside continue their lament, while those inside strive to let them know the news which will cause them to rejoice. They disarm and bind their prisoners, who pray and beg of them to strike off their heads straightway. But the Greeks are unwilling, and disdain their entreaties, saying that them will keep then under guard and hand them over to the King, who will grant



them such recompense as shall require their services. When they had disarmed them all they made them go up on the wall that they might be seen by the troops below. This privilege is not to their liking, and when they saw their lord bound as a prisoner, they were unhappy men. Alexander upon the walls swears to God and all the saints that he will not let one of them live, but will kill them all speedily, unless they will go to surrender to the King before he can seize them. "Go," says he, "confidently to the King at my command, and cast yourselves upon his mercy. None of you, except the Count, has deserved to die. You shall not lose either life or limb if you surrender to the King. If you do not deliver yourselves from death by crying for mercy, you need have little hope of saving your lives or bodies. Go forth disarmed to meet the King, and tell him from me that Alexander sends you to him. Your action will not be in vain; for my lord the King is so gentle and courteous that he will lay aside his wrath and anger. But if you wish to act otherwise, you must expect to die, for his heart will be closed to pity." All agree in accepting this advice, and do not hesitate until they come to the King's tent, where they all fall at his feet. The story they told was soon known throughout the camp. The King and all his men mounted and spurred their horses to the town without delay.

Alexander goes out from the town to meet the King, who was greatly pleased, and to surrender to him the Count. The King did not delay in fitly punishing him. But Alexander is congratulated and praised by the King and all the others who esteem him highly. Their joy drives away the grief which they had felt not long before. But no joy of the others can compare with the exultation of the Greeks. The King presents him with the precious cup, weighing fifteen marks, and tells him confidently that there is nothing in his possession so valuable that he would not place it in his hands upon request—save only the crown and the Queen. Alexander dares not mention his heart's desire, though he knows well that he would not be refused in asking for his sweetheart's hand. But he fears so much lest he might displease her, whose heart would have been made glad, that he prefers to suffer without her rather than to win her against her will. Therefore, he asks for a little time, not wishing to prefer his request until he is sure of her pleasure. But he asked for no respite or delay in accepting the cup of gold. He takes the cup, and courteously begs my lord Gawain to accept this cup as a gift from him, which Gawain did most reluctantly. When Soredamors learned the truth about Alexander she was greatly pleased and delighted. When she heard that he was alive, she was so happy that it seemed to her as though she could never be sad again. But she reflects that he is slower in coming than is his wont. Yet in good time she will have her wish, for both of them in rivalry are occupied with one common thought.

It seemed to Alexander an age before he could feast his eyes with even one soft glance from her. Long ago he would fain have gone to the Queen's tent, if he had not been detained elsewhere. He was much put out by this delay, and as soon as he could, he betook himself to the Queen in her tent. The Queen went to greet him, and, without his having confided in her, she had already read his thoughts, and knew what was passing in his mind. She greets him at the entrance of the tent, and strives to make him welcome, well knowing for what purpose he has come. Desirous of according him a favour, she beckons Soredamors to join them, and they three engage in conversation at some distance from the rest. The Queen first speaks, in whose mind there was no doubt that this couple were in love. Of this fact she is quite sure, and is persuaded moreover that Soredamors could not have a better lover. She took her place between the two and began to say what was appropriate.

"Alexander," says the Queen, "any love is worse than hate, when it torments and distresses its devotee. Lovers know not what they do when they conceal their passion from one another. Love is a serious business, and whoever does not boldly lay its foundation firm can hardly succeed in completing the edifice. They say there is nothing so hard to cross as the threshold. Now I wish to instruct you in the lore of love; for I know well that Love is tormenting you. Therefore, I have undertaken to instruct you; and do you take good care not to keep anything back from me, for I have plainly seen in the faces of you both that of two hearts you have made but one. So beware, and conceal nothing from me! You are acting

very foolishly in not speaking out your mind; for concealment will be the death of you; thus you will be the murderers of Love. Now I counsel you to exercise no tyranny, and to seek no passing gratification in your love; but to be honourably joined together in marriage. So, I believe, your love shall long endure. I can assure you that, if you agree to this, I will arrange the marriage."

When the Queen had spoken her mind, Alexander thus made reply: "Lady," he says, "I enter no defence against the charge you make, but rather admit the truth of all you say. I wish never to be deserted by love, but always to fix my thoughts on it. I am pleased and delighted by what you have so kindly said. Since you know what my wishes are, I see no reason why I should conceal them from you. Long ago, if I had dared I would have confessed them openly; for the silence has been hard. But it may well be that for some reason this maiden may not wish that I be hers and she mine. But even if she grant me no rights over her, yet will I place myself in her hands." At these words she trembled, having no desire to refuse the gift. Her heart's desire betrays itself in her words and her countenance. Falteringly she gives herself to him, and says that without exception her will, her heart, and her body all is at the disposal of the Queen, to do with her as she may please. The Queen clasps them both in her arms, and presents one to the other. Then laughingly she adds: "I give over to thee, Alexander, thy sweetheart's body, and I know that thy heart does not draw back. Whoever may like it or like it not, I give each of you to the other. Do thou, Soredamors, take what is thine, and thou, Alexander, take what is thine!" Now she has her own entire, and he has his without lack. At Windsor that day, with the approval and permission of my lord Gawain and the King, the marriage was celebrated. No one could tell, I am sure, so much of the magnificence and the food, of the pleasure and entertainment, at this wedding without falling short of the truth. Inasmuch as it would be distasteful to some, I do not care to waste further words upon the matter, but am anxious to turn to another subject.

That day at Windsor Alexander had all the honour and happiness that he could desire. Three different joys and honours were his: one was the town which he captured; another was the present of the best kingdom in Wales, which King Arthur had promised to give him when the war was over; that very day he made him king in his hall. But the greatest joy of all was the third—that his sweetheart was queen of the chess-board where he was king. Before five months had passed, Soredamors found herself with child, and carried it until the time was fulfilled. The seed remained in germ until the fruit was fully matured. No more beautiful child was ever born before or since than he whom they now called Cliges.

So Cliges was born, in whose honour this story has been put in the Romance tongue. You shall hear me tell of him and of his valourous deeds, when he shall have grown to manhood and obtained a good report. But meanwhile in Greece it came about that he who ruled over Constantinople drew near his end. He died, as indeed he must, not being able to outlive his time. But before he died he assembled all the nobles of his land to send and seek for his son Alexander, who was happily detained in Britain. The messengers start out from Greece, and begin their voyage over the seas; but a tempest catches them in its grasp, and damages their ship and company. They were all drowned at sea, except one unfaithful wretch, who was more devoted to Alis the younger son than to Alexander the elder. When he escaped from the sea, he returned to Greece with the story that they had all been lost at sea as they were conducting their lord back from Britain, and that he was the only survivor of the tragedy. They believed this lie of his, and, taking Alis without objection or dissent, they crowned him emperor of Greece. But it was not long before Alexander learned that Alis was emperor. Then he took leave of King Arthur, unwilling to let his brother usurp his land without protest. The King makes no opposition to his plan, but bids him take with him so great a company of Welshmen, Scots, and Cornishmen that his brother will not dare to withstand him when he sees him come with such a host. Alexander, had he pleased, might have led a mighty force; but he has no desire to harm his own people, if his brother will consent to do his will. He took with him forty knights besides Soredamors and his son; these two persons, who were so dear to him, he did not wish to leave behind. Escorted as far as Shoreham

by the entire court, they there embarked, and with fair winds their ship made way more quickly than a fleeing stag. Within a month, I think, they arrived in port before Athens, a rich and powerful city. Indeed, the emperor was residing there, and had convoked, a great assembly of his noblemen. As soon as they arrived Alexander sent a privy messenger into the city to learn whether they would receive him, or whether they would resist his claim to be their only lawful lord.

He who was chosen for this mission was a courteous knight with good judgment, named Acorionde, a rich man and eloquent; he was a native of the country, too, having been born in Athens. His ancestors for generations had always exercised lordship in the city. When he had learned that the emperor was in the city he went and challenged the crown on behalf of his brother Alexander, accusing him openly of having usurped it unlawfully. Arriving at the palace, he finds plenty of people who welcome him; but he says nothing to any of those who greet him until he learns what is their attitude and disposition toward their lawful lord. Coming into the presence of the emperor he neither greets him nor bows before him nor calls him emperor. "Alis," he says, "I bring thee tidings of Alexander, who is out yonder in the harbour. Listen to thy brother's message: he asks thee for what belongs to him, nor does he demand what is unjust. Constantinople, which thou dost hold, should be his and shall be his. It would be neither just nor right that discord should arise between you two. So give him the crown without contest, for it is right that thou shouldst surrender it."

Alis replies: "Fair gentle friend, thou hast undertaken a mad enterprise in bearing this message. There is little comfort in thy speech, for well I know that my brother is dead. I should rejoice, indeed, to learn that he was still alive. But I shall not believe the news until I have seen him with my eyes. He died some time ago, alas! What thou sayest is not credible. And if he lives, why does he not come? He need never fear that I will not bestow on him some lands. He is a fool to hold aloof from me, for in serving me he will find profit. But no one shall possess the crown and empire beside me." He liked not the speech of the emperor, and did not fail to speak his mind in the reply he made. "Alis," he says, "may God confound me if the matter is thus allowed to stand. I defy thee in thy brother's name, and dutifully speaking in his name, I summon all those whom I see here to renounce thee and to join his cause. It is right that they should side with him and recognise him as their lord. Let him who is loyal now stand forth."

Upon saying this he leaves the court, and the emperor summons those in whom he has most confidence. He requests their advice concerning this defiance upon his brother's part, and wishes to learn if he can trust them to lend no support or help to his brother's claim. Thus he tries to test the loyalty of each; but he finds not one who sides with him in the dispute, rather do they all bid him remember the war which Eteocles undertook against his own brother Polynices, and how each one died by the other's hand. "So, too, it may happen to you, if you undertake a war, and all the land will be distressed." Therefore, they advise that such a peace be sought as shall be both reasonable and just, and that neither one make excessive demands. Thus Alis understands that if he does not make an equitable agreement with his brother all his vassals will desert him; so he says that he will respect their wishes in making any suitable contract, provided that however the affair may run out the crown shall remain in his possession.

In order to secure a firm and stable peace Alis sends one of his officers to Alexander, bidding him come to him in person and receive the government of the land, but stipulating that he should leave to him the honour of emperor in name and of wearing the crown: thus, if Alexander is willing, peace may be established between them. When this news was brought to Alexander his men made ready with him and came to Athens, where they were received with joy. But Alexander is not willing that his brother should have the sovereignty of the empire and of the crown unless he will pledge his word never to take a wife, and that after him Cliges shall be emperor of Constantinople. Upon this the brothers both agreed. Alexander dictated the terms of the oath, and his brother agreed and gave his word that he would never in his life take a wife in marriage. So peace is made, and they are friends

again, to the great satisfaction of the lords. They hold Alis as their emperor, but all business is referred to Alexander. What he commands is done, and little is done except through him. Alis has nothing but the name of emperor; but Alexander is served and loved; and he who does not serve him for love must needs do so from fear. Through the effect of one or the other of these two motives he has all the land within his power. But he whom they call Death spares neither the strong man nor the weak, but kills and slays them all. So Alexander had to die; for a disease caught him in its grip from which he could obtain no relief. But before he was surprised by death he summoned his son and said to him: "Fair son Cliges, thou canst never know that prowess and valour are thine unless thou go first to make test of them with the Bretons and French at King Arthur's court. If adventure takes thee thither, so conduct and demean thyself that thy identity be not known until thou hast tried thy strength with the most excellent knights of that court. I beg thee to heed my counsel in this matter, and if the occasion arises have no fear to measure thy skill with thy uncle, my lord Gawain. Do not forget this advice, I pray."

After he had thus exhorted him, he did not live long. Soredamors' grief was such that she could not survive him, but died after him of a broken heart. Alis and Cliges both mourned him becomingly, but finally they ceased their grief, for sorrow, like everything else, must be outlived. To continue in sorrow is wrong, for no good can come from it. So the mourning was ended, and the emperor refrained for a long time from taking a wife, being careful of his word. But there is no court in all the world which is free from evil counsel. Great men often go astray, and do not observe loyalty because of the bad advice they take. Thus, the emperor hears his men giving him advice and counselling him to take a wife; and daily they so exhort and urge him that by their very insistence they persuade him to break his oath, and to accede to their desire. But he insists that she who is to be mistress of Constantinople must be gentle, fair, wise, rich, and noble. Then his counsellors say that they wish to prepare to go away to the German land, and seek the daughter of the emperor. She is the choice they propose to him; for the emperor of Germany is very rich and powerful, and his daughter is so charming that never was there a maid of her beauty in Christendom. The emperor grants them full authority, and they set out upon the journey well provided with all they need. They proceeded on their way until they found the emperor at Regensburg, when they asked him to give them his oldest daughter at the instance of their lord.

The emperor was pleased with this request, and gladly gave them his daughter; for in doing so, he does not debase himself, nor diminish his honour in any way. But he says that he had promised her to the Duke of Saxony, and that they would not be able to lead her away unless the emperor should come with a great army, so that the duke would be unable to do him any harm or injury while homeward bound.

When the messengers heard the emperor's reply, they took leave and departed. They returned to their lord, and bore him the answer. And the emperor selected a chosen company of the most experienced knights whom he could find, and took with him his nephew, in whose interests he had vowed never to marry a wife, but he will not respect this vow if he can once reach Cologne. Upon a certain day he leaves Greece and draws near to Germany, intending to take a wife despite all blame and reproach; but his honour will be smirched. Upon reaching Cologne, he found that the emperor had assembled all his court for a festival. When the company of the Greeks reached Cologne, there was such a great number of Greeks and Germans that it was necessary to lodge more than sixty thousand of them outside the city.

Great was the crowd of people, and great the joy of the two emperors when they met. When the barons had gathered in the vast palace, the emperor summoned his charming daughter. The maiden made no delay in coming straightway into the palace. She had been made very fair and shapely by the Creator, whose pleasure it had been to arouse the people's admiration. God, who had fashioned her, never gave man a word which could adequately express such beauty as she possessed.

Fenice was the maiden's name, and for this there was good reason: for if the Phoenix bird is unique as the most beautiful of all the

birds, so Fenice, it seems to me, had no equal in beauty. She was such a miracle and marvel that Nature was never able to make her like again. In order to be more brief, I will not describe in words her arms, her body, her head and hands; for if I should live a thousand years, and if my skill were to double every day, yet should I waste all my time in trying to tell the truth about her. I know very well, if I should undertake it, that I would exhaust my brain and waste my pains: it would be but misspent energy. The damsel hastened until she came into the palace, with head uncovered and face unveiled; and the radiance of her beauty lighted the palace more brightly than four carbuncles would have done. Cliges stood, his over-cloak removed, in his uncle's presence. The day outside was somewhat dark, but he and the maiden were both so fair that a ray shone forth from their beauty which illumined the palace, just as the morning sun shines clear and red.

I wish to attempt in a very few words to describe the beauty of Cliges. He was in his flower, being now almost fifteen years of age. He was more comely and charming than Narcissus who saw his reflection in the spring beneath the elm-tree, and, when he saw it, he loved it so that he died, they say, because he could not get it. Narcissus was fair, but had little sense; but as fine gold surpasses copper, so was Cliges better endowed with wisdom, and even then I have not said all. His locks seemed made of fine gold, and his face was of a fresh rosy colour. He had a well-formed nose and shapely mouth, and in stature he was built upon Nature's best pattern; for in him she had united gifts which she is wont to scatter wide. Nature was so lavish with him that she gave him all she could, and placed all in one receptacle. Such was Cliges, who combined good sense and beauty, generosity and strength. He possessed the wood as well as the bark; he knew more of fencing and of the bow than did Tristan, King Mark's nephew, and more about birds and hounds than he. In Cliges there lacked no good thing.

Cliges stood in all his beauty before his uncle, and those who did not know who he was looked at him with eager curiosity. And on the other hand, the interest was aroused of those who did not know the maiden: wonderingly they gaze upon her. But Cliges, under the sway of love, let his eyes rest on her covertly, and withdrew them again so discreetly that in their passage to and fro no one could blame his lack of skill. Blithely he looks upon the maid, but does not note that she repays him in kind. Not flattering him, but in sincere love, she gives him her eyes, and takes back his. This exchange seems good to her, and would have seemed to her better still had she known something of who he was. But she knows nothing except that he is fair, and that, if she is ever to love any one for beauty's sake, she need not seek elsewhere to bestow her heart. She handed over to him the possession of her eyes and heart, and he pledged his in turn to her. Pledged? Rather gave outright. Gave? Nay, upon my faith, I lie; for no one can give away his heart. I must express it some other way. I will not say it, as some have done who make two hearts dwell in one body, for it bears not even the semblance of truth that there should be in one body two hearts; and even if they could be so united, it would never seem true. But if it please you to heed my words, I shall be able explain how two hearts form but one without coming to be identified. Only so far are they merged in one as the desire of each passes from one to the other, thus joining in one common desire; and because of this harmony of desire, there are some who are wont to say that each one has both hearts; but one heart cannot be in two places. Each one always keeps his own heart, though the desire be shared by both, just as many different men may sing a song or tune in unison. By this comparison I prove that for one body to contain two hearts it is not enough to know each other's wish, nor yet for one to know what the other loves and what he hates; just as voices which are heard together seem to be merged in one, and yet do not all come from one mouth, so it is with a body which can contain but one heart. But there is no need of further argument, for other matters press upon me. I must speak now of the damsel and of Cliges, and you shall hear of the Duke of Saxony, who has sent to Cologne a young nephew of his. This youth informs the emperor that his uncle, the duke, sends word that he need expect no peace or trace with him, unless he sends to him his daughter, and that the one who is intending to carry her away with him had better not start home, for he will find the road

occupied and well defended unless the maiden be surrendered.

The youth spoke his message well, without pride and without insult. But he found neither knight nor emperor who would answer him. When he saw that they all held their peace and treated him with scorn, he left the court in defiant mood. But youth and thirst for daring deeds made Cliges defy him in combat as he left. For the contest they mount their steeds, three hundred of them on either side, exactly equal thus in strength. All the palace is quite emptied of knights and ladies, who mount to the balconies, battlements, and windows to see and watch those who were about to fight. Even the maiden, whose will Love had subdued beneath his sway, sought for a point from which to see. She took her place at a window, where she sat with great delight, because from there she could get a view of him whom she holds secretly in her heart with no desire to remove him thence; for she will never love any other man. But she does not know his name, nor who he is, nor of what race; for it is not proper to ask questions; but she yearns to hear tidings which will bring joy to her heart. She looks out of the window at the shields with their gleaming gold, and she gazes at those who wear the shields about their necks, as they prepare for the trial at arms. But all her thoughts and glances soon rest upon one object, and to all others she is indifferent. Wherever Cliges goes, she seeks to follow him with her eyes. And he in turn does his best for her, and battles openly, in order that she at least may hear it said that he is bold and very skilled: thus she will be compelled to prize him for his prowess. He attacks the duke's nephew, who was breaking many a lance and sorely discomfiting the Greeks. But Cliges, who is displeased at this, braces himself firmly in his stirrups, and goes to strike him so speedily that in spite of himself he had to vacate the saddle-bows. When he got up, the uproar was great; for the youth arose and mounted, thinking to avenge his shame. But many a man only falls into deeper disgrace who thinks to avenge his shame when he has the chance. The young man rushes at Cliges, who lowers his lance to meet him, and thrusts at him with such force that he carries him to earth again. Now his shame is doubled, and all his followers are in dismay, seeing that they can never leave the field with honour; for not one of them is so valiant that he can keep his seat in the saddle when Cliges thrust reaches him. But those of Germany and the Greeks are overjoyed when they see their party drive off the Saxons, who retreat discomfited. With mockery they pursue them until they come up with them at a stream, into which they drive them for a plunge. In the deepest part of the ford Cliges unhorsed the duke's nephew and so many of his men that they escaped grieving and sad in their shame and confusion. But Cliges, twice victor, returned in glee, and entered a gate which was near the apartment where the maiden was; and as he passed through the gate she exacted as toll a tender glance, which he paid her as their eyes met. Thus was the maiden subdued by the man. But there is not a German of the lowland or highland, possessing the power of speech who does not cry: "God! who is this in whom such beauty is radiant? God! how has it happened that so suddenly he has attained such great success?" Thus one man and another asks: "Who is this youth, who is he, I say?" And, soon throughout the city it is known what his name is, and who is his father, and what pledge that was which had been made to him by the emperor. So much was said and noised about that the news reached the ears of her who in her heart rejoiced because she could no more say that Love had made sport of her, nor had she any ground for complaint. For Love has made her give her heart to the fairest, most courteous, and valiant man that could anywhere be found. But some force must be employed, if she would gain possession of him who is not free to do her will. This makes her anxious and distraught. For she has no one with whom to take counsel concerning him for whom she pines, but must waste herself in thought and vigils. She becomes so affected by these cares that she loses her colour and grows wan, and it becomes plain to all that her loss of colour betokens an unfulfilled desire. She plays less now than she used to do, and laughs less and loses her gaiety. But she conceals her trouble and passes it off, if any one asks what her ailment is. Her old nurse's name was Thessala, who was skilled in necromancy, having been born in Thessaly, where devilish charms are taught and wrought; for the women of that

country perform many a charm and mystic rite.

Thessala saw pale and wan her whom Love holds in his bonds, and thus she addressed her with advice: "God!" she said, "are you bewitched, my lady dear, that your face should be so pale? I wonder what your trouble is. Tell me, if you can, where this pain attacks you most, for if any one can cure you, you may safely trust me to give you back your health again. I can cure the dropsy, gout, quinsy, and asthma; I am so expert in examining the urine and the pulse that you need consult no other physician. And I dare say that I know more than ever Medea knew of enchantments and of charms which tests have proven to be true. I have never spoken to you of this, though I have cared for you all your life; and now I should not mention it did I not plainly see that you are so afflicted as to need my ministrations. My lady, you will do well to tell me what your sickness is before its hold becomes more severe. The emperor has committed you to me in order that I may care for you, and my devotion has been such that I have kept you safe and sound. Now all my pains will come to naught if I do not relieve this malady. Take care not to conceal from me whether this is sickness or something else." The damsel dares not openly expose her desire in all its fullness for she is in fear lest she be disapproved and blamed. And when she hears and understands how Thessala boasts and highly rates herself as being expert in enchantments, charms, and potions, she decides to tell her what is the cause of her pale and colourless face; but first she makes her promise to keep her secret and never to oppose her will.

"Nurse," she said, "I truly thought I felt no pain, but I shall soon feel differently. For as soon as I begin to think about it, I feel great pain, and am dismayed. But when one has no experience, how can one tell what is sickness and what is health? My illness is different from all others; for when I wish to speak of it, it causes me both joy and pain, so happy I am in my distress. And if it can be that sickness brings delight, then my trouble and joy are one, and in my illness consists my health. So I do not know why I complain, for I know not whence my trouble comes, unless it is caused by my desire. Perchance my desire is my disease, but I find so much joy in it that the suffering it causes me is grateful, and there is so much contentment in my pain that it is sweet to suffer so. Nurse Thessala, now tell me true, is not this a deceitful ill, to charm and torment me both at once? I do not see how I can tell whether this is a disease or not. Nurse, tell me now its name, nature, and character. But understand well that I have no desire to be cured of it, for my distress is very dear to me." Thessala, who was very wise about love and its symptoms knows full well from what she hears that it is love which is tormenting her; the tender, endearing terms she uses are certain proof that she is in love, for all other woes are hard to bear, except that alone which comes from love; but love transforms its bitterness into sweetness and joy, then often transforms them back again. The nurse, who was expert in this matter, thus replies to her: "Have no fear, for I will tell you at once the name of your malady. You told me, I believe, that the pain which you feel seems rather to be joy and health: now of such a nature is love-sickness, for in it, too, there is joy and bliss. You are in love, then, as I can prove to you, for I find no pleasure in any malady save only in love. All other sickness is always bad and horrible, but love is sweet and peaceable. You are in love; of that I am sure, nor do I see any wrong in that. But I shall consider it very wrong, if through some childish folly you conceal from me your heart." "Nurse, there is no need of your speaking so. But first I must be sure and certain that under no circumstances will you speak of it to any living soul." "My lady, surely the winds will speak of it before I do without your leave, and I will give you my word so to favour your desires that you may safely trust in having your joy fulfilled through my services." "In that case, Nurse, I shall be cured. But the emperor is giving me in marriage, wherefore I grieve and am sorrowful; for he who has won my heart is the nephew of him whom I must take. And though he may find joy in me, yet is my joy forever lost, and no respite is possible. I would rather be torn limb from limb than that men should speak of us as they speak of the loves of Iseut and Tristan, of so many unseemly stories are told that I should be ashamed to mention them. I could never bring myself to lead the life that Iseut led. Such love as hers was far too base; for her body belonged to two, whereas her heart was pos-

sessed by one. Thus all her life was spent, refusing her favours to neither one. But mine is fixed on one object, and under no circumstances will there be any sharing of my body and heart. Never will my body be portioned out between two shareholders. Who has the heart has the body, too, and may bid all others stand aside. But I cannot clearly see how he whom I love can have my body when my father gives me to another, and his will I do not dare resist. And when this other is lord of my body, and does something which displeases me, it is not right for me to summon another to my aid. Nor can this man marry a wife without breaking his plighted word; for, unless injustice be done, Cliges is to have the empire after his uncle's death. But I should be well served by you, if you were so skilful as to present him, to whom I am pledged and engaged, from having any claim upon me. O Nurse, exert yourself to the end that he may not break the pledge which he gave to the father of Cliges, when he promised him solemnly never to take a wife in marriage. For now, if he should marry me his promise would be broken. But Cliges is so dear to me that I would rather be under ground than that he should ever lose through me a penny of the fortune which should be his. May never a child be born to me to cause his disinheritance! Nurse, now do your best, and I will always be your slave." Then the nurse tells her and assures her that she will cast so many charms, and prepare so many potions and enchantments that she need never have any worry or fear concerning the emperor after he shall have drunk of the potion which she will give him; even when they shall lie together and she be at his side, she may be as secure as if there were a wall between them. "But do not be alarmed, if, in his sleep, he sports with you, for when he is plunged in sleep he will have his sport with you, and he will be convinced that he has had you when wide awake, nor will he think it is all a dream, a fiction, and illusion. Thus he will have his sport with you when asleep, he will think he is awake."

The maiden is highly pleased and delighted by the nurse's kindness and offer of help. Her nurse inspires good hope in her by the promise which she makes, and which she binds herself to keep; with this hope she expects to obtain her desire, in spite of wearisome delay, for if Cliges' nature is as noble as she takes it to be he cannot fail to take pity upon her when he learns that she loves him, and that she has imposed virginity upon herself in order to insure his inheritance. So the maiden believes her nurse, and puts full confidence in her. One promises to the other, and gives her word, that this plot shall be kept so secret as never to be revealed. At this point their conversation ceases, and the next morning the emperor summons his daughter. At his command she goes to him. But why should I weary you with details? The two emperors have so settled the matter that the marriage is solemnised, and joy reigns in the palace. But I do not wish to stop to describe all this in detail. Rather will I address myself to Thessala, as she diligently prepares and tempers her potions.

Thessala steeps her drink, putting in spices in abundance to sweeten and temper it. After having well beaten and mixed it, she strains it clear, with no sharp or bitter taste, for the spices she puts in give it a sweet and pleasant fragrance. When the potion was prepared, the day had drawn to a close, the tables were set for supper, and the cloths were spread. But Thessala delays the supper, because she must discover by what device and what agent she can have the potion served. At supper, finally, all were seated, and more than six dishes had been passed, and Cliges served behind his uncle's place. Thessala, as she watches him, thinks how ill he serves his own interests, and how he is assisting in his own disinheritance, and the thought torments and worries her. Then in her kindness she conceives the plan of having the potion served by him to whom it will bring both joy and honour. So Thessala summoned Cliges; and when he had come to her, he asked her why she had sent for him. "Friend," said she, "I wish to present the emperor at this meal with a beverage which he will esteem highly, and I want him to taste no other to-night, either at supper or when he goes to bed. I think he cannot fail to relish it, for he never has tasted a better drink or one that has cost so much. And I warn you, take good care to let no one else drink of it, for there is but a little of it. And this, too, I beg of you, not to let him know whence it came; but tell him it came about by chance that you

found it among the presents, and tasted it yourself, and detected the aroma of the sweet spices in the air; then, seeing the wine to be all clear you poured it into his cup. If by chance he should inquire, you can satisfy him with this reply. But have no suspicion yourself, after what I have said, for the drink is pure and healthful, full excellent spices, and I think it may some day bring you joy." When he heard that advantage would come to him, he took the potion and went away, for he did not know there was any harm in it. He set it in a crystal cup before the emperor, who took it without question, trusting in his nephew. After taking a long draught of the beverage, he straightway feels its strength, as it descends from head to heart, and rises again from heart to head, and penetrates every part of him without doing the slightest harm. And by the time they left the tables, the emperor had drunk so much of the pleasing drink that he can never escape it influence. Every night he will sleep under its influence, and its effects will be such that he will think he is awake when sound asleep.

Now the emperor has been deceived. Many bishops and abbots were present to bless and hallow the marriage-bed. When the time came to retire, the emperor, as was his right, lay beside his wife that night. "As was his right;" but the statement is inexact, for he neither kissed nor fondled her, yet they lay together in one bed. At first the maiden trembled with fear and anxiety lest the potion should not act. But it has so mastered him that he will never desire her or any other woman except in his sleep. But when asleep he will have such sport with her as one may have in dreams, and he will think the dream is true. Nevertheless, she is on her guard, and at first, holds aloof from him, so that he cannot approach her. But now he must needs fall asleep; then he sleeps and dreams, though, the senses are awake, and he exerts himself to win the favours of the maid, while she, realising the danger, defends her virginity. He woos her and calls her gently his sweetheart, and thinks he possesses her, but in vain. But he is gratified by this vain semblance, embracing, kissing, and fondling an empty thing, seeing and speaking to no purpose, struggling and striving without effect. Surely the potion was effective in thus possessing and mastering him. All his pains are of no avail, as he thinks and is persuaded that the fortress is won. Thus he thinks and is convinced, when he desists after his vain efforts. But now I may say once for all that his satisfaction was never more than this. To such relations with her he will for ever be condemned if indeed he can lead her to his own land; but before he can get her to safety, I judge that there is trouble in store for him. For while he is on his journey home, the duke, to whom his bride had been betrothed, will appear upon the scene. The duke gathered a numerous force, and garrisoned the frontiers, while at court he had his spies to inform him each day of the emperor's doings and preparations, and how long they are going to stay, and by what route they intend to return. The emperor did not tarry long after the marriage, but left Cologne in high spirits. The German emperor escorted him with a numerous company, fearing and dreading the force of the Duke of Saxony.

The two emperors pursued their journey until they were beyond Regensburg, where one evening they were encamped in a meadow by the Danube. The Greeks were in their tents in the fields bordering upon the Black Forest. Opposite to them the Saxons were lodged, spying upon them. The duke's nephew stood alone upon a hill, whence he could reconnoitre for a chance to inflict some loss or harm on the enemy. From that point of vantage he espied Cliges with three of his young men disporting themselves with lances and shields, eager for a conflict and shock of arms. If he could get the chance the duke's nephew would gladly attack them and do them harm. Starting out with five companions he concealed them in a valley close by a wood, so that the Greeks never saw them until they emerged from the valley; then the duke's nephew made an attack, and striking Cliges, wounded him slightly in the back. Cliges, bending over, avoids the lance which passed him, inflicting only a slight hurt.

When Cliges felt himself wounded, he charged the youth, and struck him with such force that he drove his lance quite through his heart, and stretched him dead. Then all the Saxons in fear of him betook themselves to flight through the woods. And Cliges, ignorant of the ambushade, courageously but imprudently leav-

ing his companions behind, pursues them to the place where the duke's troops were in force preparing to attack the Greeks. Alone he goes in hot pursuit after the youths, who, in despair over their lord whom they had lost, come running to the duke and tell him weeping of his nephew's death. The duke saw no joke in this affair; and, swearing by God and all his saints that he will take no joy or pride in life so long as the slayer of his nephew remains alive, he adds that whoever will bring him his head will be his friend and will serve him well. Then a knight made boast that if he can find the guilty man, he will present him with Cliges' head. Cliges follows the young men until he falls among the Saxons, when he is seen by him who had undertaken to carry off his head, and who starts after him without delay. But Cliges hasted had turned back to escape from his enemies and came in to where he had left his companions; he found none there, for they had returned to camp to relate their adventure. And the emperor ordered to horse the Greeks and Germans in one band. Soon all through the camp the knights are arming and mounting. Meanwhile Cliges is hotly pursued by his enemy, all armed and with helmet closed. Cliges, who never wished to be numbered among the coward and craven-hearted, notices that he comes alone. First, the knight challenged him, calling him "fellow," unable to conceal his rage: "Young fellow," he cried, "thou shalt leave me here a pledge for my lord whom thou hast killed. If I do not carry away thy head with me, I am not worth a counterfeit besant. I must make of it a present to the duke, and will accept no other forfeit. In return for his nephew, I shall make such restitution that he will profit by the exchange." Cliges hears him reproaching him thus boldly and with impudence. "Vassal," he says, "be on your guard! For I will defend my head, and you shall not get it without my leave." Then the attack begins. The other missed his blow, while Cliges struck him with such force that horse and rider went down together in one heap. The horse fell upon him so heavily that he shattered completely one of his legs. Cliges dismounted on the greensward and disarmed him. When he had disarmed him, he appropriated his weapons, and cut off his enemy's head with the sword which had just now been his. After severing his head he fixed it firmly on the point of his lance, thinking to offer it to the duke, to whom his nephew had promised to present his own if he could meet him in the strife. Cliges had no sooner put on the dead man's helmet and taken his shield and mounted his steed, letting his own stray at large to terrify the Greeks, than he saw advancing with more than a hundred banners flying several full squadrons of Greeks and Germans. Now the fierce and cruel struggles will soon begin between the Saxons and the Greeks. As soon as Cliges sees his men advancing, he betakes himself toward the Saxons, his own men hotly pursuing him, and not knowing him in his disguise. It is no wonder that his uncle is in despair and fear, when he sees the head he is carrying off. So all the host pursue him fast, while Cliges leads them on to provoke a fight, until the Saxons see him drawing near. But they, too, are quite misled by the arms with which he has armed and equipped himself. He succeeds in deceiving and mocking them; for the duke and all the rest, when they saw him approaching lance in dust, cried out: "Here comes our knight! On the point of his lance he carries Cliges' head, and the Greeks are hotly pursuing him!" Then, as they give their horses rein, Cliges spurs to meet the Saxons, crouching low beneath his shield, the lance out straight with the head affixed. Now, though he was braver than a lion, he was no stronger than any other man. Both parties think that he is dead, and while the Saxons rejoice, the Greeks and Germans grieve. But before long the truth will out. For Cliges no longer held his peace: but, rushing fiercely at a Saxon, he struck him with his ashen lance upon the head and in the breast, so that he made him lose his stirrups, and at the same time he cried aloud: "Strike gentlemen, for I am Cliges whom you seek. Come on, my bold and hardy knights! Let none hold back, for the first joust is already won! He is a coward who does not relish such a dish."

The emperor's joy was great when he heard the voice of his nephew Cliges summoning and exhorting them; he was greatly pleased and comforted. But the duke is greatly chagrined now when he sees he is betrayed, unless his force should prove the stronger. While he draws together his troops in serried lines, the

Greeks do the same, and pressing them close, attack and rush upon them. On both sides lances are lowered as they meet for the proper reception of a hostile host. At the first shock shields are pierced and lances shattered, girths are cut and stirrups broken, while the horses of those who fall to earth are left without a rider. But regardless of what any other does, Cliges and the duke meet in the fray; holding their lances low, they strike one another upon the shield with such violence that the strong and well-made lances fly into splinters. Cliges was skilful on horseback, and sits straight in his saddle without shaking or losing his balance. But the duke has lost his seat, and in spite of himself quits the saddle-bows. Cliges struggled and strove to capture him and carry him away, but his strength did not suffice, for the Saxons were around about fighting to rescue him. Nevertheless, Cliges escapes from the conflict without receiving harm and with a precious prize; for he makes off with the duke's steed, which was whiter than wool, and was worth more to a gentleman than the fortune of Octavian at Rome. The steed was an Arabian. The Greeks and Germans are overjoyed to see Cliges on such a mount, for they had already remarked the excellence and beauty of the Arab steed. But they were not on their guard against an ambushade; and before they are aware of it great damage will be done.

A spy came to the duke, bringing him welcome news. "Duke," says the spy, "not a man remains in all the encampment of the Greeks who is able to defend himself. If thou wilt take my word for it, now is the time to have the emperor's daughter seized, while the Greeks are seen intent upon the battle and the strife. Lend me a hundred of thy knights, and I will put the lady in their hands. By an old and secluded path I will lead them so carefully that they will not be seen or met by any man of Germany, until they can seize the damsel in her tent and carry her off so handily that no resistance will be made." At this the duke is highly pleased. He sent a hundred and more tried knights with the spy, who so successfully conducted them that they carried the maiden away captive without exerting any force; for they could abduct her easily. After carrying her some distance from the tents, they send her on under escort of twelve of their number whom they accompany but a short distance. While the twelve led the damsel on, the others went to tell the duke how successful they had been. The duke's desire being now satisfied, he at once makes a truce with the Greeks until next day. The truce was sworn by both parties. The duke's men then turned back, while the Greeks without delay repaired each man to his own tent. But Cliges stays behind alone, stationed upon a little hill where no one caught sight of him, until he saw the twelve pass by with her whom they were carrying off at topmost speed. Cliges, in his thirst for glory, rides at them without delay; for he thinks within himself, and his heart tells him, that it is not for nothing that they flee. So, as soon as he espied them, he spurred after them; and when they saw him coming on, a foolish thought occurred to them: "It is the duke," they said, "who comes. Let us rein in a little; for he has left the troops and is riding hard after us alone." Every man thinks that so it is. They all want to turn back to meet him, but each one wishes to go alone. Meanwhile, Cliges must needs descend a deep valley between two mountains. He would never have recognised their blazons, if they had not come to meet him, or if they had not awaited him. Six of the twelve come to meet him in an encounter they will soon regret. The other six stay with the damsel, leading her gently at a walk and easy jog. And the six ride quickly on, spurring up the valley, until he who had the swiftest horse reached him first and cried aloud: "Hail, Duke of Saxony! God bless thee! Duke, we have recovered thy lady. The Greeks shall not get her now, for she shall be placed in thy hands." When Cliges heard the words this fellow shouts, his heart is not gay; rather is it strange that he does not lose his wits. Never was any wild beast—leopard, tiger, or lion—upon seeing its young captured, so fierce and furious as Cliges, who sets no value upon his life if he deserts his sweetheart now. He would rather die than not win her back. In his trouble he feels great wrath, which gives him the courage he requires. He urges and spurs the Arab steed, and rushes to give the Saxon such a blow upon his painted shield that without exaggeration, he makes his heart feel the lance. This gives Cliges confidence. He drove and spurred the Arab charger on for more than the space of an acre before he came

upon the next Saxon, for they came up singly, each fearless of his predecessor's fate, for Cliges fights them one by one. As he takes them thus individually, no one receives another's aid. He makes a rush at the second one, who, like the first, thought to give him joy by telling him of his own evil fate. But Cliges has no concern to heed his talk and idle charter. Thrusting his lance into his body so that the blood spurts out when it is withdrawn, he deprives him of life and the gift of speech. After these two he meets the third, who expects to find him in good humour and to make him rejoice over his own mischance. Spurring eagerly he came up to him; but before he has time to say a word, Cliges ran a fathom of his lance through the middle of his body, leaving him senseless on the ground. To the fourth he gives such a blow that he leaves him fainting on the field. After the fourth he goes at the fifth, and after him he attacks the sixth. None of them could defend himself, but each was left silent and mute. He stood in less fear of the others now, and more hardly pressed after them, taking no further thought of the six dead men.

Feeling no further care for them, he starts to present a debt of shame and woe to the others who are leading the maid away. He caught up with them, and made such an onslaught upon them as a hungry and ravenous wolf makes when leaping upon its prey. Now he feels his luck has come, when he can display his chivalry and bravery openly before her who is his very life. Now may he die, if he does not rescue her! And she, too, is at death's door from anxiety for his sake, though she does not know that he is no near. Lance in rest, Cliges made an attack which pleased him well; for he struck first one Saxon and then another, so that with a single rush he carried them both to earth, though it cost him his ashen lance. And they both fall in such distress, being wounded in the body, that they have no power to rise again and do him any harm or ill. The other four in bitter rage join in an attack upon Cliges; but he neither quails nor trembles, and they are unable to dislodge him from his seat. Quickly drawing his keen sword from its sheath, in order to please her who awaits his love, he rode hard at a Saxon and, striking him with his whetted blade, he severed his head and half his neck from the body: such was the limit of his pity. Fenice, who witnesses what transpires, does not know yet that this is Cliges. She wishes that it were he, indeed, but because of the present danger she says to herself that she would not have him there. Thus, doubly she shows the devotion of a sweetheart, fearing at once his death, and desiring that honour may be his. And Cliges sword in hand attacks the other three, who face him bravely and puncture and split his shield. But they are unable to lay hands upon him, or to pierce the meshes of his hauberk. And whatever Cliges reaches cannot stand against his blow, but must needs be split and torn apart; for he turns faster than a top driven and lashed by the whip. Boldness and love, which holds him enthralled, make him eager for the fray. He pressed the Saxons so hard that he left them all dead and defeated, some only wounded, and others dead—except one whom he let escape, disdaining to kill him when left alone at his mercy; besides, he wished him to tell the duke of the loss and injury he had sustained. But before this fellow left Cliges, he begged him to tell him his name, which later he repeated to the duke, thus rousing his bitter ire.

Now bad luck had fallen to the duke, who was in great distress and grief. And Cliges takes back Fenice, whose love torments and troubles him. If he does not confess to her now, love will long be his enemy, and hers too, if she holds her peace and speaks not the word which will bring him joy; for now each can tell the other privily the thoughts that lie within the heart. But they so fear to be refused that they dare not reveal their hearts. For his part, he fears lest she will not accept his love, whereas she, too, would have spoken out had she not feared to be rejected. In spite of this, the eyes of each reveal the hidden thought, if only they had heeded this evidence. They converse by glance of eye, but their tongues are so cowardly that they dare not speak in any wise of the love which possesses them. No wonder if she hesitates to begin, for a maid must be a simple and shrinking thing; but he—why does he wait and hold back who was so bold for her just now, but now in her presence is cowardly? God! whence comes this fear, that he should shrink from a lonely girl, feeble and timid, simple and mild? It is as if I should see the dog flee before the hare, and the

fish chase the beaver, the lamb the wolf, and the dove the eagle. In the same fashion the labourer would forsake his pick with which he strives to earn a livelihood, and the falcon would flee from the duck, and the gerfalcon from the heron, and the pike from the minnow, and the stag would chase the lion, and everything would be reversed. Now I feel within me the desire to give some reason why it should happen to true lovers that they lose their sense and boldness to say what they have in mind when they have leisure and place and time.

Ye who are interested in the art of Love, who do faithfully maintain the customs and usage of his court, who never failed to obey his law, whatever the result might be, tell me if there is anything that pleases because of love without causing us to tremble and grow pale. If any one oppose me in this, I can at once refute his argument; for whoever does not grow pale and tremble, whoever does not lose his senses and memory, is trying to filch and get by stealth what does not by right belong to him. The servant who does not fear his master ought not to remain in his employ nor do his service. He who does not esteem his lord does not fear him, and whoever does not esteem him does not hold him dear, but rather tries to deceive him and to steal from him what is his. The servant ought to tremble with fear when his master calls or summons him. And whoever commits himself to Love owns him as his lord and master, and is bound to do him reverence and fear him much and honour him, if he wishes to be numbered in his court. Love without alarm or fear is like a fire without flame or heat, day without sun, comb without honey, summer without flowers, winter without frost, sky without moon, and a book without letters. Such is my argument in refutation, for where fear is absent love is not to be mentioned. Whoever would love must needs feel fear, for otherwise he cannot be in love. But let him fear only her whom he loves, and for her sake be brave against all others. Then if he stands in awe of his lady-love Cliges is guilty of nothing wrong. Even so, he would not have failed to speak straightway with her of love, whatever the outcome might have been, had it not been that she was his uncle's wife. This causes the festering of his wound, and it torments and pains him the more because he dares not utter what he fain would say.

Thus they make their way back to their own people, and if they speak of anything it is nothing of much concern. Each seated on a white horse, they rode rapidly toward the camp, which was plunged in great sorrow. The whole army is beside itself with grief, but they are altogether wrong in supposing Cliges to be dead: hence their bitter and poignant grief. And for Fenice, too, they are in dismay, thinking never to win her back again. Thus, for her and him the whole army is in great distress. But soon upon their return the whole affair will change its aspect; for now they have reached the camp again, and have quickly changed the grief to joy. Joy returns and sorrow flees. All the troops come together and sally forth to welcome them. The two emperors, upon hearing the report about Cliges and the damsel, go to meet them with joyful hearts, and each can hardly wait to hear how Cliges found and recovered the empress. Cliges tells them, and, as they listen, they are amazed and are loud in their praises of his courage and devotion. But, for his part, the duke is furious, swearing and proclaiming his determination to fight Cliges, if he dares, in single combat; and it shall be agreed that if Cliges wins the battle the emperor shall proceed unchallenged, and freely take the maiden with him, and if he should kill or defeat Cliges, who had done him such injury, then let there be no truce or stay to prevent each party from doing its best. This is what the duke desires, and by an interpreter of his, who knew both the Greek and the German tongues, he announces to the two emperors his desire thus to arrange the battle.

The messenger delivered his message so well in both languages that all could understand it. The entire army was in an uproar, saying that may God forbid that Cliges ever engage in the battle. Both emperors are in a fright, but Cliges throws himself at their feet and begs them not to grieve, but if ever he did them any favour, he prays them to grant him this battle as a guerdon and reward. And if the right to fight should be denied him, then he will never again serve for a single day his uncle's cause and honour. The emperor, who loved his nephew as he should, raised him

by the hand and said: "Fair nephew, I am deeply grieved to know you are so keen to fight; for after joy, sorrow is to be expected. You have made me glad, I cannot deny it; but it is hard for me to yield the point and send you forth to this battle, when I see you still so young. And yet I know you to be so confident of yourself that I dare not ever refuse anything that you choose to ask of me. Be assured that, merely to gratify you, it should be done; but if my request has any power, you would never assume this task." "My lord, there is no need of further speech," said Cliges; "may God damn me, if I would take the whole world, and miss this battle! I do not know why I should seek from you any postponement or long delay." The emperor weeps with pity, while Cliges sheds tears of joy when the permission to fight is granted him. Many a tear was shed that day, and no respite or delay was asked. Before the hour of prime, by the duke's own messenger the challenge to battle was sent back to him accepted as he had proposed.

The duke, who thinks and confidently trusts that Cliges will be unable to stave off death and defeat at his hands, has himself quickly armed. Cliges, who is anxious for the fight, feels no concern as to how he shall defend himself. He asks the emperor for his arms, and desires him to dub him a knight. So the emperor generously gives him his arms, and he takes them, his heart being keen for the battle which he anticipates with joy and eagerness. No time is lost in arming him. And when he was armed from head to foot, the emperor, all sorrowing, girds the sword upon his side. Thus Cliges completely armed mounts his white Arab steed; from his neck he hangs by the straps an ivory shield, such as will never break or split; and upon it there was neither colour nor design. All his armour was white, and the steed, and the harness, too, was all whiter than any snow.

Cliges and the duke, now being armed, summon each other to meet half way, and they stipulate that their men shall take their stand on either side, but without their swords and lances, under oath and pledge that not a man will be so rash, so long as the battle lasts, as to dare to move for any reason, any more than he would dare to pluck out his own eye. When this had been agreed upon, they came together, each yearning ardently for the glory he hopes to win and for the joy of victory. But before a single blow was dealt, the empress has herself borne thither, solicitous for Cliges' fate. It seems to her that if he dies, she, too, must needs do so. No comfort can avail to keep her from joining him in death, for, without him, life has no joys for her. When all were gathered on the field—high and low, young and old—and the guards had taken their place, then both seized their lances and rushed together so savagely that they both broke their lances and fell to the ground, unable to keep their saddles. But not being wounded, they quickly get upon their feet and attack each other without delay. Upon their resonant helmets they play such a tune with swords that it seems to those who are looking on that the helmets are on fire and send forth sparks. And when the swords rebound in air, gleaming sparks fly off from them as from a smoking piece of iron which the smith beats upon his anvil after, drawing it from the forge. Both of the vassals are generous in dealing blows in great plenty, and each has the best of intentions to repay quickly what he borrows; neither one holds back from repaying promptly capital and interest, without accounting and without measure. But the duke is much chagrined with anger and discomfiture when he fails to defeat and slay Cliges in the first assault. Such a marvelously great and mighty blow he deals him that he falls at his feet upon his knee.

When this blow brought Cliges down, the emperor was struck with fear, and would have been no more dismayed had he himself been beneath the shield. Nor could Fenice in her fear longer contain herself, whatever the effect might be, from crying: "God help him!" as loud as she could. But that was the only word she uttered, for straightway her voice failed her, and she fell forward upon her face, which was somewhat wounded by the fall. Two high nobles raised her up and supported her upon her feet until she returned to consciousness. But in spite of her countenance, none who saw her guessed why she had swooned. Not a man there blamed her, but rather praised her for her act, for each one supposes that she would have done the same thing for him, if he had been in Cliges' place, but in all this they are quite astray. Cliges

heard, and well understood, the sound of Fenice's cry. Her voice restored his strength and courage, as he leaped up quickly, and came with fury, toward the duke, so charging and attacking him that the duke in turn was now dismayed. For now he found him more fierce for the fray, stronger and more agile and energetic than when at first they came together. And because he feared his onslaught, he cried: "Young man, so help me God, I see thou art brave and very bold. If it were not for my nephew now, whom I shall never more forget, I would gladly make peace with thee, and leave thy quarrel without interfering in it more."

"Duke," says Cliges, "what is your pleasure now? Must one not surrender his right when he is unable to recover it? When one of two evils must be faced, one should choose the lesser one. Your nephew was not wise to become angrily embroiled with me. You may be sure that I shall treat you in like fashion, if I get the chance, unless you agree to my terms of peace." The duke, to whom it seems that Cliges' vigour is steadily growing, thinks that he had better desist in mid-career before he is utterly undone. Nevertheless, he does not openly give in, but says: "Young man, I see thou art skilful and alert and not lacking in courage. But thou art yet too young; therefore I feel assured that if I defeat and kill thee I shall gain no praise or fame, and I should never like to confess in the hearing of a man of honour that I had fought with thee, for I should but do thee honour, and myself win shame. But if thou art aware of honour's worth, it will always be a glorious thing for thee to have withstood me for two rounds at arms. So now my heart and feeling bid me let thee have thy way, and no longer fight with thee." "Duke," says Cliges, "that will not do. In the hearing of all you must repeat those words, for it shall never be said and noised abroad that you let me off and had mercy on me. In the hearing of all those who are gathered here, you must repeat your words, if you wish to be reconciled with me." So the duke repeats his words in the hearing of all. Then they make peace and are reconciled. But however the matter be regarded Cliges had all the honour and glory of it, and the Greeks were greatly pleased. For their part, the Saxons could not laugh, all of them having plainly seen that their lord was worn out and exhausted just now; but there is no doubt at all that, if he could have helped himself, this peace would never have been made, and that Cliges' soul would have been drawn from his body had it proven possible. The duke goes back to Saxony sorrowing, downcast, and filled with shame; for of his men there are not even two who do not regard him as worsted, defeated, and disgraced. The Saxons with all their shame have now returned to Saxony, while the Greeks without delay make their way with joy and gladness toward Constantinople, for Cliges by his prowess has opened the way for them. The emperor of Germany no longer follows and convoys them. Taking leave of the Greek troops and of his daughter and Cliges, and finally of the emperor, he stayed behind in Germany. And the emperor of the Greeks goes off happily and in joyous mood. Cliges, brave and courteous, calls to mind his sire's command. If his uncle, the emperor, will give him his permission, he will go and ask him for leave to return to Britain and there converse with his great-uncle, the King; for he is desirous of seeing and knowing him. So he presents himself before the emperor, and requests that he consent to let him go to Britain to see his uncle and his friends. Gently he proffered his request. But his uncle refused, when he had listened to the request he made. "Fair nephew," he said, "it is not my will that you should wish to leave me. I shall never give you without regret this permission to go away. For it is my pleasure and desire that you should be my companion and lord, with me, of all my empire."

Now Cliges hears something that does not suit him when his uncle refuses the prayer and request he made. "Fair sire," said he, "I am not brave and wise enough, nor would it be seemly for me to join myself with you or any one else in the duty of governing this empire; I am too young and inexperienced. They put gold to the test when they wish to learn if it is fine. And so it is my wish, in brief, to try to prove myself, wherever I can find the test. In Britain, if I am brave, I can apply myself to the whetstone and to the real true test, whereby my prowess shall be proved. In Britain are the gentlemen whom honour and prowess distinguish. And he who wishes to win honour should associate himself with them, for

honour is won and gained by him who associates with gentlemen. And so I ask you for leave to go, and you may be very sure that if you do not grant me the boon and send me thither I shall go without your leave." "Fair nephew, I will give you leave, seeing you are so disposed that I cannot keep you back either by force or prayer of mine. Now since prayer, prohibition, and force do not avail, may God give you the desire and inclination promptly to return. I wish you to take with you more than a bushel of gold and silver, and I will give for your pleasure such horses as you may choose." He had no sooner spoken than Cliges bowed before him. All that the emperor, mentioned and promised him was straightway brought thither.

Cliges took all the money and companions that he wished and needed. For his personal use he took four horses of different colours: one white, one sorrel, one fallow red, and one black. But I must have passed over something which it is not proper to omit. Cliges goes to ask and obtain leave to depart from his sweetheart Fenice; for he wishes to commend her to God's safe keeping. Coming before her, he throws himself upon his knees, weeping so bitterly that the tears moisten his tunic and ermine, the while keeping his eyes upon the ground; for he dares not raise his eyes to her, as if he were guilty of some crime and misdeed toward her, for which he seems overcome with shame. And Fenice, who timidly and fearfully looks at him, does not know the occasion of his coming, and speaks to him with difficulty. "Rise, friend and fair sir! Sit here beside me, and weep no more, and tell me what your pleasure is." "Lady, what shall I say, and what leave unsaid? I come to ask your leave." "Leave? To do what?" "Lady, I must go off to Britain." "Then tell me what your business is, before I give you leave to go." "Lady, my father, before he departed this life and died, begged me not to fail to go to Britain as soon as I should be made a knight. I should not wish for any reason to disregard his command. I must not falter until I have accomplished the journey. It is a long road from here to Greece, and if I should go thither, the journey would be too long from Constantinople to Britain. But it is right that I should ask leave from you to whom I altogether belong." Many a covert sigh and sob marked the separation. But the eyes of none were keen enough, nor the ears of any sharp enough, to learn from what he saw and heard that there was any love between these two. Cliges, in spite of the grief he felt, took his leave at the first opportunity. He is full of thought as he goes away, and so are the emperor and many others who stay behind. But more than all the others, Fenice is pensive: she finds no bottom or bound to the reflections which occupy her, so abundantly are her cares multiplied. She was still oppressed with thought when she arrived in Greece. There she was held in great honour as mistress and empress; but her heart and mind belong to Cliges, wherever he goes, and she wishes her heart never to return to her, unless it is brought back to her by him who is perishing of the same disease with which he has smitten her. If he should get well, she would recover too, but he will never be its victim without her being so as well. Her trouble appears in her pale and changed colour; for the fresh, clear, and radiant colour which Nature had given her is now a stranger to her face. She often weeps and often sighs. Little she cares for her empire and for the riches that are hers. She always cherishes in her remembrance the hour when Cliges went away, and the leave he took of her, how he changed colour and grew pale, and how tearful his expression was, for he came to weep in her presence humbly and simply upon his knees, as if constrained to worship her. All this is sweet and pleasant for her to remember and think about. And afterward, as a little treat, she takes on her tongue instead of spice a sweet word which for all Greece she would not wish him to have used contrary to the sense she had understood when he first had uttered it; for she lives upon no other dainty, and there is nothing else that pleases her. This word alone sustains and nourishes her, and assuages all her pain. She cares to eat and drink of no other dish or beverage, for when the two lovers came to part, Cliges had said he was "altogether hers." This word is so sweet and tastes so good that from the tongue it stirs her heart, and she takes it into her mouth and heart to be all the more sure of it. Under any other lock she would not dare to store this treasure. Nowhere could it be lodged so well as in her own bosom. She will never leave it exposed at any price,



being in such fear of robbers and thieves. But there is no ground for her anxiety, and she need have no fear of the birds of prey, for her treasure is not movable, but is rather like a house which cannot be destroyed by fire or flood, but will always stay fixed in a single place. But she feels no confidence in the matter, so she worries and strives to find and hold some ground on which to stand, interpreting the situation in divers ways. She both opposes and defends her position, and engages in the following argument: "With what intention should Cliges say 'I am altogether yours' unless it was love that prompted him? What power can I have over him that he should esteem me so highly as to make me the mistress of his heart? Is he not more fair than I, and of higher rank than I? I see in it naught but love, which could vouchsafe me such a boon. I, who cannot escape its power, will prove by my own case that unless he loved me he would never say that he was mine; unless love holds him in its toils, Cliges could never say that he was mine any more than I could say that I was altogether his unless love had put me in his hands. For if he loves me not, at least he does not fear me. I hope that love which gives me to him will in return give him to me. But now I am sore dismayed because it is so trite a word, and I may simply be deceived, for many there be who in flattering terms will say even to a total stranger, 'I and all that I have are yours,' and they are more idle chatters than the jays. So I do not know what to think, for it might well turn out that he said it just to flatter me. Yet I saw his colour change, and I saw him weeping piteously. In my judgment, the tears and his face confused and pale were not produced by treachery, nor were they the fruits of trickery. Those eyes from which I saw tears roll down were not guilty of falsehood. Signs enough of love I saw, if I know anything about it. Yes, in an evil hour I thought of love; woe is me that I ever learned it, for the experience has been bitter. Has it indeed? Yes, verily. I am dead when I cannot see him who has stolen my heart away by his cajoling flattery, because of which my heart leaves its dwelling, and will not abide with me, hating my home and establishment. In truth I have been ill treated by him who has my heart in his keeping. He who robs me and takes what is mine cannot love me, of that I am sure. But am I sure? Why then did he weep? Why? It was not in vain, for there was cause enough. I must not assume that I was the cause of it, for one is always loath to leave people whom one loves and knows. So it is not strange if he was sorry and grieved and if he wept when he left some one whom he knew. But he who gave him this advice to go and dwell in Britain could not have smitten me more effectively. He is cut to the quick who loses his heart. He who deserves it, should be treated ill; but I have never deserved such treatment. Alas, unhappy one, why has Cliges killed me when I am innocent? But I am unjust to accuse him thus without cause. Surely Cliges would never have deserted me if his heart were like mine. I am sure his heart is not like mine. And if my heart is lodged in his it will never draw away, and his will never part from mine, for my heart follows him secretly: they have formed such a goodly company. But, after all, to tell the truth, they are very different and contrary. How are they different and contrary? Why, his is the master and mine the slave; and the slave can have no will of his own, but only do his master's will and forsake all other affairs. But what reference has that to me? My heart and service are no concern to him. This arrangement distresses me, that one is master of us both. Why is not my heart as independent as his? Then their power would be equalised. My heart is now a prisoner, unable to move itself unless his moves as well. And whether his heart wanders or stays still, mine must needs prepare to follow him in his train. God! why are our bodies not so near one another that I could in some way bring back my heart! Bring back? Foolish one, if I should remove it from its joy I should be the death of it. Let it stay there! I have no desire to dislodge it, but rather wish that it tarry with its lord until he feel some pity for it. For rather over there than here ought he to have mercy on his servant, because they are both in a foreign land. If my heart knows well the language of flattery, as is necessary for the courtier, it will be rich ere it comes back. Whoever wishes to stand in the good graces of his lord and sit beside him on his right, to be in the fashion now-a-days, must remove the feather from his head, even when there is none there. But there is one bad feature of this practice: while

he is smoothing down his master, who is filled with evil and villainy, he will never be so courteous as to tell him the truth; rather he makes him think and believe that no one could compare with him in prowess and in knowledge, and the master thinks that he is speaking the truth. That man does not know himself who takes another's word about qualities which he does not possess. For even if he is a wicked and insolent wretch, and as cowardly as a hare, mean, crazy, and misshapen, and a villain both in word and deed—yet some man will praise him to his face who behind his back will mock at him. But when in his hearing he speaks of him to some other, he praises him, while his lord pretends not to hear what they say between themselves; if, however, he thought that he would not be heard, he would say something his master would not like. And if his master is pleased to lie, the servant is all ready with his consent, and will never be backward in averring that all his master says is true. He who frequents courts and lords must ever be ready with a lie. So, too, must my heart do if it would find favour with its lord. Let it flatter and be obsequious. But Cliges is such a knight, so fair, so open, and so loyal, that my heart, in praising him, need never be false or perfidious, for in him there is nothing to be improved. Therefore I wish my heart to serve him, for, as the people's proverb runs, 'He who serves a noble man is bad indeed if he does not improve in his company.'

Thus love harrows Fenice. But this torment is her delight, of which she can never grow weary. And Cliges now has crossed the sea and come to Wallingford. There he took expensive quarters in great state. But his thoughts are always of Fenice, not forgetting her for a single hour. While he delays and tarries there, his men, acting under his instructions, made diligent inquiries. They were informed that King Arthur's barons and the King in person had appointed a tourney to be held in the plain before Oxford, which lies close to Wallingford. There the struggle was arranged, and it was to last four days. But Cliges will have abundant time to prepare himself if in the meantime he needs anything, for more than a fortnight must elapse before the tournament begins. He orders three of his squires to go quickly to London and there buy three different sets of arms, one black, another red, the third green, and that on the way back each shall be kept covered with new cloth, so that if any one should meet them on the road he may not know the colour of the arms they carry. The squires start at once and come to London, where they find available everything they need. Having finished this errand, they return at once without losing any time. When the arms they had brought were shown to Cliges he was well pleased with them. He ordered them to be set away and concealed, together with those which the emperor had given him by the Danube, when he knighted him. I do not choose to tell you now why he had them stored away; but it will be explained to you when all the high barons of the land are mounted on their steeds and assemble in search of fame.

On the day which had been agreed upon, the nobles of renown came together. King Arthur, with all his men whom he had selected from among the best, took up his position at Oxford, while most of the knights ranged themselves near Wallingford. Do not expect me to delay the story and tell you that such and such kings and counts were there, and that this, that, and the other were of the number. When the time came for the knights to gather, in accordance with the custom of those days, there came forth alone between two lines one of King Arthur's most valiant knights to announce that the tourney should begin. But in this case no one dares to advance and confront him for the joust. There is none who does not hold back. And there are some who ask: "Why do these knights of ours delay, without stepping forward from the ranks? Some one will surely soon begin." And the others make reply: "Don't you see, then, what an adversary yonder party has sent against us? Any one who does not know should learn that he is a pillar, able to stand beside the best three in the world." "Who is he, then?" "Why, don't you see? It is Sagremor the Wild." "Is it he?" "It surely is." Cliges listens and hears what they say, as he sits on his horse Morel, clad in armour blacker than a mulberry: for all his armour was black. As he emerges from the ranks and spurs Morel free of the crowd, there is not one, upon seeing him, but exclaims to his neighbour: "That fellow rides well lance in rest; he is a very, skilful knight and carries his arms right handily; his

shield fits well about his neck. But he must be a fool to undertake of his own free will to joust with one of the most valiant knights to be found in all the land. Who can he be? Where was he born? Who knows him here?" "Not I." "Nor I." "There is not a flake of snow on him; but all his armour is blacker far than the cloak of any monk or prior." While thus they talk, the two contestants give their horses rein without delay, for they are very eager and keen to come together in the fight. Cliges strikes him so that he crushes the shield against his arm, and the arm against his body, whereupon Sagremor falls full length. Cliges goes unerringly and bids him declare himself his prisoner, which Sagremor does at once. Now the tourney is fairly begun, and adversaries meet in rivalry. Cliges rushes about the field, seeking adversaries with whom to joust, but not a knight presents himself whom he does not cast down or take prisoner. He excels in glory, all the knights on either side, for wherever he goes to battle, there the fight is quickly ended. That man may be considered brave who holds his ground to joust with him, for it is more credit to dare face him than it is to defeat another knight. And if Cliges leads him away prisoner, for this at least he gains renown that he dared to wait and fight with him. Cliges wins the fame and glory of all the tournament. When evening came, he secretly repaired to his lodging-place in order that none might have any words with him. And lest any one should seek the house where the black arms are displayed, he puts them away in a room in order that no one may find them or see them, and he hangs up his green arms at the street-door, where they will be in evidence, and where passers-by will see them. And if any one asks and inquires where his lodging is, he cannot learn when he sees no sign of the black shield for which he seeks.

By this ruse Cliges remains hidden in the town. And those who were his prisoners went from one end of the town to the other asking for the black knight, but none could give them any information. Even King Arthur himself has search made up and down for him; but there is only one answer: "We have not seen him since we left the lists, and do not know what became of him." More than twenty young men seek him, whom the King sent out; but Cliges so successfully concealed himself that they cannot find a trace of him. King Arthur is filled with astonishment when he is informed that no one of high or low degree can point out his lodging-place, any more than if he were in Caesarea, Toledo, or Crete. "Upon my word," he says, "I know not what they may say, but to me this seems a marvellous thing. Perchance it was a phantom that appeared in our midst. Many a knight has been unhorsed, and noble men have pledged faith to one whose house they cannot find, or even his country or locality; each of these men perforce must fail to keep his pledge." Thus the King spoke his mind, but he might as well have held his peace.

That evening among all the barons there was much talk of the black knight, for indeed they spoke of nothing else. The next day they armed themselves again without summons and without request. Lancelot of the Lake, in whom there is no lack of courage, rides forth with lance upright to await a contestant in the first joust. Here comes Cliges tiding fast, greener than the grass of the field, and mounted on a fallow red steed, carrying its mane on the right-hand side. Wherever Cliges spurs the horse, there is no one, either with hair or without, who does not look at him amazed and exclaim to his neighbour on either side: "This knight is in all respects more graceful and skilful than the one who yesterday wore the black arms, just as a pine is more beautiful than a white beech, and the laurel than the elder-bush. As yet we know not who yesterday's victor was; but we shall know to-night who this man is." Each one makes reply: "I don't know him, nor did I ever see him, that I am aware. But he is fairer than he who fought yesterday, and fairer than Lancelot of the Lake. If this man rode armed in a bag and Lancelot in silver and gold, this man would still be fairer than he." Thus they all take Cliges' part. And the two champions drive their steeds together with all the force of spur. Cliges gives him such a blow upon the golden shield with the lion portrayed thereon that he knocks him down from his saddle and stands over him to receive his surrender. For Lancelot there was no help; so he admitted himself his prisoner. Then the noise began afresh with the shock of breaking lances. Those who are on Cliges' side place all their confidence in him. For of those whom he challenges and

strikes, there is none so strong but must fall from his horse to earth. That day Cliges did so well, and unhorsed and took captive so many knights, that he gave double the satisfaction to his side, and won for himself twice the glory that he had gained on the preceding day. When evening came, he betook himself as fast as he could to his lodging-place, and quickly ordered out the vermilion shield and his other arms, while he ordered the arms which he had worn that day to be laid away: the host carefully put them aside. Again that evening the knights whom he had captured sought for him, but without hearing any news of him. In their lodging-places, most of those who speak of him do so with praise and admiration. The next day the gay and doughty knights return to the contest. From the Oxford side comes forth a vassal of great renown—his name was Perceval of Wales. As soon as Cliges saw him start, and learned certainly who it was, when he had heard the name of Perceval he was very anxious to contest with him. He issued straightway from the ranks upon a Spanish sorrel steed, and completely clad in vermilion armour. Then all gaze at him, wondering more than ever before, and saying that they had never seen so perfect a knight. And the contestants without delay spur forward until their mighty blows land upon their shields. The lances, though they were short and stout, bend until they look like hoops. In the sight of all who were looking on, Cliges struck Perceval so hard that he knocked him from his horse and made him surrender without a long struggle or much ado. When Perceval had pledged his word then the joust began again, and the engagement became general. Every knight whom Cliges meets he forces to earth. He did not quit the lists that day even for a single hour, while all the others struck at him as at a tower—individually, of course, and not in groups of two or three, for such was not the custom then. Upon his shield, as upon an anvil, the others strike and pound, splitting and hewing it to bits. But every one who strikes him there, he pays back by casting him from his stirrups and saddle; and no one, unless he wished to lie, could fail to say when the jousting ceased that the knight with the red shield had won all the glory on that day. And all the best and most courtly knights would fain have made his acquaintance. But their desire was not felt before he had departed secretly, seeing the sun already set; and he had his vermilion shield and all his other harness removed, and ordered his white arms to be brought out, in which he had first been dubbed a knight, while the other arms and the steeds were fastened outside by the door. Those who notice this realise and exclaim that they have all been defeated and undone by one single man; for each day he has disguised himself with a different horse and set of armour, thus seeming to change his identity; for the first time now they noticed this. And my lord Gawain proclaimed that he never saw such a champion, and therefore he wished to make his acquaintance and learn his name, announcing that on the morrow he himself will be the first at the rally of the knights. Yet, withal, he makes no boast; on the other hand, he says that he fully expects the stranger knight will have all the advantage with the lance; but it may be that with the sword he will not be his superior (for with the sword Gawain had no master). Now it is Gawain's desire to measure his strength on the morrow with this strange knight who changes every day his arms, as well as his horse and harness. His moultings will soon be numerous if he continues thus each day, as is his custom, to discard his old and assume new plumage. Thus, when he thought of the sword and the lance respectively. Gawain disparaged and esteemed highly the prowess of his foe. The next day he sees Cliges come back whiter than the fleur-de-lis, his shield grasped tight by the inside straps and seated on his white Arab steed, as he had planned the night before. Gawain, brave and illustrious, seeks no repose on the battleground, but spurs and rides forward, endeavouring as best he may to win honour in the fray, if he can find an opponent. In a moment they will both be on the field. For Cliges had no desire to hold back when he overheard the words of the men who said: "There goes Gawain, who is no weakling either on foot or on horse. He is a man whom no one will attack." When Cliges hears these words, he rushes toward him in mid-field; they both advance and come together with a swifter leap than that of the stag who hears the sound of the dogs as they come baying after him. The lances are thrust at the shields, and the blows produce

such havoc that the lances split, crack and break clear down to the butt-end, and the saddle-bows behind give away, and the girths and breast-straps snap. Both come to earth at once and draw their naked swords, while the others gather round to watch the battle. Then King Arthur stepped forward to separate them and establish peace. But before the truce was sworn, the white haubers were badly torn and rent apart, the shields were cracked and hewed to bits, and the helmets crushed.

The King viewed them with pleasure for a while, as did many others who said that they esteemed the white knight's deeds of arms no less than those of my lord Gawain, and they were not ready yet to say which was the better and which the worse, nor which was likely to win, if they had been allowed to fight to a finish; but it did not please the King to let them do more than they had done. So he stepped forward to separate them, saying: "Stop now! Woe if another blow be struck! Make peace now, and be good friends. Fair nephew Gawain, I make this request of you; for without resentment and hate it is not becoming for a gentleman to continue to fight and defy his foe. But if this knight would consent to come to my court and join our sport it would not be to his sorrow or hurt. Nephew, make this request of him." "Gladly, my lord," Cliges has no desire to refuse, and gladly consents to go when the tourney is concluded. For now he has more than sufficiently carried out the injunction of his father. And the King says he has no desire that the tournament shall last too long, and that they can afford to stop at once. So the knights drew off, according to the wish and order of the King. Now that he is to follow in the royal suite, Cliges sends for all his armour. As soon as he can, he comes to court; but first, he completely changed his gear, and came dressed in the style of the French. As soon as he arrived at court, all ran to meet him without delay, making such joy and festival that never was there greater seen, and all those call him lord whom he had captured in the joust; but he would hear none of this, and said they might all go free, if they were quite sure and satisfied that it was he who had captured them. And there was not one who did not cry: "You were the man; we are sure of that! We value highly your acquaintance, and we ought to love and esteem you and call you our lord, for none of us can equal you. Just as the sun outshines the little stars, so that their light cannot be seen in the sky when the sun's rays appear, so is our prowess extinguished and abased in the presence of yours, though ours too was once famous in the world." Cliges knows not what to reply, for in his opinion they all praise him more than he deserves; it pleases him, but he feels ashamed, and the blood rises in his face, revealing to all his modesty. Escorting him into the middle of the hall, they led him to the King, where all ceased their words of compliment and praise. The time for the meal had come, and those whose duty it was hastened to set the tables. The tables in the hall were quickly spread, then while some took the towels, and others held the basins, they offered water to all who came. When all had washed, they took their seats. And the King, taking Cliges by the hand, made him sit down in front of him, for he wished to learn this very day, if possible, who he was. Of the meal I need not further speak, for the courses were as well supplied as if beef were selling at a penny.

When all the courses had been served, the King no longer held his peace. "My friend," he says, "I wish to learn if it was from pride that you did not deign to come to court as soon as you arrived in this country, and why you kept aloof from people, and why you changed your arms; and tell me what your name is, too, and from what race you spring." Cliges replies: "It shall not be hid." He told and related to the King everything he wished to know. And when the King had heard it all, he embraced him, and made much of him, while all joined in greeting him. And when my lord Gawain learned the truth, he, more than the others, cordially welcomed him. Thus, all unite in saluting him, saying that he is very fair and brave. The King loves and honours him above all his nephews. Cliges tarries with the King until the summer comes around, in the meantime visiting all Brittany, France, and Normandy, where he did so many knightly deeds that he thoroughly proved his worth. But the love whose wound he bears gives him no peace or relief. The inclination of his heart keeps him fixed upon a single thought. To Fenice his thought harks back, who from afar afflicts his heart.

The desire takes him to go back; for he has been deprived too long of the sight of the most desired lady who was ever desired by any one. He will not prolong this privation, but prepares to return to Greece, and sets out, after taking leave. The King and my lord Gawain were grieved, I can well believe, when they could no longer detain him. But he is anxious to return to her whom he loves and so covets that the way seems long to him as he passes over land and sea: so ardently he longs for the sight of her who has stolen and filched his heart away. But she makes him recompense in full; for she pays him, as it were rent, the coin of her own heart, which is no less dear to her. But he is by no means sure of that, having no contract or agreement to show; wherefore his anxiety is great. And she is in just as great distress, harried and tormented by love, taking no pleasure in aught she sees since that moment when she saw him last. The fact that she does not even know whether he be alive or not fills her heart with anguish. But Cliges draws nearer day by day, being fortunate in having favourable winds, until he joyfully comes to port before Constantinople. When the news reached the city, none need ask if the emperor was glad; but a hundred times greater was the empress's joy.

Cliges, with his company, having landed at Constantinople, has now returned to Greece. The richest and most noble men all come to meet him at the port. And when the emperor encounters him, who before all others had gone to meet him with the empress by his side, he runs to embrace and greet him in the presence of them all. And when Fenice welcomes him, each changes colour in the other's presence, and it is indeed a marvel, when they are so close together, how they keep from embracing each other and bestowing such kisses as love would have; but that would have been folly and madness. The people come together from all sides with the desire to see him, and conduct him through the city, some on foot and some on horseback, until they bring him to the imperial palace. No words can ever tell the joy and honour and courteous service that were there displayed. But each one strove as best he might to do everything which he thought would please and gratify Cliges. And his uncle hands over to him all his possessions, except the crown: he wishes him to gratify his pleasure fully, and to take all he desires of his wealth, either in the form of land or treasure. But he has no care for silver or gold, so long as he dares not reveal his thoughts to her because of whom he can find no repose; and yet he has plenty of time and opportunity to speak, if he were not afraid of being repelled; for now he can see her every day, and sit beside her "tete-a-tete" without opposition or hindrance, for no one sees any harm in that.

Some time after his return, he came alone one day to the room of her who was not his enemy, and you may be sure that the door was not barred at his approach. By her side he took his seat, while the others moved away, so that no one might be seated near them and hear their words. First, Fenice spoke of Britain, and asked him about the character and appearance of my lord Gawain, until her words finally hit upon the subject which filled her with dread. She asked him if he had given his love to any dame or damsel in that land. Cliges was not obstinate or slow to respond to this demand, but he knew at once what reply to make as soon as she had put the question. "Lady," he says, "I was in love while there, but not with any one of that land. In Britain my body was without my heart, as a piece of bark without the wood. Since leaving Germany I have not known what became of my heart, except that it came here after you. My heart was here, and my body was there. I was not really away from Greece; for hither my heart had come, for which I now have come back again; yet, it does not return to its lodging-place, nor can I draw it back to me, nor do I wish to do so, if I could. And you—how has it fared with you, since you came to this country? What joy have you had here? Do you like the people, do you like the land? I ought not to ask you any other question than whether the country pleases you." "It has not pleased me until now; but at present I feel a certain joy and satisfaction, which, you may be sure, I would not lose for Pavia or Piacenza. From this joy I cannot wrest my heart, nor shall I ever use force in the attempt. Nothing but the bark is left in me, for I live and exist without a heart. I have never been in Britain, and yet without me my heart has been engaged in business there I know not what." "Lady, when was it that your heart was there? Tell me when it went thither—the time

and season—if it be a thing that you can fairly tell me or any one else. Was it there while I was there?" "Yes, but you were not aware of it. It was there as long as you were, and came away again with you." "God! I never saw it, nor knew it was there. God! why did I not know it? If I had been informed of this, surely, my lady, I would have borne it pleasant company." "You would have repaid me with the consolation which you really owed to me, for I should have been very gracious to your heart if it had been pleased to come where it might have known I was." "Lady, surely it came to you." "To me? Then it came to no strange place, for mine also went to you." "Then, lady, according to what you say, our hearts are here with us now, for my heart is altogether in your hands." "You in turn have mine, my friend; so we are in perfect accord. And you may be sure, so help me God, that your uncle has never shared in me, for it was not my pleasure, and he could not. Never has he yet known me as Adam knew his wife. In error I am called a wife; but I am sure that whoever calls me wife does not know that I am still a maid. Even your uncle is not aware of it, for, having drunk of the sleeping potion, he thinks he is awake when he is asleep, and he fancies he has his sport with me while I lie in his embrace. But his exclusion has been complete. My heart is yours, and my body too, and from me no one shall ever learn how to practise villainy. For when my heart went over to you it presented you with the body too, and it made a pledge that none other should ever share in it. Love for you has wounded me so deep that I should never recover from it, any more than the sea can dry up. If I love you, and you love me, you shall never be called Tristan, nor I Iseut; for then our love would not be honourable. But I make you this promise, that you shall never have other joy of me than that you now have, unless you can devise some means whereby I can be removed from your uncle and his society without his finding me again, or being able to blame either you or me, or having any ground for accusation. And to-morrow you shall tell me of the best plan you have devised, and I, too, will think of it. To-morrow, as soon as I arise, come and speak with me; then each of us will speak his mind, and we shall proceed to execute whatever seems best."

As soon as Cliges heard her will be fully agreed with her, and said that would be the best thing to do. He leaves her happy, and goes off with a light heart himself. That night each one lies awake thinking over, with great delight, what the best plan will be. The next morning, as soon as they had arisen, they meet again to take counsel privately, as indeed they must. Cliges speaks first and says what he had thought of in the night: "My lady," says he, "I think, and am of the opinion, that we could not do better than go to Britain; I thought I might take you there; now do not refuse, for never was Helen so joyfully received at Troy when Paris took her thither but that still greater joy would be felt over you and me in the land of the King, my uncle. And if this plan does not meet with your favour, tell me what you think, for I am ready, whatever may happen, to abide by your decision." And she replies: "This is my answer: I will never go off with you thus; for after we had gone away, every one would speak of us as they do of Iseut the Blond and of Tristan. And everywhere all men and women would speak evil of our love. No one would believe, nor is it natural that they should do so, the truth of the matter. Who would believe that I have thus, all to no purpose, evaded and escaped from your uncle still a maid? I should be regarded simply as wanton and dissolute, and you would be thought mad. It is well to remember and observe the injunction of St. Paul: if any one is unwilling to live chaste, St. Paul counsels him to act so that he shall receive no criticism, or blame, or reproach. It is well to stop evil mouths, and therefore, if you agree, I have a proposal to make: it seems best to me to consent to feign that I am dead. I shall fall sick in a little while. And you in the meantime may plan some preparations for a place of burial. Put all your wits to work to the end that a sepulchre and bier be so constructed that I shall not die in it, or be stifled, and that no one shall mount guard over it at night when you come to take me out. So now seek such a retreat for me, where no one may see me excepting you; and let no one provide for any need of mine except you, to whom I surrender and give myself. Never, my whole life long, do I wish to be served by other man than you. My lord and my servant you shall be; whatever you do shall seem

good to me; and never shall I be mistress of any empire unless you are its master. Any wretched place, however dark and foul, will seem brighter to me than all these halls if you are with me. If I have you where I can see you, I shall be mistress of boundless treasure, and the world will belong to me. And if the business is carefully managed, no harm will come of it, and no one will ever be able to speak ill of it, for it will be believed throughout the empire that I am mouldering in the ground. My maid, Thessala, who has been my nurse, and in whom I have great confidence, will give me faithful aid, for she is very clever, and I trust her fully." And Cliges, when he heard his sweetheart, replies: "My lady, if this is feasible, and if you think your nurse's advice reliable, we have nothing to do but make our preparations without delay; but if we commit any imprudence, we are lost without escape. In this city there is an artisan who cuts and carves wonderful images: there is no land where he is not known for the figures which he has shapen and carved and made. John is his name, and he is a serf of mine. No one could cope with John's best efforts in any art, however varied it might be. For, compared with him, they are all novices, and like a child with nurse. By imitating his handiwork the artisans of Antioch and Rome have learned all they know how to do—and besides there is no more loyal man. Now I want to make a test, and if I can put trust in him I will set him and all his descendants free; and I shall not fail to tell him of all our plan if he will swear and give his word to me that he will aid me loyally, and will never divulge my secret."

And she replies: "So let it be." With her permission Cliges left the room and went away. And she sends for Thessala, her maid, whom she brought with her from her native land. Thessala came at once without delay, yet not knowing why she was summoned. When she asked Fenice privately what was her desire and pleasure, she concealed none of her intentions from her. "Nurse," she said, "I know full well that anything I tell you will go no further, for I have tried you thoroughly and have found you very prudent. I love you for all you have done for me. In all my troubles I appeal to you without seeking counsel elsewhere. You know why I lie awake, and what my thoughts and wishes are. My eyes behold only one object which pleases me, but I can have no pleasure or joy in it if I do not first buy it with a heavy price. For I have now found my peer; and if I love him he loves me in return, and if I grieve he grieves too for my pain and sorrow. Now I must acquaint you with a plan and project upon which we two have privately agreed." Then she told and explained to her how she was willing to feign illness, and would complain so bitterly that at last she would pretend to be dead, and how Cliges would steal her away at night, and then they would be together all their days. She thinks that in no other way she could longer bear to live. But if she was sure that she would consent to lend her aid, the matter would be arranged in accordance with their wishes. "But I am tired of waiting for my joy and luck." Then her nurse assured her that she would help her in every way, telling her to have no further fear. She said that as soon as she set to work she would bring it about that there would be no man, upon seeing her, who would not certainly believe that the soul had left the body after she had drunk of a potion which would leave her cold, colourless, pale, and stiff, without power of speech and deprived of health; yet she would be alive and well, and would have no sensations of any kind, and would be none the worse for a day and a night entire spent in the sepulchre and bier.

When Fenice heard these words, she thus spoke in reply: "Nurse, I commit myself to you, and, with full confidence in you, will take no steps in my own behalf. I am in your hands; so think of my interests, and tell all the people who are here to betake themselves away, for I am ill, and they bother me." So, like a prudent woman, she said to them: "My lords, my lady is not well, and desires you all to go away. You are talking loud and making a noise, and the noise is disagreeable to her. She can get no rest or repose so long as you are in the room. I never remember her to have complained of such a sickness as this so violent and serious does it seem. So go away, and don't feel hurt." As soon as she had issued this command, they all quickly go away. And Cliges sent for John to come quickly, and thus in private spoke to him: "John, dost thou know what I am about to say? Thou art my slave and I thy master, and I can give away or sell thy body like a thing which

is my own. But if I could trust thee in an affair I meditate, thou wouldst go for ever free, as well as the heirs which may be born of thee." John, in his desire for freedom, replies at once: "My lord, there is nothing I would not gladly do to see myself, my wife, and children free. Tell me what your orders are, for nothing can be so hard as to cause me any work or pain or be hard for me to execute. For that matter, even were it against my will, I must needs obey your commands and give up my own affairs." "True, John; but this is a matter of which I hardly dare to speak, unless thou wilt assure me upon thy oath thou wilt faithfully give me aid and never betray me." "Willingly, sire," John makes reply: "have never a fear on that account! For I will swear and pledge my word that, so long as I live, I will never say a word which I think will grieve you or cause you harm." "Ah John, even were I to die for it, there is no man to whom I would dare mention the matter in which I desire thy counsel; I would rather have my eye plucked out; I would rather be put to death by thee than that thou shouldst speak of it to another man. But I hold thee to be so loyal and prudent that I will reveal to thee all my thought. I am sure thou wilt observe my wishes, both by aiding me and holding thy peace." "Truly, sire so, help me God!" Then Cliges speaks and explains to him openly the adventurous plan. And when he had revealed the project—as you have heard me set it forth—then John said that he would promise to construct the sepulchre in accordance with his best skill, and said that he would take him to see a certain house of his which no one yet had ever seen—not even his wife or any child of his. This house, which he had built, he would show him, if he cared to go with him to the place where in absolute privacy he works and paints and carves. He would show him the finest and prettiest place that he had ever seen. Cliges replies: "Let us go thither then."

Below the city, in a remote spot, John had expended much labour in the construction of a tower. Thither he conducted Cliges, leading him through the different storeys, which were decorated with fine painted pictures. He shows him the rooms and the fireplaces, taking him everywhere up and down. Cliges examines this lonely house where no one lives or has access. He passes from one room to another, until he thinks he has seen it all, and he is much pleased with the tower and says he thinks it is very fine. The lady will be comfortable there as long as she lives, for no one will know of her dwelling place. "No sire, you are right; she will never be discovered here. But do you think you have seen all of my tower and fair retreat? There still remain rooms so concealed that no man could ever find them out. And if you choose to test the truth of this by investigating as thoroughly as you can, you can never be so shrewd and clever in your search as to find another story here, unless I show you and point it out. You must know that baths are not lacking here, nor anything else which a lady needs, and which I can think of or recall. The lady will be here at her ease. Below the level of the ground the tower widens out, as you will see, and you cannot anywhere find any entrance-door. The door is made of hard stone with such skill and art that you cannot find the crack." Cliges says: "These are wonderful things I hear. Lead on and I will follow you, for I am anxious to see all this." Then John started on, taking Cliges by the hand, until he came to a smooth and polished door, all coloured and painted over. When John came to the wall, he stopped, holding Cliges by the right hand. "Sire," he says, "there is no one who could see a window or a door in this wall; and do you think that any one could pass through it without using violence and breaking it down?" And Cliges replies that he does not think so, and that he will never think so, unless he sees it first. Then John says that he shall see it at once, and that he will open a door in the wall for him. John, who constructed this piece of work, unfastens the door in the wall and opens it for him, so that he has to use no strength or violence to force it; then, one stepping before the other, they descend by a winding-stair to a vaulted apartment where John used to do his work, when it pleased him to labour at anything. "Sire," he says, "of all the men God ever made, no one but us two has ever been where we are now. And you shall see presently how convenient the place is. My advice is that you choose this as your retreat, and that your sweetheart be lodged here. These quarters are good enough for such a guest; for there are bedrooms, and bathrooms with hot water in the tubs,

which comes through pipes under the ground. Whoever is looking for a comfortable place in which to establish and conceal his lady, would have to go a long way before he would find anything so charming. When you shall have explored it thoroughly you will find this place very suitable." Then John showed him everything, fine chambers and painted vaults, pointing out many examples of his work which pleased Cliges much. When they had examined the whole tower, Cliges said: "John, my friend, I set you free and all your descendants, and my life is absolutely in your hands. I desire that my sweetheart be here all alone, and that no one shall know of it excepting me and you and her." John makes answer: "I thank you, sire. Now we have been here long enough, and as we have nothing more to do, let us return." "That is right," says Cliges, "let us be gone." Then they go away, and leave the tower. Upon their return they hear every one in the city saying to his neighbour: "Don't you know the marvellous news about my lady, the empress? May the Holy Spirit give her health—the gentle and prudent lady; for she lies sick of a grievous malady."

When Cliges heard this talk he went in haste to the court. But there was no joy or gladness there: for all the people were sad and prostrated because of the empress, who is only feigning to be ill; for the illness of which she complains causes her no grief or pain. But she has told them all that she wishes no one to enter her room so long as her sickness maintains its grip with its accompanying pains in her heart and head. She makes an exception, however, in favour of the emperor and his nephew, not wishing to place a ban upon them; but she will not care if the emperor, her lord, does not come. For Cliges' sake she is compelled to pass through great pain and peril. It distresses her that he does not come, for she has no desire to see any one but him. Cliges, however, will soon be there, to tell her of what he has seen and found. He came into the room and spoke to her, but stayed only a moment, for Fenice, in order that they might think she was annoyed by what pleased her so, cried out aloud: "Be gone, be gone! You disturb and bother me too much, for I am so seriously ill that I shall never rise up again." Cliges, though pleased with this, goes away with a sad face: you would never see so woeful a countenance. To judge from his appearance he is very sad; but within his heart is gay in anticipation of its joy.

The empress, without being really ill, complains and pretends that she is sick. And the emperor, who has faith in her, ceases not to grieve, and summons a physician. But she will not allow any one to see her or touch her. The emperor may well feel chagrined when she says that she will never have but one doctor, who can easily restore her to health whenever it pleases him to do so. He can cause her to die or to live, and to him she trusts her health and life. They think that she refers to God; but her meaning is very different, for she is thinking of no one but Cliges. He is her god who can bring her health, or who can cause her death.

Thus the empress takes care that no physician shall examine her; and more completely to deceive the emperor she refuses to eat or drink, until she grows all pale and blue. Meanwhile her nurse keeps busy about her, and with great shrewdness sought privily all through the city, without the knowledge of any one, until she found a woman who was hopelessly ill with a mortal disease. In order to perfect her ruse she used to go to see her often and promised to cure her of her illness; so each day she used to take a urinal in which to examine the urine, until she saw one day that no medicine could ever be of any help, and that she would die that very day. This urine Thessala carried off and kept until the emperor arose, when she went to him and said: "If now it be your will, my lord, send for all your physicians; for my mistress has passed some water; she is very ill with this disease, and she desires the doctors to see it, but she does not wish them to come where she is." The doctors came into the hall and found upon examination that the urine was very bad and colourless, and each one said what he thought about it. Finally, they all agreed that she would never recover, and that she would scarcely live till three o'clock, when, at the latest, God would take her soul to Himself. This conclusion they reached privately, when the emperor asked and conjured them to tell him the truth. They reply that they have no confidence in her recovery, and that she cannot live past three o'clock but will yield up her soul before that time. When the em-

peror heard this, he almost fell unconscious to the floor, as well as many others who heard the news. Never did any people make such moan as there was then throughout the palace. However, I will speak no further of their grief; but you shall hear of Thessala's activities—how she mixes and brews the potion. She mixed and stirred it up, for she had provided herself a long time in advance with everything which she would need for the potion. A little before three o'clock she gives her the potion to drink. At once her sight became dimmed, her face grew as pale and white as if she had lost her blood: she could not have moved a foot or hand, if they had flayed her alive, and she does not stir or say a word, although she perceives and hears the emperor's grief and the cries which fill the hall. The weeping crowds lament through all the city, saying: "God! what woe and misfortune has been brought upon us by wicked death! O covetous and voracious death! Death is worse than a she-wolf which always remains insatiable. Such a cruel bite thou hast never inflicted upon the world! Death, what hast thou done? May God confound thee for having put out the light of perfect beauty! Thou hast done to death the fairest and most lovely creature, had she but lived, whom God has ever sought to form. God's patience surely is too great when He suffers thee to have the power to break in pieces what belongs to Him. Now God ought to be wroth with thee, and cast thee out of thy bailiwick; for thy impudence has been too great, as well as thy pride and disrespect." Thus the people storm about and wring their arms and beat their hands; while the priests read their psalms, making prayers for the good lady, that God may have mercy on her soul.

In the midst of the tears and cries, as the story runs, there arrived aged physicians from Salerno, where they had long sojourned. At the sight of the great mourning they stopped to ask and inquire the cause of the cries and tears—why all the people are in such sorrow and distress. And this is the answer they receive: "God! gentlemen, don't you know? The whole world would be beside itself as we are, if it but knew of the great sorrow and grief and woe and loss which has come to us this day. God! where have you come from, then, that you do not know what has happened just now in this city? We will tell you the truth, for we wish you to join with us in the grief we feel. Do you not know about grim Death, who desires and covets all things, and everywhere lies in wait for what is best, do you not know what mad act she has committed to-day, as it is her wont to do? God has illuminated the world with one great radiance, with one bright light. But Death cannot restrain herself from acting as her custom is. Every day, to the extent of her power, she blots out the best creature she can find. So she wishes to try her power, and in one body she has carried off more excellence than she has left behind. She would have done better to take the whole world, and leave alive and sound this prey which now she has carried off. Beauty, courtesy, and knowledge, and all that a lady can possess of goodness has been taken and filched from us by Death, who has destroyed all goodness in the person of our lady, the empress. Thus Death has deprived us all of life." "Ah, God!" the doctors say, "we know that Thou art wroth with this city because we did not reach here sooner. If we had arrived here yesterday, Death might have boasted of her strength if she could wrest her prey from us." "Gentlemen, madame would not have allowed you at any price to see her or to exercise your skill. Of good physicians there was no lack, but madame would not permit any one of them to see her or to investigate her malady." "No?" "Truly, sirs, that she would not." Then they recalled the case of Solomon, who was so hated by his wife that she deceived him by feigning death. They think this woman has done the same. But if they could in any way bring about her cure, no one could make them lie or keep them from exposing the truth, if they discovered any trickery. So to the court they take their way, where there was such a noise and cry that you could not have heard God's thunder crash. The chief of these three doctors, who knew the most, drew near the bier. No one says to him "Keep hands off," and no one tries to hold him back. He places his hand on her breast and side, and surely feels that life is still in the body: he perceives and knows that well enough. He sees the emperor standing by, mad and tormented by his grief. Seeing him, he calls aloud: "Emperor, console thyself! I am sure and plainly see that this lady is not dead. Leave off thy grief, and

be comforted! If I do not restore her alive to thee, thou mayst kill me or string me up."

At once throughout the palace the noise is quieted and hushed. And the emperor bade the doctor tell him fully his orders and wishes, whatever they might be. If he can restore life in the empress he will be sire and lord over the emperor himself; but if he has in any respect lied to him he will be hanged like a common thief. And the doctor said: "I consent to that, and may you never have mercy upon me if I do not cause her to speak to you here! Without tarrying and without delay have the palace cleared at once, and let not a single soul remain. I must examine in private the illness which afflicts the lady. These two doctors, who are my friends, will remain with me alone in the room, and let every one else go out." This order would have been opposed by Cliges, John, and Thessala; but all the others who were there might have turned against them if they had tried to oppose his order. So they hold their peace and approve what they hear approved by the others, and leave the palace. After the three doctors had forcibly tipped apart the lady's winding-sheer, without using any knife or scissors, they said to her: "Lady, don't be frightened, have no fear, but speak to us with confidence! We know well enough that you are perfectly sound and in good state. Be sensible and obliging now, and do not despair of anything, for if you have any need of us we will all three assure you of our aid, whether for good or ill. We shall be very loyal to you, both in keeping our counsel and in helping you. Do not keep us talking here! Since we put at your disposal our skill and service, you should surely not refuse." Thus they think to hoodwink and deceive her, but they have no success; for she has no need or care for the service which they promise her; so they are wasting their time in a vain effort. When the three physicians see that they will make nothing out of her either by prayer or flattery, then they take her from her bier, and begin to beat and belabour her. But their efforts are foolish, for not a word can they extract from her. Then they threaten and try to terrify her by saying that if she does not speak she will soon have reason to repent of her folly, for they are going to do such a wonderful thing to her that such a thing was never done to the body of any wretched woman. "We know that you are alive, and will not deign to speak to us. We know that you are feigning death, and would thus deceive the emperor. Have no fear of us! If any of us has angered you, before we do you further harm, cease your mad behaviour now, for you are acting wickedly; and we will lend you our aid in any enterprise—wise or mad." But it cannot be; they have no success. Then they renew their attack, striking her with thongs upon the back, so that the welts are plainly seen, and they combine to tear her tender flesh until they cause the blood to flow.

When they had beaten her with the thongs until they had slashed her flesh, and when the blood is dropping down, as it trickles from among the wounds, even then their efforts are of no avail to extract from her a sigh or word, nor to make her stir or move. Then they say that they must procure fire and lead, which they will melt and lay upon her hands, rather than fail in their efforts to make her speak. After securing a light and some lead they kindle a fire and melt the lead. Thus the miserable villains torment and afflict the lady, by taking the lead all boiling hot from the fire and pouring it into the palms of her hands. Not satisfied with pouring the lead clean through her palms, the cowardly rascals say that, if she does not speak at once they will straightway stretch her on the grate until she is completely grilled. Yet, she holds her peace, and does not refuse to have her body beaten and maltreated by them. Now they were on the point of placing her upon the fire to be roasted and grilled when more than a thousand ladies, who were stationed before the palace, come to the door and through a little crack catch sight of the torture and anguish which they were inflicting upon the lady, as with coal and flame they accomplished her martyrdom. They bring clubs and hammers to smash and break down the door. Great was the noise and uproar as they battered and broke in the door. If now they can lay hands on the doctors, the latter will not have long to wait before they receive their full deserts. With a single rush the ladies enter the palace, and in the press is Thessala, who has no other aim than to reach her mistress. Beside the fire she finds her stripped, severely wounded and injured. She puts her back in the bier again, and

over her she spreads a cloth, while the ladies go to give their reward to the three doctors, without wishing to wait for the emperor or his seneschal. Out of the windows they threw them down into the court-yard, breaking the necks, ribs, arms, and legs of all: no better piece of work was ever done by any ladies.

Now the three doctors have received their gruesome reward at the hands of the ladies. But Cliges is terror-stricken and filled with grief upon hearing of the pain and martyrdom which his sweetheart has endured for him. He is almost beside himself, fearing greatly, and with good reason, that she may be dead or badly injured by the torture inflicted upon her by the three physicians who now are dead. So he is in despair and despondency when Thessala comes, bringing with her a very precious ointment with which she has already gently rubbed the body and wounds of her mistress. When they laid her back in her bier the ladies wrapped her again in a cloth of Syrian stuff, leaving her face uncovered. All that night there is no abatement of the cries they raise unceasingly. Throughout the city, high and low, poor and rich, are beside themselves with grief, and it seems as if each one boasts that he will outdo all others in his woe, and would fain never be comforted. All that night the grief continues. The next morning John came to the court; and the emperor sends for him and issues to him this command: "John, if ever thou wroughtest a fine piece of work, now put forth and show all thy skill in constructing such a sepulchre as for beauty and workmanship shall have no match." And John, who had already performed the task, says that he has already completed one which is very fine and cleverly wrought; but when he began the work he had no thought that other than a holy body should be laid in it. "Now let the empress be laid in it and buried in some sacred place, for she, I think, is sanctified." "You have spoken well," says the emperor; "she shall be buried yonder in my lord Saint Peter's Church, where bodies are wont to be interred. For before her death she made this request of me, that I should have her buried there. Now go about your task, and place your sepulchre in the best position in the cemetery, where it ought rightfully to be." John replies: "Very well, my lord." John at once takes his leave, and prepares the sepulchre with great skill; a feather-bed he placed inside, because the stone was hard and cold; and in order that the odour may be sweet, he spreads flowers and leaves about. Another reason for doing this was that no one might perceive the mattress he had laid within the grave. Already Mass had been said for the dead in the churches and parishes, and the bells were tolling continuously as is proper for the dead. Orders are given to bring the body to be laid in the sepulchre, which John with all his skill has constructed so richly and handsomely. In all Constantinople none remains, whether small or great, who does not follow the body in tears, cursing and reproaching Death. Knights and youths alike grow faint, while the ladies and damsels beat their breasts as they thus find fault with Death: "O Death," cries each, "why didst thou not take ransom for my lady? Surely, thy gain was slight enough, whereas the loss to us is great." And in this grief Cliges surely bears his part, as he suffers and laments more than all the others do, and it is strange he does not kill himself. But still he decides to put this off until the hour and the time shall come for him to disinter her and get possession of her and see whether she be alive or not. Over the gate stand the men who let down the body into its place; but, with John there, they do not meddle with the adjustment of the sarcophagus, and since they were so prostrated that they could not see, John had plenty of time to perform his special task. When the coffin was in its place, and nothing else was in the grave, he sealed up tightly all the joints. When this was done, any one would have been skillful who, except by force or violence, could take away or loosen anything which John had put inside.

Fenice lies in the sepulchre until the darkness of night came on. But thirty knights mount guard over her, and there are ten tapers burning there, which light up the place all about. The knights were weary and exhausted by the strain they had undergone; so they ate and drank that night until they all fell sound asleep. When night came on, Cliges steals away from the court and from all his followers, so that there was not a single knight or servant who knew what had become of him. He did not stop until he found John, who advises him as best he can. He furnishes him with

arms, but he will never have any need of them. Once armed, they both spur to the cemetery. The cemetery was enclosed all about with a high wall, so that the knights, who had gone asleep after making the gate fast within, could rest assured that no one would enter there. Cliges does not see how he can get in, for there is no passing through the gate. And yet, somehow he must pass through, for love bids him and drives him on. He tries the wall and climbs up, being strong and agile. Inside was a garden planted with trees, one of which stood so near the wall that it touched it. Now Cliges had what he needed, and after letting himself down by the tree, the first thing he did was to go to open the gate for John. Seeing the knights asleep, they extinguished all the lights, so that the place remained in darkness. And John now uncovers the grave and opens the coffin, taking care to do it no harm. Cliges steps into the grave and lifts out his Sweetheart, all weak and prostrate, whom he fondles, kisses, and embraces. He does not know whether to rejoice or regret that she does not stir or move. And John, as quickly as he could, closed up the sepulchre again, so that it was not apparent that any one had tampered with it. Then they betook themselves as fast as they could to the tower. When they had set her in the tower, in the rooms which were beneath the level of the ground, they took off her grave clothes; and Cliges, who knew nothing of the potion which she had taken, which made her dumb and kept her motionless, thinks that she is dead, and is in despair with anxiety as he heavily sighs and weeps. But soon the time will come for the potion to lose its force. And Fenice, who hears his grief, struggles and strives for strength to comfort him by word or glance. Her heart almost bursts because of the sorrow which he shows. "Ah Death!" he says, "how mean thou art, to spare and reprieve all things despicable and vile—to let them live on and endure. Death! art thou beside thyself or drunk, who hast killed my lady without me? This is a marvellous thing I see: my lady is dead, and I still live on! Ah, precious one, why does your lover live to see you dead? One now could rightly say that you have died in my service, and that it is I who have killed and murdered you. Sweetheart, then I am the death that has smitten you. Is not that wrong? For it is my own life I have lost in you, and have preserved your life in me. For did not your health and life belong to me, sweet one? And did not mine belong to you? For I loved nothing excepting you, and our double existence was as one. So now I have done what was right in keeping your soul in my body while mine has escaped from your body, and one ought to go to seek the company of the other, wherever it may be, and nothing ought to separate them." At this she heaves a gentle sigh and whispers faintly: "Lover mine, I am not altogether dead, but very near it. I value my life but little now. I thought it a jest and a mere pretence; but now I am indeed to be pitied, for death has not treated this as a jest. It will be a marvel if I escape alive. For the doctors have seriously wounded me, and broken my flesh and disfigured me. And yet, if it was possible for my nurse to come here, and if efforts were of any avail, she would restore me to health again." "Do not worry, dear, about that," says Cliges, "for this very night I will bring her here." "Dear, let John go for her now." So John departed and looked for her until he found her, and told her how he wished her to come along and to let no other cause detain her; for Fenice and Cliges have sent for her to come to a tower where they are awaiting her; and that Fenice is in a grievous state, so that she must come provided with ointments and remedies, and to bear in mind that she will not live long, if she does not quickly come to bear her aid. Thessala runs at once and, taking ointments, plaster, and remedies which she has prepared, she meets John again. Secretly they go out from the city, until they come straight to the tower. When Fenice sees her nurse, she feels already cured, because of the loving faith and trust she places in her. And Cliges greets her affectionately, and says: "Welcome, nurse, whom I love and prize. Nurse, for God's sake, what do you think of this young lady's malady? What is your opinion? Will she recover?" "Yes, my lord, have no fear but that I shall restore her completely. A fortnight will not pass before I make her so well that she was never before so lively and strong."

While Thessala is busy with her remedies, John goes to provide the tower with everything that is necessary. Cliges goes to the tower and comes away bravely and openly, for he has lodged a

moulting falcon there, and he says that he goes to visit it; thus no one can guess that he goes there for any other reason than for the falcon. He makes long stays there night and day. He orders John to guard the tower, so that no one shall enter against his will. Fenice now has no further cause to complain, for Thessala has completely cured her. If Cliges were Duke of Almeria, Morocco, or Tudela, he would not consider it all worth a holly-berry compared with the joy which he now feels. Certainly Love did not debase itself when it joined these two, for it seems to them, when they embrace and kiss each other, that all the world must be better for their joy and happiness. Now ask me no more of this, for one can have no wish in which the other does not acquiesce. Thus they have but one desire, as if they two themselves were one.

Fenice was in the tower, I believe, all that year and full two months of the next, until summer came again. When the trees bring forth their flowers and leaves, and the little birds rejoice, singing gaily their litanies, it came about that Fenice one morning heard the song of the nightingale. Cliges was holding her tightly clasped with his arms about her waist and neck, and she held him in a like embrace, as she said: "Dear fair lover mine. A garden would do me good, in which I could disport myself. For more than fifteen months I have not seen the light of moon or sun. If possible, I would fain go out yonder into the daylight, for here in this tower I am confined. If there was a garden near, where I could go and amuse myself, it would often do me good." Then Cliges promises her to consult with John about it as soon as he can see him. At that very moment John came in, as he was often wont to do, and Cliges spoke to him of what Fenice desired. John replies: "All that she asks for is already provided and supplied. This tower is well equipped with what she wishes and requires." Then Fenice was very glad, and asked John to take her there, which he said he would very gladly do. Then John goes and opens a door, constructed in a fashion which I cannot properly describe. No one but John could have made it, and no one could have asserted that there was any door or window there—so perfectly was it concealed.

When Fenice saw the door open, and the sun come streaming in, as she had not seen it for many a day, her heart beat high with joy; she said that now there was nothing lacking, since she could leave her dungeon-tower, and that she wished for no other lodging-place. She passed out through the door into the garden, with its pleasures and delights. In the middle of the garden stood a grafted tree loaded with blooming flowers and leaves, and with a wide-spreading top. The branches of it were so trained that they all hung downwards until they almost touched the ground; the main trunk, however, from which they sprang, rose straight into the air. Fenice desires no other place. Beneath the tree the turf is very pleasant and fine, and at noon, when it is hot, the sun will never be high enough for its rays to penetrate there. John had shown his skill in arranging and training the branches thus. There Fenice goes to enjoy herself, where they set up a bed for her by day. There they taste of joy and delight. And the garden is enclosed about with a high wall connected with the tower, so that nothing can enter there without first passing through the tower.

Fenice now is very happy: there is nothing to cause her displeasure, and nothing is lacking which she desires, when her lover is at liberty to embrace her beneath the blossoms and the leaves. At the season when people take the sparrow-hawk and setter and hunt the lark and brown-thrush or stalk the quail and partridge, it chanced that a knight of Thrace, who was young and alert and inclined to knightly sport, came one day close by the tower in his search for game. The hawk of Bertrand (for such was his name) having missed a lark, had flown away, and Bertrand thought how great his loss would be if he should lose his hunting-bird. When he saw it come down and light in a garden beneath the tower he was glad, for he thought he could not lose it now. At once he goes and clambers up the wall until he succeeds in getting over it, when beneath the tree he sees Fenice and Cliges lying asleep and naked in close embrace. "God!" said he, "what has happened to me now? What marvel is this I see? Is that not Cliges? It surely is. Is not that the empress with him there? Nay, but it looks like her. Never did one thing so resemble another. Her nose, her mouth, and brow are like those of my lady the empress. Never did Nature make two creatures of such similitude. There is no feature in

this woman here which I have not seen in my lady. If she were alive, I should say that it was certainly she herself." Just then a pear falls down and strikes close by Fenice's ear. She jumps and awakes and, seeing Bertrand, cries out aloud: "My dear, my dear, we are lost. Yonder is Bertrand. If he escapes you, we are caught in a bad trap, for he will tell that he has seen us." Then Bertrand realised that it was the empress beyond any doubt. He sees the necessity of leaving at once, for Cliges had brought with him his sword into the garden, and had laid it down beside the bed. He jumped up now and grasped his sword, while Bertrand hastily took his leave. As fast as he could he scaled the wall, and was almost safely over when Cliges coming after him raised his sword and struck him with such violence that he severed his leg below the knee, as if it had been a fennel stalk. In spite of this, Bertrand got away, though badly wounded and maimed. Beside themselves with grief and wrath at the sight of his sorry state, his men on the other side picked him up, and insistently inquired who it was who had used him thus. "Don't speak to me now," he says, "but help me to mount my horse. No mention shall be made of this excepting to the emperor. He who thus has treated me must be, and doubtless is, in great terror; for he is in great danger of his life." Then they set him upon his palfrey and lead him through the city, sorely grieved in their fright the while. After them more than twenty thousand others come, following them to the court. And all the people run together, each striving to be there first. Bertrand made his complaint aloud, in the hearing of all, to the emperor: but they took him for an idle chatterer when he said that he had seen the empress all exposed. The city is in a ferment of excitement: some regard the news they hear as simple nonsense, others advise and urge the emperor to visit the tower himself. Great is the noise and confusion of the people who prepare to accompany him. But they find nothing in the tower, for Fenice and Cliges make their escape, taking with them Thessala, who comforts them and declares to them that, if perchance they see people coming after them to arrest them, they need have no fear; that they would never approach to do them harm within the range of a strong cross-bow. And the emperor within the tower has John sought for and brought. He orders him to be bound and tied saying that he will have him hanged or burnt, and will have his ashes scattered wide. He shall receive his due reward for the shame he has caused the emperor; but this reward will not be agreeable, because John has hidden in the tower his nephew with his wife. "Upon my word, you tell the truth," says John; "I will not lie, but will go still further and declare the truth, and if I have done any wrong it is right that I should be seized. But I offer this as my excuse: that a servant ought to refuse nothing when his lawful lord commands. Now, every one knows forsooth that I am his, and this tower is too." "It is not, John. Rather is it thine." "Mine, sire? Yes, after him: but neither do I belong to myself, nor have I anything which is mine, except what he pleased to bestow on me. And if you should think to say that my lord is guilty of having done you wrong, I am ready to take up his defence without any command from him. But I feel emboldened to proclaim openly what is on my mind, just as I have thought it out, for I know full well that I must die. So I will speak regardless of results. For if I die for my lord's sake, I shall not die an ignoble death, for the facts are generally known about that oath and pledge which you gave to your brother, that after you Cliges should be emperor, who now is banished as a wanderer. But if God will, he shall yet be emperor! Hence you are open to reproach, for you ought not to have taken a wife; yet you married her and did Cliges a wrong, and he has done you no wrong at all. And if I am punished with death by you, and if I die wrongfully for his sake, and if he is still alive, he will avenge my death on you. Now go and do the best you can, for if I die you shall also die."

The emperor trembles with wrath upon hearing the mocking words addressed to him by John. "John," he says, "thou shalt have so much respite, until we find thy lord, who has done such wrong to me, though I loved him dearly and had no thought of defrauding him. Meanwhile, thou shalt stay in prison. If thou knowest what has become of him, tell me at once, I order thee." "I tell you? How can I commit such treachery? Were the life to be drawn from my body I would not reveal my lord to you, even if I knew his whereabouts. As a matter of fact, I do not know any more than you



where they have gone, so help me God! But there is no need for your jealousy. I do not so much fear your wrath that I should not say, so that all can hear, how you have been deceived, even my words are not believed. You were deceived and tricked by potion you drank on your wedding night. Unless it happened in dream, when you were asleep, you have never had your pleasure with her; but the night made you dream, and the dream gave you as much satisfaction as if it had happened in your waking hours that she had held you in her arms: that was the sum of your satisfaction. Her heart was so devoted to Cliges that she feigned death for his sake; and he had such confidence in me that he explained it all to me and established her in my house, which rightfully belongs to him. You ought not to find fault with me. I ought, indeed, to be burnt or hanged, were I to betray my lord or refuse to do his will."

When the emperor's attention is recalled to the potion which he had been pleased to drink, and with which Thessala had deceived him, then he realised for the first time that he had never had pleasure with his wife, unless it had happened in a dream: thus it was but an illusory joy. And he says that if he does not take vengeance for the shame and disgrace inflicted upon him by the traitor who has seduced his wife, he will never again be happy. "Now quick!" he says, "as far as Pavia, and from here to Germany, let no castle, town, or city remain in which search is not made. I will hold that man above all others dear who will bring to me captive the two of them. Now up and down, near and far, go diligently and search!" Then they started out with zeal and spent all that day in the search. But in the number Cliges had some friends, who, if they found them, would have led them to some hiding-place rather than hale them back again. All that fortnight they exhausted themselves in a fruitless search. For Thessala, who is acting as their guide, conducts them by her arts and charms in such security that they feel no dread or fear of all the strength of the emperor. They seek repose in no town or city; yet they have all they wish or desire, even more so than is usually the case. For all they need is procured for them by Thessala, who searches and scours and purveys for them. Nor is there any who hunts them now, for all have returned to their homes again. Meanwhile Cliges is not idle, but starts to find his uncle, King Arthur. He continued his search until he found him, and to him he made his claim and protest about his uncle, the emperor, who, in order to disinherit him, had disloyally taken a wife, which it was not right for him to do; for he had sworn to his father that he would never marry in his life. And the King says that with a fleet he will proceed to Constantinople, and that he will fill a thousand ships with knights, and three thousand more with men-at-arms, until no city or burg, town or castle, however strong or however high, will be able to withstand their assault. Then Cliges did not forget to thank the King for the aid he offered him. The King sends out to seek and summon all the high barons of the land, and causes to be requisitioned and equipped ships, war vessels, boats, and barks. He has a hundred ships loaded and filled with shields, lances, bucklers, and armour fit for knights. The King makes such great preparations for the war that never did Caesar or Alexander make the like. He orders to assemble at his summons all England, and all Flanders, Normandy, France, and Brittany, and all the men as far as the Pyrenees. Already they were about to set sail, when messengers arrived from Greece who delayed the embarkation and kept the King and his people back. Among the messengers who came was John, that trusty man, for he would never be a witness or messenger of any news which was not true, and which he did not know for a certainty. The messengers were high born men of Greece, who came in search for Cliges. They made inquiry and asked for him, until they found him at the King's court, when they said to him: "God save you, sire! Greece is made over to you, and Constantinople is given to you by all those of your empire, because of the right you have to them. Your uncle (but you know it not) is dead of the grief he felt because he could not discover you. His grief was such that he lost his mind; he would neither drink nor eat, but died like a man beside himself. Fair sire, now come back again! For all your lords have sent for you. Greatly they desire and long for you, wishing to make you their emperor." Some there were that rejoiced at this; and others there were who would have gladly seen their guests elsewhere, and the fleet make

sail for Greece. But the expedition is given up, and the King dismisses his men, and the hosts depart to their homes again. And Cliges hurriedly makes haste in his desire to return to Greece. He has no wish to tarry. His preparations made, he took his leave of the King, and then of all his friends, and taking Fenice with him, he goes away. They travel until they arrive in Greece, where they receive him with the jubilation which they ought to show to their rightful lord, and they give him his sweetheart to be his wife. Both of them are crowned at once. His mistress he has made his wife, but he still calls her his mistress and sweetheart, and she can complain of no loss of affection, for he loves her still as his mistress, and she loves him, too, as a lady ought to love her lover. And each day saw their love grow stronger: he never doubted her, nor did she blame him for anything. She was never kept confined, as so many women have been who have lived since her time. For never since has there been an emperor who did not stand in fear of his wife, lest he should be deceived by her, upon his hearing the story of how Fenice deceived Alis, first with the potion which he drank, and then later by that other ruse. Therefore, every empress, however rich and noble she may be, is guarded in Constantinople as in a prison, for the emperor has no confidence in her when he remembers the story of Fenice. He keeps her constantly guarded in her room, nor is there ever allowed any man in her presence, unless he be a eunuch from his youth; in the case of such there is no fear or doubt that Love will ensnare them in his bonds. Here ends the work of Chretien.

# Chrétien: Yvain

Arthur, the good King of Britain, whose prowess teaches us that we, too, should be brave and courteous, held a rich and royal court upon that precious feast-day which is always known by the name of Pentecost. The court was at Carduel in Wales. When the meal was finished, the knights betook themselves whither they were summoned by the ladies, damsels, and maidens. Some told stories; others spoke of love, of the trials and sorrows, as well as of the great blessings, which often fall to the members of its order, which was rich and flourishing in those days of old. But now its followers are few, having deserted it almost to a man, so that love is much abased. For lovers used to deserve to be considered courteous, brave, generous, and honourable. But now love is a laughing-stock, for those who have no intelligence of it assert that they love, and in that they lie. Thus they utter a mockery and lie by boasting where they have no right. But let us leave those who are still alive, to speak of those of former time. For, I take it, a courteous man, though dead, is worth more than a living knave. So it is my pleasure to relate a matter quite worthy of heed concerning the King whose fame was such that men still speak of him far and near; and I agree with the opinion of the Bretons that his name will live on for evermore. And in connection with him we call to mind those goodly chosen knights who spent themselves for honour's sake. But upon this day of which I speak, great was their astonishment at seeing the King quit their presence; and there were some who felt chagrined, and who did not mince their words, never before having seen the King, on the occasion of such a feast, enter his own chamber either to sleep or to seek repose. But this day it came about that the Queen detained him, and he remained so long at her side that he forgot himself and fell asleep. Outside the chamber door were Dodinel, Sagremor, and Kay, my lord Gawain, my lord Yvain, and with them Calogrenant, a very comely knight, who had begun to tell them a tale, though it was not to his credit, but rather to his shame. The Queen could hear him as he told his tale, and rising from beside the King, she came upon them so stealthily that before any caught sight of her, she had fallen, as it were, right in their midst. Calogrenant alone jumped up quickly when he saw her come. Then Kay, who was very quarrelsome, mean, sarcastic, and abusive, said to him: "By the Lord, Calogrenant, I see you are very bold and forward now, and certainly it pleases me to see you the most courteous of us all. And I know that you are quite persuaded of your own excellence, for that is in keeping with your little sense. And of course it is natural that my lady should suppose that you surpass us all in courtesy and bravery. We failed to rise through sloth, forsooth, or because we did not care! Upon my word, it is not so, my lord; but we did not see my lady until you had risen first." "Really, Kay," the Queen then says, "I think you would burst if you could not pour out the poison of which you are so full. You are troublesome and mean thus to annoy your companions." "Lady," says Kay, "if we are not better for your company, at least let us not lose by it. I am not aware that I said anything for which I ought to be accused, and so I pray you say no more. It is impolite and foolish to keep up a vain dispute. This argument should go no further, nor should any one try to make more of it. But since there must be no more high words, command him to continue the tale he had begun." Thereupon Calogrenant prepares to reply in this fashion: "My lord, little do I care about the quarrel, which matters little and affects me not. If you have vented your scorn on me, I shall never be harmed by it. You have often spoken

insultingly, my lord Kay, to braver and better men than I, for you are given to this kind of thing. The manure-pile will always stink, and gadflies sting, and bees will hum, and so a bore will torment and make a nuisance of himself. However, with my lady's leave, I'll not continue my tale to-day, and I beg her to say no more about it, and kindly not give me any unwelcome command." "Lady," says Kay, "all those who are here will be in your debt, for they are desirous to hear it out. Don't do it as a favour to me! But by the faith you owe the King, your lord and mine, command him to continue, and you will do well." "Calogrenant," the Queen then says, "do not mind the attack of my lord Kay the seneschal. He is so accustomed to evil speech that one cannot punish him for it. I command and request you not to be angered because of him, nor should you fail on his account to say something which it will please us all to hear; if you wish to preserve my good-will, pray begin the tale anew." "Surely, lady, it is a very unwelcome command you lay upon me. Rather than tell any more of my tale to-day, I would have one eye plucked out, if I did not fear your displeasure. Yet will I perform your behest, however distasteful it may be. Then since you will have it so, give heed. Let your heart and ears be mine. For words, though heard, are lost unless understood within the heart. Some men there are who give consent to what they hear but do not understand: these men have the hearing alone. For the moment the heart fails to understand, the word falls upon the ears simply as the wind that blows, without stopping to tarry there; rather it quickly passes on if the heart is not so awake as to be ready to receive it. For the heart alone can receive it when it comes along, and shut it up within. The ears are the path and channel by which the voice can reach the heart, while the heart receives within the bosom the voice which enters through the ear. Now, whoever will heed my words, must surrender to me his heart and ears, for I am not going to speak of a dream, an idle tale, or lie, with which many another has regaled you, but rather shall I speak of what I saw."

"It happened seven years ago that, lonely as a countryman, I was making my way in search of adventures, fully armed as a knight should be, when I came upon a road leading off to the right into a thick forest. The road there was very bad, full of briars and thorns. In spite of the trouble and inconvenience, I followed the road and path. Almost the entire day I went thus riding until I emerged from the forest of Broceliande. Out from the forest I passed into the open country where I saw a wooden tower at the distance of half a Welsh league: it may have been so far, but it was not anymore. Proceeding faster than a walk, I drew near and saw the palisade and moat all round it, deep and wide, and standing upon the bridge, with a moulted falcon upon his wrist, I saw the master of the castle. I had no sooner saluted him than he came forward to hold my stirrup and invited me to dismount. I did so, for it was useless to deny that I was in need of a lodging-place. Then he told me more than a hundred times at once that blessed was the road by which I had come thither. Meanwhile, we crossed the bridge, and passing through the gate, found ourselves in the courtyard. In the middle of the courtyard of this vavasor, to whom may God repay such joy and honour as he bestowed upon me that night, there hung a gong not of iron or wood, I trow, but all of copper. Upon this gong the vavasor struck three times with a hammer which hung on a post close by. Those who were upstairs in the house, upon hearing his voice and the sound, came out into the yard below. Some took my horse which the good

vavasor was holding; and I saw coming toward me a very fair and gentle maid. On looking at her narrowly I saw she was tall and slim and straight. Skilful she was in disarming me, which she did gently and with address; then, when she had robed me in a short mantle of scarlet stuff spotted with a peacock's plumes, all the others left us there, so that she and I remained alone. This pleased me well, for I needed naught else to look upon. Then she took me to sit down in the prettiest little field, shut in by a wall all round about. There I found her so elegant, so fair of speech and so well informed, of such pleasing manners and character, that it was a delight to be there, and I could have wished never to be compelled to move. But as ill luck would have it, when night came on, and the time for supper had arrived. The vavasor came to look for me. No more delay was possible, so I complied with his request. Of the supper I will only say that it was all after my heart, seeing that the damsel took her seat at the table just in front of me. After the supper the vavasor admitted to me that, though he had lodged many an errant knight, he knew not how long it had been since he had welcomed one in search of adventure. Then, as a favour, he begged of me to return by way of his residence, if I could make it possible. So I said to him: 'Right gladly, sire!' for a refusal would have been impolite, and that was the least I could do for such a host."

"That night, indeed, I was well lodged, and as soon as the morning light appeared, I found my steed ready saddled, as I had requested the night before; thus my request was carried out. My kind host and his dear daughter I commended to the Holy Spirit, and, after taking leave of all, I got away as soon as possible. I had not proceeded far from my stopping-place when I came to a clearing, where there were some wild bulls at large; they were fighting among themselves and making such a dreadful and horrible noise that if the truth be known, I drew back in fear, for there is no beast so fierce and dangerous as a bull. I saw sitting upon a stump, with a great club in his hand, a rustic lout, as black as a mulberry, indescribably big and hideous; indeed, so passing ugly was the creature that no word of mouth could do him justice. On drawing near to this fellow, I saw that his head was bigger than that of a horse or of any other beast; that his hair was in tufts, leaving his forehead bare for a width of more than two spans; that his ears were big and mossy, just like those of an elephant; his eyebrows were heavy and his face was flat; his eyes were those of an owl, and his nose was like a cat's; his jowls were split like a wolf, and his teeth were sharp and yellow like a wild boar's; his beard was black and his whiskers twisted; his chin merged into his chest and his backbone was long, but twisted and hunched. There he stood, leaning upon his club and accoutred in a strange garb, consisting not of cotton or wool, but rather of the hides recently flayed from two bulls or two beeves: these he wore hanging from his neck. The fellow leaped up straightway when he saw me drawing near. I do not know whether he was going to strike me or what he intended to do, but I was prepared to stand him off, until I saw him stop and stand stock-still upon a tree trunk, where he stood full seventeen feet in height. Then he gazed at me but spoke not a word, any more than a beast would have done. And I supposed that he had not his senses or was drunk. However, I made bold to say to him: 'Come, let me know whether thou art a creature of good or not.' And he replied: 'I am a man.' 'What kind of a man art thou?' 'Such as thou seest me to be: I am by no means otherwise.' 'What dost thou here?' 'I was here, tending these cattle in this wood.' 'Wert thou really tending them? By Saint Peter of Rome! They know not the command of any man. I guess one cannot possibly guard wild beasts in a plain or wood or anywhere else unless they are tied or confined inside.' 'Well, I tend and have control of these beasts so that they will never leave this neighbourhood.' 'How dost thou do that? Come, tell me now!' 'There is not one of them that dares to move when they see me coming. For when I can get hold of one I give its two horns such a wrench with my hard, strong hands that the others tremble with fear, and gather at once round about me as if to ask for mercy. No one could venture here but me, for if he should go among them he would be straightway done to death. In this way I am master of my beasts. And now thou must tell me in turn what kind of a man thou art, and what thou seekest here.' 'I am, as thou seest, a

knight seeking for what I cannot find; long have I sought without success.' 'And what is this thou fain wouldst find?' 'Some adventure whereby to test my prowess and my bravery. Now I beg and urgently request thee to give me some counsel, if possible, concerning some adventure or marvellous thing.' Says he: 'Thou wilt have to do without, for I know nothing of adventure, nor did I ever hear tell of such. But if thou wouldst go to a certain spring here hard by and shouldst comply with the practice there, thou wouldst not easily come back again. Close by here thou canst easily find a path which will lead thee thither. If thou wouldst go aright, follow the straight path, otherwise thou mayst easily go astray among the many other paths. Thou shalt see the spring which boils, though the water is colder than marble. It is shadowed by the fairest tree that ever Nature formed, for its foliage is evergreen, regardless of the winter's cold, and an iron basin is hanging there by a chain long enough to reach the spring. And beside the spring thou shalt find a massive stone, as thou shalt see, but whose nature I cannot explain, never having seen its like. On the other side a chapel stands, small, but very beautiful. If thou wilt take of the water in the basin and spill it upon the stone, thou shalt see such a storm come up that not a beast will remain within this wood; every doe, star, deer, boar, and bird will issue forth. For thou shalt see such lightning-bolts descend, such blowing of gales and crashing of trees, such torrents fall, such thunder and lightning, that, if thou canst escape from them without trouble and mischance, thou wilt be more fortunate than ever any knight was yet.' I left the fellow then, after he had pointed out the way. It must have been after nine o'clock and might have been drawing on toward noon, when I espied the tree and the chapel. I can truly say that this tree was the finest pine that ever grew on earth. I do not believe that it ever rained so hard that a drop of water could penetrate it, but would rather drip from the outer branches. From the tree I saw the basin hanging, of the finest gold that was ever for sale in any fair. As for the spring, you may take my word that it was boiling like hot water. The stone was of emerald, with holes in it like a cask, and there were four rubies underneath, more radiant and red than is the morning sun when it rises in the east. Now not one word will I say which is not true. I wished to see the marvellous appearing of the tempest and the storm; but therein I was not wise, for I would gladly have repented, if I could, when I had sprinkled the perforated stone with the water from the basin. But I fear I poured too much, for straightway I saw the heavens so break loose that from more than fourteen directions the lightning blinded my eyes, and all at once the clouds let fall snow and rain and hail. The storm was so fierce and terrible that a hundred times I thought I should be killed by the bolts which fell about me and by the trees which were rent apart. Know that I was in great distress until the uproar was appeased. But God gave me such comfort that the storm did not continue long, and all the winds died down again. The winds dared not blow against God's will. And when I saw the air clear and serene I was filled with joy again. For I have observed that joy quickly causes trouble to be forgot. As soon as the storm was completely past, I saw so many birds gathered in the pine tree (if any one will believe my words) that not a branch or twig was to be seen which was not entirely covered with birds. The tree was all the more lovely then, for all the birds sang in harmony, yet the note of each was different, so that I never heard one singing another's note. I, too, rejoiced in their joyousness, and listened to them until they had sung their service through, for I have never heard such happy song, nor do I think any one else will hear it, unless he goes to listen to what filled me with such joy and bliss that I was lost in rapture. I stayed there until I heard some knights coming, as I thought it seemed that there must be ten of them. But all the noise and commotion was made by the approach of a single knight. When I saw him coming on alone I quickly caught my steed and made no delay in mounting him. And the knight, as if with evil intent, came on swifter than an eagle, looking as fierce as a lion. From as far as his voice could reach he began to challenge me, and said: 'Vassal, without provocation you have caused me shame and harm. If there was any quarrel between us you should first have challenged me, or at least sought justice before attacking me. But, sir vassal, if it be within my power, upon you shall fall the punishment for the damage which is evident. About me here

lies the evidence of my woods destroyed. He who has suffered has the right to complain. And I have good reason to complain that you have driven me from my house with lightning-bolt and rain. You have made trouble for me, and cursed be he who thinks it fair. For within my own woods and town you have made such an attack upon me that resources of men of arms and of fortifications would have been of no avail to me; no man could have been secure, even if he had been in a fortress of solid stone and wood. But be assured that from this moment there shall be neither truce nor peace between us.' At these words we rushed together, each one holding his shield well gripped and covering himself with it. The knight had a good horse and a stout lance, and was doubtless a whole head taller than I. Thus, I was altogether at a disadvantage, being shorter than he, while his horse was stronger than mine. You may be sure that I will tell the facts, in order to cover up my shame. With intent to do my best, I dealt him as hard a blow as I could give, striking the top of his shield, and I put all my strength into it with such effect that my lance flew all to splinters. His lance remained entire, being very heavy and bigger than any knight's lance I ever saw. And the knight struck me with it so heavily that he knocked me over my horse's crupper and laid me flat upon the ground, where he left me ashamed and exhausted, without bestowing another glance upon me. He took my horse, but me he left, and started back by the way he came. And I, who knew not what to do, remained there in pain and with troubled thoughts. Seating myself beside the spring I rested there awhile, not daring to follow after the knight for fear of committing some rash act of madness. And, indeed, had I had the courage, I knew not what had become of him. Finally, it occurred to me that I would keep my promise to my host and would return by way of his dwelling. This idea pleased me, and so I did. I laid off all my arms in order to proceed more easily, and thus with shame I retraced my steps. When I reached his home that night, I found my host to be the same good-natured and courteous man as I had before discovered him to be. I could not observe that either his daughter or he himself welcomed me any less gladly, or did me any less honour than they had done the night before. I am indebted to them for the great honour they all did me in that house; and they even said that, so far as they knew or had heard tell, no one had ever escaped, without being killed or kept a prisoner, from the place whence I returned. Thus I went and thus I returned, feeling, as I did so, deeply ashamed. So I have foolishly told you the story which I never wished to tell again."

"By my head," cries my lord Yvain, "you are my own cousin-german, and we ought to love each other well. But I must consider you as mad to have concealed this from me so long. If I call you mad, I beg you not to be incensed. For if I can, and if I obtain the leave, I shall go to avenge your shame." "It is evident that we have dined," says Kay, with his ever-ready speech; "there are more words in a pot full of wine than in a whole barrel of beer. They say that a cat is merry when full. After dinner no one stirs, but each one is ready to slay Noradin, and you will take vengeance on Forre! Are your saddle-cloths ready stuffed, and your iron greaves polished, and your banners unfurled? Come now, in God's name, my lord Yvain, is it to-night or to-morrow that you start? Tell us, fair sire, when you will start for this rude test, for we would fain convoy you thither. There will be no provost or constable who will not gladly escort you. And however it may be, I beg that you will not go without taking leave of us; and if you have a bad dream to-night, by all means stay at home!" "The devil, Sir Kay," the Queen replies, "are you beside yourself that your tongue always runs on so? Cursed be your tongue which is so full of bitterness! Surely your tongue must hate you, for it says the worst it knows to every man. Damned be any tongue that never ceases to speak ill! As for your tongue, it babbles so that it makes you hated everywhere. It cannot do you greater treachery. See here: if it were mine, I would accuse it of treason. Any man that cannot be cured by punishment ought to be tied like a madman in front of the chancel in the church." "Really, madame," says my lord Yvain, "his impudence matters not to me. In every court my lord Kay has so much ability, knowledge, and worth that he will never be deaf or dumb. He has the wit to reply wisely and courteously to all that is mean, and this he has always done. You well know if

I lie in saying so. But I have no desire to dispute or to begin our foolishness again. For he who deals the first blow does not always win the fight, but rather he who gains revenge. He who fights with his companion had better fight against some stranger. I do not wish to be like the hound that stiffens up and growls when another dog yaps at him."

While they were talking thus, the King came out of his room where he had been all this time asleep. And when the knights saw him they all sprang to their feet before him, but he made them at once sit down again. He took his place beside the Queen, who repeated to him word for word, with her customary skill, the story of Calogrenant. The King listened eagerly to it, and then he swore three mighty oaths by the soul of his father Utherpendragon, and by the soul of his son, and of his mother too, that he would go to see that spring before a fortnight should have passed; and he would see the storm and the marvels there by reaching it on the eve of my lord Saint John the Baptist's feast; there he would spend the night, and all who wished might accompany him. All the court thought well of this, for the knights and the young bachelors were very eager to make the expedition. But despite the general joy and satisfaction my lord Yvain was much chagrined, for he intended to go there all alone; so he was grieved and much put out because of the King who planned to go. The chief cause of his displeasure was that he knew that my lord Kay, to whom the favour would not be refused if he should solicit it, would secure the battle rather than he himself, or else perchance my lord Gawain would first ask for it. If either one of these two should make request, the favour would never be refused him. But, having no desire for their company, he resolves not to wait for them, but to go off alone, if possible, whether it be to his gain or hurt. And whoever may stay behind, he intends to be on the third day in the forest of Broceliande, and there to seek if possibly he may find the narrow wooded path for which he yearns eagerly, and the plain with the strong castle, and the pleasure and delight of the courteous damsel, who is so charming and fair, and with the damsel her worthy sire, who is so honourable and nobly born that he strives to dispense honour. Then he will see the bulls in the clearing, with the giant boor who watches them. Great is his desire to see this fellow, who is so stout and big and ugly and deformed, and as black as a smith. Then, too, he will see, if possible, the stone and the spring itself, and the basin and the birds in the pine-tree, and he will make it rain and blow. But of all this he will not boast, nor, if he can help it, shall any one know of his purpose until he shall have received from it either great humiliation or great renown: then let the facts be known.

My lord Yvain gets away from the court without any one meeting him, and proceeds alone to his lodging place. There he found all his household, and gave orders to have his horse saddled; then, calling one of his squires who was privy to his every thought, he says: "Come now, follow me outside yonder, and bring me my arms. I shall go out at once through yonder gate upon my palfrey. For thy part, do not delay, for I have a long road to travel. Have my steed well shod, and bring him quickly where I am; then shalt thou lead back my palfrey. But take good care, I adjure thee, if any one questions thee about me, to give him no satisfaction. Otherwise, whatever thy confidence in me, thou need never again count on my goodwill." "Sire," he says, "all will be well, for no one shall learn anything from me. Proceed, and I shall follow you."

My lord Yvain mounts at once, intending to avenge, if possible, his cousin's disgrace before he returns. The squire ran for the arms and steed; he mounted at once without delay, since he was already equipped with shoes and nails. Then he followed his master's track until he saw him standing mounted, waiting to one side of the road in a place apart. He brought him his harness and equipment, and then accoutred him. My lord Yvain made no delay after putting on his arms, but hastily made his way each day over the mountains and through the valleys, through the forests long and wide, through strange and wild country, passing through many gruesome spots, many a danger and many a strait, until he came directly to the path, which was full of brambles and dark enough; then he felt he was safe at last, and could not now lose his way. Whoever may have to pay the cost, he will not stop until he sees the pine which shades the spring and stone, and the tempest of

hail and rain and thunder and wind. That night, you may be sure, he had such lodging as he desired, for he found the vavasor to be even more polite and courteous than he had been told, and in the damsel he perceived a hundred times more sense and beauty than Calogrenant had spoken of, for one cannot rehearse the sum of a lady's or a good man's qualities. The moment such a man devotes himself to virtue, his story cannot be summed up or told, for no tongue could estimate the honourable deeds of such a gentleman. My lord Yvain was well content with the excellent lodging he had that night, and when he entered the clearing the next day, he met the bulls and the rustic boor who showed him the way to take. But more than a hundred times he crossed himself at sight of the monster before him—how Nature had ever been able to form such a hideous, ugly creature. Then to the spring he made his way, and found there all that he wished to see. Without hesitation and without sitting down he poured the basin full of water upon the stone, when straightway it began to blow and rain, and such a storm was caused as had been foretold. And when God had appeased the storm, the birds came to perch upon the pine, and sang their joyous songs up above the perilous spring. But before their jubilee had ceased there came the knight, more blazing with wrath than a burning log, and making as much noise as if he were chasing a lusty stag. As soon as they espied each other they rushed together and displayed the mortal hate they bore. Each one carried a stiff, stout lance, with which they dealt such mighty blows that they pierced the shields about their necks, and cut the meshes of their hauberks; their lances are splintered and sprung, while the fragments are cast high in air. Then each attacks the other with his sword, and in the strife they cut the straps of the shields away, and cut the shields all to bits from end to end, so that the shreds hang down, no longer serving as covering or defence; for they have so split them up that they bring down the gleaming blades upon their sides, their arms, and hips. Fierce, indeed, is their assault; yet they do not budge from their standing-place any more than would two blocks of stone. Never were there two knights so intent upon each other's death. They are careful not to waste their blows, but lay them on as best they may; they strike and bend their helmets, and they send the meshes of their hauberks flying so, that they draw not a little blood, for the hauberks are so hot with their body's heat that they hardly serve as more protection than a coat. As they drive the sword-point at the face, it is marvellous that so fierce and bitter a strife should last so long. But both are possessed of such courage that one would not for aught retreat a foot before his adversary until he had wounded him to death. Yet, in this respect they were very honourable in not trying or deigning to strike or harm their steeds in any way; but they sat astride their steeds without putting foot to earth, which made the fight more elegant. At last my lord Yvain crushed the helmet of the knight, whom the blow stunned and made so faint that he swooned away, never having received such a cruel blow before. Beneath his kerchief his head was split to the very brains, so that the meshes of his bright hauberk were stained with the brains and blood, all of which caused him such intense pain that his heart almost ceased to beat. He had good reason then to flee, for he felt that he had a mortal wound, and that further resistance would not avail. With this thought in mind he quickly made his escape toward his town, where the bridge was lowered and the gate quickly opened for him; meanwhile my lord Yvain at once spurs after him at topmost speed. As a gerfalcon swoops upon a crane when he sees him rising from afar, and then draws so near to him that he is about to seize him, yet misses him, so flees the knight, with Yvain pressing him so close that he can almost throw his arm about him, and yet cannot quite come up with him, though he is so close that he can hear him groan for the pain he feels. While the one exerts himself in flight the other strives in pursuit of him, fearing to have wasted his effort unless he takes him alive or dead; for he still recalls the mocking words which my lord Kay had addressed to him. He had not yet carried out the pledge which he had given to his cousin; nor will they believe his word unless he returns with the evidence. The knight led him a rapid chase to the gate of his town, where they entered in; but finding no man or woman in the streets through which they passed, they both rode swiftly on till they came to the palace-gate.

The gate was very high and wide, yet it had such a narrow entrance-way that two men or two horses could scarcely enter abreast or pass without interference or great difficulty; for it was constructed just like a trap which is set for the rat on mischief bent, and which has a blade above ready to fall and strike and catch, and which is suddenly released whenever anything, however gently, comes in contact with the spring. In like fashion, beneath the gate there were two springs connected with a portcullis up above, edged with iron and very sharp. If anything stepped upon this contrivance the gate descended from above, and whoever below was struck by the gate was caught and mangled. Precisely in the middle the passage lay as narrow as if it were a beaten track. Straight through it exactly the knight rushed on, with my lord Yvain madly following him apace, and so close to him that he held him by the saddle-bow behind. It was well for him that he was stretched forward, for had it not been for this piece of luck he would have been cut quite through; for his horse stepped upon the wooden spring which kept the portcullis in place. Like a hellish devil the gate dropped down, catching the saddle and the horse's haunches, which it cut off clean. But, thank God, my lord Yvain was only slightly touched when it grazed his back so closely that it cut both his spurs off even with his heels. And while he thus fell in dismay, the other with his mortal wound escaped him, as you now shall see. Farther on there was another gate just like the one they had just passed; through this the knight made his escape, and the gate descended behind him. Thus my lord Yvain was caught, very much concerned and discomfited as he finds himself shut in this hallway, which was all studded with gilded nails, and whose walls were cunningly decorated with precious paints. But about nothing was he so worried as not to know what had become of the knight. While he was in this narrow place, he heard open the door of a little adjoining room, and there came forth alone a fair and charming maiden who closed the door again after her. When she found my lord Yvain, at first she was sore dismayed. "Surely, sir knight," she says, "I fear you have come in an evil hour. If you are seen here, you will be all cut to pieces. For my lord is mortally wounded, and I know it is you who have been the death of him. My lady is in such a state of grief, and her people about her are crying so that they are ready to die with rage; and, moreover, they know you to be inside. But as yet their grief is such that they are unable to attend to you. The moment they come to attack you, they cannot fail to kill or capture you, as they may choose." And my lord Yvain replies to her: "If God will they shall never kill me, nor shall I fall into their hands." "No," she says, "for I shall do my utmost to assist you. It is not manly to cherish fear. So I hold you to be a man of courage, when you are not dismayed. And rest assured that if I could I would help you and treat you honourably, as you in turn would do for me. Once my lady sent me on an errand to the King's court, and I suppose I was not so experienced or courteous or so well behaved as a maiden ought to be; at any rate, there was not a knight there who deigned to say a word to me except you alone who stand here now; but you, in your kindness, honoured and aided me. For the honour you did me then I shall now reward you. I know full well what your name is, and I recognised you at once: your name is my lord Yvain. You may be sure and certain that if you take my advice you will never be caught or treated ill. Please take this little ring of mine, which you will return when I shall have delivered you." Then she handed him the little ring and told him that its effect was like that of the bark which covers the wood so that it cannot be seen; but it must be worn so that the stone is within the palm; then he who wears the ring upon his finger need have no concern for anything; for no one, however sharp his eyes may be, will be able to see him any more than the wood which is covered by the outside bark. All this is pleasing to my lord Yvain. And when she had told him this, she led him to a seat upon a couch covered with a quilt so rich that the Duke of Austria had none such, and she told him that if he cared for something to eat she would fetch it for him; and he replied that he would gladly do so. Running quickly into the chamber, she presently returned, bringing a roasted fowl and a cake, a cloth, a full pot of good grape-wine covered with a white drinking-cup; all this she offered to him to eat. And he, who stood in need of food, very gladly ate and drank.

By the time he had finished his meal the knights were astir inside looking for him and eager to avenge their lord, who was already stretched upon his bier. Then the damsel said to Yvain: "Friend, do you hear them all seeking you? There is a great noise and uproar brewing. But whoever may come or go, do not stir for any noise of theirs, for they can never discover you if you do not move from this couch. Presently you will see this room all full of ill-disposed and hostile people, who will think to find you here; and I make no doubt that they will bring the body here before interment, and they will begin to search for you under the seats and the beds. It will be amusing for a man who is not afraid when he sees people searching so fruitlessly, for they will all be so blind, so undone, and so misguided that they will be beside themselves with rage. I cannot tell you more just now, for I dare no longer tarry here. But I may thank God for giving me the chance and the opportunity to do some service to please you, as I yearned to do." Then she turned away, and when she was gone all the crowd with one accord had come from both sides to the gates, armed with clubs and swords. There was a mighty crowd and press of hostile people surging about, when they espied in front of the gate the half of the horse which had been cut down. Then they felt very sure that when the gates were opened they would find inside him whose life they wished to take. Then they caused to be drawn up those gates which had been the death of many men. But since no spring or trap was laid for their passage they all came through abreast. Then they found at the threshold the other half of the horse that had been killed; but none of them had sharp enough eyes to see my lord Yvain, whom they would gladly have killed; and he saw them beside themselves with rage and fury, as they said: "How can this be? For there is no door or window here through which anything could escape, unless it be a bird, a squirrel, or marmot, or some other even smaller animal; for the windows are barred, and the gates were closed as soon as my lord passed through. The body is in here, dead or alive, since there is no sign of it outside there; we can see more than half of the saddle in here, but of him we see nothing, except the spurs which fell down severed from his feet. Now let us cease this idle talk, and search in all these comers, for he is surely in here still, or else we are all enchanted, or the evil spirits have filched him away from us." Then they all, aflame with rage, sought him about the room, beating upon the walls, and beds, and seats. But the couch upon which he lay was spared and missed the blows, so that he was not struck or touched. But all about they thrashed enough, and raised an uproar in the room with their clubs, like a blind man who pounds as he goes about his search. While they were poking about under the beds and the stools, there entered one of the most beautiful ladies that any earthly creature ever saw. Word or mention was never made of such a fair Christian dame, and yet she was so crazed with grief that she was on the point of taking her life. All at once she cried out at the top of her voice, and then fell prostrate in a swoon. And when she had been picked up she began to claw herself and tear her hair, like a woman who had lost her mind. She tears her hair and rips her dress, and faints at every step she takes; nor can anything comfort her when she sees her husband borne along lifeless in the bier; for her happiness is at an end, and so she made her loud lament. The holy water and the cross and the tapers were borne in advance by the nuns from a convent; then came missals and censers and the priests, who pronounce the final absolution required for the wretched soul.

My lord Yvain heard the cries and the grief that can never be described, for no one could describe it, nor was such ever set down in a book. The procession passed, but in the middle of the room a great crowd gathered about the bier, for the fresh warm blood trickled out again from the dead man's wound, and this betokened certainly that the man was still surely present who had fought the battle and had killed and defeated him. Then they sought and searched everywhere, and turned and stirred up everything, until they were all in a sweat with the trouble and the press which had been caused by the sight of the trickling crimson blood. Then my lord Yvain was well struck and beaten where he lay, but not for that did he stir at all. And the people became more and more distraught because of the wounds which burst open, and they marvelled why they bled, without knowing whose fault it was. And

each one to his neighbour said: "The murderer is among us here, and yet we do not see him, which is passing strange and mysterious." At this the lady showed such grief that she made an attempt upon her life, and cried as if beside herself: "All God, then will the murderer not be found, the traitor who took my good lord's life? Good? Aye, the best of the good, indeed! True God, Thine will be the fault if Thou dost let him thus escape. No other man than Thou should I blame for it who dost hide him from my sight. Such a wonder was never seen, nor such injustice, as Thou dost to me in not allowing me even to see the man who must be so close to me. When I cannot see him, I may well say that some demon or spirit has interposed himself between us, so that I am under a spell. Or else he is a coward and is afraid of me: he must be a craven to stand in awe of me, and it is an act of cowardice not to show himself before me. Ah, thou spirit, craven thing! Why art thou so in fear of me, when before my lord thou weft so brave? O empty and elusive thing, why cannot I have thee in my power? Why cannot I lay hands upon thee now? But how could it ever come about that thou didst kill my lord, unless it was done by treachery? Surely my lord would never have met defeat at thy hands had he seen thee face to face. For neither God nor man ever knew of his like, nor is there any like him now. Surely, hadst thou been a mortal man, thou wouldst never have dared to withstand my lord, for no one could compare with him." Thus the lady struggles with herself, and thus she contends and exhausts herself. And her people with her, for their part, show the greatest possible grief as they carry off the body to burial. After their long efforts and search they are completely exhausted by the quest, and give it up from weariness, inasmuch as they can find no one who is in any way guilty. The nuns and priests, having already finished the service, had returned from the church and were gone to the burial. But to all this the damsel in her chamber paid no heed. Her thoughts are with my lord Yvain, and, coming quickly, she said to him: "Fair sir, these people have been seeking you in force. They have raised a great tumult here, and have poked about in all the corners more diligently than a hunting-dog goes ferreting a partridge or a quail. Doubtless you have been afraid." "Upon my word, you are right," says he: "I never thought to be so afraid. And yet, if it were possible I should gladly look out through some window or aperture at the procession and the corpse." Yet he had no interest in either the corpse or the procession, for he would gladly have seen them all burned, even had it cost him a thousand marks. A thousand marks? Three thousand, verily, upon my word. But he said it because of the lady of the town, of whom he wished to catch a glimpse. So the damsel placed him at a little window, and repaid him as well as she could for the honour which he had done her. From this window my lord Yvain espies the fair lady, as she says: "Sire, may God have mercy upon your soul! For never, I verily believe, did any knight ever sit in saddle who was your equal in any respect. No other knight, my fair sweet lord, ever possessed your honour or courtesy. Generosity was your friend and boldness your companion. May your soul rest among the saints, my fair dear lord." Then she strikes and tears whatever she can lay her hands upon. Whatever the outcome may be, it is hard for my lord Yvain to restrain himself from running forward to seize her hands. But the damsel begs and advises him, and even urgently commands him, though with courtesy and graciousness, not to commit any rash deed, saying: "You are well off here. Do not stir for any cause until this grief shall be assuaged; let these people all depart, as they will do presently. If you act as I advise, in accordance with my views, great advantage may come to you. It will be best for you to remain seated here, and watch the people inside and out as they pass along the way without their seeing you. But take care not to speak violently, for I hold that man to be rather imprudent than brave who goes too far and loses his self-restraint and commits some deed of violence the moment he has the time and chance. So if you cherish some rash thought be careful not to utter it. The wise man conceals his imprudent thought and works out righteousness if he can. So wisely take good care not to risk your head, for which they would accept no ransom. Be considerate of yourself and remember my advice. Rest assured until I return, for I dare not stay longer now. I might stay so long, I fear, that they would suspect me when they did not see me in the crowd,

and then I should suffer for it."

Then she goes off, and he remains, not knowing how to comport himself. He is loath to see them bury the corpse without his securing anything to take back as evidence that he has defeated and killed him. If he has no proof or evidence he will be held in contempt, for Kay is so mean and obstinate, so given to mockery, and so annoying, that he could never succeed in convincing him. He would go about for ever insulting him, flinging his mockery and taunts as he did the other day. These taunts are still fresh and rankling in his heart. But with her sugar and honey a new Love now softened him; he had been to hunt upon his lands and had gathered in his prey. His enemy carries off his heart, and he loves the creature who hates him most. The lady, all unaware, has well avenged her lord's death. She has secured greater revenge than she could ever have done unless she had been aided by Love, who attacks him so gently that he wounds his heart through his eyes. And this wound is more enduring than any inflicted by lance or sword. A sword-blow is cured and healed at once as soon as a doctor attends to it, but the wound of love is worst when it is nearest to its physician. This is the wound of my lord Yvain, from which he will never more recover, for Love has installed himself with him. He deserts and goes away from the places he was wont to frequent. He cares for no lodging or landlord save this one, and he is very wise in leaving a poor lodging-place in order to betake himself to him. In order to devote himself completely to him, he will have no other lodging-place, though often he is wont to seek out lowly hostleries. It is a shame that Love should ever so basely conduct himself as to select the meanest lodging-place quite as readily as the best. But now he has come where he is welcome, and where he will be treated honourably, and where he will do well to stay. This is the way Love ought to act, being such a noble creature that it is marvellous how he dares shamefully to descend to such low estate. He is like him who spreads his balm upon the ashes and dust, who mingles sugar with gall, and suet with honey. However, he did not act so this time, but rather lodged in a noble place, for which no one can reproach him. When the dead man had been buried, all the people dispersed, leaving no clerks or knights or ladies, excepting only her who makes no secret of her grief. She alone remains behind, often clutching at her throat, wringing her hands, and beating her palms, as she reads her psalms in her gilt lettered psalter. All this while my lord Yvain is at the window gazing at her, and the more he looks at her the more he loves her and is enthralled by her. He would have wished that she should cease her weeping and reading, and that she should feel inclined to converse with him. Love, who caught him at the window, filled him with this desire. But he despairs of realising his wish, for he cannot imagine or believe that his desire can be gratified. So he says: "I may consider myself a fool to wish for what I cannot have. Her lord it was whom I wounded mortally, and yet do I think I can be reconciled with her? Upon my word, such thoughts are folly, for at present she has good reason to hate me more bitterly than anything. I am right in saying 'at present', for a woman has more than one mind. That mind in which she is just now I trust she will soon change; indeed, she will change it certainly, and I am mad thus to despair. God grant that she change it soon! For I am doomed to be her slave, since such is the will of Love. Whoever does not welcome Love gladly, when he comes to him, commits treason and a felony. I admit (and let whosoever will, heed what I say) that such an one deserves no happiness or joy. But if I lose, it will not be for such a reason; rather will I love my enemy. For I ought not to feel any hate for her unless I wish to betray Love. I must love in accordance with Love's desire. And ought she to regard me as a friend? Yes, surely, since it is she whom I love. And I call her my enemy, for she hates me, though with good reason, for I killed the object of her love. So, then, am I her enemy? Surely no, but her true friend, for I never so loved any one before. I grieve for her fair tresses, surpassing gold in their radiance; I feel the pangs of anguish and torment when I see her tear and cut them, nor can her tears e'er be dried which I see falling from her eyes; by all these things I am distressed. Although they are full of ceaseless, ever-flowing tears, yet never were there such lovely eyes. The sight of her weeping causes me agony, but nothing pains me so much as the sight of her face, which she lacerates without its having mer-

ited such treatment. I never saw such a face so perfectly formed, nor so fresh and delicately coloured. And then it has pierced my heart to see her clutch her throat. Surely, it is all too true that she is doing the worst she can. And yet no crystal nor any mirror is so bright and smooth. God! why is she thus possessed, and why does she not spare herself? Why does she wring her lovely hands and beat and tear her breast? Would she not be marvellously fair to look upon when in happy mood, seeing that she is so fair in her displeasure? Surely yes, I can take my oath on that. Never before in a work of beauty was Nature thus able to outdo herself, for I am sure she has gone beyond the limits of any previous attempt. How could it ever have happened then? Whence came beauty so marvellous? God must have made her with His naked hand that Nature might rest from further toil. If she should try to make a replica, she might spend her time in vain without succeeding in her task. Even God Himself, were He to try, could not succeed, I guess, in ever making such another, whatever effort He might put forth."

Thus my lord Yvain considers her who is broken with her grief, and I suppose it would never happen again that any man in prison, like my lord Yvain in fear for his life, would ever be so madly in love as to make no request on his own behalf, when perhaps no one else will speak for him. He stayed at the window until he saw the lady go away, and both the portcullises were lowered again. Another might have grieved at this, who would prefer a free escape to tarrying longer where he was. But to him it is quite indifferent whether they be shut or opened. If they were open he surely would not go away, no, even were the lady to give him leave and pardon him freely for the death of her lord. For he is detained by Love and Shame which rise up before him on either hand: he is ashamed to go away, for no one would believe in the success of his exploit; on the other hand, he has such a strong desire to see the lady at least, if he cannot obtain any other favour, that he feels little concern about his imprisonment. He would rather die than go away. And now the damsel returns, wishing to bear him company with her solace and gaiety, and to go and fetch for him whatever he may desire. But she found him pensive and quite worn out with the love which had laid hold of him; whereupon she addressed him thus: "My lord Yvain, what sort of a time have you had to-day?" "I have been pleasantly occupied," was his reply. "Pleasantly? In God's name, is that the truth? What? How can one enjoy himself seeing that he is hunted to death, unless he courts and wishes it?" "Of a truth," he says, "my gentle friend, I should by no means wish to die; and yet, as God beholds me, I was pleased, am pleased now, and always shall be pleased by what I saw." "Well, let us say no more of that," she makes reply, "for I can understand well enough what is the meaning of such words. I am not so foolish or inexperienced that I cannot understand such words as those; but come now after me, for I shall find some speedy means to release you from your confinement. I shall surely set you free to-night or to-morrow, if you please. Come now, I will lead you away." And he thus makes reply: "You may be sure that I will never escape secretly and like a thief. When the people are all gathered out there in the streets, I can go forth more honourably than if I did so surreptitiously." Then he followed her into the little room. The damsel, who was kind, secured and bestowed upon him all that he desired. And when the opportunity arose, she remembered what he had said to her how he had been pleased by what he saw when they were seeking him in the room with intent to kill him.

The damsel stood in such favour with her lady that she had no fear of telling her anything, regardless of the consequences, for she was her confidante and companion. Then, why should she be backward in comforting her lady and in giving her advice which should redound to her honour? The first time she said to her privately: "My lady, I greatly marvel to see you act so extravagantly. Do you think you can recover your lord by giving away thus to your grief?" "Nay, rather, if I had my wish," says she, "I would now be dead of grief." "And why?" "In order to follow after him." "After him? God forbid, and give you again as good a lord, as is consistent with His might." "Thou didst never speak such a lie as that, for He could never give me so good a lord again." "He will give you a better one, if you will accept him, and I can prove it." "Begone!

Peace! I shall never find such a one." "Indeed you shall, my lady, if you will consent. Just tell me, if you will, who is going to defend your land when King Arthur comes next week to the margin of the spring? You have already been apprised of this by letters sent you by the Dameisele Sauvage. Alas, what a kind service she did for you! you ought to be considering how you will defend your spring, and yet you cease not to weep! If it please you, my dear lady, you ought not to delay. For surely, all the knights you have are not worth, as you well know, so much as a single chambermaid. Neither shield nor lance will ever be taken in hand by the best of them. You have plenty of craven servants, but there is not one of them brave enough to dare to mount a steed. And the King is coming with such a host that his victory will be inevitable." The lady, upon reflection, knows very well that she is giving her sincere advice, but she is unreasonable in one respect, as also are other women who are, almost without exception, guilty of their own folly, and refuse to accept what they really wish. "Begone," she says; "leave me alone. If I ever hear thee speak of this again it will go hard with thee, unless thou flee. Thou weariest me with thy idle words." "Very well, my lady," she says; "that you are a woman is evident, for woman will grow irate when she hears any one give her good advice."

Then she went away and left her alone. And the lady reflected that she had been in the wrong. She would have been very glad to know how the damsel could ever prove that it would be possible to find a better knight than her lord had ever been. She would be very glad to hear her speak, but now she has forbidden her. With this desire in mind, she waited until she returned. But the warning was of no avail, for she began to say to her at once: "My lady, is it seemly that you should thus torment yourself with grief? For God's sake now control yourself, and for shame, at least, cease your lament. It is not fitting that so great a lady should keep up her grief so long. Remember your honourable estate and your very gentle birth! Think you that all virtue ceased with the death of your lord? There are in the world a hundred as good or better men." "May God confound me, if thou dost not lie! Just name to me a single one who is reputed to be so excellent as my lord was all his life." "If I did so you would be angry with me, and would fly into a passion and you would esteem me less." "No, I will not, I assure thee." "Then may it all be for your future welfare if you would but consent, and may God so incline your will! I see no reason for holding my peace, for no one hears or heeds what we say. Doubtless you will think I am impudent, but I shall freely speak my mind. When two knights have met in an affray of arms and when one has beaten the other, which of the two do you think is the better? For my part I award the prize to the victor. Now what do you think?" "It seems to me you are laying a trap for me and intend to catch me in my words." "Upon my faith, you may rest assured that I am in the right, and I can irrefutably prove to you that he who defeated your lord is better than he was himself. He beat him and pursued him valiantly until he imprisoned him in his house." "Now," she replies, "I hear the greatest nonsense that was ever uttered. Begone, thou spirit charged with evil! Begone, thou foolish and tiresome girl! Never again utter such idle words, and never come again into my presence to speak a word on his behalf!" "Indeed, my lady, I knew full well that I should receive no thanks from you, and I said so before I spoke. But you promised me you would not be displeased, and that you would not be angry with me for it. But you have failed to keep your promise, and now, as it has turned out, you have discharged your wrath on me, and I have lost by not holding my peace."

Thereupon she goes back to the room where my lord Yvain is waiting, comfortably guarded by her vigilance. But he is ill at ease when he cannot see the lady, and he pays no attention, and hears no word of the report which the damsel brings to him. The lady, too, is in great perplexity all night, being worried about how she should defend the spring; and she begins to repent of her action to the damsel, whom she had blamed and insulted and treated with contempt. She feels very sure and certain that not for any reward or bribe, nor for any affection which she may bear him, would the maiden ever have mentioned him; and that she must love her more than him, and that she would never give her advice which would bring her shame or embarrassment: the maid is too loyal a

friend for that. Thus, lo! the lady is completely changed: she fears now that she to whom she had spoken harshly will never love her again devotedly; and him whom she had repulsed, she now lovingly and with good reason pardons, seeing that he had done her no wrong. So she argues as if he were in her presence there, and thus she begins her argument: "Come," she says, "canst thou deny that my lord was killed by thee?" "That," says he, "I cannot deny. Indeed, I fully admit it." "Tell me, then, the reason of thy deed. Didst thou do it to injure me, prompted by hatred or by spite?" "May death not spare me now, if I did it to injure you." "In that case, thou hast done me no wrong, nor art thou guilty of aught toward him. For he would have killed thee, if he could. So it seems to me that I have decided well and righteously." Thus, by her own arguments she succeeds in discovering justice, reason, and common sense, how that there is no cause for hating him; thus she frames the matter to conform with her desire, and by her own efforts she kindles her love, as a bush which only smokes with the flame beneath, until some one blows it or stirs it up. If the damsel should come in now, she would win the quarrel for which she had been so reproached, and by which she had been so hurt. And next morning, in fact, she appeared again, taking the subject up where she had let it drop. Meanwhile, the lady bowed her head, knowing she had done wrong in attacking her. But now she is anxious to make amends, and to inquire concerning the name, character, and lineage of the knight: so she wisely humbles herself, and says: "I wish to beg your pardon for the insulting words of pride which in my rage I spoke to you: I will follow your advice. So tell me now, if possible, about the knight of whom you have spoken so much to me: what sort of a man is he, and of what parentage? If he is suited to become my mate, and provided he be so disposed, I promise you to make him my husband and lord of my domain. But he will have to act in such a way that no one can reproach me by saying: 'This is she who took him who killed her lord.'" "In God's name, lady, so shall it be. You will have the gentlest, noblest, and fairest lord who ever belonged to Abel's line." "What is his name?" "My lord Yvain." "Upon my word, if he is King Urien's son he is of no mean birth, but very noble, as I well know." "Indeed, my lady, you say the truth." "And when shall we be able to see him?" "In five days' time." "That would be too long; for I wish he were already come. Let him come to-night, or to-morrow, at the latest." "My lady, I think no one could fly so far in one day. But I shall send one of my squires who can run fast, and who will reach King Arthur's court at least by to-morrow night, I think; that is the place we must seek for him." "That is a very long time. The days are long. But tell him that to-morrow night he must be back here, and that he must make greater haste than usual. If he will only do his best, he can do two days' journey in one. Moreover, to-night the moon will shine; so let him turn night into day. And when he returns I will give him whatever he wishes me to give." "Leave all care of that to me; for you shall have him in your hands the day after to-morrow at the very latest. Meanwhile you shall summon your men and confer with them about the approaching visit of the King. In order to make the customary defence of your spring it behoves you to consult with them. None of them will be so hardy as to dare to boast that he will present himself. In that case you will have a good excuse for saving that it behoves you to marry again. A certain knight, highly qualified, seeks your hand; but you do not presume to accept him without their unanimous consent. And I warrant what the outcome will be: I know them all to be such cowards that in order to put on some one else the burden which would be too heavy for them, they will fall at your feet and speak their gratitude; for thus their responsibility will be at an end. For, whoever is afraid of his own shadow willingly avoids, if possible, any meeting with lance or spear; for such games a coward has no use." "Upon my word," the lady replies, "so I would have it, and so I consent, having already conceived the plan which you have expressed; so that is what we shall do. But why do you tarry here? Go, without delay, and take measures to bring him here, while I shall summon my liege-men." Thus concluded their conference. And the damsel pretends to send to search for my lord Yvain in his country; while every day she has him bathed, and washed, and groomed. And besides this she prepares for him a robe of red scarlet stuff, brand new and lined with spotted fur.



There is nothing necessary for his equipment which she does not lend to him: a golden buckle for his neck, ornamented with precious stones which make people look well, a girdle, and a wallet made of rich gold brocade. She fitted him out perfectly, then informed her lady that the messenger had returned, having done his errand well. "How is that?" she says, "is he here? Then let him come at once, secretly and privily, while no one is here with me. See to it that no one else come in, for I should hate to see a fourth person here." At this the damsel went away, and returned to her guest again. However, her face did not reveal the joy that was in her heart; indeed, she said that her lady knew that she had been sheltering him, and was very much incensed at her. "Further concealment is useless now. The news about you has been so divulged that my lady knows the whole story and is very angry with me, heaping me with blame and reproaches. But she has given me her word that I may take you into her presence without any harm or danger. I take it that you will have no objection to this, except for one condition (for I must not disguise the truth, or I should be unjust to you): she wishes to have you in her control, and she desires such complete possession of your body that even your heart shall not be at large." "Certainly," he said, "I readily consent to what will be no hardship to me. I am willing to be her prisoner." "So shall you be: I swear it by this right hand laid upon you! Now come and, upon my advice, demean yourself so humbly in her presence that your imprisonment may not be grievous. Otherwise feel no concern. I do not think that your restraint will be irksome." Then the damsel leads him off, now alarming, now reassuring him, and speaking to him mysteriously about the confinement in which he is to find himself; for every lover is a prisoner. She is right in calling him a prisoner; for surely any one who loves is no longer free.

Taking my lord Yvain by the hand, the damsel leads him where he will be dearly loved; but expecting to be ill received, it is not strange if he is afraid. They found the lady seated upon a red cushion. I assure you my lord Yvain was terrified upon entering the room, where he found the lady who spoke not a word to him. At this he was still more afraid, being overcome with fear at the thought that he had been betrayed. He stood there to one side so long that the damsel at last spoke up and said: "Five hundred curses upon the head of him who takes into a fair lady's chamber a knight who will not draw near, and who has neither tongue nor mouth nor sense to introduce himself." Thereupon, taking him by the arm, she thrust him forward with the words: "Come, step forward, knight, and have no fear that my lady is going to snap at you; but seek her good-will and give her yours. I will join you in your prayer that she pardon you for the death of her lord, Escados the Red." Then my lord Yvain clasped his hands, and failing upon his knees, spoke like a lover with these words: "I will not crave your pardon, lady, but rather thank you for any treatment you may inflict on me, knowing that no act of yours could ever be distasteful to me." "Is that so, sir? And what if I think to kill you now?" "My lady, if it please you, you will never hear me speak otherwise." "I never heard of such a thing as this: that you put yourself voluntarily and absolutely within my power, without the coercion of any one." "My lady, there is no force so strong, in truth, as that which commands me to conform absolutely to your desire. I do not fear to carry out any order you may be pleased to give. And if I could atone for the death, which came through no fault of mine, I would do so cheerfully." "What?" says she, "come tell me now and be forgiven, if you did no wrong in killing my lord?" "Lady," he says, "if I may say it, when your lord attacked me, why was I wrong to defend myself? When a man in self-defence kills another who is trying to kill or capture him, tell me if in any way he is to blame." "No, if one looks at it aright. And I suppose it would have been no use, if I had had you put to death. But I should be glad to learn whence you derive the force that bids you to consent unquestioningly to whatever my will may dictate. I pardon you all your misdeeds and crimes. But be seated, and tell us now what is the cause of your docility?" "My lady," he says, "the impelling force comes from my heart, which is inclined toward you. My heart has fixed me in this desire." "And what prompted your heart, my fair sweet friend?" "Lady, my eyes." "And what the eyes?" "The great beauty that I see in you." "And where is beauty's fault in that?"

"Lady, in this: that it makes me love." "Love? And whom?" "You, my lady dear." "I?" "Yes, truly." "Really? And how is that?" To such an extent that my heart will not stir from you, nor is it elsewhere to be found; to such an extent that I cannot think of anything else, and I surrender myself altogether to you, whom I love more than I love myself, and for whom, if you will, I am equally ready to die or live." "And would you dare to undertake the defence of my spring for love of me?" "Yes, my lady, against the world." "Then you may know that our peace is made."

Thus they are quickly reconciled. And the lady, having previously consulted her lords, says: "We shall proceed from here to the hall where my men are assembled, who, in view of the evident need, have advised and counselled me to take a husband at their request. And I shall do so, in view of the urgent need: here and now I give myself to you; for I should not refuse to accept as lord, such a good knight and a king's son."

Now the damsel has brought about exactly what she had desired. And my lord Yvain's mastery is more complete than could be told or described; for the lady leads him away to the hall, which was full of her knights and men-at-arms. And my lord Yvain was so handsome that they all marvelled to look at him, and all, rising to their feet, salute and bow to my lord Yvain, guessing well as they did so: "This is he whom my lady will select. Cursed be he who opposes him! For he seems a wonderfully fine man. Surely, the empress of Rome would be well married with such a man. Would now that he had given his word to her, and she to him, with clasped hand, and that the wedding might take place to-day or tomorrow." Thus they spoke among themselves. At the end of the hall there was a seat, and there in the sight of all the lady took her place. And my lord Yvain made as if he intended to seat himself at her feet; but she raised him up, and ordered the seneschal to speak aloud, so that his speech might be heard by all. Then the seneschal began, being neither stubborn nor slow of speech: "My lords," he said, "we are confronted by war. Every day the King is preparing with all the haste he can command to come to ravage our lands. Before a fortnight shall have passed, all will have been laid waste, unless some valiant defender shall appear. When my lady married first, not quite seven years ago, she did it on your advice. Now her husband is dead, and she is grieved. Six feet of earth is all he has, who formerly owned all this land, and who was indeed its ornament. It is a pity he lived so short a while. A woman cannot bear a shield, nor does she know how to fight with lance. It would exalt and dignify her again if she should marry some worthy lord. Never was there greater need than now; do all of you recommend that she take a spouse, before the custom shall lapse which has been observed in this town for more than the past sixty years." At this, all at once proclaim that it seems to them the right thing to do, and they all throw themselves at her feet. They strengthen her desire by their consent; yet she hesitates to assert her wishes until, as if against her will, she finally speaks to the same intent as she would have done, indeed, if every one had opposed her wish: "My lords, since it is your wish, this knight who is seated beside me has wooed me and ardently sought my hand. He wishes to engage himself in the defence of my rights and in my service, for which I thank him heartily, as you do also. It is true I have never known him in person, but I have often heard his name. Know that he is no less a man than the son of King Urien. Beside his illustrious lineage, he is so brave, courteous, and wise that no one has cause to disparage him. You have all already heard, I suppose, of my lord Yvain, and it is he who seeks my hand. When the marriage is consummated, I shall have a more noble lord than I deserve." They all say: "If you are prudent, this very day shall not go by without the marriage being solemnised. For it is folly to postpone for a single hour an advantageous act." They beseech her so insistently that she consents to what she would have done in any case. For Love bids her do that for which she asks counsel and advice; but there is more honour for him in being accepted with the approval of her men. To her their prayers are not unwelcome; rather do they stir and incite her heart to have its way. The horse, already under speed, goes faster yet when it is spurred. In the presence of all her lords, the lady gives herself to my lord Yvain. From the hand of her chaplain he received the lady, Laudine de Landuc, daughter of Duke

Laudunet, of whom they sing a lay. That very day without delay he married her, and the wedding was celebrated. There were plenty of mitres and croziers there, for the lady had summoned her bishops and abbots. Great was the joy and rejoicing, there were many people, and much wealth was displayed—more than I could tell you of, were I to devote much thought to it. It is better to keep silent than to be inadequate. So my lord Yvain is master now, and the dead man is quite forgot. He who killed him is now married to his wife, and they enjoy the marriage rights. The people love and esteem their living lord more than they ever did the dead. They served him well at his marriage-feast, until the eve before the day when the King came to visit the marvellous spring and its stone, bringing with him upon this expedition his companions and all those of his household; not one was left behind. And my lord Kay remarked: "Ah, what now has become of Yvain, who after his dinner made the boast that he would avenge his cousin's shame? Evidently he spoke in his cups. I believe that he has run away. He would not dare to come back for anything. He was very presumptuous to make such a boast. He is a bold man who dares to boast of what no one would praise him for, and who has no proof of his great feats except the words of some false flatterer. There is a great difference between a coward and a hero; for the coward seated beside the fire talks loudly about himself, holding all the rest as fools, and thinking that no one knows his real character. A hero would be distressed at hearing his prowess related by some one else. And yet I maintain that the coward is not wrong to praise and vaunt himself, for he will find no one else to lie for him. If he does not boast of his deeds, who will? All pass over him in silence, even the heralds, who proclaim the brave, but discard the cowards." When my lord Kay had spoken thus, my lord Gawain made this reply: "My lord Kay, have some mercy now! Since my lord Yvain is not here, you do not know what business occupies him. Indeed, he never so debased himself as to speak any ill of you compared with the gracious things he has said." "Sire," says Kay, "I'll hold my peace. I'll not say another word to-day, since I see you are offended by my speech." Then the King, in order to see the rain, poured a whole basin full of water upon the stone beneath the pine, and at once the rain began to pour. It was not long before my lord Yvain without delay entered the forest fully armed, tiding faster than a gallop on a large, sleek steed, strong, intrepid, and fleet of foot. And it was my lord Kay's desire to request the first encounter. For, whatever the outcome might be, he always wished to begin the fight and joust the first, or else he would be much incensed. Before all the rest, he requested the King to allow him to do battle first. The King says: "Kay, since it is your wish, and since you are the first to make the request, the favour ought not to be denied." Kay thanks him first, then mounts his steed. If now my lord Yvain can inflict a mild disgrace upon him, he will be very glad to do so; for he recognises him by his arms. Each grasping his shield by the straps, they rush together. Spurring their steeds, they lower the lances, which they hold tightly gripped. Then they thrust them forward a little, so that they grasped them by the leather-wrapped handles, and so that when they came together they were able to deal such cruel blows that both lances broke in splinters clear to the handle of the shaft. My lord Yvain gave him such a mighty blow that Kay took a summersault from out of his saddle and struck with his helmet on the ground. My lord Yvain has no desire to inflict upon him further harm, but simply dismounts and takes his horse. This pleased them all, and many said: "Ah, ah, see how you prostrate lie, who but now held others up to scorn! And yet it is only right to pardon you this time; for it never happened to you before." Thereupon my lord Yvain approached the King, leading the horse in his hand by the bridle, and wishing to make it over to him. "Sire," says he, "now take this steed, for I should do wrong to keep back anything of yours." "And who are you?" the King replies; "I should never know you, unless I heard your name, or saw you without your arms." Then my lord told him who he was, and Kay was overcome with shame, mortified, humbled, and discomfited, for having said that he had run away. But the others were greatly pleased, and made much of the honour he had won. Even the King was greatly gratified, and my lord Gawain a hundred times more than any one else. For he loved his company more than that of any other knight

he knew. And the King requested him urgently to tell him, if it be his will, how he had fared; for he was very curious to learn all about his adventure; so the King begs him to tell the truth. And he soon told him all about the service and kindness of the damsel, not passing over a single word, not forgetting to mention anything. And after this he invited the King and all his knights to come to lodge with him, saying they would be doing him great honour in accepting his hospitality. And the King said that for an entire week he would gladly do him the honour and pleasure, and would bear him company. And when my lord Yvain had thanked him, they tarry no longer there, but mount and take the most direct road to the town. My lord Yvain sends in advance of the company a squire beating a crane-falcon, in order that they might not take the lady by surprise, and that her people might decorate the streets against the arrival of the King. When the lady heard the news of the King's visit she was greatly pleased; nor was there any one who, upon hearing the news, was not happy and elated. And the lady summons them all and requests them to go to meet him, to which they make no objection or remonstrance, all being anxious to do her will.

Mounted on great Spanish steeds, they all go to meet the King of Britain, saluting King Arthur first with great courtesy and then all his company. "Welcome," they say, "to this company, so full of honourable men! Blessed be he who brings them hither and presents us with such fair guests!" At the King's arrival the town resounds with the joyous welcome which they give. Silken stuffs are taken out and hung aloft as decorations, and they spread tapestries to walk upon and drape the streets with them, while they wait for the King's approach. And they make still another preparation, in covering the streets with awnings against the hot rays of the sun. Bells, horns, and trumpets cause the town to ring so that God's thunder could not have been heard. The maidens dance before him, flutes and pipes are played, kettle-drums, drums, and cymbals are beaten. On their part the nimble youths leap, and all strive to show their delight. With such evidence of their joy, they welcome the King fittingly. And the Lady came forth, dressed in imperial garb a robe of fresh ermine—and upon her head she wore a diadem all ornamented with rubies. No cloud was there upon her face, but it was so gay and full of joy that she was more beautiful, I think, than any goddess. Around her the crowd pressed close, as they cried with one accord: "Welcome to the King of kings and lord of lords!" The King could not reply to all before he saw the lady coming toward him to hold his stirrup. However, he would not wait for this, but hastened to dismount himself as soon as he caught sight of her. Then she salutes him with these words: "Welcome a hundred thousand times to the King, my lord, and blessed be his nephew, my lord Gawain!" The King replies: "I wish all happiness and good luck to your fair body and your face, lovely creature!" Then clasping her around the waist, the King embraced her gaily and heartily as she did him, throwing her arms about him. I will say no more of how gladly she welcomed them, but no one ever heard of any people who were so honourably received and served. I might tell you much of the joy should I not be wasting words, but I wish to make brief mention of an acquaintance which was made in private between the moon and the sun. Do you know of whom I mean to speak? He who was lord of the knights, and who was renowned above them all, ought surely to be called the sun. I refer, of course, to my lord Gawain, for chivalry is enhanced by him just as when the morning sun sheds its rays abroad and lights all places where it shines. And I call her the moon, who cannot be otherwise because of her sense and courtesy. However, I call her so not only because of her good repute, but because her name is, in fact, Lunete.

The damsel's name was Lunete, and she was a charming brunette, prudent, clever, and polite. As her acquaintance grows with my lord Gawain, he values her highly and gives her his love as to his sweetheart, because she had saved from death his companion and friend; he places himself freely at her service. On her part she describes and relates to him with what difficulty she persuaded her mistress to take my lord Yvain as her husband, and how she protected him from the hands of those who were seeking him; how he was in their midst but they did not see him. My lord Gawain laughed aloud at this story of hers, and then he said:

"Mademoiselle, when you need me and when you don't, such as I am, I place myself at your disposal. Never throw me off for some one else when you think you can improve your lot. I am yours, and do you be from now on my demoiselle!" "I thank you kindly, sire," she said. While the acquaintance of these two was ripening thus, the others, too, were engaged in flirting. For there were perhaps ninety ladies there, each of whom was fair and charming, noble and polite, virtuous and prudent, and a lady of exalted birth, so the men could agreeably employ themselves in caressing and kissing them, and in talking to them and in gazing at them while they were seated by their side; that much satisfaction they had at least. My lord Yvain is in high feather because the King is lodged with him. And the lady bestows such attention upon them all, as individuals and collectively, that some foolish person might suppose that the charming attentions which she showed them were dictated by love. But such persons may properly be rated as fools for thinking that a lady is in love with them just because she is courteous and speaks to some unfortunate fellow, and makes him happy and caresses him. A fool is made happy by fair words, and is very easily taken in. That entire week they spent in gaiety; forest and stream offered plenty of sport for any one who desired it. And whoever wished to see the land which had come into the hands of my lord Yvain with the lady whom he had married, could go to enjoy himself at one of the castles which stood within a radius of two, three, or four leagues. When the King had stayed as long as he chose, he made ready to depart. But during the week they had all begged urgently, and with all the insistence at their command, that they might take away my lord Yvain with them. "What? Will you be one of those," said my lord Gawain to him, "who degenerate after marriage? Cursed be he by Saint Mary who marries and then degenerates! Whoever has a fair lady as his mistress or his wife should be the better for it, and it is not right that her affection should be bestowed on him after his worth and reputation are gone. Surely you, too, would have cause to regret her love if you grew soft, for a woman quickly withdraws her love, and rightly so, and despises him who degenerates in any way when he has become lord of the realm. Now ought your fame to be increased! Slip off the bridle and halter and come to the tournament with me, that no one may say that you are jealous. Now you must no longer hesitate to frequent the lists, to share in the onslaught, and to contend with force, whatever effort it may cost! Inaction produces indifference. But, really, you must come, for I shall be in your company. Have a care that our comradeship shall not fail through any fault of yours, fair companion; for my part, you may count on me. It is strange how a man sets store by the life of ease which has no end. Pleasures grow sweeter through postponement; and a little pleasure, when delayed, is much sweeter to the taste than great pleasure enjoyed at once. The sweets of a love which develops late are like a fire in a green bush; for the longer one delays in lighting it the greater will be the heat it yields, and the longer will its force endure. One may easily fall into habits which it is very difficult to shake off, for when one desires to do so, he finds he has lost the power. Don't misunderstand my words, my friend: if I had such a fair mistress as you have, I call God and His saints to witness, I should leave her most reluctantly; indeed, I should doubtless be infatuated. But a man may give another counsel, which he would not take himself, just as the preachers, who are deceitful rascals, and preach and proclaim the right but who do not follow it themselves."

My lord Gawain spoke at such length and so urgently that he promised him that he would go; but he said that he must consult his lady and ask for her consent. Whether it be a foolish or a prudent thing to do, he will not fail to ask her leave to return to Britain. Then he took counsel with his wife, who had no inkling of the permission he desired, as he addressed her with these words: "My beloved lady, my heart and soul, my treasure, joy, and happiness, grant me now a favour which will redound to your honour and to mine." The lady at once gives her consent, not knowing what his desire is, and says: "Fair lord, you may command me your pleasure, whatever it be." Then my lord Yvain at once asks her for permission to escort the King and to attend at tournaments, that no one may reproach his indolence. And she replies: "I grant you leave until a certain date; but be sure that my love will change to

hate if you stay beyond the term that I shall fix. Remember that I shall keep my word; if you break your word I will keep mine. If you wish to possess my love, and if you have any regard for me, remember to come back again at the latest a year from the present date a week after St. John's day; for to-day is the eighth day since that feast. You will be checkmated of my love if you are not restored to me on that day."

My lord Yvain weeps and sighs so bitterly that he can hardly find words to say: "My lady, this date is indeed a long way off. If I could be a dove, whenever the fancy came to me, I should often rejoin you here. And I pray God that in His pleasure He may not detain me so long away. But sometimes a man intends speedily to return who knows not what the future has in store for him. And I know not what will be my fate—perhaps some urgency of sickness or imprisonment may keep me back: you are unjust in not making an exception at least of actual hindrance." "My lord," says she, "I will make that exception. And yet I dare to promise you that, if God deliver you from death, no hindrance will stand in your way so long as you remember me. So put on your finger now this ring of mine, which I lend to you. And I will tell you all about the stone: no true and loyal lover can be imprisoned or lose any blood, nor can any harm befall him, provided he carry it and hold it dear, and keep his sweetheart in mind. You will become as hard as iron, and it will serve you as shield and hauberk. I have never before been willing to lend or entrust it to any knight, but to you I give it because of my affection for you." Now my lord Yvain is free to go, but he weeps bitterly on taking leave. The King, however, would not tarry longer for anything that might be said: rather was he anxious to have the palfreys brought all equipped and bridled. They acceded at once to his desire, bringing the palfreys forth, so that it remained only to mount. I do not know whether I ought to tell you how my lord Yvain took his leave, and of the kisses bestowed on him, mingled with tears and steeped in sweetness. And what shall I tell you about the King how the lady escorts him, accompanied by her damsels and seneschal? All this would require too much time. When he sees the lady's tears, the King implores her to come no farther, but to return to her abode. He begged her with such urgency that, heavy at heart, she turned about followed by her company.

My lord Yvain is so distressed to leave his lady that his heart remains behind. The King may take his body off, but he cannot lead his heart away. She who stays behind clings so tightly to his heart that the King has not the power to take it away with him. When the body is left without the heart it cannot possibly live on. For such a marvel was never seen as the body alive without the heart. Yet this marvel now came about: for he kept his body without the heart, which was wont to be enclosed in it, but which would not follow the body now. The heart has a good abiding-place, while the body, hoping for a safe return to its heart, in strange fashion takes a new heart of hope, which is so often deceitful and treacherous. He will never know in advance, I think, the hour when this hope will play him false, for if he overstays by single day the term which he has agreed upon, it will be hard for him to gain again his lady's pardon and goodwill. Yet I think he will overstay the term, for my lord Gawain will not allow him to part from him, as together they go to joust wherever tournaments are held. And as the year passes by my lord Yvain had such success that my lord Gawain strove to honour him, and caused him to delay so long that all the first year slipped by, and it came to the middle of August of the ensuing year, when the King held court at Chester, whither they had returned the day before from a tournament where my lord Yvain had been and where he had won the glory and the story tells how the two companions were unwilling to lodge in the town, but had their tents set up outside the city, and held court there. For they never went to the royal court, but the King came rather to join in theirs, for they had the best knights, and the greatest number, in their company. Now King Arthur was seated in their midst, when Yvain suddenly had a thought which surprised him more than any that had occurred to him since he had taken leave of his lady, for he realised that he had broken his word, and that the limit of his leave was already exceeded. He could hardly keep back his tears, but he succeeded in doing so from shame. He was still deep in thought when he saw a damsel

approaching rapidly upon a black palfrey with white forefeet. As she got down before the tent no one helped her to dismount, and no one went to take her horse. As soon as she made out the King, she let her mantle fall, and thus displayed she entered the tent and came before the King, announcing that her mistress sent greetings to the King, and to my lord Gawain and all the other knights, except Yvain, that disloyal traitor, liar, hypocrite, who had deserted her deceitfully. "She has seen clearly the treachery of him who pretended he was a faithful lover while he was a false and treacherous thief. This thief has traduced my lady, who was all unprepared for any evil, and to whom it never occurred that he would steal her heart away. Those who love truly do not steal hearts away; there are, however, some men, by whom these former are called thieves, who themselves go about deceitfully making love, but in whom there is no real knowledge of the matter. The lover takes his lady's heart, of course, but he does not run away with it; rather does he treasure it against those thieves who, in the guise of honourable men, would steal it from him. But those are deceitful and treacherous thieves who vie with one another in stealing hearts for which they care nothing. The true lover, wherever he may go, holds the heart dear and brings it back again. But Yvain has caused my lady's death, for she supposed that he would guard her heart for her, and would bring it back again before the year elapsed. Yvain, thou wast of short memory when thou couldst not remember to return to thy mistress within a year. She gave thee thy liberty until St. John's day, and thou settest so little store by her that never since has a thought of her crossed thy mind. My lady had marked every day in her chamber, as the seasons passed: for when one is in love, one is ill at ease and cannot get any restful sleep, but all night long must needs count and reckon up the days as they come and go. Dost thou know how lovers spend their time? They keep count of the time and the season. Her complaint is not presented prematurely or without cause, and I am not accusing him in any way, but I simply say that we have been betrayed by him who married my lady. Yvain, my mistress has no further care for thee, but sends thee word by me never to come back to her, and no longer to keep her ring. She bids thee send it back to her by me, whom thou seest present here. Surrender it now, as thou art bound to do."

Senseless and deprived of speech, Yvain is unable to reply. And the damsel steps forth and takes the ring from his finger, commending to God the King and all the others except him, whom she leaves in deep distress. And his sorrow grows on him: he feels oppressed by what he hears, and is tormented by what he sees. He would rather be banished alone in some wild land, where no one would know where to seek for him, and where no man or woman would know of his whereabouts any more than if he were in some deep abyss. He hates nothing so much as he hates himself, nor does he know to whom to go for comfort in the death he has brought upon himself. But he would rather go insane than not take vengeance upon himself, deprived, as he is, of joy through his own fault. He rises from his place among the knights, fearing he will lose his mind if he stays longer in their midst. On their part, they pay no heed to him, but let him take his departure alone. They know well enough that he cares nothing for their talk or their society. And he goes away until he is far from the tents and pavilions. Then such a storm broke loose in his brain that he loses his senses; he tears his flesh and, stripping off his clothes, he flees across the meadows and fields, leaving his men quite at a loss, and wondering what has become of him. They go in search of him through all the country around—in the lodgings of the knights, by the hedgerows, and in the gardens—but they seek him where he is not to be found. Still fleeing, he rapidly pursued his way until he met close by a park a lad who had in his hand a bow and five barbed arrows, which were very sharp and broad. He had sense enough to go and take the bow and arrows which he held. However, he had no recollection of anything that he had done. He lies in wait for the beasts in the woods, killing them, and then eating the venison raw. Thus he dwelt in the forest like a madman or a savage, until he came upon a little, low-lying house belonging to a hermit, who was at work clearing his ground. When he saw him coming with nothing on, he could easily perceive that he was not in his right mind; and such was the case, as the hermit very

well knew. So, in fear, he shut himself up in his little house, and taking some bread and fresh water, he charitably set it outside the house on a narrow window-ledge. And thither the other comes, hungry for the bread which he takes and eats. I do not believe that he ever before had tasted such hard and bitter bread. The measure of barley kneaded with the straw, of which the bread, sourer than yeast, was made, had not cost more than five sours; and the bread was musty and as dry as bark. But hunger torments and whets his appetite, so that the bread tasted to him like sauce. For hunger is itself a well mixed and concocted sauce for any food. My lord Yvain soon ate the hermit's bread, which tasted good to him, and drank the cool water from the jar. When he had eaten, he betook himself again to the woods in search of stags and does. And when he sees him going away, the good man beneath his roof prays God to defend him and guard him lest he ever pass that way again. But there is no creature, with howsoever little sense, that will not gladly return to a place where he is kindly treated. So, not a day passed while he was in this mad fit that he did not bring to his door some wild game. Such was the life he led; and the good man took it upon himself to remove the skin and set a good quantity of the venison to cook; and the bread and the water in the jug was always standing on the window-ledge for the madman to make a meal. Thus he had something to eat and drink: venison without salt or pepper, and good cool water from the spring. And the good man exerted himself to sell the hide and buy bread made of barley, or oats, or of some other grain; so, after that, Yvain had a plentiful supply of bread and venison, which sufficed him for a long time, until one day he was found asleep in the forest by two damsels and their mistress, in whose service they were. When they saw the naked man, one of the three ran and dismounted and examined him closely, before she saw anything about him which would serve to identify him. If he had only been richly attired, as he had been many a time, and if she could have seen him then she would have known him quickly enough. But she was slow to recognise him, and continued to look at him until at last she noticed a scar which he had on his face, and she recollected that my lord Yvain's face was scarred in this same way; she was sure of it, for she had often seen it. Because of the scar she saw that it was he beyond any doubt; but she marvelled greatly how it came about that she found him thus poor and stripped. Often she crosses herself in amazement, but she does not touch him or wake him up; rather does she mount her horse again, and going back to the others, tells them tearfully of her adventure. I do not know if I ought to delay to tell you of the grief she showed; but thus she spoke weeping to her mistress: "My lady, I have found Yvain, who has proved himself to be the best knight in the world, and the most virtuous. I cannot imagine what sin has reduced the gentleman to such a plight. I think he must have had some misfortune, which causes him thus to demean himself, for one may lose his wits through grief. And any one can see that he is not in his right mind, for it would surely never be like him to conduct himself thus indecently unless he had lost his mind. Would that God had restored to him the best sense he ever had, and would that he might then consent to render assistance to your cause! For Count Alier, who is at war with you, has made upon you a fierce attack. I should see the strife between you two quickly settled in your favour if God favoured your fortunes so that he should return to his senses and undertake to aid you in this stress." To this the lady made reply: "Take care now! For surely, if he does not escape, with God's help I think we can clear his head of all the madness and insanity. But we must be on our way at once! For I recall a certain ointment with which Morgan the Wise presented me, saying there was no delirium of the head which it would not cure." Thereupon, they go off at once toward the town, which was hard by, for it was not any more than half a league of the kind they have in that country; and, as compared with ours, two of their leagues make one and four make two. And he remains sleeping all alone, while the lady goes to fetch the ointment. The lady opens a case of hers, and, taking out a box, gives it to the damsel, and charges her not to be too prodigal in its use: she should rub only his temples with it, for there is no use of applying it elsewhere; she should anoint only his temples with it, and the remainder she should carefully keep, for there is nothing the matter with him except in his brain. She

sends him also a robe of spotted fur, a coat, and a mantle of scarlet silk. The damsel takes them, and leads in her right hand an excellent palfrey. And she added to these, of her own store, a shirt, some soft hose, and some new drawers of proper cut. With all these things she quickly set out, and found him still asleep where she had left him. After putting her horse in an enclosure where she tied him fast, she came with the clothes and the ointment to the place where he was asleep. Then she made so bold as to approach the madman, so that she could touch and handle him: then taking the ointment she rubbed him with it until none remained in the box, being so solicitous for his recovery that she proceeded to anoint him all over with it; and she used it so freely that she heeded not the warning of her mistress, nor indeed did she remember it. She put more on than was needed, but in her opinion it was well employed. She rubbed his temples and forehead, and his whole body down to the ankles. She rubbed his temples and his whole body so much there in the hot sunshine that the madness and the depressing gloom passed completely out of his brain. But she was foolish to anoint his body, for of that there was no need. If she had had five measures of it she would doubtless have done the same thing. She carries off the box, and takes hidden refuge by her horse. But she leaves the robe behind, wishing that, if God calls him back to life, he may see it all laid out, and may take it and put it on. She posts herself behind an oak tree until he had slept enough, and was cured and quite restored, having regained his wits and memory. Then he sees that he is as naked as ivory, and feels much ashamed; but he would have been yet more ashamed had he known what had happened. As it is, he knows nothing but that he is naked. He sees the new robe lying before him, and marvels greatly how and by what adventure it had come there. But he is ashamed and concerned, because of his nakedness, and says that he is dead and utterly undone if any one has come upon him there and recognised him. Meanwhile, he clothes himself and looks out into the forest to see if any one was approaching. He tries to stand up and support himself, but cannot summon the strength to walk away, for his sickness has so affected him that he can scarcely stand upon his feet. Thereupon, the damsel resolves to wait no longer, but, mounting, she passed close by him, as if unaware of his presence. Quite indifferent as to whence might come the help, which he needed so much to lead him away to some lodging-place, where he might recruit his strength, he calls out to her with all his might. And the damsel, for her part, looks about her as if not knowing what the trouble is. Confused, she goes hither and thither, not wishing to go straight up to him. Then he begins to call again: "Damsel, come this way, here!" And the damsel guided toward him her soft-stepping palfrey. By this ruse she made him think that she knew nothing of him and had never seen him before; in so doing she was wise and courteous. When she had come before him, she said: "Sir knight, what do you desire that you call me so insistently?" "Ah," said he, "prudent damsel, I have found myself in this wood by some mishap—I know not what. For God's sake and your belief in Him, I pray you to lend me, taking my word as pledge, or else to give me outright, that palfrey you are leading in your hand." "Gladly, sire; but you must accompany me whither I am going." "Which way?" says he. "To a town that stands near by, beyond the forest." "Tell me, damsel, if you stand in need of me." "Yes," she says, "I do; but I think you are not very well. For the next two weeks at least you ought to rest. Take this horse, which I hold in my right hand, and we shall go to our lodging-place." And he, who had no other desire, takes it and mounts, and they proceed until they come to a bridge over a swift and turbulent stream. And the damsel throws into the water the empty box she is carrying, thinking to excuse herself to her mistress for her ointment by saying that she was so unlucky as to let the box fall into the water for, when her palfrey stumbled under her, the box slipped from her grasp, and she came near falling in too, which would have been still worse luck. It is her intention to invent this story when she comes into her mistress' presence. Together they held their way until they came to the town, where the lady detained my lord Yvain and asked her damsel in private for her box and ointment: and the damsel repeated to her the lie as she had invented it, not daring to tell her the truth. Then the lady was greatly enraged, and said: "This is certainly a very seri-

ous loss, and I am sure and certain that the box will never be found again. But since it has happened so, there is nothing more to be done about it. One often desires a blessing which turns out to be a curse; thus I, who looked for a blessing and joy from this knight, have lost the dearest and most precious of my possessions. However, I beg you to serve him in all respects." "Ah, lady, how wisely now you speak! For it would be too bad to convert one misfortune into two."

Then they say no more about the box, but minister in every way they can to the comfort of my lord Yvain, bathing him and washing his hair, having him shaved and clipped, for one could have taken up a fist full of hair upon his face. His every want is satisfied: if he asks for arms, they are furnished him: if he wants a horse, they provide him with one that is large and handsome, strong and spirited. He stayed there until, upon a Tuesday, Count Alier came to the town with his men and knights, who started fires and took plunder. Those in the town at once rose up and equipped themselves with arms. Some armed and some unarmed, they issued forth to meet the plunderers, who did not deign to retreat before them, but awaited them in a narrow pass. My lord Yvain struck at the crowd; he had had so long a rest that his strength was quite restored, and he struck a knight upon his shield with such force that he sent down in a heap, I think, the knight together with his horse. The knight never rose again, for his backbone was broken and his heart burst within his breast. My lord Yvain drew back a little to recover. Then protecting himself completely with his shield, he spurred forward to clear the pass. One could not have counted up to four before one would have seen him cast down speedily four knights. Whereupon, those who were with him waxed more brave, for many a man of poor and timid heart, at the sight of some brave man who attacks a dangerous task before his eyes, will be overwhelmed by confusion and shame, which will drive out the poor heart in his body and give him another like to a hero's for courage. So these men grew brave and each stood his ground in the fight and attack. And the lady was up in the tower, whence she saw the fighting and the rush to win and gain possession of the pass, and she saw lying upon the ground many who were wounded and many killed, both of her own party and of the enemy, but more of the enemy than of her own. For my courteous, bold, and excellent lord Yvain made them yield just as a falcon does the teal. And the men and women who had remained within the town declared as they watched the strife: "Ah, what a valiant knight! How he makes his enemies yield, and how fierce is his attack! He was about him as a lion among the fallow deer, when he is impelled by need and hunger. Then, too, all our other knights are more brave and daring because of him, for, were it not for him alone, not a lance would have been splintered nor a sword drawn to strike. When such an excellent man is found he ought to be loved and dearly prized. See now how he proves himself, see how he maintains his place, see how he stains with blood his lance and bare sword, see how he presses the enemy and follows them up, how he comes boldly to attack them, then gives away and turns about; but he spends little time in giving away, and soon returns to the attack. See him in the fray again, how lightly he esteems his shield, which he allows to be cut in pieces mercilessly. Just see how keen he is to avenge the blows which are dealt at him. For, if some one should use all the forest of Argone to make lances for him, I guess he would have none left by night. For he breaks all the lances that they place in his socket, and calls for more. And see how he wields the sword when he draws it! Roland never wrought such havoc with Durendal against the Turks at Ronceval or in Spain! If he had in his company some good companions like himself, the traitor, whose attack we are suffering, would retreat today discomfited, or would stand his ground only to find defeat." Then they say that the woman would be blessed who should be loved by one who is so powerful in arms, and who above all others may be recognised as a taper among candles, as a moon among the stars, and as the sun above the moon. He so won the hearts of all that the prowess which they see in him made them wish that he had taken their lady to wife, and that he were master of the land.

Thus men and women alike praised him, and in doing so they but told the truth. For his attack on his adversaries was such that they vie with one another in flight. But he presses hard upon their

heels, and all his companions follow him, for by his side they feel as safe as if they were enclosed in a high and thick stone wall. The pursuit continues until those who flee become exhausted, and the pursuers slash at them and disembowel their steeds. The living roll over upon the dead as they wound and kill each other. They work dreadful destruction upon each other; and meanwhile the Count flees with my lord Yvain after him, until he comes up with him at the foot of a steep ascent, near the entrance of a strong place which belonged to the Count. There the Count was stopped, with no one near to lend him aid; and without any excessive parley my lord Yvain received his surrender. For as soon as he held him in his hands, and they were left just man to man, there was no further possibility of escape, or of yielding, or of self-defence; so the Count pledged his word to go to surrender to the lady of Noroison as her prisoner, and to make such peace as she might dictate. And when he had accepted his word he made him disarm his head and remove the shield from about his neck, and the Count surrendered to him his sword. Thus he won the honour of leading off the Count as his prisoner, and of giving him over to his enemies, who make no secret of their joy. But the news was carried to the town before they themselves arrived. While all come forth to meet them, the lady herself leads the way. My lord Yvain holds his prisoner by the hand, and presents him to her. The Count gladly acceded to her wishes and demands, and secured her by his word, oath, and pledges. Giving her pledges, he swears to her that he will always live on peaceful terms with her, and will make good to her all the loss which she can prove, and will build up again the houses which he had destroyed. When these things were agreed upon in accordance with the lady's wish, my lord Yvain asked leave to depart. But she would not have granted him this permission had he been willing to take her as his mistress, or to marry her. But he would not allow himself to be followed or escorted a single step, but rather departed hastily: in this case entreaty was of no avail. So he started out to retrace his path, leaving the lady much chagrined, whose joy he had caused a while before. When he will not tarry longer she is the more distressed and ill at ease in proportion to the happiness he had brought to her, for she would have wished to honour him, and would have made him, with his consent, lord of all her possessions, or else she would have paid him for his services whatever sum he might have named. But he would not heed any word of man or woman. Despite their grief he left the knights and the lady who vainly tried to detain him longer.

Pensively my lord Yvain proceeded through a deep wood, until he heard among the trees a very loud and dismal cry, and he turned in the direction whence it seemed to come. And when he had arrived upon the spot he saw in a cleared space a lion, and a serpent which held him by the tail, burning his hind-quarters with flames of fire. My lord Yvain did not gape at this strange spectacle, but took counsel with himself as to which of the two he should aid. Then he says that he will succour the lion, for a treacherous and venomous creature deserves to be harmed. Now the serpent is poisonous, and fire bursts forth from its mouth—so full of wickedness is the creature. So my lord Yvain decides that he will kill the serpent first. Drawing his sword he steps forward, holding the shield before his face in order not to be harmed by the flame emerging from the creature's throat, which was larger than a pot. If the lion attacks him next, he too shall have all the fight he wishes; but whatever may happen afterwards he makes up his mind to help him now. For pity urges him and makes request that he should bear succour and aid to the gentle and noble beast. With his sword, which cuts so clean, he attacks the wicked serpent, first cleaving him through to the earth and cutting him in two, then continuing his blows until he reduces him to tiny bits. But he had to cut off a piece of the lion's tail to get at the serpent's head, which held the lion by the tail. He cut off only so much as was necessary and unavoidable. When he had set the lion free, he supposed that he would have to fight with him, and that the lion would come at him; but the lion was not minded so. Just hear now what the lion did! He acted nobly and as one well-bred; for he began to make it evident that he yielded himself to him, by standing upon his two hind-feet and bowing his face to the earth, with his fore-feet joined and stretched out toward him. Then he fell on his knees again, and all his face was wet with the tears of

humility. My lord Yvain knows for a truth that the lion is thanking him and doing him homage because of the serpent which he had killed, thereby delivering him from death. He was greatly pleased by this episode. He cleaned his sword of the serpent's poison and filth; then he replaced it in its scabbard, and resumed his way. And the lion walks close by his side, unwilling henceforth to part from him: he will always in future accompany him, eager to serve and protect him. He goes ahead until he scents in the wind upon his way some wild beasts feeding; then hunger and his nature prompt him to seek his prey and to secure his sustenance. It is his nature so to do. He started ahead a little on the trail, thus showing his master that he had come upon and detected the odour and scent of some wild game. Then he looks at him and halts, wishing to serve his every wish, and unwilling to proceed against his will. Yvain understands by his attitude that he is showing that he awaits his pleasure. He perceives this and understands that if he holds back he will hold back too, and that if he follows him he will seize the game which he has scented. Then he incites and cries to him, as he would do to hunting-dogs. At once the lion directed his nose to the scent which he had detected, and by which he was not deceived, for he had not gone a bow-shot when he saw in a valley a deer grazing all alone. This deer he will seize, if he has his way. And so he did, at the first spring, and then drank its blood still warm. When he had killed it he laid it upon his back and carried it back to his master, who thereupon conceived a greater affection for him, and chose him as a companion for all his life, because of the great devotion he found in him. It was near nightfall now, and it seemed good to him to spend the night there, and strip from the deer as much as he cared to eat. Beginning to carve it he splits the skin along the rib, and taking a steak from the loin he strikes from a flint a spark, which he catches in some dry brush-wood; then he quickly puts his steak upon a roasting spit to cook before the fire, and roasts it until it is quite cooked through. But there was no pleasure in the meal, for there was no bread, or wine, or salt, or cloth, or knife, or anything else. While he was eating, the lion lay at his feet; nor a movement did he make, but watched him steadily until he had eaten all that he could eat of the steak. What remained of the deer the lion devoured, even to the bones. And while all night his master laid his head upon his shield to gain such rest as that afforded, the lion showed such intelligence that he kept awake, and was careful to guard the horse as it fed upon the grass, which yielded some slight nourishment.

In the morning they go off together, and the same sort of existence, it seems, as they had led that night, they two continued to lead all the ensuing week, until chance brought them to the spring beneath the pine-tree. There my lord Yvain almost lost his wits a second time, as he approached the spring, with its stone and the chapel that stood close by. So great was his distress that a thousand times he sighed "alas!" and grieving fell in a swoon; and the point of his sharp sword, falling from its scabbard, pierced the meshes of his hauberk right in the neck beside the cheek. There is not a mesh that does not spread, and the sword cuts the flesh of his neck beneath the shining mail, so that it causes the blood to start. Then the lion thinks that he sees his master and companion dead. You never heard greater grief narrated or told about anything than he now began to show. He casts himself about, and scratches and cries, and has the wish to kill himself with the sword with which he thinks his master has killed himself. Taking the sword from him with his teeth he lays it on a fallen tree, and steadies it on a trunk behind, so that it will not slip or give way, when he hurls his breast against it. His intention was nearly accomplished when his master recovered from his swoon, and the lion restrained himself as he was blindly rushing upon death, like a wild boar heedless of where he wounds himself. Thus my lord Yvain lies in a swoon beside the stone, but, on recovering, he violently reproached himself for the year during which he had overstayed his leave, and for which he had incurred his lady's hate, and he said: "Why does this wretch not kill himself who has thus deprived himself of joy? Alas! why do I not take my life? How can I stay here and look upon what belongs to my lady? Why does the soul still tarry in my body? What is the soul doing in so miserable a frame? If it had already escaped away it would not be in such torment. It is fitting to hate and blame and despise myself, even as in fact I do.

Whoever loses his bliss and contentment through fault or error of his own ought to hate himself mortally. He ought to hate and kill himself. And now, when no one is looking on, why do I thus spare myself? Why do I not take my life? Have I not seen this lion a prey to such grief on my behalf that he was on the point just now of thrusting my sword through his breast? And ought I to fear death who have changed happiness into grief? Joy is now a stranger to me. Joy? What joy is that? I shall say no more of that, for no one could speak of such a thing; and I have asked a foolish question. That was the greatest joy of all which was assured as my possession, but it endured for but a little while. Whoever loses such joy through his own misdeed is undeserving of happiness."

While he thus bemoaned his fate, a lorn damsel in sorry plight, who was in the chapel, saw him and heard his words through a crack in the wall. As soon as he was recovered from his swoon, she called to him: "God," said she, "who is that I hear? Who is it that thus complains?" And he replied: "And who are you?" "I am a wretched one," she said, "the most miserable thing alive." And he replied: "Be silent, foolish one! Thy grief is joy and thy sorrow is bliss compared with that in which I am cast down. In proportion as a man becomes more accustomed to happiness and joy, so is he more distracted and stunned than any other man by sorrow when it comes. A man of little strength can carry, through custom and habit, a weight which another man of greater strength could not carry for anything." "Upon my word," she said, "I know the truth of that remark; but that is no reason to believe that your misfortune is worse than mine. Indeed, I do not believe it at all, for it seems to me that you can go anywhere you choose to go, whereas I am imprisoned here, and such a fate is my portion that to-morrow I shall be seized and delivered to mortal judgment." "Ah, God!" said he, "and for what crime?" "Sir knight, may God never have mercy upon my soul, if I have merited such a fate! Nevertheless, I shall tell you truly, without deception, why I am here in prison: I am charged with treason, and I cannot find any one to defend me from being burned or hanged to-morrow." "In the first place," he replied, "I may say that my grief and woe are greater than yours, for you may yet be delivered by some one from the peril in which you are. Is that not true?" "Yes, but I know not yet by whom. There are only two men in the world who would dare on my behalf to face three men in battle." "What? In God's name, are there three of them?" "Yes, sire, upon my word. There are three who accuse me of treachery." "And who are they who are so devoted to you that either one of them would be bold enough to fight against three in your defence?" "I will answer your question truthfully: one of them is my lord Gawain, and the other is my lord Yvain, because of whom I shall to-morrow be handed over unjustly to the martyrdom of death." "Because of whom?" he asked, "what did you say?" "Sire, so help me God, because of the son of King Urien." "Now I understand your words, but you shall not die, without he dies too. I myself am that Yvain, because of whom you are in such distress. And you, I take it, are she who once guarded me safely in the hall, and saved my life and my body between the two portcullises, when I was troubled and distressed, and alarmed at being trapped. I should have been killed or seized, had it not been for your kind aid. Now tell me, my gentle friend, who are those who now accuse you of treachery, and have confined you in this lonely place?" "Sire, I shall not conceal it from you, since you desire me to tell you all. It is a fact that I was not slow in honestly aiding you. Upon my advice my lady received you, after heeding my opinion and my counsel. And by the Holy Paternoster, more for her welfare than for your own I thought I was doing it, and I think so still. So much now I confess to you: it was her honour and your desire that I sought to serve, so help me God! But when it became evident that you had overstayed the year when you should return to my mistress, then she became enraged at me, and thought that she had been deceived by putting trust in my advice. And when this was discovered by the seneschal—a rascally, underhanded, disloyal wretch, who was jealous of me because in many matters my lady trusted me more than she trusted him, he saw that he could now stir up great enmity between me and her. In full court and in the presence of all he accused me of having betrayed her in your favour. And I had no counsel or aid except my own; but I knew that I had never done or conceived any treacher-

ous act toward my lady, so I cried out, as one beside herself, and without the advice of any one, that I would present in my own defence one knight who should fight against three. The fellow was not courteous enough to scorn to accept such odds, nor was I at liberty to retreat or withdraw for anything that might happen. So he took me at my word, and I was compelled to furnish bail that I would present within forty days a knight to do battle against three knights. Since then I have visited many courts; I was at King Arthur's court, but found no help from any there, nor did I find any one who could tell me any good news of you, for they knew nothing of your affairs." "Pray tell me. Where then was my good and gentle lord Gawain? No damsel in distress ever needed his aid without its being extended to her." "If I had found him at court, I could not have asked him for anything which would have been refused me; but a certain knight has carried off the Queen, so they told me; surely the King was mad to send her off in his company. I believe it was Kay who escorted her to meet the knight who has taken her away; and my lord Gawain in great distress has gone in search for her. He will never have any rest until he finds her. Now I have told you the whole truth of my adventure. To-morrow I shall be put to a shameful death, and shall be burnt inevitably, a victim of your criminal neglect." And he replies: "May God forbid that you should be harmed because of me! So long as I live you shall not die! You may expect me tomorrow, prepared to the extent of my power to present my body in your cause, as it is proper that I should do. But have no concern to tell the people who I am! However the battle may turn out, take care that I be not recognised!" "Surely, sire, no pressure could make me reveal your name. I would sooner suffer death, since you will have it so. Yet, after all, I beg you not to return for my sake. I would not have you undertake a battle which will be so desperate. I thank you for your promised word that you would gladly undertake it, but consider yourself now released, for it is better that I should die alone than that I should see them rejoice over your death as well as mine; they would not spare my life after they had put you to death. So it is better for you to remain alive than that we both should meet death." "That is very ungrateful remark, my dear," says my lord Yvain; "I suppose that either you do not wish to be delivered from death, or else that you scorn the comfort I bring you with my aid. I will not discuss the matter more, for you have surely done so much for me that I cannot fail you in any need. I know that you are in great distress; but, if it be God's will, in whom I trust, they shall all three be discomfited. So no more upon that score: I am going off now to find some shelter in this wood, for there is no dwelling near at hand." "Sire," she says, "may God give you both good shelter and good night, and protect you as I desire from everything that might do you harm!" Then my lord Yvain departs, and the lion as usual after him. They journeyed until they came to a baron's fortified place, which was completely surrounded by a massive, strong, and high wall. The castle, being extraordinarily well protected, feared no assault of catapult or storming-machine; but outside the walls the ground was so completely cleared that not a single hut or dwelling remained standing. You will learn the cause of this a little later, when the time comes. My lord Yvain made his way directly toward the fortified place, and seven varlets came out who lowered the bridge and advanced to meet him. But they were terrified at sight of the lion, which they saw with him, and asked him kindly to leave the lion at the gate lest he should wound or kill them. And he replies: "Say no more of that! For I shall not enter without him. Either we shall both find shelter here or else I shall stay outside; he is as dear to me as I am myself. Yet you need have no fear of him! For I shall keep him so well in hand that you may be quite confident." They made answer: "Very well!" Then they entered the town, and passed on until they met knights and ladies and charming damsels coming down the street, who salute him and wait to remove his armour as they say: "Welcome to our midst, fair sire! And may God grant that you tarry here until you may leave with great honour and satisfaction!" High and low alike extend to him a glad welcome, and do all they can for him, as they joyfully escort him into the town. But after they had expressed their gladness they are overwhelmed by grief, which makes them quickly forget their joy, as they begin to lament and weep and beat themselves. Thus, for a long space

of time, they cease not to rejoice or make lament: it is to honour their guest that they rejoice, but their heart is not in what they do, for they are greatly worried over an event which they expect to take place on the following day, and they feel very sure and certain that it will come to pass before midday. My lord Yvain was so surprised that they so often changed their mood, and mingled grief with their happiness, that he addressed the lord of the place on the subject. "For God's sake," he said, "fair gentle sir, will you kindly inform me why you have thus honoured me, and shown at once such joy and such heaviness?" "Yes, if you desire to know, but it would be better for you to desire ignorance and silence. I will never tell you willingly anything to cause you grief. Allow us to continue to lament, and do you pay no attention to what we do!" "It would be quite impossible for me to see you sad and nor take it upon my heart, so I desire to know the truth, whatever chagrin may result to me." "Well, then," he said, "I will tell you all. I have suffered much from a giant, who has insisted that I should give him my daughter, who surpasses in beauty all the maidens in the world. This evil giant, whom may God confound, is named Harpin of the Mountain. Not a day passes without his taking all of my possessions upon which he can lay his hands. No one has a better right than I to complain, and to be sorrowful, and to make lament. I might well lose my senses from very grief, for I had six sons who were knights, fairer than any I knew in the world, and the giant has taken all six of them. Before my eyes he killed two of them, and to-morrow he will kill the other four, unless I find some one who will dare to fight him for the deliverance of my sons, or unless I consent to surrender my daughter to him; and he says that when he has her in his possession he will give her over to be the sport of the vilest and lowliest fellows in his house, for he would scorn to take her now for himself. That is the disaster which awaits me to-morrow, unless the Lord God grant me His aid. So it is no wonder, fair sir, if we are all in tears. But for your sake we strive for the moment to assume as cheerful a countenance as we can. For he is a fool who attracts a gentleman to his presence and then does not honour him; and you seem to be a very perfect gentleman. Now I have told you the entire story of our great distress. Neither in town nor in fortress has the giant left us anything, except what we have here. If you had noticed, you must have seen this evening that he has not left us so much as an egg, except these walls which are new; for he has razed the entire town. When he had plundered all he wished, he set fire to what remained. In this way he has done me many an evil turn."

My lord Yvain listened to all that his host told him, and when he had heard it all he was pleased to answer him: "Sire, I am sorry and distressed about this trouble of yours; but I marvel greatly that you have not asked assistance at good King Arthur's court. There is no man so mighty that he could not find at his court some who would be glad to try their strength with his." Then the wealthy man reveals and explains to him that he would have had efficient help if he had known where to find my lord Gawain. "He would not have failed me upon this occasion, for my wife is his own sister; but a knight from a strange land, who went to court to seek the King's wife, has led her away. However, he could not have gotten possession of her by any means of his own invention, had it not been for Kay, who so befooled the King that he gave the Queen into his charge and placed her under his protection. He was a fool, and she imprudent to entrust herself to his escort. And I am the one who suffers and loses in all this; for it is certain that my excellent lord Gawain would have made haste to come here, had he known the facts, for the sake of his nephews and his niece. But he knows nothing of it, wherefore I am so distressed that my heart is almost breaking, for he is gone in pursuit of him, to whom may God bring shame and woe for having led the Queen away." While listening to this recital my lord Yvain does not cease to sigh. Inspired by the pity which he feels, he makes this reply: "Fair gentle sire, I would gladly undertake this perilous adventure, if the giant and your sons should arrive to-morrow in time to cause me no delay, for tomorrow at noon I shall be somewhere else, in accordance with a promise I have made." "Once for all, fair sire," the good man said, "I thank you a hundred thousand times for your willingness." And all the people of the house likewise expressed their gratitude.

Just then the damsel came out of a room, with her graceful body and her face so fair and pleasing to look upon. She was very simple and sad and quiet as she came, for there was no end to the grief she felt: she walked with her head bowed to the ground. And her mother, too, came in from an adjoining room, for the gentleman had sent for them to meet his guest. They entered with their mantles wrapped about them to conceal their tears; and he bid them throw back their mantles, and hold up their heads, saying: "You ought not to hesitate to obey my behests, for God and good fortune have given us here a very well-born gentleman who assures me that he will fight against the giant. Delay no longer now to throw yourselves at his feet!" "May God never let me see that!" my lord Yvain hastens to exclaim; "surely it would not be proper under any circumstances for the sister and the niece of my lord Gawain to prostrate themselves at his feet. May God defend me from ever giving place to such pride as to let them fall at my feet! Indeed, I should never forget the shame which I should feel; but I should be very glad if they would take comfort until to-morrow, when they may see whether God will consent to aid them. I have no other request to make, except that the giant may come in such good time that I be not compelled to break my engagement elsewhere; for I would not fail for anything to be present to-morrow noon at the greatest business I could ever undertake." Thus he is unwilling to reassure them completely, for he fears that the giant may not come early enough to allow him to reach in time the damsel who is imprisoned in the chapel. Nevertheless, he promises them enough to arouse good hope in them. They all alike join in thanking him, for they place great confidence in his prowess, and they think he must be a very good man, when they see the lion by his side as confident as a lamb would be. They take comfort and rejoice because of the hope they stake on him, and they indulge their grief no more. When the time came they led him off to bed in a brightly lighted room; both the damsel and her mother escorted him, for they prized him dearly, and would have done so a hundred thousand times more had they been informed of his prowess and courtesy. He and the lion together lay down there and took their rest. The others dared not sleep in the room; but they closed the door so tight that they could not come out until the next day at dawn. When the room was thrown open he got up and heard Mass, and then, because of the promise he had made, he waited until the hour of prime. Then in the hearing of all he summoned the lord of the town and said: "My lord, I have no more time to wait, but must ask your permission to leave at once; I cannot tarry longer here. But believe truly that I would gladly and willingly stay here yet awhile for the sake of the nephews and the niece of my beloved lord Gawain, if I did not have a great business on hand, and if it were not so far away." At this the damsel's blood quivered and boiled with fear, as well as the lady's and the lord's. They were so afraid he would go away that they were on the point of humbling themselves and casting themselves at his feet, when they recalled that he would not approve or permit their action. Then the lord makes him an offer of all he will take of his lands or wealth, if only he will wait a little longer. And he replied: "God forbid that ever I should take anything of yours!" Then the damsel, who is in dismay, begins to weep aloud, and beseeches him to stay. Like one distracted and prey to dread, she begs him by the glorious queen of heaven and of the angels, and by the Lord, not to go but to wait a little while; and then, too, for her uncle's sake, whom he says he knows, and loves, and esteems. Then his heart is touched with deep pity when he hears her adjuring him in the name of him whom he loves the most, and by the mistress of heaven, and by the Lord, who is the very honey and sweet savour of pity. Filled with anguish he heaved a sigh, for were the kingdom of Tarsus at stake he would not see her burned to whom he had pledged his aid. If he could not reach her in time, he would be unable to endure his life, or would live on without his wits on the other hand, the kindness of his friend, my lord Gawain, only increased his distress; his heart almost bursts in half at the thought that he cannot delay. Nevertheless, he does not stir, but delays and waits so long that the giant came suddenly, bringing with him the knights: and hanging from his neck he carried a big square stake with a pointed end, and with this he frequently spurred them on. For their part they had no clothing on that was worth a straw, ex-



cept some soiled and filthy shirts: and their feet and hands were bound with cords, as they came riding upon four limping jades, which were weak, and thin, and miserable. As they came riding along beside a wood, a dwarf, who was puffed up like a toad, had tied the horses' tails together, and walked beside them, beating them remorselessly with a four-knotted scourge until they bled, thinking thereby to be doing something wonderful. Thus they were brought along in shame by the giant and the dwarf. Stopping in the plain in front of the city gate, the giant shouts out to the noble lord that he will kill his sons unless he delivers to him his daughter, whom he will surrender to his vile fellows to become their sport. For he no longer loves her nor esteems her, that he should deign to abase himself to her. She shall be constantly beset by a thousand lousy and ragged knaves, vacant wretches, and scullery boys, who all shall lay hands on her. The worthy man is well-nigh beside himself when he hears how his daughter will be made a bawd, or else, before his very eyes, his four sons will be put to a speedy death. His agony is like that of one who would rather be dead than alive. Again and again he bemoans his fate, and weeps aloud and sighs. Then my frank and gentle lord Yvain thus began to speak to him: "Sire, very vile and impudent is that giant who vaunts himself out there. But may God never grant that he should have your daughter in his power! He despises her and insults her openly. It would be too great a calamity if so lovely a creature of such high birth were handed over to become the sport of boys. Give me now my arms and horse! Have the drawbridge lowered, and let me pass. One or the other must be cast down, either I or he, I know not which. If I could only humiliate the cruel wretch who is thus oppressing you, so that he would release your sons and should come and make amends for the insulting words he has spoken to you, then I would commend you to God and go about my business." Then they go to get his horse, and hand over to him his arms, striving so expeditiously that they soon have him quite equipped. They delayed as little as they could in arming him. When his equipment was complete, there remained nothing but to lower the bridge and let him go. They lowered it for him, and he went out. But the lion would by no means stay behind. All those who were left behind commended the knight to the Saviour, for they fear exceedingly lest their devilish enemy, who already had slain so many good men on the same field before their eyes, would do the same with him. So they pray God to defend him from death, and return him to them safe and sound, and that He may give him strength to slay the giant. Each one softly prays to God in accordance with his wish. And the giant fiercely came at him, and with threatening words thus spake to him: "By my eyes, the man who sent thee here surely has no love for thee! No better way could he have taken to avenge himself on thee. He has chosen well his vengeance for whatever wrong thou hast done to him." But the other, fearing naught, replies: "Thou treatest of what matters not. Now do thy best, and I'll do mine. Idle parley wearies me." Thereupon my lord Yvain, who was anxious to depart, rides at him. He goes to strike him on the breast, which was protected by a bear's skin, and the giant runs at him with his stake raised in air. My lord Yvain deals him such a blow upon the chest that he thrusts through the skin and wets the tip of his lance in his body's blood by way of sauce. And the giant belabours him with the stake, and makes him bend beneath the blows. My lord Yvain then draws the sword with which he knew how to deal fierce blows. He found the giant unprotected, for he trusted in his strength so much that he disdained to arm himself. And he who had drawn his blade gave him such a slash with the cutting edge, and not with the flat side, that he cut from his cheek a slice fit to roast. Then the other in turn gave him such a blow with the stake that it made him sing in a heap upon his horse's neck. Thereupon the lion bristles up, ready to lend his master aid, and leaps up in his anger and strength, and strikes and tears like so much bark the heavy bearskin the giant wore, and he tore away beneath the skin a large piece of his thigh, together with the nerves and flesh. The giant escaped his clutches, roaring and bellowing like a bull, for the lion had badly wounded him. Then raising his stake in both hands, he thought to strike him, but missed his aim, when the lion leaped backward so he missed his blow, and fell exhausted beside my lord Yvain, but without either of them touching the other.

Then my lord Yvain took aim and landed two blows on him. Before he could recover himself he had severed with the edge of his sword the giant's shoulder from his body. With the next blow he ran the whole blade of his sword through his liver beneath his chest; the giant falls in death's embrace. And if a great oak tree should fall, I think it would make no greater noise than the giant made when he tumbled down. All those who were on the wall would fain have witnessed such a blow. Then it became evident who was the most fleet of foot, for all ran to see the game, just like hounds which have followed the beast until they finally come up with him. So men and women in rivalry ran forward without delay to where the giant lay face downward. The daughter comes running, and her mother too. And the four brothers rejoice after the woes they have endured. As for my lord Yvain they are very sure that they could not detain him for any reason they might allege, but they beseech him to return and stay to enjoy himself as soon as he shall have completed the business which calls him away. And he replies that he cannot promise them anything, for as yet he cannot guess whether it will fare well or ill with him. But thus much did he say to his host: that he wished that his four sons and his daughter should take the dwarf and go to my lord Gawain when they hear of his return, and should tell and relate to him how he has conducted himself. For kind actions are of no use if you are not willing that they be known. And they reply: "It is not right that such kindness as this should be kept hid: we shall do whatever you desire. But tell us what we can say when we come before him. Whose praises can we speak, when we know not what your name may be?" And he answers them: "When you come before him, you may say thus much: that I told you 'The Knight with the Lion' was my name. And at the same time I must beg you to tell him from me that, if he does not recognise who I am, yet he knows me well and I know him. Now I must be gone from here, and the thing which most alarms me is that I may too long have tarried here, for before the hour of noon be passed I shall have plenty to do elsewhere, if indeed I can arrive there in time." Then, without further delay, he starts. But first his host begged him insistently that he would take with him his four sons: for there was none of them who would not strive to serve him, if he would allow it. But it did not please or suit him that any one should accompany him; so he left the place to them, and went away alone. And as soon as he starts, riding as fast as his steed can carry him, he heads toward the chapel. The path was good and straight, and he knew well how to keep the road. But before he could reach the chapel, the damsel had been dragged out and the pyre prepared upon which she was to be placed. Clad only in a shift, she was held bound before the fire by those who wrongly attributed to her an intention she had never had. My lord Yvain arrived, and, seeing her beside the fire into which she was about to be cast, he was naturally incensed. He would be neither courteous nor sensible who had any doubt about that fact. So it is true that he was much incensed; but he cherishes within himself the hope that God and the Right will be on his side. In such helpers he confides; nor does he scorn his lion's aid. Rushing quickly toward the crowd, he shouts: "Let the damsel be, you wicked folk! Having committed no crime, it is not right that she should be cast upon a pyre or into a furnace." And they draw off on either side, leaving a passage-way for him. But he yearns to see with his own eyes her whom his heart beholds in whatever place she may be. His eyes seek her until he finds her, while he subdues and holds in check his heart, just as one holds in check with a strong curb a horse that pulls. Nevertheless, he gladly gazes at her, and sighs the while; but he does not sigh so openly that his action is detected; rather does he stifle his sighs, though with difficulty. And he is seized with pity at hearing, seeing, and perceiving the grief of the poor ladies, who cried: "Ah, God, how hast Thou forgotten us! How desolate we shall now remain when we lose so kind a friend, who gave us such counsel and such aid, and interceded for us at court! It was she who prompted madame to clothe us with her clothes of vair. Henceforth the situation will change, for there will be no one to speak for us! Cursed be he who is the cause of our loss! For we shall fare badly in all this. There will be no one to utter such advice as this: 'My lady, give this vair mantle, this cloak, and this garment to such and such an honest dame! Truly,

such charity will be well employed, for she is in very dire need of them.' No such words as these shall be uttered henceforth, for there is no one else who is frank and courteous; but every one solicits for himself rather than for some one else, even though he have no need."

Thus they were bemoaning their fate; and my lord Yvain who was in their midst, heard their complaints, which were neither groundless nor assumed. He saw Lunete on her knees and stripped to her shift, having already made confession, and besought God's mercy for her sins. Then he who had loved her deeply once came to her and raised her up, saying: "My damsel, where are those who blame and accuse you? Upon the spot, unless they refuse, battle will be offered them." And she, who had neither seen nor looked at him before, said: "Sire, you come from God in this time of my great need! The men who falsely accuse me are all ready before me here; if you had been a little later I should soon have been reduced to fuel and ashes. You have come here in my defence, and may God give you the power to accomplish it in proportion as I am guiltless of the accusation which is made against me!" The seneschal and his two brothers heard these words. "Ah!" they exclaim, "woman, chary of uttering truth but generous with lies! He indeed is mad who for thy words assumes so great a task. The knight must be simple-minded who has come here to die for thee, for he is alone and there are three of us. My advice to him is that he turn back before any harm shall come to him." Then he replies, as one impatient to begin: "Whoever is afraid, let him run away! I am not so afraid of your three shields that I should go off defeated without a blow. I should be indeed discourteous, if, while yet unscathed and in perfect case, I should leave the place and field to you. Never, so long as I am alive and sound, will I run away before such threats. But I advise thee to set free the damsel whom thou hast unjustly accused; for she tells me, and I believe her word, and she has assured me upon the salvation of her soul, that she never committed, or spoke, or conceived any treason against her mistress. I believe implicitly what she has told me, and will defend her as best I can, for I consider the righteousness of her cause to be in my favour. For, if the truth be known, God always sides with the righteous cause, for God and the Right are one; and if they are both upon my side, then I have better company and better aid than thou." Then the other responds imprudently that he may make every effort that pleases him and is convenient to do him injury, provided that his lion shall not do him harm. And he replies that he never brought the lion to champion his cause, nor does he wish any but himself to take a hand: but if the lion attacks him, let him defend himself against him as best he can, for concerning him he will give no guarantee. Then the other answers: "Whatever thou mayst say; unless thou now warn thy lion, and make him stand quietly to one side, there is no use of thy longer staying here, but begone at once, and so shalt thou be wise; for throughout this country every one is aware how this girl betrayed her lady, and it is right that she receive her due reward in fire and flame." "May the Holy Spirit forbid!" says he who knows the truth; "may God not let me stir from here until I have delivered her!" Then he tells the lion to withdraw and to lie down quietly, and he does so obediently.

The lion now withdrew, and the parley and quarrel being ended between them two, they all took their distance for the charge. The three together spurred toward him, and he went to meet them at a walk. He did not wish to be overturned or hurt at this first encounter. So he let them split their lances, while keeping his entire, making for them a target of his shield, whereon each one broke his lance. Then he galloped off until he was separated from them by the space of an acre; but he soon returned to the business in hand, having no desire to delay. On his coming up the second time, he reached the seneschal before his two brothers, and breaking his lance upon his body, he carried him to earth in spite of himself, and he gave him such a powerful blow that for a long while he lay stunned, incapable of doing him any harm. And then the other two came at him with their swords bared, and both deal him great blows, but they receive still heavier blows from him. For a single one of the blows he deals is more than a match for two of theirs; thus he defends himself so well that they have no advantage over him, until the seneschal gets up and does his best to injure him, in

which attempt the others join, until they begin to press him and get the upper hand. Then the lion, who is looking on, delays no longer to lend him aid; for it seems to him that he needs it now. And all the ladies, who are devoted to the damsel, beseech God repeatedly and pray to Him earnestly not to allow the death or the defeat of him who has entered the fray on her account. The ladies, having no other weapons, thus assist him with their prayers. And the lion brings him such effective aid, that at his first attack, he strikes so fiercely the seneschal, who was now on his feet, that he makes the meshes fly from the hauberk like straw, and he drags him down with such violence that he tears the soft flesh from his shoulder and all down his side. He strips whatever he touches, so that the entrails lie exposed. The other two avenge this blow.

Now they are all even on the field. The seneschal is marked for death, as he turns and welters in the red stream of warm blood pouring from his body. The lion attacks the others; for my lord Yvain is quite unable, though he did his best by beating or by threatening him, to drive him back; but the lion doubtless feels confident that his master does not dislike his aid, but rather loves him the more for it: so he fiercely attacks them, until they have reason to complain of his blows, and they wound him in turn and use him badly. When my lord Yvain sees his lion wounded, his heart is wroth within his breast, and rightly so; but he makes such efforts to avenge him, and presses them so hard, that he completely reduces them; they no longer resist him, but surrender to him at discretion, because of the lion's help, who is now in great distress; for he was wounded everywhere, and had good cause to be in pain. For his part, my lord Yvain was by no means in a healthy state, for his body bore many a wound. But he is not so anxious about himself as about his lion, which is in distress. Now he has delivered the damsel exactly in accordance with his wish, and the lady has very willingly dismissed the grudge that she bore her. And those men were burned upon the pyre which had been kindled for the damsel's death; for it is right and just that he who has misjudged another, should suffer the same manner of death as that to which he had condemned the other. Now Lunete is joyous and glad at being reconciled with her mistress, and together they were more happy than any one ever was before. Without recognising him, all present offered to him, who was their lord, their service so long as life should last; even the lady, who possessed unknowingly his heart, begged him insistently to tarry there until his lion and he had quite recovered. And he replied: "Lady, I shall not now tarry here until my lady removes from me her displeasure and anger: then the end of all my labours will come." "Indeed," she said, "that grieves me. I think the lady cannot be very courteous who cherishes ill-will against you. She ought not to close her door against so valorous a knight as you, unless he had done her some great wrong." "Lady," he replies, "however great the hardship be, I am pleased by what ever may be her will. But speak to me no more of that; for I shall say nothing of the cause or crime, except to those who are informed of it." "Does any one know it, then, beside you two?" "Yes, truly, lady." "Well, tell us at least your name, fair sir; then you will be free to go." "Quite free, my lady? No, I shall not be free. I owe more than I can pay. Yet, I ought not to conceal from you my name. You will never hear of 'The Knight with the Lion' without hearing of me; for I wish to be known by that name." "For God's sake, sir, what does that name mean? For we never saw you before, nor have we ever heard mentioned this name of yours." "My lady, you may from that infer that my fame is not widespread." Then the lady says: "Once more, if it did not oppose your will, I would pray you to tarry here." "Really, my lady, I should not dare, until I knew certainly that I had regained my lady's good-will." "Well, then, go in God's name, fair sir; and, if it be His will, may He convert your grief and sorrow into joy." "Lady," says he, "may God hear your prayer." Then he added softly under his breath: "Lady, it is you who hold the key, and, though you know it not, you hold the casket in which my happiness is kept under lock."

Then he goes away in great distress, and there is no one who recognises him save Lunete, who accompanied him a long distance. Lunete alone keeps him company, and he begs her insistently never to reveal the name of her champion. "Sire," says she, "I will never do so." Then he further requested her that she should

not forget him, and that she should keep a place for him in his mistress' heart, whenever the chance arose. She tells him to be at ease on that score; for she will never be forgetful, nor unfaithful, nor idle. Then he thanks her a thousand times, and he departs pensive and oppressed, because of his lion that he must needs carry, being unable to follow him on foot. He makes for him a litter of moss and ferns in his shield. When he has made a bed for him there, he lays him in it as gently as he can, and carries him thus stretched out full length on the inner side of his shield. Thus, in his shield he bears him off, until he arrives before the gate of a mansion, strong and fair. Finding it closed, he called, and the porter opened it so promptly that he had no need to call but once. He reaches out to take his rein, and greets him thus: "Come in, fair sire. I offer you the dwelling of my lord, if it please you to dismount." "I accept the offer gladly," he replies, "for I stand in great need of it, and it is time to find a lodging."

Thereupon, he passed through the gate, and saw the retainers in a mass coming to meet him. They greeted him and helped him from his horse, and laid down upon the pavement his shield with the lion on it. And some, taking his horse, put it in a stable: while others very properly relieved him of his arms and took them. Then the lord of the castle heard the news, and at once came down into the courtyard, and greeted him. And his lady came down, too, with all her sons and daughters and a great crowd of other people, who all rejoiced to offer him a lodging. They gave him a quiet room, because they deemed that he was sick; but their good nature was put to a test when they allowed the lion to go with him. His cure was undertaken by two maidens skilled in surgery, who were daughters of the lord. I do not know how many days he stayed there, until he and his lion, being cured, were compelled to proceed upon their way.

But within this time it came about that my lord of Noire Espine had a struggle with Death, and so fierce was Death's attack that he was forced to die. After his death it happened that the elder of two daughters whom he had, announced that she would possess uncontested all the estates for herself during her entire lifetime, and that she would give no share to her sister. And the other one said that she would go to King Arthur's court to seek help for the defence of her claim to the land. When the former saw that her sister would by no means concede all the estates to her without contest, she was greatly concerned, and thought that, if possible, she would get to court before her. At once she prepared and equipped herself, and without any tarrying or delay, she proceeded to the court. The other followed her, and made all the haste she could; but her journey was all in vain, for her elder sister had already presented her case to my lord Gawain, and he had promised to execute her will. But there was an agreement between them that if any one should learn of the facts from her, he would never again take arms for her, and to this arrangement she gave consent.

Just then the other sister arrived at court, clad in a short mantle of scarlet cloth and fresh ermine. It happened to be the third day after the Queen had returned from the captivity in which Maleagant had detained her with all the other prisoners; but Lancelot had remained behind, treacherously confined within a tower. And on that very day, when the damsel came to court, news was received of the cruel and wicked giant whom the knight with the lion had killed in battle. In his name, my lord Gawain was greeted by his nephews and niece, who told him in detail of all the great service and great deeds of prowess he had done for them for his sake, and how that he was well acquainted with him, though not aware of his identity.

All this was heard by her, who was plunged thereby into great despair and sorrow and dejection; for, since the best of the knights was absent, she thought she would find no aid or counsel at the court. She had already made several loving and insistent appeals to my lord Gawain; but he had said to her: "My dear, it is useless to appeal to me; I cannot do it; I have another affair on hand, which I shall in no wise give up." Then the damsel at once left him, and presented herself before the King. "O King," said she, "I have come to thee and to thy court for aid. But I find none, and I am very much mazed that I can get no counsel here. Yet it would not be right for me to go away without taking leave. My sister may know,

however, that she might obtain by kindness whatever she desired of my property; but I will never surrender my heritage to her by force, if I can help it, and if I can find any aid or counsel." "You have spoken wisely," said the King; "since she is present here, I advise, recommend, and urge her to surrender to you what is your right." Then the other, who was confident of the best knight in the world, replied: "Sire, may God confound me, if ever I bestow on her from my estates any castle, town, clearing, forest, land, or anything else. But if any knight dares to take arms on her behalf and desires to defend her cause, let him step forth at once." "Your offer to her is not fair; she needs more time," the King replied; "if she desires, she may have forty days to secure a champion, according to the practice of all courts." To which the elder sister replied: "Fair King, my lord, you may establish your laws as it pleases you, and as seems good, nor is it my place to gainsay you, so I must consent to the postponement, if she desires it." Whereupon, the other says that she does desire it, and she makes formal request for it. Then she commended the King to God, and left the court resolving to devote her life to the search through all the land for the Knight with the Lion, who devotes himself to succouring women in need of aid.

Thus she entered upon her quest, and traversed many a country without hearing any news of him, which caused her such grief that she fell sick. But it was well for her that it happened so; for she came to the dwelling of a friend of hers, by whom she was dearly loved. By this time her face showed clearly that she was not in good health. They insisted upon detaining her until she told them of her plight; whereupon, another damsel took up the quest wherein she had been engaged, and continued the search on her behalf. So while the one remained in this retreat, the other rode rapidly all day long, until the darkness of night came on, and caused her great anxiety. And her trouble was doubled when the rain came on with terrible violence, as if God Himself were doing His worst, while she was in the depths of the forest. The night and the woods cause her great distress, but she is more tormented by the rain than by either the woods or the night. And the road was so bad that her horse was often up to the girth in mud; any damsel might well be terrified to be in the woods, without escort, in such bad weather and in such darkness that she could not see the horse she was riding. So she called on God first, and His mother next, and then on all the saints in turn, and offered up many a prayer that God would lead her out from this forest and conduct her to some lodging-place. She continued in prayer until she heard a horn, at which she greatly rejoiced; for she thought now she would find shelter, if she could only reach the place. So she turned in the direction of the sound, and came upon a paved road which led straight toward the horn whose sound she heard; for the horn had given three long, loud blasts. And she made her way straight toward the sound, until she came to a cross which stood on the right side of the road, and there she thought that she might find the horn and the person who had sounded it. So she spurred her horse in that direction, until she drew near a bridge, and descried the white walls and the barbican of a circular castle. Thus, by chance she came upon the castle, setting her course by the sound which had led her thither. She had been attracted by the sound of the horn blown by a watchman upon the walls. As soon as the watchman caught sight of her, he called to her, then came down, and taking the key of the gate, opened it for her and said: "Welcome, damsel, whoe'er you be. You shall be well lodged this night." "I have no other desire than that," the damsel replied, as he let her in. After the toil and anxiety she had endured that day, she was fortunate to find such a lodging-place; for she was very comfortable there. After the meal the host addressed her, and inquired where she was going and what was her quest. Whereupon, she thus replied: "I am seeking one whom I never saw, so far as I am aware, and never knew; but he has a lion with him, and I am told that, if I find him, I can place great confidence in him." "I can testify to that," the other said: "for the day before yesterday God sent him here to me in my dire need. Blessed be the paths which led him to my dwelling. For he made me glad by avenging me of a mortal enemy and killing him before my eyes. Outside yonder gate you may see to-morrow the body of a mighty giant, whom he slew with such ease that he hardly had to sweat." "For God's sake,

sire," the damsel said, "tell me now the truth, if you know whither he went, and where he is." "I don't know," he said, "as God sees me here; but to-morrow I will start you on the road by which he went away from here." "And may God," said she, "lead me where I may hear true news of him. For if I find him, I shall be very glad."

Thus they continued in long converse until at last they went to bed. When the day dawned, the maid arose, being in great concern to find the object of her quest. And the master of the house arose with all his companions, and set her upon the road which led straight to the spring beneath the pine. And she, hastening on her way toward the town, came and asked the first men whom she met, if they could tell her where she would find the lion and the knight who travelled in company. And they told her that they had seen him defeat three knights in that very place. Whereupon, she said at once: "For God's sake, since you have said so much, do not keep back from me anything that you can add." "No," they replied; "we know nothing more than we have said, nor do we know what became of him. If she for whose sake he came here, cannot give you further news, there will be no one here to enlighten you. You will not have far to go, if you wish to speak with her; for she has gone to make prayer to God and to hear Mass in yonder church, and judging by the time she has been inside, her orisons have been prolonged."

While they were talking thus, Lunete came out from the church, and they said: "There she is." Then she went to meet her, and they greeted each other. She asked Lunete at once for the information she desired; and Lunete said that she would have a palfrey saddled; for she wished to accompany her, and would take her to an enclosure where she had left him. The other maiden thanked her heartily. Lunete mounts the palfrey which is brought without delay, and, as they ride, she tells her how she had been accused and charged with treason, and how the pyre was already kindled upon which she was to be laid, and how he had come to help her in just the moment of her need. While speaking thus, she escorted her to the road which led directly to the spot where my lord Yvain had parted from her. When she had accompanied her thus far, she said: "Follow this road until you come to a place where, if it please God and the Holy Spirit, you will hear more reliable news of him than I can tell. I very well remember that I left him either near here, or exactly here, where we are now; we have not seen each other since then, and I do not know what he has done. When he left me, he was in sore need of a plaster for his wounds. So I will send you along after him, and if it be God's will, may He grant that you find him to-night or to-morrow in good health. Now go: I commend you to God. I must not follow you any farther, lest my mistress be displeased with me." Then Lunete leaves her and turns back; while the other pushed on until she found a house, where my lord Yvain had tarried until he was restored to health. She saw people gathered before the gate, knights, ladies and men-at-arms, and the master of the house; she saluted them, and asked them to tell her, if possible, news of a knight for whom she sought. "Who is he?" they ask. "I have heard it said that he is never without a lion." "Upon my word, damsel," the master says, "he has just now left us. You can come up with him to-night, if you are able to keep his tracks in sight, and are careful not to lose any time." "Sire," she answers, "God forbid. But tell me now in what direction I must follow him." And they tell her: "This way, straight ahead," and they beg her to greet him on their behalf. But their courtesy was not of much avail; for, without giving any heed, she galloped off at once. The pace seemed much too slow to her, though her palfrey made good time. So she galloped through the mud just the same as where the road was good and smooth, until she caught sight of him with the lion as his companion. Then in her gladness she exclaims: "God, help me now. At last I see him whom I have so long pursued, and whose trace I have long followed. But if I pursue and nothing gain, what will it profit me to come up with him? Little or nothing, upon my word. If he does not join in my enterprise, I have wasted all my pains." Thus saying, she pressed on so fast that her palfrey was all in a sweat; but she caught up with him and saluted him. He thus at once replied to her: "God save you, fair one, and deliver you from grief and woe." "The same to you, sire, who, I hope, will soon be able to deliver me." Then she draws nearer to him, and says: "Sire, I have long searched for you. The

great fame of your merit has made me traverse many a county in my weary search for you. But I continued my quest so long, thank God, that at last I have found you here. And if I brought any anxiety with me, I am no longer concerned about it, nor do I complain or remember it now. I am entirely relieved; my worry has taken flight the moment I met with you. Moreover, the affair is none of mine: I come to you from one that is better than I, a woman who is more noble and excellent. But if she be disappointed in her hopes of you, then she has been betrayed by your fair renown, for she has no expectation of other aid. My damsel, who is deprived of her inheritance by a sister, expects with your help to win her suit; she will have none but you defend her cause. No one can make her believe that any one else could bear her aid. By securing her share of the heritage, you will have won and acquired the love of her who is now disinherited, and you will also increase your own renown. She herself was going in search for you to secure the boon for which she hoped; no one else would have taken her place, had she not been detained by an illness which compels her to keep her bed. Now tell me, please, whether you will dare to come, or whether you will decline." "No," he says; "no man can win praise in a life of ease; and I will not hold back, but will follow you gladly, my sweet friend, whithersoever it may please you. And if she for whose sake you have sought me out stands in some great need of me, have no fear that I shall not do all I can for her. Now may God grant me the happiness and grace to settle in her favour her rightful claim."

Thus conversing, they two rode away until they approached the town of Pesme Avanture. They had no desire to pass it by, for the day was already drawing to a close. They came riding to the castle, when all the people, seeing them approach, called out to the knight: "I'll come, sire, ill come. This lodging-place was pointed out to you in order that you might suffer harm and shame. An abbot might take his oath to that." "Ah," he replied, "foolish and vulgar folk, full of all mischief, and devoid of honour, why have you thus assailed me?" "Why? you will find out soon enough, if you will go a little farther. But you shall learn nothing more until you have ascended to the fortress." At once my lord Yvain turns toward the tower, and the crowd cries out, all shouting aloud at him: "Eh, eh, wretch, whither goest thou? If ever in thy life thou hast encountered one who worked thee shame and woe, such will be done thee there, whither thou art going, as will never be told again by thee." My lord Yvain, who is listening, says: "Base and pitiless people, miserable and impudent, why do you assail me thus, why do you attack me so? What do you wish of me, what do you want, that you growl this way after me?" A lady, who was somewhat advanced in years, who was courteous and sensible, said: "Thou hast no cause to be enraged: they mean no harm in what they say; but, if thou understoodest them aright, they are warning thee not to spend the night up there; they dare not tell thee the reason for this, but they are warning and blaming thee because they wish to arouse thy fears. This they are accustomed to do in the case of all who come, so that they may not go inside. And the custom is such that we dare not receive in our own houses, for any reason whatsoever, any gentleman who comes here from a distance. The responsibility now is thine alone; no one will stand in thy way. If thou wishest, thou mayst go up now; but my advice is to turn back again." "Lady," he says, "doubtless it would be to my honour and advantage to follow your advice; but I do not know where I should find a lodging-place to-night." "Upon my word," says she, "I'll say no more, for the concern is none of mine. Go wherever you please. Nevertheless, I should be very glad to see you return from inside without too great shame; but that could hardly be." "Lady," he says, "may God reward you for the wish. However, my wayward heart leads me on inside, and I shall do what my heart desires." Thereupon, he approaches the gate, accompanied by his lion and his damsel. Then the porter calls to him, and says: "Come quickly, come. You are on your way to a place where you will be securely detained, and may your visit be accursed."

The porter, after addressing him with this very ungracious welcome, hurried upstairs. But my lord Yvain, without making reply, passed straight on, and found a new and lofty hall; in front of it there was a yard enclosed with large, round, pointed stakes, and seated inside the stakes he saw as many as three hundred maidens,

working at different kinds of embroidery. Each one was sewing with golden thread and silk, as best she could. But such was their poverty, that many of them wore no girdle, and looked slovenly, because so poor; and their garments were torn about their breasts and at the elbows, and their shifts were soiled about their necks. Their necks were thin, and their faces pale with hunger and privation. They see him, as he looks at them, and they weep, and are unable for some time to do anything or to raise their eyes from the ground, so bowed down they are with woe. When he had contemplated them for a while, my lord Yvain turned about and moved toward the door; but the porter barred the way, and cried: "It is no use, fair master; you shall not get out now. You would like to be outside: but, by my head, it is of no use. Before you escape you will have suffered such great shame that you could not easily suffer more; so you were not wise to enter here, for there is no question of escaping now." "Nor do I wish to do so, fair brother," said he; "but tell me, by thy father's soul, whence came the damsels whom I saw in the yard, weaving cloths of silk and gold. I enjoy seeing the work they do, but I am much distressed to see their bodies so thin, and their faces so pale and sad. I imagine they would be fair and charming, if they had what they desire." "I will tell you nothing," was the reply; "seek some one else to tell you." "That will I do, since there is no better way." Then he searches until he finds the entrance of the yard where the damsels were at work: and coming before them, he greets them all, and sees tears flowing from their eyes, as they weep. Then he says to them: "May it please God to remove from your hearts, and turn to joy, this grief, the cause of which I do not know." One of them answers: "May you be heard by God, to whom you have addressed your prayer. It shall not be concealed from you who we are, and from what land: I suppose that is what you wish to know." "For no other purpose came I here," says he. "Sire, it happened a long while ago that the king of the Isle of Damsels went seeking news through divers courts and countries, and he kept on his travels like a dunce until he encountered this perilous place. It was an unlucky hour when he first came here, for we wretched captives who are here receive all the shame and misery which we have in no wise deserved. And rest assured that you yourself may expect great shame, unless a ransom for you be accepted. But, at any rate, so it came about that my lord came to this town, where there are two sons of the devil (do not take it as a jest) who were born of a woman and an imp. These two were about to fight with the king, whose terror was great, for he was not yet eighteen years old, and they would have been able to cleave him through like a tender lamb. So the king, in his terror, escaped his fate as best he could, by swearing that he would send hither each year, as required, thirty of his damsels, and with this rent he freed himself. And when he swore, it was agreed that this arrangement should remain in force as long as the two devils lived. But upon the day when they should be conquered and defeated in battle, he would be relieved from this tribute, and we should be delivered who are now shamefully given over to distress and misery. Never again shall we know what pleasure is. But I spoke folly just now in referring to our deliverance, for we shall never more leave this place. We shall spend our days weaving cloths of silk, without ever being better clad. We shall always be poor and naked, and shall always suffer from hunger and thirst, for we shall never be able to earn enough to procure for ourselves any better food. Our bread supply is very scarce—a little in the morning and less at night, for none of us can gain by her handiwork more than fourpence a day for her daily bread. And with this we cannot provide ourselves with sufficient food and clothes. For though there is not one of us who does not earn as much as twenty sous a week, yet we cannot live without hardship. Now you must know that there is not a single one of us who does not do twenty sous worth of work or more, and with such a sum even a duke would be considered rich. So while we are reduced to such poverty, he, for whom we work, is rich with the product of our toil. We sit up many nights, as well as every day, to earn the more, for they threaten to do us injury, when we seek some rest, so we do not dare to rest ourselves. But why should I tell you more? We are so shamefully treated and insulted that I cannot tell you the fifth part of it all. But what makes us almost wild with rage is that we very often see rich and excellent knights, who fight with the

two devils, lose their lives on our account. They pay dearly for the lodging they receive, as you will do to-morrow. For, whether you wish to do so or not, you will have to fight singlehanded and lose your fair renown with these two devils." "May God, the true and spiritual, protect me," said my lord Yvain, "and give you back your honour and happiness, if it be His will. I must go now and see the people inside there, and find out what sort of entertainment they will offer me." "Go now, sire, and may He protect you who gives and distributes all good things."

Then he went until he came to the hall where he found no one, good or bad, to address him. Then he and his companion passed through the house until they came to a garden. They never spoke of, or mentioned, stabling their horses. But what matters it? For those who considered them already as their own had stabled them carefully. I do not know whether their expectation was wise, for the horses' owners are still perfectly hale. The horses, however, have oats and hay, and stand in litter up to their belly. My lord Yvain and his company enter the garden. There he sees, reclining upon his elbow upon a silken rug, a gentleman, to whom a maiden was reading from a romance about I know not whom. There had come to recline there with them and listen to the romance a lady, who was the mother of the damsel, as the gentleman was her father; they had good reason to enjoy seeing and hearing her, for they had no other children. She was not yet sixteen years old, and was so fair and full of grace that the god of Love would have devoted himself entirely to her service, if he had seen her, and would never have made her fall in love with anybody except himself. For her sake he would have become a man, and would lay aside his deity, and would smite his own body with that dart whose wound never heals unless some base physician attends to it. It is not fitting that any one should recover until he meets with faithlessness. Any one who is cured by other means is not honestly in love. I could tell you so much about this wound, if you were pleased to listen to it, that I would not get through my tale to-day. But there would be some one who would promptly say that I was telling you but an idle tale; for people don't fall in love nowadays, nor do they love as they used to do, so they do not care to hear of it. But hear now in what fashion and with what manner of hospitality my lord Yvain was received. All those who were in the garden leaped to their feet when they saw him come, and cried out: "This way, fair sire. May you and all you love be blessed with all that God can do or say." I know not if they were deceiving him, but they receive him joyfully and act as if they are pleased that he should be comfortably lodged. Even the lord's daughter serves him very honourably, as one should treat a worthy guest. She relieves him of all his arms, nor was it the least attention she bestowed on him when she herself washed his neck and face. The lord wishes that all honour should be shown him, as indeed they do. She gets out from her wardrobe a folded shirt, white drawers, needle and thread for his sleeves, which she sews on, thus clothing him. May God want now that this attention and service may not prove too costly to him! She gave him a handsome jacket to put on over his shirt, and about his neck she placed a brand new spotted mantle of scarlet stuff. She takes such pains to serve him well that he feels ashamed and embarrassed. But the damsel is so courteous and open-hearted and polite that she feels she is doing very little. And she knows well that it is her mother's will that she shall leave nothing undone for him which she thinks may win his gratitude. That night at table he was so well served with so many dishes that there were too many. The servants who brought in the dishes might well have been wearied by serving them. That night they did him all manner of honour, putting him comfortably to bed, and not once going near him again after he had retired. His lion lay at his feet, as his custom was. In the morning, when God lighted His great light for the world, as early as was consistent in one who was always considerate, my lord Yvain quickly arose, as did his damsel too. They heard Mass in a chapel, where it was promptly said for them in honour of the Holy Spirit.

After the Mass my lord Yvain heard bad news, when he thought the time had come for him to leave and that nothing would stand in his way; but it could not be in accordance with his wish. When he said: "Sire, if it be your will, and with your permission, I am going now," the master of the house replied: "Friend, I will not

grant you permission yet. There is a reason why I cannot do so, for there is established in this castle a very terrible practice which I am bound to observe. I shall now cause to approach two great, strong fellows of mine, against whom, whether right or wrong, you must take arms. If you can defend yourself against them, and conquer and slay them both, my daughter desires you as her lord, and the suzerainty of this town and all its dependencies awaits you." "Sire," said he, "for all this I have no desire. So may God never bestow your daughter upon me, but may she remain with you; for she is so fair and so elegant that the Emperor of Germany would be fortunate to win her as his wife." "No more, fair guest," the lord replied: "there is no need of my listening to your refusal, for you cannot escape. He who can defeat the two, who are about to attack you, must by right receive my castle, and all my land, and my daughter as his wife. There is no way of avoiding or renouncing the battle. But I feel sure that your refusal of my daughter is due to cowardice, for you think that in this manner you can completely avoid the battle. Know, however, without fail that you must surely fight. No knight who lodges here can possibly escape. This is a settled custom and statute, which will endure yet for many a year, for my daughter will never be married until I see them dead or defeated." "Then I must fight them in spite of myself. But I assure you that I should very gladly give it up. In spite of my reluctance, however, I shall accept the battle, since it is inevitable." Thereupon, the two hideous, black sons of the devil come in, both armed with a crooked club of a cornelian cherry-tree, which they had covered with copper and wound with brass. They were armed from the shoulders to the knees, but their head and face were bare, as well as their brawny legs. Thus armed, they advanced, bearing in their hands round shields, stout and light for fighting. The lion begins to quiver as soon as he sees them, for he sees the arms they have, and perceives that they come to fight his master. He is aroused, and bristles up at once, and, trembling with rage and bold impulse, he thrashes the earth with his tail, desiring to rescue his master before they kill him. And when they see him they say: "Vassal, remove the lion from here that he may not do us harm. Either surrender to us at once, or else, we adjure you, that lion must be put where he can take no part in aiding you or in harming us. You must come alone to enjoy our sport, for the lion would gladly help you, if he could." My lord Yvain then replies to them: "Take him away yourselves if you are afraid of him. For I shall be well pleased and satisfied if he can contrive to injure you, and I shall be grateful for his aid." They answer: "Upon my word that will not do; you shall never receive any help from him. Do the best you can alone, without the help of any one. You must fight single-handed against us two. If you were not alone, it would be two against two; so you must follow our orders, and remove your lion from here at once, however much you may dislike to do so." "Where do you wish him to be?" he asks, "or where do you wish me to put him?" Then they show him a small room, and say: "Shut him up in there." "It shall be done, since it is your will." Then he takes him and shuts him up. And now they bring him arms for his body, and lead out his horse, which they give to him, and he mounts. The two champions, being now assured about the lion, which is shut up in the room, come at him to injure him and do him harm. They give him such blows with the maces that his shield and helmet are of little use, for when they hit him on the helmet they batter it in and break it; and the shield is broken and dissolved like ice, for they make such holes in it that one could thrust his fists through it: their onslaught is truly terrible. And he—what does he do against these two devils? Urged on by shame and fear, he defends himself with all his strength. He strains every nerve, and exerts himself to deal heavy, and telling blows; they lost nothing by his gifts, for he returned their attentions with double measure. In his room, the lion's heart is heavy and sad, for he remembers the kind deed done for him by this noble man, who now must stand in great need of his service and aid. If now he could escape from there, he would return him the kindness with full measure and full bushel, without any discount whatsoever. He looks about in all directions, but sees no way of escape. He hears the blows of the dangerous and desperate fight, and in his grief he rages and is beside himself. He investigates, until he comes to the threshold, which was beginning to grow rotten; and he scratches at it until he

can squeeze himself in as far as his haunches, when he sticks fast. Meanwhile, my lord Yvain was hard pressed and sweating freely, for he found that the two fellows were very strong, fierce, and persistent. He had received many a blow, and repaid it as best he could, but without doing them any harm, for they were well skilled in fencing, and their shields were not of a kind to be hacked by any sword, however sharp and well tempered it might be. So my lord Yvain had good reason to fear his death, yet he managed to hold his own until the lion extricated himself by continued scratching beneath the threshold. If the rascals are not killed now, surely they will never be. For so long as the lion knows them to be alive, they can never obtain truce or peace with him. He seizes one of them, and pulls him down to earth like a tree-trunk. The wretches are terrified, and there is not a man present who does not rejoice. For he whom the lion has dragged down will never be able to rise again, unless the other succours him. He runs up to bring him aid, and at the same time to protect himself, lest the lion should attack him as soon as he had despatched the one whom he had thrown down; he was more afraid of the lion than of his master. But my lord Yvain will be foolish now if he allows him longer life, when he sees him turn his back, and sees his neck bare and exposed; this chance turned out well for him. When the rascal exposed to him his bare head and neck, he dealt him such a blow that he smote his head from his shoulders so quietly that the fellow never knew a word about it. Then he dismounts, wishing to help and save the other one from the lion, who holds him fast. But it is of no use, for already he is in such straits that a physician can never arrive in time; for the lion, coming at him furiously, so wounded him at the first attack, that he was in a dreadful state. Nevertheless, he drags the lion back, and sees that he had torn his shoulder from its place. He is in no fear of the fellow now, for his club has fallen from his hand, and he lies like a dead man without action or movement; still he has enough strength to speak, and he said as clearly as he could: "Please take your lion away, fair sire, that he may not do me further harm. Henceforth you may do with me whatever may be your desire. Whoever begs and prays for mercy, ought not to have his prayer refused, unless he addresses a heartless man. I will no longer defend myself, nor will I ever get up from here with my own strength; so I put myself in your hands." "Speak out then," he says, "if thou dost admit that thou art conquered and defeated." "Sire," he says, "it is evident. I am defeated in spite of myself, and I surrender, I promise you." "Then thou needest have no further fear of me, and my lion will leave thee alone." Then he is surrounded by all the crowd, who arrive on the scene in haste. And both the lord and his lady rejoice over him, and embrace him, and speak to him of their daughter, saying: "Now you will be the lord and master of us all, and our daughter will be your wife, for we bestow her upon you as your spouse." "And for my part," he says. "I restore her to you. Let him who has her keep her. I have no concern with her, though I say it not in disparagement. Take it not amiss if I do not accept her, for I cannot and must not do so. But deliver to me now, if you will, the wretched maidens in your possession. The agreement, as you well know, is that they shall all go free." "What you say is true," he says: "and I resign and deliver them freely to you: there will be no dispute on that score. But you will be wise to take my daughter with all my wealth, for she is fair, and charming, and sensible. You will never find again such a rich marriage as this." "Sire," he replies, "you do not know of my engagements and my affairs, and I do not dare to explain them to you. But, you may be sure, when I refuse what would never be refused by any one who was free to devote his heart and intentions to such a fair and charming girl, that I too would willingly accept her hand if I could, or if I were free to accept her or any other maid. But I assure you that I cannot do it: so let me depart in peace. For the damsel, who escorted me hither, is awaiting me. She has kept me company, and I would not willingly desert her whatever the future may have in store." "You wish to go, fair sire? But how? My gate will never be opened for you unless my judgment bids me give the command; rather shall you remain here as my prisoner. You are acting haughtily and making a mistake when you disdain to take my daughter at my request." "Disdain, my lord? Upon my soul, I do not disdain her. Whatever the penalty may be, I cannot marry a wife or tarry here. I shall follow the damsel who is my guide: for

otherwise it cannot be. But, with your consent, I will pledge you my right hand, and you may take my word, that, just as you see me now, I will return if possible, and then will accept your daughter's hand, whenever it may seem good to you." "Confound any one," he says, "who asks you for your word or promise or pledge. If my daughter pleases you, you will return quickly enough. You will not return any sooner. I think, for having given your word or sworn an oath. Begone now. I release you from all oaths and promises. If you are detained by rain or wind, or by nothing at all, it is of no consequence to me. I do not hold my daughter so cheap as to bestow her upon you forcibly. Now go about your business. For it is quite the same to me whether you go or whether you stay."

Thereupon my lord Yvain turns away and delays no longer in the castle. He escorted the poor and ill-clad wretches, who were now released from captivity, and whom the lord committed to his care. These maidens feel that now they are rich, as they file out in pairs before him from the castle. I do not believe that they would rejoice so much as they do now were He who created the whole world to descend to earth from Heaven. Now all those people who had insulted him in every possible way come to beseech him for mercy and peace, and escort him on his way. He replies that he knows nothing of what they mean. "I do not understand what you mean," he says; "but I have nothing against you. I do not remember that you ever said anything that harmed me." They are very glad for what they hear, and loudly praise his courtesy, and after escorting him a long distance, they all commend him to God. Then the damsels, after asking his permission, separated from him. When they left him, they all bowed to him, and prayed and expressed the wish that God might grant him joy and health, and the accomplishment of his desire, wherever in the future he should go. Then he, who is anxious to be gone, says that he hopes God will save them all. "Go," he says, "and may God conduct you into your countries safe and happy." Then they continue their way joyfully; and my lord Yvain departs in the other direction. All the days of that week he never ceases to hurry on under the escort of the maid, who was well acquainted with the road, and with the retired place where she had left the unhappy and disconsolate damsel who had been deprived of her inheritance. But when she heard news of the arrival of the maiden and of the Knight with the Lion. There never was such joy as she felt within her heart. For now she thinks that, if she insists, her sister will cede her a part of her inheritance. The damsel had long lain sick, and had just recovered from her malady. It had seriously affected her, as was apparent from her face. Straightway she went forth to meet them, greeting them and honouring them in every way she could. There is no need to speak of the happiness that prevailed that night in the house. No mention will be made of it, for the story would be too long to tell. I pass over all that, until they mounted next morning and went away. They rode until they saw the town where King Arthur had been staying for a fortnight or more. And there, too, was the damsel who had deprived her sister of her heritage, for she had kept close to the court, waiting for the arrival of her sister, who now draws near. But she does not worry much, for she does not think that her sister can find any knight who can withstand my lord Gawain's attack, and only one day of the forty yet remains. If this single day had passed, she would have had the reasonable and legal right to claim the heritage for herself alone. But more stands in the way than she thinks or believes. That night they spent outside the town in a small and humble house, where, in accordance with their desire, they were not recognised. At the first sign of dawn the next morning they necessarily issue forth, but ensconce themselves in hiding until broad daylight.

I know not how many days had passed since my lord Gawain had so completely disappeared that no one at court knew anything about him, except only the damsel in whose cause he was to fight. He had concealed himself three or four leagues from the court, and when he returned he was so equipped that even those who knew him perfectly could not recognise him by the arms he bore. The damsel, whose injustice toward her sister was evident, presented him at court in the sight of all, for she intended with his help to triumph in the dispute where she had no rights. So she said to the King: "My lord, time passes. The noon hour will soon be gone, and this is the last day. As you see, I am prepared to defend my claim.

If my sister were going to return, there would be nothing to do but await her arrival. But I may praise God that she is not coming back again. It is evident that she cannot better her affairs, and that her trouble has been for naught. For my part, I have been ready all the time up to this last day, to prove my claim to what is mine. I have proved my point entirely without a fight, and now I may rightfully go to accept my heritage in peace; for I shall render no accounting for it to my sister as long as I live, and she will lead a wretched and miserable existence." Then the King, who well knew that the damsel was disloyally unjust toward her sister, said to her: "My dear, upon my word, in a royal court one must wait as long as the king's justice sits and deliberates upon the verdict. It is not yet time to pack up, for it is my belief that your sister will yet arrive in time." Before the King had finished, he saw the Knight with the Lion and the damsel with him. They two were advancing alone, having slipped away from the lion, who had stayed where they spent the night.

The King saw the damsel whom he did not fail to recognise, and he was greatly pleased and delighted to see her, for he was on her side of the quarrel, because he had regard for what was right. Joyfully he cried out to her as soon as he could: "Come forward, fair one: may God save you!" When the other sister hears these words, she turns trembling, and sees her with the knight whom she had brought to defend in her claim: then she turned blacker than the earth. The damsel, after being kindly welcomed by all, went to where the King was sitting. When she had come before him, she spoke to him thus: "God save the King and his household. If my rights in this dispute can be settled by a champion, then it will be done by this knight who has followed me hither. This frank and courteous knight had many other things to do elsewhere; but he felt such pity for me that he cast aside all his other affairs for the sake of mine. Now, madame, my very dear sister, whom I love as much as my own heart, would do the right and courteous thing if she would let me have so much of what is mine by right that there might be peace between me and her; for I ask for nothing that is hers." "Nor do I ask for anything that is thine," the other replied; "for thou hast nothing, and nothing shalt thou have. Thou canst never talk so much as to gain anything by thy words. Thou mayest dry up with grief." Then the other, who was very polite and sensible and courteous, replied with the words: "Certainly I am sorry that two such gentlemen as these should fight on our behalf over so small a disagreement. But I cannot disregard my claim, for I am in too great need of it. So I should be much obliged to you if you would give me what is rightly mine." "Surely," the other said, "any one would be a fool to consider thy demands. May I burn in evil fire and flame if I give thee anything to ease thy life! The banks of the Seine will meet, and the hour of prime will be called noon, before I refuse to carry out the fight." "May God and the right, which I have in this cause, and in which I trust and have trusted till the present time, aid him, who in charity and courtesy has offered himself in my service, though he knows not who I am, and though we are ignorant of each other's identity."

So they talked until their conversation ceased, and then produced the knights in the middle of the court. Then all the people crowd about, as people are wont to do when they wish to witness blows in battle or in joust. But those who were about to fight did not recognise each other, though their relations were wont to be very affectionate. Then do they not love each other now? I would answer you both "yes" and "no." And I shall prove that each answer is correct. In truth, my lord Gawain loves Yvain and regards him as his companion, and so does Yvain regard him, wherever he may be. Even here, if he knew who he was, he would make much of him, and either one of them would lay down his head for the other before he would allow any harm to come to him. Is not that a perfect and lofty love? Yes, surely. But, on the other hand, is not their hate equally manifest? Yes; for it is a certain thing that doubtless each would be glad to have broken the other's head, and so to have injured him as to cause his humiliation. Upon my word, it is a wondrous thing, that Love and mortal Hate should dwell together. God! How can two things so opposed find lodging in the same dwelling-place? It seems to me they cannot live together; for one could not dwell with the other, without giving rise to noise and contention, as soon as each knew of the other's

presence. But upon the ground-floor there may be several apartments: for there are halls and sleeping-rooms. It may be the same in this case: I think Love had ensconced himself in some hidden room, while Hate had betaken herself to the balconies looking on the high-road, because she wishes to be seen. Just now Hate is in the saddle, and spurs and pricks forward as she can, to get ahead of Love who is indisposed to move. Ah! Love, what has become of thee? Come out now, and thou shalt see what a host has been brought up and opposed to thee by the enemies of thy friends. The enemies are these very men who love each other with such a holy love for love, which is neither false nor feigned, is a precious and a holy thing. In this case Love is completely blind, and Hate, too, is deprived of sight. For if Love had recognised these two men, he must have forbidden each to attack the other, or to do any thing to cause him harm. In this respect, then, Love is blind and discomfited and beguiled; for, though he sees them, he fails to recognise those who rightly belong to him. And though Hate is unable to tell why one of them should hate the other, yet she tries to engage them wrongfully, so that each hates the other mortally. You know, of course, that he cannot be said to love a man who would wish to harm him and see him dead. How then? Does Yvain wish to kill his friend, my lord Gawain? Yes, and the desire is mutual. Would, then, my lord Gawain desire to kill Yvain with his own hands, or do even worse than I have said? Nay, not really, I swear and protest. One would not wish to injure or harm the other, in return for all that God has done for man, or for all the empire of Rome. But this, in turn, is a lie of mine, for it is plainly to be seen that, with lance raised high in rest, each is ready to attack the other, and there will be no restraint of the desire of each to wound the other with intent to injure him and work him woe. Now tell me! When one will have defeated the other, of whom can he complain who has the worst of it? For if they go so far as to come to blows, I am very much afraid that they will continue the battle and the strife until victory be definitely decided. If he is defeated, will Yvain be justified in saying that he has been harmed and wronged by a man who counts him among his friends, and who has never mentioned him but by the name of friend or companion? Or, if it comes about perchance that Yvain should hurt him in turn, or defeat him in any way, will Gawain have the right to complain? Nay, for he will not know whose fault it is. In ignorance of each other's identity, they both drew off and took their distance. At this first shock, their lances break, though they were stout, and made of ash. Not a word do they exchange, for if they had stopped to converse their meeting would have been different. In that case, no blow would have been dealt with lance or sword; they would have kissed and embraced each other rather than sought each other's harm. For now they attack each other with injurious intent. The condition of the swords is not improved, nor that of the helmets and shields, which are dented and split; and the edges of the swords are nicked and dulled. For they strike each other violently, not with the flat of the swords, but with the edge, and they deal such blows with the pommels upon the nose-guards and upon the neck, forehead and cheeks, that they are all marked black and blue where the blood collects beneath the skin. And their hauberks are so torn, and their shields so broken in pieces, that neither one escaped without wounds. Their breath is almost exhausted with the labour of the strife; they hammer away at each other so lustily that every hyacinth and emerald set in their helmets is crushed and smashed. For they give each other such a battering with their pommels upon the helmets that they are quite stunned, as they almost beat out each other's brains. The eyes in their heads gleam like sparks, as, with stout square fists, and strong nerves, and hard bones, they strike each other upon the mouth as long as they can grip their swords, which are of great service to them in dealing their heavy blows.

When they had for a long time strained themselves, until the helmets were crushed, and the hauberks' meshes were torn apart with the hammering of the swords, and the shields were split and cracked, they drew apart a little to give their pulse a rest and to catch their breath again. However, they do not long delay, but run at each other again more fiercely than before. And all declare that they never saw two more courageous knights. "This fight between them is no jest, but they are in grim earnest. They will

never be repaid for their merits and deserts." The two friends, in their bitter struggle, heard these words, and heard how the people were talking of reconciling the two sisters; but they had no success in placating the elder one. And the younger one said she would leave it to the King, and would not gainsay him in anything. But the elder one was so obstinate that even the Queen Guinevere and the knights and the King and the ladies and the townspeople side with the younger sister, and all join in beseeching the King to give her a third or a fourth part of the land in spite of the elder sister, and to separate the two knights who had displayed such bravery, for it would be too bad if one should injure the other or deprive him of any honour. And the King replied that he would take no hand in making peace, for the elder sister is so cruel that she has no desire for it. All these words were heard by the two, who were attacking each other so bitterly that all were astonished thereat; for the battle is waged so evenly that it is impossible to judge which has the better and which the worse. Even the two men themselves, who fight, and who are purchasing honour with agony, are filled with amazement and stand agast, for they are so well matched in their attack, that each wonders who it can be that withstands him with such bravery. They fight so long that the day draws on to night, while their arms grow weary and their bodies sore, and the hot, boiling blood flows from many a spot and trickles down beneath their hauberks: they are in such distress that it is no wonder if they wish to rest. Then both withdraw to rest themselves, each thinking within himself that, however long he has had to wait, he now at last has met his match. For some time they thus seek repose, without daring to resume the fight. They feel no further desire to fight, because of the night which is growing dark, and because of the respect they feel for each other's might. These two considerations keep them apart, and urge them to keep the peace. But before they leave the field they will discover each other's identity, and joy and mercy will be established between them.

My brave and courteous lord Yvain was the first to speak. But his good friend was unable to recognise him by his utterance; for he was prevented by his low tone and by his voice which was hoarse, weak, and broken; for his blood was all stirred up by the blows he had received. "My lord," he says, "the night comes on! I think no blame or reproach will attach to us if the night comes between us. But I am willing to admit, for my own part, that I feel great respect and admiration for you, and never in my life have I engaged in a battle which has made me smart so much, nor did I ever expect to see a knight whose acquaintance I should so yearn to make. You know well how to land your blows and how to make good use of them: I have never known a knight who was so skilled in dealing blows. It was against my will that I received all the blows you have bestowed on me to-day; I am stunned by the blows you have I struck upon my head." "Upon my word," my lord Gawain replies, "you are not so stunned and faint but that I am as much so, or more. And if I should tell you the simple truth, I think you would not be loath to hear it, for if I have lent you anything of mine, you have fully paid me back, principal and interest; for you were more ready to pay back than I was to accept the payment. But however that may be, since you wish me to inform you of my name, it shall not be kept from you: my name is Gawain the son of King Lot." As soon as my lord Yvain heard that, he was amazed and sorely troubled; angry and grief-stricken, he cast upon the ground his bloody sword and broken shield, then dismounted from his horse, and cried: "Alas, what mischance is this! Through what unhappy ignorance in not recognising each other have we waged this battle! For if I had known who you were, I should never have fought with you; but, upon my word, I should have surrendered without a blow." "How is that?" my lord Gawain inquires, "who are you, then?" "I am Yvain, who love you more than any man in the whole wide world, for you have always been fond of me and shown me honour in every court. But I wish to make you such amends and do you such honour in this affair that I will confess myself to have been defeated." "Will you do so much for my sake?" my gentle lord Gawain asks him; "surely I should be presumptuous to accept any such amends from you. This honour shall never be claimed as mine, but it shall be yours, to whom I resign it." "Ah, fair sire, do not speak so. For that could never



be. I am so wounded and exhausted that I cannot endure more." "Surely, you have no cause to be concerned," his friend and companion replies; "but for my part, I am defeated and overcome; I say it not as a compliment; for there is no stranger in the world, to whom I would not say as much, rather than receive any more blows." Thus saying, he got down from his horse, and they threw their arms about each other's neck, kissing each other, and each continuing to assert that it is he who has met defeat. The argument is still in progress when the King and the knights come running up from every side, at the sight of their reconciliation; and great is their desire to hear how this can be, and who these men are who manifest such happiness. The King says: "Gentlemen, tell us now who it is that has so suddenly brought about this friendship and harmony between you two, after the hatred and strife there has been this day?" Then his nephew, my lord Gawain, thus answers him: "My lord, you shall be informed of the misfortune and mischance which have been the cause of our strife. Since you have tarried in order to hear and learn the cause of it, it is right to let you know the truth. I, Gawain, who am your nephew, did not recognise this companion of mine, my lord Yvain, until he fortunately, by the will of God, asked me my name. After each had informed the other of his name, we recognised each other, but not until we had fought it out. Our struggle already has been long; and if we had fought yet a little longer, it would have fared ill with me, for, by my head, he would have killed me, what with his prowess and the evil cause of her who chose me as her champion. But I would rather be defeated than killed by a friend in battle." Then my lord Yvain's blood was stirred, as he said to him in reply: "Fair dear sire, so help me God, you have no right to say so much. Let my lord, The King, well know in this battle I am surely the one who has been defeated and overcome!" "I am the one" "No, I am." Thus each cries out, and both are so honest and courteous that each allows the victory and crown to be the other's prize, while neither one of them will accept it. Thus each strives to convince the King and all the people that he has been defeated and overthrown. But when he had listened to them for a while, the King terminated the dispute. He was well pleased with what he heard and with the sight of them in each other's arms, though they had wounded and injured each other in several places. "My lords," he says, "there is deep affection between you two. You give clear evidence of that, when each insists that it is he who has been defeated. Now leave it all to me! For I think I can arrange it in such a way that it will redound to your honour, and every one will give consent." Then they both promised him that they would do his will in every particular. And the King says that he will decide the quarrel fairly and faithfully. "Where is the damsel," he inquires, "who has ejected her sister from her land, and has forcibly and cruelly disinherited her?" "My lord," she answers, "here I am." "Are you there? Then draw near to me! I saw plainly some time ago that you were disinheriting her. But her right shall no longer be denied; for you yourself have avowed the truth to me. You must now resign her share to her." "Sire," she says, "if I uttered a foolish and thoughtless word, you ought not to take me up in it. For God's sake, sire, do not be hard on me! You are a king, and you ought to guard against wrong and error." The King replies: "That is precisely why I wish to give your sister her rights; for I have never defended what is wrong. And you have surely heard how your knight and hers have left the matter in my hands. I shall not say what is altogether pleasing to you; for your injustice is well known. In his desire to honour the other, each one says that he has been defeated. But there is no need to delay further: since the matter has been left to me, either you will do in all respects what I say, without resistance, or I shall announce that my nephew has been defeated in the fight. That would be the worst thing that could happen to your cause, and I shall be sorry to make such a declaration." In reality, he would not have said it for anything; but he spoke thus in order to see if he could frighten her into restoring the heritage to her sister; for he clearly saw that she never would surrender anything to her for any words of his unless she was influenced by force or fear. In fear and apprehension, she replied to him: "Fair lord, I must now respect your desire, though my heart is very loath to yield. Yet, however hard it may go with me, I shall do it, and my sister shall have what belongs to her. I give her your

own person as a pledge of her share in my inheritance, in order that she may be more assured of it." "Endow her with it, then, at once," the King replies; "let her receive it from your hands, and let her vow fidelity to you! Do you love her as your vassal, and let her love you as her sovereign lady and as her sister." Thus the King conducts the affair until the damsel takes possession of her land, and offers her thanks to him for it. Then the King asked the valiant and brave knight who was his nephew to allow himself to be disarmed; and he requested my lord Yvain to lay aside his arms also; for now they may well dispense with them. Then the two vassals lay aside their arms and separate on equal terms. And while they are taking off their armour, they see the lion running up in search of his master. As soon as he catches sight of him, he begins to show his joy. Then you would have seen people draw aside, and the boldest among them takes to flight. My lord Yvain cries out: "Stand still, all! Why do you flee? No one is chasing you. Have no fear that yonder lion will do you harm. Believe me, please, when I say that he is mine, and I am his, and we are both companions." Then it was known of a truth by all those who had heard tell of the adventures of the lion and of his companion that this must be the very man who had killed the wicked giant. And my lord Gawain said to him: "Sir companion, so help me God, you have overwhelmed me with shame this day. I did not deserve the service that you did me in killing the giant to save my nephews and my niece. I have been thinking about you for some time, and I was troubled because it was said that we were acquainted as loving friends. I have surely thought much upon the subject: but I could not hit upon the truth, and had never heard of any knight that I had known in any land where I had been, who was called 'The Knight with the Lion.'" While they chatted thus they took their armour off, and the lion came with no slow step to the place where his master sat, and showed such joy as a dumb beast could. Then the two knights had to be removed to a sick-room and infirmary, for they needed a doctor and plaster to cure their wounds. King Arthur, who loved them well, had them both brought before him, and summoned a surgeon whose knowledge of surgery was supreme. He exercised his art in curing them, until he had healed their wounds as well and as quickly as possible. When he had cured them both, my lord Yvain, who had his heart set fast on love, saw clearly that he could not live, but that he finally would die unless his lady took pity upon him; for he was dying for love of her; so he thought he would go away from the court alone, and would go to fight at the spring that belonged to her, where he would cause such a storm of wind and rain that she would be compelled perforce to make peace with him; otherwise, there would be no end to the disturbance of the spring, and to the rain and wind.

As soon as my lord Yvain felt that he was cured and sound again, he departed without the knowledge of any one. But he had with him his lion, who never in his life wished to desert him. They travelled until they saw the spring and made the rain descend. Think not that this is a lie of mine, when I tell you that the disturbance was so violent that no one could tell the tenth part of it: for it seemed as if the whole forest must surely be engulfed. The lady fears for her town, lest it, too, will crumble away; the walls totter, and the tower rocks so that it is on the verge of falling down. The bravest Turk would rather be a captive in Persia than be shut up within those walls. The people are so stricken with terror that they curse all their ancestors, saying: "Confounded be the man who first constructed a house in this neighbourhood, and all those who built this town! For in the wide world they could not have found so detestable a spot, for a single man is able here to invade and worry and harry us." "You must take counsel in this matter, my lady," says Lunete; "you will find no one who will undertake to aid you in this time of need unless you seek for him afar. In the future we shall never be secure in this town, nor dare to pass beyond the walls and gate. You know full well that, were some one to summon together all your knights for this cause, the best of them would not dare to step forward. If it is true that you have no one to defend your spring, you will appear ridiculous and humiliated. It will redound greatly to your honour, forsooth, if he who has attacked you shall retire without a fight! Surely you are in a bad predicament if you do not devise some other plan to

benefit yourself." The lady replies: "Do thou, who art so wise, tell me what plan I can devise, and I will follow thy advice." "Indeed, lady, if I had any plan, I should gladly propose it to you. But you have great need of a wiser counsellor. So I shall certainly not dare to intrude, and in common with the others I shall endure the rain and wind until, if it please God, I shall see some worthy man appear here in your court who will assume the responsibility and burden of the battle; but I do not believe that that will happen to-day, and we have not yet seen the worst of your urgent need." Then the lady replies at once: "Damsel, speak now of something else! Say no more of the people of my household; for I cherish no further expectation that the spring and its marble brim will ever be defended by any of them. But, if it please God, let us hear now what is your opinion and plan; for people always say that in time of need one can test his friend." "My lady, if there is any one who thinks he could find him who slew the giant and defeated the three knights, he would do well to go to search for him. But so long as he shall incur the enmity, wrath, and displeasure of his lady, I fancy there is not under heaven any man or woman whom he would follow, until he had been assured upon oath that everything possible would be done to appease the hostility which his lady feels for him, and which is so bitter that he is dying of the grief and anxiety it causes him." And the lady said: "Before you enter upon the quest, I am prepared to promise you upon my word and to swear that, if he will return to me, I will openly and frankly do all I can to bring about his peace of mind." Then Lunete replies to her: "Lady, have no fear that you cannot easily effect his reconciliation, when once it is your desire to do so; but, if you do not object, I will take your oath before I start." "I have no objection," the lady says. With delicate courtesy, Lunete procured at once for her a very precious relic, and the lady fell upon her knees. Thus Lunete very courteously accepted her upon her oath. In administering the oath, she forgot nothing which it might be an advantage to insert. "Lady," she says, "now raise your hand! I do not wish that the day after to-morrow you should lay any charge upon me; for you are not doing anything for me, but you are acting for your own good. If you please now, you shall swear that you will exert yourself in the interests of the Knight with the Lion until he recover his lady's love as completely as he ever possessed it." The lady then raised her right hand and said: "I swear to all that thou hast said, so help me God and His holy saint, that my heart may never fail to do all within my power. If I have the strength and ability, I will restore to him the love and favour which with his lady he once enjoyed."

Lunete has now done well her work; there was nothing which she had desired so much as the object which she had now attained. They had already got out for her a palfrey with an easy pace. Gladly and in a happy frame of mind Lunete mounts and rides away, until she finds beneath the pine-tree him whom she did not expect to find so near at hand. Indeed, she had thought that she would have to seek afar before discovering him. As soon as she saw him, she recognised him by the lion, and coming toward him rapidly, she dismounted upon the solid earth. And my lord Yvain recognised her as soon as he saw her, and greeted her, as she saluted him with the words: "Sire, I am very happy to have found you so near at hand." And my lord Yvain said in reply: "How is that? Were you looking for me, then?" "Yes, sire, and in all my life I have never felt so glad, for I have made my mistress promise, if she does not go back upon her word, that she will be again your lady as was once the case, and that you shall be her lord; this truth I make bold to tell." My lord Yvain was greatly elated at the news he hears, and which he had never expected to hear again. He could not sufficiently show his gratitude to her who had accomplished this for him. He kisses her eyes, and then her face, saying: "Surely, my sweet friend, I can never repay you for this service. I fear that ability and time will fail me to do you the honour and service which is your due." "Sire," she replies, "have no concern, and let not that thought worry you! For you will have an abundance of strength and time to show me and others your good will. If I have paid this debt I owed, I am entitled to only so much gratitude as the man who borrows another's goods and then discharges the obligation. Even now I do not consider that I have paid you the debt I owed." "Indeed you have, as God sees me, more than five hundred thousand times. Now, when you are ready, let us go. But

have you told her who I am?" "No, I have not, upon my word. She knows you only by the name of 'The Knight with the Lion.'"

Thus conversing they went along, with the lion following after them, until they all three came to the town. They said not a word to any man or woman there, until they arrived where the lady was. And the lady was greatly pleased as soon as she heard that the damsel was approaching, and that she was bringing with her the lion and the knight, whom she was very anxious to meet and know and see. All clad in his arms, my lord Yvain fell at her feet upon his knees, while Lunete, who was standing by, said to her: "Raise him up, lady, and apply all your efforts and strength and skill in procuring that peace and pardon which no one in the world, except you, can secure for him." Then the lady bade him rise, and said: "He may dispose of all my power! I shall be very happy, if possible, to accomplish his wish and his desire." "Surely, my lady," Lunete replied, "I would not say it if it were not true. But all this is even more possible for you than I have said: but now I will tell you the whole truth, and you shall see: you never had and you never will have such a good friend as this gentleman. God, whose will it is that there should be unending peace and love between you and him, has caused me to find him this day so near at hand. In order to test the truth of this, I have only one thing to say: lady, dismiss the grudge you bear him! For he has no other mistress than you. This is your husband, my lord Yvain."

The lady, trembling at these words, replied: "God save me! You have caught me neatly in a trap! You will make me love, in spite of myself, a man who neither loves nor esteems me. This is a fine piece of work, and a charming way of serving me! I would rather endure the winds and the tempests all my life: And if it were not a mean and ugly thing to break one's word, he would never make his peace or be reconciled with me. This purpose would have always lurked within me, as a fire smoulders in the ashes; but I do not wish to renew it now, nor do I care to refer to it, since I must be reconciled with him."

My lord Yvain hears and understands that his cause is going well, and that he will be peacefully reconciled with her. So he says: "Lady, one ought to have mercy on a sinner. I have had to pay, and dearly to pay, for my mad act. It was madness that made me stay away, and I now admit my guilt and sin. I have been bold, indeed, in daring to present myself to you; but if you will deign to keep me now, I never again shall do you any wrong." She replied: "I will surely consent to that; for if I did not do all I could to establish peace between you and me, I should be guilty of perjury. So, if you please, I grant your request." "Lady," says he, "so truly as God in this mortal life could not otherwise restore me to happiness, so may the Holy Spirit bless me five hundred times!"

Now my lord Yvain is reconciled, and you may believe that, in spite of the trouble he has endured, he was never so happy for anything. All has turned out well at last; for he is beloved and treasured by his lady, and she by him. His troubles no longer are in his mind; for he forgets them all in the joy he feels with his precious wife. And Lunete, for her part, is happy too: all her desires are satisfied when once she had made an enduring peace between my polite lord Yvain and his sweetheart so dear and so elegant.

Thus Chretien concludes his romance of the Knight with the Lion; for I never heard any more told of it, nor will you ever hear any further particulars, unless some one wishes to add some lies.

# Chrétien: Lancelot

Since my lady of Champagne wishes me to undertake to write a romance, I shall very gladly do so, being so devoted to her service as to do anything in the world for her, without any intention of flattery. But if one were to introduce any flattery upon such an occasion, he might say, and I would subscribe to it, that this lady surpasses all others who are alive, just as the south wind which blows in May or April is more lovely than any other wind. But upon my word, I am not one to wish to flatter my lady. I will simply say: "The Countess is worth as many queens as a gem is worth of pearls and sards." Nay I shall make no comparison, and yet it is true in spite of me; I will say, however, that her command has more to do with this work than any thought or pains that I may expend upon it. Here Chrétien begins his book about the Knight of the Cart. The material and the treatment of it are given and furnished to him by the Countess, and he is simply trying to carry out her concern and intention. Here he begins the story.

Upon a certain Ascension Day King Arthur had come from Caerleon, and had held a very magnificent court at Camelot as was fitting on such a day. After the feast the King did not quit his noble companions, of whom there were many in the hall. The Queen was present, too, and with her many a courteous lady able to converse in French. And Kay, who had furnished the meal, was eating with the others who had served the food. While Kay was sitting there at meat, behold there came to court a knight, well equipped and fully armed, and thus the knight appeared before the King as he sat among his lords. He gave him no greeting, but spoke out thus: "King Arthur, I hold in captivity knights, ladies, and damsels who belong to thy dominion and household; but it is not because of any intention to restore them to thee that I make reference to them here; rather do I wish to proclaim and serve thee notice that thou hast not the strength or the resources to enable thee to secure them again. And be assured that thou shalt die before thou canst ever succour them." The King replies that he must needs endure what he has not the power to change; nevertheless, he is filled with grief. Then the knight makes as if to go away, and turns about, without tarrying longer before the King; but after reaching the door of the hall, he does not go down the stairs, but stops and speaks from there these words: "King, if in thy court there is a single knight in whom thou hast such confidence that thou wouldst dare to entrust to him the Queen that he might escort her after me out into the woods whither I am going, I will promise to await him there, and will surrender to thee all the prisoners whom I hold in exile in my country if he is able to defend the Queen and if he succeeds in bringing her back again." Many who were in the palace heard this challenge, and the whole court was in an uproar. Kay, too, heard the news as he sat at meat with those who served. Leaving the table, he came straight to the King, and as if greatly enraged, he began to say: "O King, I have served thee long, faithfully, and loyally; now I take my leave, and shall go away, having no desire to serve thee more." The King was grieved at what he heard, and as soon as he could, he thus replied to him: "Is this serious, or a joke?" And Kay replied: "O King, fair sire, I have no desire to jest, and I take my leave quite seriously. No other reward or wages do I wish in return for the service I have given you. My mind is quite made up to go away immediately." "Is it in anger or in spite that you wish to go?" the King inquired; "seneschal, remain at court, as you have done hitherto, and be assured that I have nothing in the world which I would not give you

at once in return for your consent to stay." "Sire," says Kay, "no need of that. I would not accept for each day's pay a measure of fine pure gold." Thereupon, the King in great dismay went off to seek the Queen. "My lady," he says, "you do not know the demand that the seneschal makes of me. He asks me for leave to go away, and says he will no longer stay at court; the reason of this I do not know. But he will do at your request what he will not do for me. Go to him now, my lady dear. Since he will not consent to stay for my sake, pray him to remain on your account, and if need be, fall at his feet, for I should never again be happy if I should lose his company." The King sends the Queen to the seneschal, and she goes to him. Finding him with the rest, she went up to him, and said: "Kay, you may be very sure that I am greatly troubled by the news I have heard of you. I am grieved to say that I have been told it is your intention to leave the King. How does this come about? What motive have you in your mind? I cannot think that you are so sensible or courteous as usual. I want to ask you to remain: stay with us here, and grant my prayer." "Lady," he says, "I give you thanks; nevertheless, I shall not remain." The Queen again makes her request, and is joined by all the other knights. And Kay informs her that he is growing tired of a service which is unprofitable. Then the Queen prostrates herself at full length before his feet. Kay beseeches her to rise, but she says that she will never do so until he grants her request. Then Kay promises her to remain, provided the King and she will grant in advance a favour he is about to ask. "Kay," she says, "he will grant it, whatever it may be. Come now, and we shall tell him that upon this condition you will remain." So Kay goes away with the Queen to the King's presence. The Queen says: "I have had hard work to detain Kay; but I have brought him here to you with the understanding that you will do what he is going to ask." The King sighed with satisfaction, and said that he would perform whatever request he might make.

"Sire," says Kay, "hear now what I desire, and what is the gift you have promised me. I esteem myself very fortunate to gain such a boon with your consent. Sire, you have pledged your word that you would entrust to me my lady here, and that we should go after the knight who awaits us in the forest." Though the King is grieved, he trusts him with the charge, for he never went back upon his word. But it made him so ill-humoured and displeased that it plainly showed in his countenance. The Queen, for her part, was sorry too, and all those of the household say that Kay had made a proud, outrageous, and mad request. Then the King took the Queen by the hand, and said: "My lady, you must accompany Kay without making objection." And Kay said: "Hand her over to me now, and have no fear, for I shall bring her back perfectly happy and safe." The King gives her into his charge, and he takes her off. After them all the rest go out, and there is not one who is not sad. You must know that the seneschal was fully armed, and his horse was led into the middle of the courtyard, together with a palfrey, as is fitting, for the Queen. The Queen walked up to the palfrey, which was neither restive nor hard-mouthed. Grieving and sad, with a sigh the Queen mounts, saying to herself in a low voice, so that no one could hear: "Alas, alas, if you only knew it, I am sure you would never allow me without interference to be led away a step." She thought she had spoken in a very low tone; but Count Guinable heard her, who was standing by when she mounted. When they started away, as great a lament was made

by all the men and women present as if she already lay dead upon a bier. They do not believe that she will ever in her life come back. The seneschal in his impudence takes her where that other knight is awaiting her. But no one was so much concerned as to undertake to follow him; until at last my lord Gawain thus addressed the King his uncle: "Sire," he says, "you have done a very foolish thing, which causes me great surprise; but if you will take my advice, while they are still near by, I and you will ride after them, and all those who wish to accompany us. For my part, I cannot restrain myself from going in pursuit of them at once. It would not be proper for us not to go after them, at least far enough to learn what is to become of the Queen, and how Kay is going to comport himself." "Ah, fair nephew," the King replied, "you have spoken courteously. And since you have undertaken the affair, order our horses to be led out bridled and saddled that there may be no delay in setting out."

The horses are at once brought out, all ready and with the saddles on. First the King mounts, then my lord Gawain, and all the others rapidly. Each one, wishing to be of the party, follows his own will and starts away. Some were armed, but there were not a few without their arms. My lord Gawain was armed, and he bade two squires lead by the bridle two extra steeds. And as they thus approached the forest, they saw Kay's horse running out; and they recognised him, and saw that both reins of the bridle were broken. The horse was running wild, the stirrup-straps all stained with blood, and the saddle-bow was broken and damaged. Every one was chagrined at this, and they nudged each other and shook their heads. My lord Gawain was riding far in advance of the rest of the party, and it was not long before he saw coming slowly a knight on a horse that was sore, painfully tired, and covered with sweat. The knight first saluted my lord Gawain, and his greeting my lord Gawain returned. Then the knight, recognising my lord Gawain, stopped and thus spoke to him: "You see, sir, my horse is in a sweat and in such case as to be no longer serviceable. I suppose that those two horses belong to you now, with the understanding that I shall return the service and the favour, I beg you to let me have one or the other of them, either as a loan or outright as a gift." And he answers him: "Choose whichever you prefer." Then he who was in dire distress did not try to select the better or the fairer or the larger of the horses, but leaped quickly upon the one which was nearer to him, and rode him off. Then the one he had just left fell dead, for he had ridden him hard that day, so that he was used up and overworked. The knight without delay goes pricking through the forest, and my lord Gawain follows in pursuit of him with all speed, until he reaches the bottom of a hill. And when he had gone some distance, he found the horse dead which he had given to the knight, and noticed that the ground had been trampled by horses, and that broken shields and lances lay strewn about, so that it seemed that there had been a great combat between several knights, and he was very sorry and grieved not to have been there. However, he did not stay there long, but rapidly passed on until he saw again by chance the knight all alone on foot, completely armed, with helmet laced, shield hanging from his neck, and with his sword girt on. He had overtaken a cart. In those days such a cart served the same purpose as does a pillory now; and in each good town where there are more than three thousand such carts nowadays, in those times there was only one, and this, like our pillories, had to do service for all those who commit murder or treason, and those who are guilty of any delinquency, and for thieves who have stolen others' property or have forcibly seized it on the roads. Whoever was convicted of any crime was placed upon a cart and dragged through all the streets, and he lost henceforth all his legal rights, and was never afterward heard, honoured, or welcomed in any court. The carts were so dreadful in those days that the saying was then first used: "When thou dost see and meet a cart, cross thyself and call upon God, that no evil may befall thee." The knight on foot, and without a lance, walked behind the cart, and saw a dwarf sitting on the shafts, who held, as a driver does, a long goad in his hand. Then he cries out: "Dwarf, for God's sake, tell me now if thou hast seen my lady, the Queen, pass by here." The miserable, low-born dwarf would not give him any news of her, but replied: "If thou wilt get up into the cart I am driving thou shalt hear to-morrow

what has happened to the Queen." Then he kept on his way without giving further heed. The knight hesitated only for a couple of steps before getting in. Yet, it was unlucky for him that he shrank from the disgrace, and did not jump in at once; for he will later rue his delay. But common sense, which is inconsistent with love's dictates, bids him refrain from getting in, warning him and counselling him to do and undertake nothing for which he may reap shame and disgrace. Reason, which dares thus speak to him, reaches only his lips, but not his heart; but love is enclosed within his heart, bidding him and urging him to mount at once upon the cart. So he jumps in, since love will have it so, feeling no concern about the shame, since he is prompted by love's commands. And my lord Gawain presses on in haste after the cart, and when he finds the knight sitting in it, his surprise is great. "Tell me," he shouted to the dwarf, "if thou knowest anything of the Queen." And he replied: "If thou art so much thy own enemy as is this knight who is sitting here, get in with him, if it be thy pleasure, and I will drive thee along with him." When my lord Gawain heard that, he considered it great foolishness, and said that he would not get in, for it would be dishonourable to exchange a horse for a cart: "Go on, and wherever thy journey lies, I will follow after thee."

Thereupon they start ahead, one mounted on his horse, the other two riding in the cart, and thus they proceed in company. Late in the afternoon they arrive at a town, which, you must know, was very rich and beautiful. All three entered through the gate; the people are greatly amazed to see the knight borne upon the cart, and they take no pains to conceal their feelings, but small and great and old and young shout taunts at him in the streets, so that the knight hears many vile and scornful words at his expense. They all inquire: "To what punishment is this knight to be consigned? Is he to be rayed, or hanged, or drowned, or burned upon a fire of thorns? Tell us, thou dwarf, who art driving him, in what crime was he caught? Is he convicted of robbery? Is he a murderer, or a criminal?" And to all this the dwarf made no response, vouchsafing to them no reply. He conducts the knight to a lodging-place; and Gawain follows the dwarf closely to a tower, which stood on the same level over against the town. Beyond there stretched a meadow, and the tower was built close by, up on a lofty eminence of rock, whose face formed a sharp precipice. Following the horse and cart, Gawain entered the tower. In the hall they met a damsel elegantly attired, than whom there was none fairer in the land, and with her they saw coming two fair and charming maidens. As soon as they saw my lord Gawain, they received him joyously and saluted him, and then asked news about the other knight: "Dwarf, of what crime is this knight guilty, whom thou dost drive like a lame man?" He would not answer her question, but he made the knight get out of the cart, and then he withdrew, without their knowing whither he went. Then my lord Gawain dismounts, and valets come forward to relieve the two knights of their armour. The damsel ordered two green mantles to be brought, which they put on. When the hour for supper came, a sumptuous repast was set. The damsel sat at table beside my lord Gawain. They would not have changed their lodging-place to seek any other, for all that evening the damsel showed them gear honour, and provided them with fair and pleasant company.

When they had sat up long enough, two long, high beds were prepared in the middle of the hall; and there was another bed alongside, fairer and more splendid than the rest; for, as the story testifies, it possessed all the excellence that one could think of in a bed. When the time came to retire, the damsel took both the guests to whom she had offered her hospitality; she shows them the two fine, long, wide beds, and says: "These two beds are set up here for the accommodation of your bodies; but in that one yonder no one ever lay who did not merit it: it was not set up to be used by you." The knight who came riding on the cart replies at once: "Tell me," he says, "for what cause this bed is inaccessible." Being thoroughly informed of this, she answers unhesitatingly: "It is not your place to ask or make such an inquiry. Any knight is disgraced in the land after being in a cart, and it is not fitting that he should concern himself with the matter upon which you have questioned me; and most of all it is not right that he should lie upon the bed, for he would soon pay dearly for his act. So rich a couch has not been prepared for you, and you would pay

dearly for ever harbouring such a thought." He replies: "You will see about that presently.".... "Am I to see it?".... "Yes.".... "It will soon appear.".... "By my head," the knight replies, "I know not who is to pay the penalty. But whoever may object or disapprove, I intend to lie upon this bed and repose there at my ease." Then he at once disrobed in the bed, which was long and raised half an ell above the other two, and was covered with a yellow cloth of silk and a coverlet with gilded stars. The furs were not of skinned vair but of sable; the covering he had on him would have been fitting for a king. The mattress was not made of straw or rushes or of old mats. At midnight there descended from the rafters suddenly a lance, as with the intention of pinning the knight through the flanks to the coverlet and the white sheets where he lay. To the lance there was attached a pennon all ablaze. The coverlet, the bedclothes, and the bed itself all caught fire at once. And the tip of the lance passed so close to the knight's side that it cut the skin a little, without seriously wounding him. Then the knight got up, put out the fire and, taking the lance, swung it in the middle of the hall, all this without leaving his bed; rather did he lie down again and slept as securely as at first.

In the morning, at daybreak, the damsel of the tower had Mass celebrated on their account, and had them rise and dress. When Mass had been celebrated for them, the knight who had ridden in the cart sat down pensively at a window, which looked out upon the meadow, and he gazed upon the fields below. The damsel came to another window close by, and there my lord Gawain conversed with her privately for a while about something, I know not what. I do not know what words were uttered, but while they were leaning on the window-sill they saw carried along the river through the fields a bier, upon which there lay a knight, and alongside three damsels walked, mourning bitterly. Behind the bier they saw a crowd approaching, with a tall knight in front, leading a fair lady by the horse's rein. The knight at the window knew that it was the Queen. He continued to gaze at her attentively and with delight as long as she was visible. And when he could no longer see her, he was minded to throw himself out and break his body down below. And he would have let himself fall out had not my lord Gawain seen him, and drawn him back, saying: "I beg you, sire, be quiet now. For God's sake, never think again of committing such a mad deed. It is wrong for you to despise your life." "He is perfectly right," the damsel says; "for will not the news of his disgrace be known everywhere? Since he has been upon the cart, he has good reason to wish to die, for he would be better dead than alive. His life henceforth is sure to be one of shame, vexation, and unhappiness." Then the knights asked for their armour, and armed themselves, the damsel treating them courteously, with distinction and generosity; for when she had joked with the knight and ridiculed him enough, she presented him with a horse and lance as a token of her goodwill. The knights then courteously and politely took leave of the damsel, first saluting her, and then going off in the direction taken by the crowd they had seen. Thus they rode out from the town without addressing them. They proceeded quickly in the direction they had seen taken by the Queen, but they did not overtake the procession, which had advanced rapidly. After leaving the fields, the knights enter an enclosed place, and find a beaten road. They advanced through the woods until it might be six o'clock, and then at a crossroads they met a damsel, whom they both saluted, each asking and requesting her to tell them, if she knows, whither the Queen has been taken. Replying intelligently, she said to them: "If you would pledge me your word, I could set you on the right road and path, and I would tell you the name of the country and of the knight who is conducting her; but whoever would essay to enter that country must endure sore trials, for before he could reach there he must suffer much." Then my lord Gawain replies: "Damsel, so help me God, I promise to place all my strength at your disposal and service, whenever you please, if you will tell me now the truth." And he who had been on the cart did not say that he would pledge her all his strength; but he proclaims, like one whom love makes rich, powerful and bold for any enterprise, that at once and without hesitation he will promise her anything she desires, and he puts himself altogether at her disposal. "Then I will tell you the truth," says she. Then the damsel relates to them the following story: "In truth, my lords,

Meleagant, a tall and powerful knight, son of the King of Gorre, has taken her off into the kingdom whence no foreigner returns, but where he must perforce remain in servitude and banishment." Then they ask her: "Damsel, where is this country? Where can we find the way thither?" She replies: "That you shall quickly learn; but you may be sure that you will meet with many obstacles and difficult passages, for it is not easy to enter there except with the permission of the king, whose name is Bademagu; however, it is possible to enter by two very perilous paths and by two very difficult passage-ways. One is called the water-bridge, because the bridge is under water, and there is the same amount of water beneath it as above it, so that the bridge is exactly in the middle; and it is only a foot and a half in width and in thickness. This choice is certainly to be avoided, and yet it is the less dangerous of the two. In addition there are a number of other obstacles of which I will say nothing. The other bridge is still more impracticable and much more perilous, never having been crossed by man. It is just like a sharp sword, and therefore all the people call it 'the sword-bridge'. Now I have told you all the truth I know." But they ask of her once again: "Damsel, deign to show us these two passages." To which the damsel makes reply: "This road here is the most direct to the water-bridge, and that one yonder leads straight to the sword-bridge." Then the knight, who had been on the cart, says: "Sire, I am ready to share with you without prejudice: take one of these two routes, and leave the other one to me; take whichever you prefer." "In truth," my lord Gawain replies, "both of them are hard and dangerous: I am not skilled in making such a choice, and hardly know which of them to take; but it is not right for me to hesitate when you have left the choice to me: I will choose the water-bridge." The other answers: "Then I must go uncomplainingly to the sword-bridge, which I agree to do." Thereupon, they all three part, each one commending the others very courteously to God. And when she sees them departing, she says: "Each one of you owes me a favour of my choosing, whenever I may choose to ask it. Take care not to forget that." "We shall surely not forget it, sweet friend," both the knights call out. Then each one goes his own way, and he of the cart is occupied with deep reflections, like one who has no strength or defence against love which holds him in its sway. His thoughts are such that he totally forgets himself, and he knows not whether he is alive or dead, forgetting even his own name, not knowing whether he is armed or not, or whether he is going or whence he came. Only one creature he has in mind, and for her his thought is so occupied that he neither sees nor hears aught else. And his horse bears him along rapidly, following no crooked road, but the best and the most direct; and thus proceeding unguided, he brings him into an open plain. In this plain there was a ford, on the other side of which a knight stood armed, who guarded it, and in his company there was a damsel who had come on a palfrey. By this time the afternoon was well advanced, and yet the knight, unchanged and unwearied, pursued his thoughts. The horse, being very thirsty, sees clearly the ford, and as soon as he sees it, hastens toward it. Then he on the other side cries out: "Knight, I am guarding the ford, and forbid you to cross." He neither gives him heed, nor hears his words, being still deep in thought. In the meantime, his horse advanced rapidly toward the water. The knight calls out to him that he will do wisely to keep at a distance from the ford, for there is no passage that way; and he swears by the heart within his breast that he will smite him if he enters the water. But his threats are not heard, and he calls out to him a third time: "Knight, do not enter the ford against my will and prohibition; for, by my head, I shall strike you as soon as I see you in the ford." But he is so deep in thought that he does not hear him. And the horse, quickly leaving the bank, leaps into the ford and greedily begins to drink. And the knight says he shall pay for this, that his shield and the hauberk he wears upon his back shall afford him no protection. First, he puts his horse at a gallop, and from a gallop he urges him to a run, and he strikes the knight so hard that he knocks him down flat in the ford which he had forbidden him to cross. His lance flew from his hand and the shield from his neck. When he feels the water, he shivers, and though stunned, he jumps to his feet, like one aroused from sleep, listening and looking about him with astonishment, to see who it can be who has struck him. Then face to face with the other knight,

he said: "Vassal, tell me why you have struck me, when I was not aware of your presence, and when I had done you no harm." "Upon my word, you had wronged me," the other says: "did you not treat me disdainfully when I forbade you three times to cross the ford, shouting at you as loudly as I could? You surely heard me challenge you at least two or three times, and you entered in spite of me, though I told you I should strike you as soon as I saw you in the ford." Then the knight replies to him: "Whoever heard you or saw you, let him be damned, so far as I am concerned. I was probably deep in thought when you forbade me to cross the ford. But be assured that I would make you reset it, if I could just lay one of my hands on your bridle." And the other replies: "Why, what of that? If you dare, you may seize my bridle here and now. I do not esteem your proud threats so much as a handful of ashes." And he replies: "That suits me perfectly. However the affair may turn out, I should like to lay my hands on you." Then the other knight advances to the middle of the ford, where the other lays his left hand upon his bridle, and his right hand upon his leg, pulling, dragging, and pressing him so roughly that he remonstrates, thinking that he would pull his leg out of his body. Then he begs him to let go, saying: "Knight, if it please thee to fight me on even terms, take thy shield and horse and lance, and joust with me." He answers: "That will I not do, upon my word; for I suppose thou wouldst run away as soon as thou hadst escaped my grip." Hearing this, he was much ashamed, and said: "Knight, mount thy horse, in confidence for I will pledge thee loyally my word that I shall not flinch or run away." Then once again he answers him: "First, thou wilt have to swear to that, and I insist upon receiving thy oath that thou wilt neither run away nor flinch, nor touch me, nor come near me until thou shalt see me on my horse; I shall be treating thee very generously, if, when thou art in my hands, I let thee go." He can do nothing but give his oath; and when the other hears him swear, he gathers up his shield and lance which were floating in the ford and by this time had drifted well down-stream; then he returns and takes his horse. After catching and mounting him, he seizes the shield by the shoulder-straps and lays his lance in rest. Then each spurs toward the other as fast as their horses can carry them. And he who had to defend the ford first attacks the other, striking him so hard that his lance is completely splintered. The other strikes him in return so that he throws him prostrate into the ford, and the water closes over him. Having accomplished that, he draws back and dismounts, thinking he could drive and chase away a hundred such. While he draws from the scabbard his sword of steel, the other jumps up and draws his excellent flashing blade. Then they clash again, advancing and covering themselves with the shields which gleam with gold. Ceaselessly and without repose they wield their swords; they have the courage to deal so many blows that the battle finally is so protracted that the Knight of the Cart is greatly ashamed in his heart, thinking that he is making a sorry start in the way he has undertaken, when he has spent so much time in defeating a single knight. If he had met yesterday a hundred such, he does not think or believe that they could have withstood him; so now he is much grieved and wrath to be in such an exhausted state that he is missing his strokes and losing time. Then he runs at him and presses him so hard that the other knight gives way and flees. However reluctant he may be, he leaves the ford and crossing free. But the other follows him in pursuit until he falls forward upon his hands; then he of the cart runs up to him, swearing by all he sees that he shall rue the day when he upset him in the ford and disturbed his reverie. The damsel, whom the knight had with him, upon hearing the threats, is in great fear, and begs him for her sake to forbear from killing him; but he tells her that he must do so, and can show him no mercy for her sake, in view of the shameful wrong that he has done him. Then, with sword drawn, he approaches the knight who cries in sore dismay: "For God's sake and for my own, show me the mercy I ask of you." And he replies: "As God may save me, no one ever sinned so against me that I would not show him mercy once, for God's sake as is right, if he asked it of me in God's name. And so on thee I will have mercy; for I ought not to refuse thee when thou hast besought me. But first, thou shalt give me thy word to constitute thyself my prisoner whenever I may wish to summon thee." Though it was hard to do so, he promised him. At once

the damsel said: "O knight, since thou hast granted the mercy he asked of thee, if ever thou hast broken any bonds, for my sake now be merciful and release this prisoner from his parole. Set him free at my request, upon condition that when the time comes, I shall do my utmost to repay thee in any way that thou shalt choose." Then he declares himself satisfied with the promise she has made, and sets the knight at liberty. Then she is ashamed and anxious, thinking that he will recognise her, which she did not wish. But he goes away at once, the knight and the damsel commending him to God, and taking leave of him. He grants them leave to go, while he himself pursues his way, until late in the afternoon he met a damsel coming, who was very fair and charming, well attired and richly dressed. The damsel greets him prudently and courteously, and he replies: "Damsel, God grant you health and happiness." Then the damsel said to him: "Sire, my house is prepared for you, if you will accept my hospitality, but you shall find shelter there only on condition that you will lie with me; upon these terms I propose and make the offer." Not a few there are who would have thanked her five hundred times for such a gift; but he is much displeased, and made a very different answer: "Damsel, I thank you for the offer of your house, and esteem it highly, but, if you please, I should be very sorry to lie with you." "By my eyes," the damsel says, "then I retract my offer." And he, since it is unavoidable, lets her have her way, though his heart grieves to give consent. He feels only reluctance now; but greater distress will be his when it is time to go to bed. The damsel, too, who leads him away, will pass through sorrow and heaviness. For it is possible that she will love him so that she will not wish to part with him. As soon as he had granted her wish and desire, she escorts him to a fortified place, than which there was none fairer in Thessaly; for it was entirely enclosed by a high wall and a deep moat, and there was no man within except him whom she brought with her.

Here she had constructed for her residence a quantity of handsome rooms, and a large and roomy hall. Riding along a river bank, they approached their lodging-place, and a drawbridge was lowered to allow them to pass. Crossing the bridge, they entered in, and found the hall open with its roof of tiles. Through the open door they pass, and see a table laid with a broad white cloth, upon which the dishes were set, and the candles burning in their stands, and the gilded silver drinking-cups, and two pots of wine, one red and one white. Standing beside the table, at the end of a bench, they found two basins of warm water in which to wash their hands, with a richly embroidered towel, all white and clean, with which to dry their hands. No valets, servants, or squires were to be found or seen. The knight, removing his shield from about his neck, hangs it upon a hook, and, taking his lance, lays it above upon a rack. Then he dismounts from his horse, as does the damsel from hers. The knight, for his part, was pleased that she did not care to wait for him to help her to dismount. Having dismounted, she runs directly to a room and brings him a short mantle of scarlet cloth which she puts on him. The hall was by no means dark; for beside the light from the stars, there were many large twisted candles lighted there, so that the illumination was very bright. When she had thrown the mantle about his shoulders, she said to him: "Friend, here is the water and the towel; there is no one to present or offer it to you except me whom you see. Wash your hands, and then sit down, when you feel like doing so. The hour and the meal, as you can see, demand that you should do so." He washes, and then gladly and readily takes his seat, and she sits down beside him, and they eat and drink together, until the time comes to leave the table.

When they had risen from the table, the damsel said to the knight: "Sire, if you do not object, go outside and amuse yourself; but, if you please, do not stay after you think I must be in bed. Feel no concern or embarrassment; for then you may come to me at once, if you will keep the promise you have made." And he replies: "I will keep my word, and will return when I think the time has come." Then he went out, and stayed in the courtyard until he thought it was time to return and keep the promise he had made. Going back into the hall, he sees nothing of her who would be his mistress; for she was not there. Not finding or seeing her, he said: "Wherever she may be, I shall look for her until I find her." He makes no delay in his search, being bound by the promise

he had made her. Entering one of the rooms, he hears a damsel cry aloud, and it was the very one with whom he was about to lie. At the same time, he sees the door of another room standing open, and stepping toward it, he sees right before his eyes a knight who had thrown her down, and was holding her naked and prostrate upon the bed. She, thinking that he had come of course to help her, cried aloud: "Help, help, thou knight, who art my guest. If thou dost not take this man away from me, I shall find no one to do so; if thou dost not succour me speedily, he will wrong me before thy eyes. Thou art the one to lie with me, in accordance with thy promise; and shall this man by force accomplish his wish before thy eyes? Gentle knight, exert thyself, and make haste to bear me aid." He sees that the other man held the damsel brutally uncovered to the waist, and he is ashamed and angered to see him assault her so; yet it is not jealousy he feels, nor will he be made a cuckold by him. At the door there stood as guards two knights completely armed and with swords drawn. Behind them there stood four men-at-arms, each armed with an axe the sort with which you could split a cow down the back as easily as a root of juniper or broom. The knight hesitated at the door, and thought: "God, what can I do? I am engaged in no less an affair than the quest of Queen Guinevere. I ought not to have the heart of a hare, when for her sake I have engaged in such a quest. If cowardice puts its heart in me, and if I follow its dictates, I shall never attain what I seek. I am disgraced, if I stand here; indeed, I am ashamed even to have thought of holding back. My heart is very sad and oppressed: now I am so ashamed and distressed that I would gladly die for having hesitated here so long. I say it not in pride: but may God have mercy on me if I do not prefer to die honourably rather than live a life of shame! If my path were unobstructed, and if these men gave me leave to pass through without restraint, what honour would I gain? Truly, in that case the greatest coward alive would pass through; and all the while I hear this poor creature calling for help constantly, and reminding me of my promise, and reproaching me with bitter taunts." Then he steps to the door, thrusting in his head and shoulders; glancing up, he sees two swords descending. He draws back, and the knights could not check their strokes: they had wielded them with such force that the swords struck the floor, and both were broken in pieces. When he sees that the swords are broken, he pays less attention to the axes, fearing and dreading them much less. Rushing in among them, he strikes first one guard in the side and then another. The two who are nearest him he jostles and thrusts aside, throwing them both down flat; the third missed his stroke at him, but the fourth, who attacked him, strikes him so that he cuts his mantle and shirt, and slices the white flesh on his shoulder so that the blood trickles down from the wound. But he, without delay, and without complaining of his wound, presses on more rapidly, until he strikes between the temples him who was assaulting his hostess. Before he departs, he will try to keep his pledge to her. He makes him stand up reluctantly. Meanwhile, he who had missed striking him comes at him as fast as he can and, raising his arm again, expects to split his head to the teeth with the axe. But the other, alert to defend himself, thrusts the knight toward him in such a way that he receives the axe just where the shoulder joins the neck, so that they are cleaved apart. Then the knight seizes the axe, wresting it quickly from him who holds it; then he lets go the knight whom he still held, and looks to his own defence; for the knights from the door, and the three men with axes are all attacking him fiercely. So he leaped quickly between the bed and the wall, and called to them: "Come on now, all of you. If there were thirty-seven of you, you would have all the fight you wish, with me so favourably placed; I shall never be overcome by you." And the damsel watching him, exclaimed: "By my eyes, you need have no thought of that henceforth where I am." Then at once she dismisses the knights and the men-at-arms, who retire from there at once, without delay or objection. And the damsel continues: "Sire you have well defended me against the men of my household. Come now, and I'll lead you on." Hand in hand they enter the hall, but he was not at all pleased, and would have willingly dispensed with her.

In the midst of the hall a bed had been set up, the sheets of which were by no means soiled, but were white and wide and

well spread out. The bed was not of shredded straw or of coarse spreads. But a covering of two silk cloths had been laid upon the couch. The damsel lay down first, but without removing her chemise. He had great trouble in removing his hose and in untying the knots. He sweated with the trouble of it all; yet, in the midst of all the trouble, his promise impels and drives him on. Is this then an actual force? Yes, virtually so; for he feels that he is in duty bound to take his place by the damsel's side. It is his promise that urges him and dictates his act. So he lies down at once, but like her, he does not remove his shirt. He takes good care not to touch her; and when he is in bed, he turns away from her as far as possible, and speaks not a word to her, like a monk to whom speech is forbidden. Not once does he look at her, nor show her any courtesy. Why not? Because his heart does not go out to her. She was certainly very fair and winsome, but not every one is pleased and touched by what is fair and winsome. The knight has only one heart, and this one is really no longer his, but has been entrusted to some one else, so that he cannot bestow it elsewhere. Love, which holds all hearts beneath its sway, requires it to be lodged in a single place. All hearts? No, only those which it esteems. And he whom love deigns to control ought to prize himself the more. Love prized his heart so highly that it constrained it in a special manner, and made him so proud of this distinction that I am not inclined to find fault with him, if he lets alone what love forbids, and remains fixed where it desires. The maiden clearly sees and knows that he dislikes her company and would gladly dispense with it, and that, having no desire to win her love, he would not attempt to woo her. So she said: "My lord, if you will not feel hurt, I will leave and return to bed in my own room, and you will be more comfortable. I do not believe that you are pleased with my company and society. Do not esteem me less if I tell you what I think. Now take your rest all night, for you have so well kept your promise that I have no right to make further request of you. So I commend you to God; and shall go away." Thereupon she arises: the knight does not object, but rather gladly lets her go, like one who is the devoted lover of some one else; the damsel clearly perceived this, and went to her room, where she undressed completely and retired, saying to herself: "Of all the knights I have ever known, I never knew a single knight whom I would value the third part of an angevin in comparison with this one. As I understand the case, he has on hand a more perilous and grave affair than any ever undertaken by a knight; and may God grant that he succeed in it." Then she fell asleep, and remained in bed until the next day's dawn appeared.

At daybreak she awakes and gets up. The knight awakes too, dressing, and putting on his arms, without waiting for any help. Then the damsel comes and sees that he is already dressed. Upon seeing him, she says: "May this day be a happy one for you." "And may it be the same to you, damsel," the knight replies, adding that he is waiting anxiously for some one to bring out his horse. The maiden has some one fetch the horse, and says: "Sire, I should like to accompany you for some distance along the road, if you would agree to escort and conduct me according to the customs and practices which were observed before we were made captive in the kingdom of Logres." In those days the customs and privileges were such that, if a knight found a damsel or lorn maid alone, and if he cared for his fair name, he would no more treat her with dishonour than he would cut his own throat. And if he assaulted her, he would be disgraced for ever in every court. But if, while she was under his escort, she should be won at arms by another who engaged him in battle, then this other knight might do with her what he pleased without receiving shame or blame. This is why the damsel said she would go with him, if he had the courage and willingness to safe guard her in his company, so that no one should do her any harm. And he says to her: "No one shall harm you, I promise you, unless he harm me first." "Then," she says, "I will go with you." She orders her palfrey to be saddled, and her command is obeyed at once. Her palfrey was brought together with the knight's horse. Without the aid of any squire, they both mount, and rapidly ride away. She talks to him, but not caring for her words, he pays no attention to what she says. He likes to think, but dislikes to talk. Love very often inflicts afresh the wound it has given him. Yet, he applied no poultice to the wound to cure it

and make it comfortable, having no intention or desire to secure a poultice or to seek a physician, unless the wound becomes more painful. Yet, there is one whose remedy he would gladly seek .... They follow the roads and paths in the right direction until they come to a spring, situated in the middle of a field, and bordered by a stone basin. Some one had forgotten upon the stone a comb of gilded ivory. Never since ancient times has wise man or fool seen such a comb. In its teeth there was almost a handful of hair belonging to her who had used the comb.

When the damsel notices the spring, and sees the stone, she does not wish her companion to see it; so she turns off in another direction. And he, agreeably occupied with his own thoughts, does not at once remark that she is leading him aside; but when at last he notices it, he is afraid of being beguiled, thinking that she is yielding and is going out of the way in order to avoid some danger. "See here, damsel," he cries, "you are not going right; come this way! No one, I think, ever went straight who left this road." "Sire, this is a better way for us," the damsel says, "I am sure of it." Then he replies to her: "I don't know, damsel, what you think; but you can plainly see that the beaten path lies this way; and since I have started to follow it, I shall not turn aside. So come now, if you will, for I shall continue along this way." Then they go forward until they come near the stone basin and see the comb. The knight says: "I surely never remember to have seen so beautiful a comb as this." "Let me have it," the damsel says. "Willingly, damsel," he replies. Then he stoops over and picks it up. While holding it, he looks at it steadfastly, gazing at the hair until the damsel begins to laugh. When he sees her doing so, he begs her to tell him why she laughs. And she says: "Never mind, for I will never tell you." "Why not?" he asks. "Because I don't wish to do so." And when he hears that, he implores her like one who holds that lovers ought to keep faith mutually: "Damsel, if you love anything passionately, by that I implore and conjure and beg you not to conceal from me the reason why you laugh." "Your appeal is so strong," she says, "that I will tell you and keep nothing back. I am sure, as I am of anything, that this comb belonged to the Queen. And you may take my word that those are strands of the Queen's hair which you see to be so fair and light and radiant, and which are clinging in the teeth of the comb; they surely never grew anywhere else." Then the knight replied: "Upon my word, there are plenty of queens and kings; what queen do you mean?" And she answered: "In truth, fair sire, it is of King Arthur's wife I speak." When he hears that, he has not strength to keep from bowing his head over his saddle-bow. And when the damsel sees him thus, she is amazed and terrified, thinking he is about to fall. Do not blame her for her fear, for she thought him in a faint. He might as well have swooned, so near was he to doing so; for in his heart he felt such grief that for a long time he lost his colour and power of speech. And the damsel dismounts, and runs as quickly as possible to support and succour him; for she would not have wished for anything to see him fall. When he saw her, he felt ashamed, and said: "Why do you need to bear me aid?" You must not suppose that the damsel told him why; for he would have been ashamed and distressed, and it would have annoyed and troubled him, if she had confessed to him the truth. So she took good care not to tell the truth, but tactfully answered him: "Sire, I dismounted to get the comb; for I was so anxious to hold it in my hand that I could not longer wait." Willing that she should have the comb, he gives it to her, first pulling out the hair so carefully that he tears none of it. Never will the eye of man see anything receive such honour as when he begins to adore these tresses. A hundred thousand times he raises them to his eyes and mouth, to his forehead and face: he manifests his joy in every way, considering himself rich and happy now. He lays them in his bosom near his heart, between the shirt and the flesh. He would not exchange them for a cartload of emeralds and carbuncles, nor does he think that any sore or illness can afflict him now; he holds in contempt essence of pearl, treacle, and the cure for pleurisy; even for St. Martin and St. James he has no need; for he has such confidence in this hair that he requires no other aid. But what was this hair like? If I tell the truth about it, you will think I am a mad teller of lies. When the mart is full at the yearly fair of St. Denis, and when the goods are most abundantly displayed, even then the knight would not

take all this wealth, unless he had found these tresses too. And if you wish to know the truth, gold a hundred thousand times refined, and melted down as many times, would be darker than is night compared with the brightest summer day we have had this year, if one were to see the gold and set it beside this hair. But why should I make a long story of it? The damsel mounts again with the comb in her possession; while he revels and delights in the tresses in his bosom. Leaving the plain, they come to a forest and take a short cut through it until they come to a narrow place, where they have to go in single file; for it would have been impossible to ride two horses abreast. Just where the way was narrowest, they see a knight approach. As soon as she saw him, the damsel recognised him, and said: "Sir knight, do you see him who yonder comes against us all armed and ready for a battle? I know what his intention is: he thinks now that he cannot fail to take me off defenceless with him. He loves me, but he is very foolish to do so. In person, and by messenger, he has been long wooing me. But my love is not within his reach, for I would not love him under any consideration, so help me God! I would kill myself rather than bestow my love on him. I do not doubt that he is delighted now, and is as satisfied as if he had me already in his power. But now I shall see what you can do, and I shall see how brave you are, and it will become apparent whether your escort can protect me. If you can protect me now, I shall not fail to proclaim that you are brave and very worthy." And he answered her: "Go on, go on!" which was as much as to say: "I am not concerned; there is no need of your being worried about what you have said."

While they were proceeding, talking thus, the knight, who was alone, rode rapidly toward them on the run. He was the more eager to make haste, because he felt more sure of success; he felt that he was lucky now to see her whom he most dearly loves. As soon as he approaches her, he greets her with words that come from his heart: "Welcome to her, whence-soever she comes, whom I most desire, but who has hitherto caused me least joy and most distress!" It is not fitting that she should be so stingy of her speech as not to return his greeting, at least by word of mouth. The knight is greatly elated when the damsel greets him; though she does not take the words seriously, and the effort costs her nothing. Yet, if he had at this moment been victor in a tournament, he would not have so highly esteemed himself, nor thought he had won such honour and renown. Being now more confident of his worth, he grasped the bridle rein, and said: "Now I shall lead you away: I have to-day sailed well on my course to have arrived at last at so good a port. Now my troubles are at an end: after dangers, I have reached a haven; after sorrow, I have attained happiness; after pain, I have perfect health; now I have accomplished my desire, when I find you in such case that I can without resistance lead you away with me at once." Then she says: "You have no advantage; for I am under this knight's escort." "Surely, the escort is not worth much," he says, "and I am going to lead you off at once. This knight would have time to eat a bushel of salt before he could defend you from me; I think I could never meet a knight from whom I should not win you. And since I find you here so opportunely, though he too may do his best to prevent it, yet I will take you before his very eyes, however disgruntled he may be." The other is not angered by all the pride he hears expressed, but without any impudence or boasting, he begins thus to challenge him for her: "Sire, don't be in a hurry, and don't waste your words, but speak a little reasonably. You shall not be deprived of as much of her as rightly belongs to you. You must know, however, that the damsel has come hither under my protection. Let her alone now, for you have detained her long enough!" The other gives them leave to burn him, if he does not take her away in spite of him. Then the other says: "It would not be right for me to let you take her away; I would sooner fight with you. But if we should wish to fight, we could not possibly do it in this narrow road. Let us go to some level place—a meadow or an open field." And he replies that that will suit him perfectly: "Certainly, I agree to that: you are quite right, this road is too narrow. My horse is so much hampered here that I am afraid he will crush his flank before I can turn him around." Then with great difficulty he turns, and his horse escapes without any wound or harm. Then he says: "To be sure, I am much chagrined that we have not met in a favourable



spot and in the presence of other men, for I should have been glad to have them see which is the better of us two. Come on now, let us begin our search: we shall find in the vicinity some large, broad, and open space." Then they proceed to a meadow, where there were maids, knights, and damsels playing at divers games in this pleasant place. They were not all engaged in idle sport, but were playing backgammon and chess or dice, and were evidently agreeably employed. Most were engaged in such games as these; but the others there were engaged in sports, dancing, singing, tumbling, leaping, and wrestling with each other.

A knight somewhat advanced in years was on the other side of the meadow, seared upon a sorrel Spanish steed. His bridle and saddle were of gold, and his hair was turning grey. One hand hung at his side with easy grace. The weather being fine, he was in his shirt sleeves, with a short mantle of scarlet cloth and fur slung over his shoulders, and thus he watched the games and dances. On the other side of the field, close by a path, there were twenty-three knights mounted on good Irish steeds. As soon as the three new arrivals come into view, they all cease their play and shout across the fields: "See, yonder comes the knight who was driven in the cart! Let no one continue his sport while he is in our midst. A curse upon him who cares or deigns to play so long as he is here!" Meanwhile he who loved the damsel and claimed her as his own, approached the old knight, and said: "Sire, I have attained great happiness; let all who will now hear me say that God has granted me the thing that I have always most desired; His gift would not have been so great had He crowned me as king, nor would I have been so indebted to Him, nor would I have so profited; for what I have gained is fair and good." "I know not yet if it be thine," the knight replies to his son. But the latter answers him: "Don't you know? Can't you see it, then? For God's sake, sire, have no further doubt, when you see that I have her in my possession. In this forest, whence I come, I met her as she was on her way. I think God had fetched her there for me, and I have taken her for my own." "I do not know whether this will be allowed by him whom I see coming after thee; he looks as if he is coming to demand her of thee." During this conversation the dancing had ceased because of the knight whom they saw, nor were they gaily playing any more because of the disgust and scorn they felt for him. But the knight without delay came up quickly after the damsel, and said: "Let the damsel alone, knight, for you have no right to her! If you dare, I am willing at once to fight with you in her defence." Then the old knight remarked: "Did I not know it? Fair son, detain the damsel no longer, but let her go." He does not relish this advice, and swears that he will not give her up: "May God never grant me joy if I give her up to him! I have her, and I shall hold on to her as something that is mine own. The shoulder-strap and all the armlets of my shield shall first be broken, and I shall have lost all confidence in my strength and arms, my sword and lance, before I will surrender my mistress to him." And his father says: "I shall not let thee fight for any reason thou mayest urge. Thou art too confident of thy bravery. So obey my command." But he in his pride replies: "What? Am I a child to be terrified? Rather will I make my boast that there is not within the sea-girt land any knight, wheresoever he may dwell, so excellent that I would let him have her, and whom I should not expect speedily to defeat." The father answers: "Fair son, I do not doubt that thou dost really think so, for thou art so confident of thy strength. But I do not wish to see thee enter a contest with this knight." Then he replies: "I shall be disgraced if I follow your advice. Curse me if I heed your counsel and turn recreant because of you, and do not do my utmost in the fight. It is true that a man fares ill among his relatives: I could drive a better bargain somewhere else, for you are trying to take me in. I am sure that where I am not known, I could act with better grace. No one, who did not know me, would try to thwart my will; whereas you are annoying and tormenting me. I am vexed by your finding fault with me. You know well enough that when any one is blamed, he breaks out still more passionately. But may God never give me joy if I renounce my purpose because of you; rather will I fight in spite of you!" "By the faith I bear the Apostle St. Peter," his father says, "now I see that my request is of no avail. I waste my time in rebuking thee; but I shall soon devise such means as shall compel thee against thy will to obey my

commands and submit to them." Straightway summoning all the knights to approach, he bids them lay hands upon his son whom he cannot correct, saying: "I will have him bound rather than let him fight. You here are all my men, and you owe me your devotion and service: by all the fiefs you hold from me, I hold you responsible, and I add my prayer. It seems to me that he must be mad, and that he shows excessive pride, when he refuses to respect my will." Then they promise to take care of him, and say that never, while he is in their charge, shall he wish to fight, but that he must renounce the damsel in spite of himself. Then they all join and seize him by the arms and neck. "Dost thou not think thyself foolish now?" his father asks; "confess the truth: thou hast not the strength or power to fight or joust, however distasteful and hard it may be for thee to admit it. Thou wilt be wise to consent to my will and pleasure. Dost thou know what my intention is? In order somewhat to mitigate thy disappointment, I am willing to join thee, if thou wilt, in following the knight to-day and to-morrow, through wood and plain, each one mounted on his horse. Perhaps we shall soon find him to be of such a character and bearing that I might let thee have thy way and fight with him." To this proposal the other must perforce consent. Like the man who has no alternative, he says that he will give in, provided they both shall follow him. And when the people in the field see how this adventure has turned out, they all exclaim: "Did you see? He who was mounted on the cart has gained such honour here that he is leading away the mistress of the son of my lord, and he himself is allowing it. We may well suppose that he finds in him some merit, when he lets him take her off. Now cursed a hundred times be he who ceases longer his sport on his account! Come, let us go back to our games again." Then they resume their games and dances.

Thereupon the knight turns away, without longer remaining in the field, and the damsel accompanies him. They leave in haste, while the father and his son ride after them through the mown fields until toward three o'clock, when in a very pleasant spot they come upon a church; beside the chancel there was a cemetery enclosed by a wall. The knight was both courteous and wise to enter the church on foot and make his prayer to God, while the damsel held his horse for him until he returned. When he had made his prayer, and while he was coming back, a very old monk suddenly presented himself; whereupon the knight politely requests him to tell him what this place is; for he does not know. And he tells him it is a cemetery. And the other says: "Take me in, so help you God!" "Gladly, sire," and he takes him in. Following the monk's lead, the knight beholds the most beautiful tombs that one could find as far as Dombes or Pampelune; and on each tomb there were letters cut, telling the names of those who were destined to be buried there. And he began in order to read the names, and came upon some which said: "Here Gawain is to lie, here Louis, and here Yvain." After these three, he read the names of many others among the most famed and cherished knights of this or any other land. Among the others, he finds one of marble, which appears to be new, and is more rich and handsome than all the rest. Calling the monk, the knight inquired: "Of what use are these tombs here?" And the monk replied: "You have already read the inscriptions; if you have understood, you must know what they say, and what is the meaning of the tombs." "Now tell me, what is this large one for?" And the hermit answered: "I will tell you. That is a very large sarcophagus, larger than any that ever was made; one so rich and well-carved was never seen. It is magnificent without, and still more so within. But you need not be concerned with that, for it can never do you any good; you will never see inside of it; for it would require seven strong men to raise the lid of stone, if any one wished to open it. And you may be sure that to raise it would require seven men stronger than you and I. There is an inscription on it which says that any one who can lift this stone of his own unaided strength will set free all the men and women who are captives in the land, whence no slave or noble can issue forth, unless he is a native of that land. No one has ever come back from there, but they are detained in foreign prisons; whereas they of the country go and come in and out as they please." At once the knight goes to grasp the stone, and raises it without the slightest trouble, more easily than ten men would do who exerted all their strength. And the monk was amazed, and nearly fell down at the sight of

this marvellous thing; for he thought he would never see the like again, and said: "Sire, I am very anxious to know your name. Will you tell me what it is?" "Not I," says the knight, "upon my word." "I am certainly sorry, for that," he says; "but if you would tell me, you would do me a great favour, and might benefit yourself. Who are you, and where do you come from?" "I am a knight, as you may see, and I was born in the kingdom of Logre. After so much information, I should prefer to be excused. Now please tell me, for your part, who is to lie within this tomb?" "Sire, he who shall deliver all those who are held captive in the kingdom whence none escapes." And when he had told him all this, the knight commended him to God and all His saints. And then, for the first time, he felt free to return to the damsel. The old white-haired monk escorts him out of the church, and they resume their way. While the damsel is mounting, however, the hermit relates to her all that the knight had done inside, and then he begged her to tell him, if she knew, what his name was; but she assured him that she did not know, but that there was one sure thing she could say, namely, that there was not such a knight alive where the four winds of heaven blow.

Then the damsel takes leave of him, and rides swiftly after the knight. Then those who were following them come up and see the hermit standing alone before the church. The old knight in his shirt sleeves said: "Sire, tell us, have you seen a knight with a damsel in his company?" And he replies: "I shall not be loath to tell you all I know, for they have just passed on from here. The knight was inside yonder, and did a very marvellous thing in raising the stone from the huge marble tomb, quite unaided and without the least effort. He is bent upon the rescue of the Queen, and doubtless he will rescue her, as well as all the other people. You know well that this must be so, for you have often read the inscription upon the stone. No knight was ever born of man and woman, and no knight ever sat in a saddle, who was the equal of this man." Then the father turns to his son, and says: "Son, what dost thou think about him now? Is he not a man to be respected who has performed such a feat? Now thou knowest who was wrong, and whether it was thou or I. I would not have thee fight with him for all the town of Amiens; and yet thou didst struggle hard, before any one could dissuade thee from thy purpose. Now we may as well go back, for we should be very foolish to follow him any farther." And he replies: "I agree to that. It would be useless to follow him. Since it is your pleasure, let us return." They were very wise to retrace their steps. And all the time the damsel rides close beside the knight, wishing to compel him to give heed to her. She is anxious to learn his name, and she begs and beseeches him again and again to tell her, until in his annoyance he answers her: "Have I not already told you that I belong in King Arthur's realm? I swear by God and His goodness that you shall not learn my name." Then she bids him give her leave to go, and she will turn back, which request he gladly grants.

Thereupon the damsel departs, and he rides on alone until it grew very late. After vespers, about compline, as he pursued his way, he saw a knight returning from the wood where he had been hunting. With helmet unlaced, he rode along upon his big grey hunter, to which he had tied the game which God had permitted him to take. This gentleman came quickly to meet the knight, offering him hospitality. "Sire," he says, "night will soon be here. It is time for you to be reasonable and seek a place to spend the night. I have a house of mine near at hand, whither I shall take you. No one ever lodged you better than I shall do, to the extent of my resources: I shall be very glad, if you consent." "For my part, I gladly accept," he says. The gentleman at once sends his son ahead, to prepare the house and start the preparations for supper. The lad willingly executes his command forthwith, and goes off at a rapid pace, while the others, who are in no haste, follow the road leisurely until they arrive at the house. The gentleman's wife was a very accomplished lady; and he had five sons, whom he dearly loved, three of them mere lads, and two already knights; and he had two fair and charming daughters, who were still unmarried. They were not natives of the land, but were there in durance, having been long kept there as prisoners away from their native land of Logres. When the gentleman led the knight into his yard, the lady with her sons and daughters jumped up and ran to meet them, vying in their efforts to do him honour, as

they greeted him and helped him to dismount. Neither the sisters nor the five brothers paid much attention to their father, for they knew well enough that he would have it so. They honoured the knight and welcomed him; and when they had relieved him of his armour, one of his host's two daughters threw her own mantle about him, taking it from her own shoulders and throwing it about his neck. I do not need to tell how well he was served at supper; but when the meal was finished, they felt no further hesitation in speaking of various matters. First, the host began to ask him who he was, and from what land, but he did not inquire about his name. The knight promptly answered him: "I am from the kingdom of Logres, and have never been in this land before." And when the gentleman heard that, he was greatly amazed, as were his wife and children too, and each one of them was sore distressed. Then they began to say to him: "Woe that you have come here, fair sire, for only trouble will come of it! For, like us, you will be reduced to servitude and exile." "Where do you come from, then?" he asked. "Sire, we belong in your country. Many men from your country are held in servitude in this land. Cursed be the custom, together with those who keep it up! No stranger comes here who is not compelled to stay here in the land where he is detained. For whoever wishes may come in, but once in, he has to stay. About your own fate, you may be at rest, you will doubtless never escape from here." He replies: "Indeed, I shall do so, if possible." To this the gentleman replies: "How? Do you think you can escape?" "Yes, indeed, if it be God's will; and I shall do all within my power." "In that case, doubtless all the rest would be set free; for, as soon as one succeeds in fairly escaping from this durance, then all the rest may go forth unchallenged." Then the gentleman recalled that he had been told and informed that a knight of great excellence was making his way into the country to seek for the Queen, who was held by the king's son, Meleagant; and he said to himself: "Upon my word, I believe it is he, and I'll tell him so." So he said to him: "Sire, do not conceal from me your business, if I promise to give you the best advice I know. I too shall profit by any success you may attain. Reveal to me the truth about your errand, that it may be to your advantage as well as mine. I am persuaded that you have come in search of the Queen into this land and among these heathen people, who are worse than the Saracens." And the knight replies: "For no other purpose have I come. I know not where my lady is confined, but I am striving hard to rescue her, and am in dire need of advice. Give me any counsel you can." And he says: "Sire, you have undertaken a very grievous task. The road you are travelling will lead you straight to the sword-bridge. You surely need advice. If you would heed my counsel, you would proceed to the sword-bridge by a surer way, and I would have you escorted thither." Then he, whose mind is fixed upon the most direct way, asks him: "Is the road of which you speak as direct as the other way?" "No, it is not," he says; "it is longer, but more sure." Then he says: "I have no use for it; tell me about this road I am following!" "I am ready to do so," he replies; "but I am sure you will not fare well if you take any other than the road I recommend. To-morrow you will reach a place where you will have trouble: it is called 'the stony passage'. Shall I tell you how bad a place it is to pass? Only one horse can go through at a time; even two men could not pass abreast, and the passage is well guarded and defended. You will meet with resistance as soon as you arrive. You will sustain many a blow of sword and lance, and will have to return full measure before you succeed in passing through." And when he had completed the account, one of the gentleman's sons, who was a knight, stepped forward, saying: "Sire, if you do not object, I will go with this gentleman." Then one of the lads jumps up, and says: "I too will go." And the father gladly gives them both consent. Now the knight will not have to go alone, and he expresses his gratitude, being much pleased with the company.

Then the conversation ceases, and they take the knight to bed, where he was glad to fall asleep. As soon as daylight was visible he got up, and those who were to accompany him got up too. The two knights donned their armour and took their leave, while the young fellow started on ahead. Together they pursued their way until they came at the hour of prime to "the stony passage." In the middle of it they found a wooden tower, where there was always a man on guard. Before they drew near, he who was on the tower

saw them and cried twice aloud: "Woe to this man who comes!" And then behold! A knight issued from the tower, mounted and armed with fresh armour, and escorted on either side by servants carrying sharp axes. Then, when the other draws near the passage, he who defends it begins to heap him with abuse about the cart, saying: "Vassal, thou art bold and foolish, indeed, to have entered this country. No man ought ever to come here who had ridden upon a cart, and may God withhold from him His blessing!" Then they spur toward each other at the top of their horses' speed. And he who was to guard the passage-way at once breaks his lance and lets the two pieces fall; the other strikes him in the neck, reaching him beneath the shield, and throws him over prostrate upon the stones. Then the servants come forward with the axes, but they intentionally fail to strike him, having no desire to harm or damage him; so he does not deign to draw his sword, and quickly passes on with his companions. One of them remarks to the other: "No one has ever seen so good a knight, nor has he any equal. Is not this a marvellous thing, that he has forced a passage here?" And the knight says to his brother: "Fair brother, for God's sake, make haste to go and tell our father of this adventure." But the lad asserts and swears that he will not go with the message, and will never leave the knight until he has dubbed and knighted him; let his brother go with the message, if he is so much concerned.

Then they go on together until about three o'clock, when they come upon a man, who asks them who they are. And they answer: "We are knights, busy about our own affairs." Then the man says to the knight: "Sire, I should be glad to offer hospitality to you and your companions here." This invitation he delivers to him whom he takes to be the lord and master of the others. And this one replies to him: "I could not seek shelter for the night at such an hour as this; for it is not well to tarry and seek one's ease when one has undertaken some great task. And I have such business on hand that I shall not stop for the night for some time yet." Then the man continues: "My house is not near here, but is some distance ahead. It will be late when you reach there, so you may proceed, assured that you will find a place to lodge just when it suits you." "In that case," he says, "I will go thither." Thereupon the man starts ahead as guide, and the knight follows along the path. And when they had proceeded some distance, they met a squire who was coming along at a gallop, mounted upon a nag that was as fat and round as an apple. And the squire calls out to the man: "Sire, sire, make haste! For the people of Logres have attacked in force the inhabitants of this land, and war and strife have already broken out; and they say that this country has been invaded by a knight who has been in many battles, and that wherever he wishes to go, no one, however reluctantly, is able to deny him passage. And they further say that he will deliver those who are in this country, and will subdue our people. Now take my advice and make haste!" Then the man starts at a gallop, and the others are greatly delighted at the words they have heard, for they are eager to help their side. And the vavasor's son says: "Hear what this squire says! Come and let us aid our people who are fighting their enemies!" Meanwhile the man rides off, without waiting for them, and makes his way rapidly toward a fortress which stood upon a fortified hill; thither he hastens, till he comes to the gate, while the others spur after him. The castle was surrounded by a high wall and moat. As soon as they had got inside, a gate was lowered upon their heels, so that they could not get out again. Then they say: "Come on, come on! Let us not stop here!" and they rapidly pursue the man until they reach another gate which was not closed against them. But as soon as the man had passed through, a portcullis dropped behind him. Then the others were much dismayed to see themselves shut in, and they think they must be bewitched. But he, of whom I have more to tell, wore upon his finger a ring, whose stone was of such virtue that any one who gazed at it was freed from the power of enchantment. Holding the ring before his eyes, he gazed at it, and said: "Lady, lady, so help me God, now I have great need of your succour!" This lady was a fairy, who had given it to him, and who had cared for him in his infancy. And he had great confidence that, wherever he might be, she would aid and succour him. But after appealing to her and gazing upon the ring, he realises that there is no enchantment here, but that they are

actually shut in and confined. Then they come to the barred door of a low and narrow postern gate. Drawing their swords, they all strike it with such violence that they cut the bar. As soon as they were outside the tower, they see that a fierce strife was already begun down in the meadows, and that there are at least a thousand knights engaged, beside the low-bred infantry. While they were descending to the plain, the wise and moderate son of the vavasor remarked: "Sire, before we arrive upon the field, it would be wise for us, it seems to me, to find out and learn on which side our people are. I do not know where they are placed, but I will go and find out, if you wish it so." "I wish you would do so," he replies, "go quickly, and do not fail to come back again at once." He goes and returns at once, saying: "It has turned out well for us, for I have plainly seen that these are our troops on this side of the field." Then the knight at once rode into the fight and jousted with a knight who was approaching him, striking him in the eye with such violence that he knocked him lifeless to the ground. Then the lad dismounts, and taking the dead knight's horse and arms, he arms himself with skill and cleverness. When he was armed, he straightway mounts, taking the shield and the lance, which was heavy, stiff, and decorated, and about his waist he girt a sharp, bright, and flashing sword. Then he followed his brother and lord into the fight. The latter demeaned himself bravely in the melee for some time, breaking, splitting, and crushing shields, helmets and hauberts. No wood or steel protected the man whom he struck; he either wounded him or knocked him lifeless from the horse. Unassisted, he did so well that he discomfited all whom he met, while his companions did their part as well. The people of Logres, not knowing him, are amazed at what they see, and ask the vavasor's sons about the stranger knight. This reply is made to them: "Gentlemen, this is he who is to deliver us all from durance and misery, in which we have so long been confined, and we ought to do him great honour when, to set us free, he has passed through so many perils and is ready to face many more. He has done much, and will do yet more." Every one is overjoyed at hearing this welcome news. The news travelled fast, and was noised about, until it was known by all. Their strength and courage rise, so that they slay many of those still alive, and apparently because of the example of a single knight they work greater havoc than because of all the rest combined. And if it had not been so near evening, all would have gone away defeated; but night came on so dark that they had to separate.

When the battle was over, all the captives pressed about the knight, grasping his rein on either side, and thus addressing him: "Welcome, fair sire," and each one adds: "Sire, for the name of God, do not fail to lodge with me!" What one says they all repeat, for young and old alike insist that he must lodge with them, saying: "You will be more comfortably lodged with me than with any one else." Thus each one addresses him to his face, and in the desire to capture him, each one drags him from the rest, until they almost come to blows. Then he tells them that they are very foolish and silly to struggle so. "Cease this wrangling among yourselves, for it does no good to me or you. Instead of quarrelling among ourselves, we ought rather to lend one another aid. You must not dispute about the privilege of lodging me, but rather consider how to lodge me in such a place that it may be to your general advantage, and that I may be advanced upon my way." Then each one exclaims at once: "That is my house, or, No, it is mine," until the knight replies: "Follow my advice and say nothing more; the wisest of you is foolish to contend this way. You ought to be concerned to further my affairs, and instead you are seeking to turn me aside. If you had each individually done me all the honour and service it is possible to do, and I had accepted your kindness, by all the saints of Rome I swear that I could not be more obliged to you than I am now for your good-will. So may God give me joy and health, your good intentions please me as much as if each one of you had already shown me great honour and kindness: so let the will stand for the deed!" Thus he persuades and appeases them all. Then they take him quickly along the road to a knight's residence, where they seek to serve him: all rejoice to honour and serve him throughout the evening until bedtime, for they hold him very dear. Next morning, when the time came to separate, each one offers and presents himself, with the desire to accompany him; but it

is not his will or pleasure that any one shall go with him except the two whom he had brought with him. Accompanied by them alone, he resumed his journey. That day they rode from morn till evening without encountering any adventure. When it was now very late, and while they were riding rapidly out of a forest, they saw a house belonging to a knight, and seated at the door they saw his wife, who had the bearing of a gentle lady. As soon as she espied them coming, she rose to her feet to meet them, and greeted them joyfully with a smile: "Welcome! I wish you to accept my house; this is your lodging; pray dismount." "Lady, since it is your will, we thank you, and will dismount; we accept your hospitality for the night." When they had dismounted, the lady had the horses taken by members of her well-ordered household. She calls her sons and daughters who come at once: the youths were courteous, handsome, and well-behaved, and the daughters were fair. She bids the lads remove the saddles and curry the horses well; no one refused to do this, but each carried out her instructions willingly. When she ordered the knights to be disarmed, her daughters step forward to perform this service. They remove their armour, and hand them three short mantles to put on. Then at once they take them into the house which was very handsome. The master was not at home, being out in the woods with two of his sons. But he presently returned, and his household, which was well-ordered, ran to meet him outside the door. Quickly they untie and unpack the game he brings, and tell him the news: "Sire, sire, you do not know that you have three knights for guests." "God be praised for that," he says. Then the knight and his two sons extend a glad welcome to their guests. The rest of the household were not backward, for even the least among them prepared to perform his special task. While some run to prepare the meal, others light the candles in profusion; still others get a towel and basins, and offer water for the hands: they are not niggardly in all this. When all had washed, they take their seats. Nothing that was done there seemed to be any trouble or burdensome. But at the first course there came a surprise in the form of a knight outside the door. As he sat on his charger, all armed from head to feet, he looked prouder than a bull, and a bull is a yew proud beast. One leg was fixed in the stirrup, but the other he had thrown over the mane of his horse's neck, to give himself a careless and jaunty air. Behold him advancing thus, though no one noticed him until he came forward with the words: "I wish to know which is the man who is so foolish and proud a numskull that he has come to this country and intends to cross the sword-bridge. All his pains will come to naught, and his expedition is in vain." Then he, who felt no fear at all, thus replies with confidence: "I am he who intends to cross the bridge." "Thou? Thou? How didst thou dare to think of such a thing? Before undertaking such a course, thou oughtest to have thought of the end that is in store for thee, and thou oughtest to have in mind the memory of the cart on which thou didst ride. I know not whether thou feelest shame for the ride thou hadst on it, but no sensible man would have embarked on such an enterprise as this if he had felt the reproach of his action."

Not a word does he deign to reply to what he hears the other say; but the master of the house and all the others express their surprise openly: "Ah, God, what a misfortune this is," each one of them says to himself; "cursed be the hour when first a cart was conceived or made! For it is a very vile and hateful thing. Ah, God, of what was he accused? Why was he carried in a cart? For what sin, or for what crime? He will always suffer the reproach. If he were only clear of this disgrace, no knight could be found in all the world, however his valour might be proved, who would equal the merit of this knight. If all good knights could be compared, and if the truth were to be known, you could find none so handsome or so expert." Thus they expressed their sentiments. Then he began his speech of impudence: "Listen, thou knight, who art bound for the sword-bridge! If thou wishest, thou shalt cross the water very easily and comfortably. I will quickly have thee ferried over in a skiff. But once on the other side, I will make thee pay me toll, and I will take thy head, if I please to do so, or if not, thou shalt be held at my discretion." And he replies that he is not seeking trouble, and that he will never risk his head in such an adventure for any consideration. To which the other answers at once: "Since thou wilt not do this, whosoever the shame and loss may be,

thou must come outside with me and there engage me hand to hand." Then, to beguile him, the other says: "If I could refuse, I would very gladly excuse myself; but in truth I would rather fight than be compelled to do what is wrong." Before he arose from the table where they were sitting, he told the youths who were serving him, to saddle his horse at once, and fetch his arms and give them to him. This order they promptly execute: some devote themselves to arming him, while others go to fetch his horse. As he slowly rode along completely armed, holding his shield tight by the straps, you must know that he was evidently to be included in the list of the brave and fair. His horse became him so well that it is evident he must be his own, and as for the shield he held by the straps and the helmet laced upon his head, which fitted him so well, you would never for a moment have thought that he had borrowed it or received it as a loan; rather, you would be so pleased with him that you would maintain that he had been thus born and raised: for all this I should like you to take my word.

Outside the gate, where the battle was to be fought, there was a stretch of level ground well adapted for the encounter. When they catch sight of each other, they spur hotly to the attack and come together with such a shock, dealing such blows with their lances, that they first bend, then buckle up, and finally fly into splinters. With their swords they then hew away at their shields, helmets, and hauberks. The wood is cut and the steel gives way, so that they wound each other in several places. They pay each other such angry blows that it seems as if they had made a bargain. The swords often descend upon the horses' croups, where they drink and feast upon their blood; their riders strike them upon the flanks until at last they kill them both. And when both have fallen to earth, they attack each other afoot; and if they had cherished a mortal hatred, they could not have assailed each other more fiercely with their swords. They deal their blows with greater frequency than the man who stakes his money at dice and never fails to double the stakes every time he loses; yet, this game of theirs was very different; for there were no losses here, but only fierce blows and cruel strife. All the people came out from the house: the master, his lady, his sons and daughters; no man or woman, friend or stranger, stayed behind, but all stood in line to see the fight in progress in the broad, level field. The Knight of the Cart blames and reproaches himself for faintheartedness when he sees his host watching him and notices all the others looking on. His heart is stirred with anger, for it seems to him that he ought long since to have beaten his adversary. Then he strikes him, rushing in like a storm and bringing his sword down close by his head; he pushes and presses him so hard that he drives him from his ground and reduces him to such a state of exhaustion that he has little strength to defend himself. Then the knight recalls how the other had basely reproached him about the cart; so he assails him and drubs him so soundly that not a string or strap remains unbroken about the neck-band of his hauberk, and he knocks the helmet and ventail from his head. His wounds and distress are so great that he has to cry for mercy. Just as the lark cannot withstand or protect itself against the hawk which outflies it and attacks it from above, so he in his helplessness and shame, must invoke him and sue for mercy. And when he hears him beg for mercy, he ceases his attack and says: "Dost thou wish for mercy?" He replies: "You have asked a very clever question; any fool could ask that. I never wished for anything so much as I now wish for mercy." Then he says to him: "Thou must mount, then, upon a cart. Nothing thou couldst say would have any influence with me, unless thou mountest the cart, to atone for the vile reproaches thou didst address to me with thy silly mouth." And the knight thus answers him: "May it never please God that I mount a cart!" "No?" he asks; "then you shall die." "Sire, you can easily put me to death; but I beg and beseech you for God's sake to show me mercy and not compel me to mount a cart. I will agree to anything, however grievous, excepting that. I would rather die a hundred times than undergo such a disgrace. In your goodness and mercy you can tell me nothing so distasteful that I will not do it."

While he is thus beseeching him, behold across the field a maiden riding on a tawny mule, her head uncovered and her dress disarranged. In her hand she held a whip with which she belaboured the mule; and in truth no horse could have galloped so

fast as was the pace of the mule. The damsel called out to the Knight of the Cart: "May God bless thy heart, Sir Knight, with whatever delights thee most!" And he, who heard her gladly, says: "May God bless you, damsel, and give you joy and health!" Then she tells him of her desire. "Knight," she says, "in urgent need I have come from afar to thee to ask a favour, for which thou wilt deserve the best guerdon I can make to thee; and I believe that thou wilt yet have need of my assistance." And he replies: "Tell me what it is you wish; and if I have it, you shall have it at once, provided it be not something extravagant." Then she says: "It is the head of the knight whom thou hast just defeated; in truth, thou hast never dealt with such a wicked and faithless man. Thou wilt be committing no sin or wrong, but rather doing a deed of charity, for he is the basest creature that ever was or ever shall be." And when he who had been vanquished hears that she wishes him to be killed, he says to him: "Don't believe her, for she hates me; but by that God who was at once Father and Son, and who chose for His mother her who was His daughter and handmaiden, I beg you to have mercy upon me!" "Ah, knight!" the maid exclaims, "pay no attention to what this traitor says! May God give thee all the joy and honour to which thou dost aspire, and may He give thee good success in thy undertaking." Then the knight is in a predicament, as he thinks and ponders over the question: whether to present to her the head she asks him to cut off, or whether he shall allow himself to be touched by pity for him. He wishes to respect the wishes of both her and him. Generosity and pity each command him to do their will; for he was both generous and tender-hearted. But if she carries off the head, then will pity be defeated and put to death; whereas, if she does not carry off the head, generosity will be discomfited. Thus, pity and generosity hold him so confined and so distressed that he is tormented and spurred on by each of them in turn. The damsel asks him to give her the head, and on the other hand the knight makes his request, appealing to his pity and kindness. And, since he has implored him, shall he not receive mercy? Yes, for it never happened that, when he had put down an enemy and compelled him to sue for mercy, he would refuse such an one his mercy or longer bear him any grudge. Since this is his custom, he will not refuse his mercy to him who now begs and sues for it. And shall she have the head she covets? Yes, if it be possible. "Knight," he says, "it is necessary for thee to fight me again, and if thou dost care to defend thy head again, I will show thee such mercy as to allow thee to resume the helmet; and I will give thee time to arm thy body and thy head as well as possible. But, if I conquer thee again, know that thou shalt surely die." And he replies: "I desire nothing better than that, and ask for no further favour." "And I will give thee this advantage," he adds: "I will fight thee as I stand, without changing my present position." Then the other knight makes ready, and they begin the fight again eagerly. But this time the knight triumphed more quickly than he had done at first. And the damsel at once cries out: "Do not spare him, knight, for anything he may say to thee. Surely he would not have spared thee, had he once defeated thee. If thou heedest what he says, be sure that he will again beguile thee. Fair knight, cut off the head of the most faithless man in the empire and kingdom, and give it to me! Thou shouldst present it to me, in view of the guerdon I intend for thee. For another day may well come when, if he can, he will beguile thee again with his words." He, thinking his end is near, cries aloud to him for mercy; but his cry is of no avail, nor anything that he can say. The other drags him by the helmet, tearing all the fastenings, and he strikes from his head the ventail and the gleaming coif. Then he cries out more loudly still: "Mercy, for God's sake! Mercy, sir!" But the other answers: "So help me, I shall never again show thee pity, after having once let thee off." "Ah," he says, "thou wouldst do wrong to heed my enemy and kill me thus." While she, intent upon his death, admonishes him to cut off his head, and not to believe a word he says. He strikes: the head flies across the sward and the body falls. Then the damsel is pleased and satisfied. Grasping the head by the hair, the knight presents it to the damsel, who takes it joyfully with the words: "May thy heart receive such delight from whatever it most desires as my heart now receives from what I most coveted. I had only one grief in life, and that was that this man was still alive. I have a reward laid up for thee which thou shalt receive at the proper time. I

promise thee that thou shalt have a worthy reward for the service thou hast rendered me. Now I will go away, with the prayer that God may guard thee from harm." Then the damsel leaves him, as each commends the other to God. But all those who had seen the battle in the plain are overjoyed, and in their joy they at once relieve the knight of his armour, and honour him in every way they can. Then they wash their hands again and take their places at the meal, which they eat with better cheer than is their wont. When they had been eating for some time, the gentleman turned to his guest at his side, and said: "Sire, a long while ago we came hither from the kingdom of Logres. We were born your countrymen, and we should like to see you win honour and fortune and joy in this country; for we should profit by it as well as you, and it would be to the advantage of many others, if you should gain honour and fortune in the enterprise you have undertaken in this land." And he makes answer: "May God hear your desire."

When the host had dropped his voice and ceased speaking, one of his sons followed him and said: "Sire, we ought to place all our resources at your service, and give them outright rather than promise them; if you have any need of our assistance, we ought not to wait until you ask for it. Sire, be not concerned over your horse which is dead. We have good strong horses here. I want you to take anything of ours which you need, and you shall choose the best of our horses in place of yours." And he replies: "I willingly accept." Thereupon, they have the beds prepared and retire for the night. The next morning they rise early, and dress, after which they prepare to start. Upon leaving, they fail in no act of courtesy, but take leave of the lady, her lord, and all the rest. But in order to omit nothing, I must remark that the knight was unwilling to mount the borrowed steed which was standing ready at the door; rather, he caused him to be ridden by one of the two knights who had come with him, while he took the latter's horse instead, for thus it pleased him best to do. When each was seated on his horse, they all asked for leave to depart from their host who had served them so honourably. Then they ride along the road until the day draws to a close, and late in the afternoon they reach the sword-bridge.

At the end of this very difficult bridge they dismount from their steeds and gaze at the wicked-looking stream, which is as swift and raging, as black and turgid, as fierce and terrible as if it were the devil's stream; and it is so dangerous and bottomless that anything falling into it would be as completely lost as if it fell into the salt sea. And the bridge, which spans it, is different from any other bridge; for there never was such a one as this. If any one asks of me the truth, there never was such a bad bridge, nor one whose flooring was so bad. The bridge across the cold stream consisted of a polished, gleaming sword; but the sword was stout and stiff, and was as long as two lances. At each end there was a tree-trunk in which the sword was firmly fixed. No one need fear to fall because of its breaking or bending, for its excellence was such that it could support a great weight. But the two knights who were with the third were much discouraged; for they surmised that two lions or two leopards would be found tied to a great rock at the other end of the bridge. The water and the bridge and the lions combine so to terrify them that they both tremble with fear, and say: "Fair sire, consider well what confronts you; for it is necessary and needful to do so. This bridge is badly made and built, and the construction of it is bad. If you do not change your mind in time, it will be too late to repent. You must consider which of several alternatives you will choose. Suppose that you once get across (but that cannot possibly come to pass, any more than one could hold in the winds and forbid them to blow, or keep the birds from singing, or re-enter one's mother's womb and be born again—all of which is as impossible as to empty the sea of its water); but even supposing that you got across, can you think and suppose that those two fierce lions that are chained on the other side will not kill you, and suck the blood from your veins, and eat your flesh and then gnaw your bones? For my part, I am bold enough, when I even dare to look and gaze at them. If you do not take care, they will certainly devour you. Your body will soon be torn and rent apart, for they will show you no mercy. So take pity on us now, and stay here in our company! It would be wrong for you to expose yourself intentionally to such mortal peril." And he, laughing, replies to

them: "Gentlemen, receive my thanks and gratitude for the concern you feel for me: it comes from your love and kind hearts. I know full well that you would not like to see any mishap come to me; but I have faith and confidence in God, that He will protect me to the end. I fear the bridge and stream no more than I fear this dry land; so I intend to prepare and make the dangerous attempt to cross. I would rather die than turn back now." The others have nothing more to say; but each weeps with pity and heaves a sigh. Meanwhile he prepares, as best he may, to cross the stream, and he does a very marvellous thing in removing the armour from his feet and hands. He will be in a sorry state when he reaches the other side. He is going to support himself with his bare hands and feet upon the sword, which was sharper than a scythe, for he had not kept on his feet either sole or upper or hose. But he felt no fear of wounds upon his hands or feet; he preferred to maim himself rather than to fall from the bridge and be plunged in the water from which he could never escape. In accordance with this determination, he passes over with great pain and agony, being wounded in the hands, knees, and feet. But even this suffering is sweet to him: for Love, who conducts and leads him on, assuages and relieves the pain. Creeping on his hands, feet, and knees, he proceeds until he reaches the other side. Then he recalls and recollects the two lions which he thought he had seen from the other side; but, on looking about, he does not see so much as a lizard or anything else to do him harm. He raises his hand before his face and looks at his ring, and by this test he proves that neither of the lions is there which he thought he had seen, and that he had been enchanted and deceived; for there was not a living creature there. When those who had remained behind upon the bank saw that he had safely crossed, their joy was natural; but they do not know of his injuries. He, however, considers himself fortunate not to have suffered anything worse. The blood from his wounds drips on his shirt on all sides. Then he sees before him a tower, which was so strong that never had he seen such a strong one before: indeed, it could not have been a better tower. At the window there sat King Bademagu, who was very scrupulous and precise about matters of honour and what was right, and who was careful to observe and practise loyalty above all else; and beside him stood his son, who always did precisely the opposite so far as possible, for he found his pleasure in disloyalty, and never wearied of villainy, treason, and felony. From their point of vantage they had seen the knight cross the bridge with trouble and pain. Meleagant's colour changed with the rage and displeasure he felt; for he knows now that he will be challenged for the Queen; but his character was such that he feared no man, however strong or formidable. If he were not base and disloyal, there could no better knight be found; but he had a heart of wood, without gentleness and pity. What enraged his son and roused his ire, made the king happy and glad. The king knew of a truth that he who had crossed the bridge was much better than any one else. For no one would dare to pass over it in whom there dwelt any of that evil nature which brings more shame upon those who possess it than prowess brings of honour to the virtuous. For prowess cannot accomplish so much as wickedness and sloth can do: it is true beyond a doubt that it is possible to do more evil than good.

I could say more on these two heads, if it did not cause me to delay. But I must turn to something else and resume my subject, and you shall hear how the king speaks profitably to his son: "Son," he says, "it was fortunate that thou and I came to look out this window; our reward has been to witness the boldest deed that ever entered the mind of man. Tell me now if thou art not well disposed toward him who has performed such a marvellous feat. Make peace and be reconciled with him, and deliver the Queen into his hands. Thou shalt gain no glory in battle with him, but rather mayst thou incur great loss. Show thyself to be courteous and sensible, and send the Queen to meet him before he sees thee. Show him honour in this land of thine, and before he asks it, present to him what he has come to seek. Thou knowest well enough that he has come for the Queen Guinevere. Do not act so that people will take thee to be obstinate, foolish, or proud. If this man has entered thy land alone, thou shouldst bear him company, for one gentleman ought not to avoid another, but rather attract him and honour him with courtesy. One receives honour by him-

self showing it; be sure that the honour will be thine, if thou doest honour and service to him who is plainly the best knight in the world." And he replies: "May God confound me, if there is not as good a knight, or even a better one than he!" It was too bad that he did not mention himself, of whom he entertains no mean opinion. And he adds: "I suppose you wish me to clasp my hands and kneel before him as his liegeman, and to hold my lands from him? So help me God, I would rather become his man than surrender to him the Queen! God forbid that in such a fashion I should deliver her to him! She shall never be given up by me, but rather contested and defended against all who are so foolish as to dare to come in quest of her." Then again the king says to him: "Son, thou wouldst act very courteously to renounce this pretension. I advise thee and beg thee to keep the peace. Thou knowest well that the honour will belong to the knight, if he wins the Queen from thee in battle. He would doubtless rather win her in battle than as a gift, for it will thus enhance his fame. It is my opinion that he is seeking her, not to receive her peaceably, but because he wishes to win her by force of arms. So it would be wise on thy part to deprive him of the satisfaction of fighting thee. I am sorry to see thee so foolish; but if thou dost not heed my advice, evil will come of it, and the ensuing misfortune will be worse for thee. For the knight need fear no hostility from any one here save thee. On behalf of myself and all my men, I will grant him a truce and security. I have never yet done a disloyal deed or practised treason and felony, and I shall not begin to do so now on thy account any more than I would for any stranger. I do not wish to flatter thee, for I promise that the knight shall not lack any arms, or horse or anything else he needs, in view of the boldness he has displayed in coming thus far. He shall be securely guarded and well defended against all men here excepting thee. I wish him clearly to understand that, if he can maintain himself against thee, he need have no fear of any one else." "I have listened to you in silence long enough," says Meleagant, "and you may say what you please. But little do I care for all you say. I am not a hermit, nor so compassionate and charitable, and I have no desire to be so honourable as to give him what I most love. His task will not be performed so quickly or so lightly; rather will it turn out otherwise than as you and he expect. You and I need not quarrel because you aid him against me. Even if he enjoys peace and a truce with you and all your men, what matters that to me? My heart does not quail on that account; rather, so help me God, I am glad that he need not feel concern for any one here but me; I do not wish you to do on my account anything which might be construed as disloyalty or treachery. Be as compassionate as you please, but let me be cruel." "What? Wilt thou not change thy mind?" "No," he says. "Then I will say nothing more. I will leave thee alone to do thy best and will go now to speak with the knight. I wish to offer and present to him my aid and counsel in all respects; for I am altogether on his side."

Then the king goes down and orders them to bring his horse. A large steed is brought to him, upon which he springs by the stirrup, and he rides off with some of his men: three knights and two squires he bade to go with him. They did not stop their ride downhill until they came to the bridge, where they see him stanching his wounds and wiping the blood from them. The king expects to keep him as his guest for a long time while his wounds are healing; but he might as well expect to drain the sea. The king hastens to dismount, and he who was grievously wounded, stood up at once to meet him, though he did not know him, and he gave no more evidence of the pain he felt in his feet and hands than if he had been actually sound. The king sees that he is exerting himself, and quickly runs to greet him with the words: "Sire, I am greatly amazed that you have fallen upon us in this land. But be welcome, for no one will ever repeat the attempt: it never happened in the past, and it will never happen in the future that any one should perform such a hardy feat or expose himself to such peril. And know that I admire you greatly for having executed what no one before ever dared to conceive. You will find me very kindly disposed, and loyal and courteous toward you. I am the king of this land, and offer you freely all my counsel and service; and I think I know pretty well what you have come here to seek. You come, I am sure, to seek the Queen." "Sire," he replies, "your

surmise is correct; no other cause brings me here." "Friend, you must suffer hardship to obtain her," he replies; "and you are sorely wounded, as I see by the wounds and the flowing blood. You will not find him who brought her hither so generous as to give her up without a struggle; but you must tarry, and have your wounds cared for until they are completely healed. I will give you some of 'the three Marys' ointment, and something still better, if it can be found, for I am very solicitous about your comfort and your recovery. And the Queen is so confined that no mortal man has access to her—not even my son, who brought her here with him and who resents such treatment, for never was a man so beside himself and so desperate as he. But I am well disposed toward you, and will gladly give you, so help me God, all of which you stand in need. My son himself will not have such good arms but that I will give you some that are just as good, and a horse, too, such as you will need, though my son will be angry with me. Despite the feelings of any one, I will protect you against all men. You will have no cause to fear any one excepting him who brought the Queen here. No man ever menaced another as I have menaced him, and I came near driving him from my land, in my displeasure because he will not surrender her to you. To be sure, he is my son; but feel no concern, for unless he defeats you in battle, he can never do you the slightest harm against my will." "Sire," he says, "I thank you. But I am losing time here which I do not wish to waste. I have no cause to complain, and have no wound which is paining me. Take me where I can find him; for with such arms as I have, I am ready to divert myself by giving and receiving blows." "Friend, you had better wait two or three weeks until your wounds are healed, for it would be well for you to tarry here at least two weeks, and not on any account could I allow it, or look on, while you fought in my presence with such arms and with such an outfit." And he replies: "With your permission, no other arms would be used than these, for I should prefer to fight with them, and I should not ask for the slightest postponement, adjournment or delay. However, in deference to you, I will consent to wait until to-morrow; but despite what any one may say, longer I will not wait." Then the king assured him that all would be done as he wished; then he has the lodging-place prepared, and insistently requests his men, who are in the company, to serve him, which they do devotedly. And the king, who would gladly have made peace, had it been possible, went at once to his son and spoke to him like one who desires peace and harmony, saying: "Fair son, be reconciled now with this knight without a fight! He has not come here to disport himself or to hunt or chase, but he comes in search of honour and to increase his fame and renown, and I have seen that he stands in great need of rest. If he had taken my advice, he would not have rashly undertaken, either this month or the next, the battle which he so greatly desires. If thou makest over the Queen to him, dost thou fear any dishonour in the deed? Have no fear of that, for no blame can attach to thee; rather is it wrong to keep that to which one has no rightful claim. He would gladly have entered the battle at once, though his hands and feet are not sound, but cut and wounded." Meleagant answers his father thus: "You are foolish to be concerned. By the faith I owe St. Peter, I will not take your advice in this matter. I should deserve to be drawn apart with horses, if I heeded your advice. If he is seeking his honour, so do I seek mine; if he is in search of glory, so am I; if he is anxious for the battle, so am I a hundred times more so than he." "I see plainly," says the king, "that thou art intent upon thy mad enterprise, and thou shalt have thy fill of it. Since such is thy pleasure, to-morrow thou shalt try thy strength with the knight." "May no greater hardship ever visit me than that!" Meleagant replies; "I would much rather it were to-day than to-morrow. Just see how much more downcast I am than is usual! My eyes are wild, and my face is pale! I shall have no joy or satisfaction or any cause for happiness until I am actually engaged with him."

The king understands that further advice and prayers are of no avail, so reluctantly he leaves his son and, taking a good, strong horse and handsome arms, he sends them to him who well deserves them, together with a surgeon who was a loyal and Christian man. There was in the world no more trusty man, and he was more skilled in the cure of wounds than all the doctors of Montpeilier. That night he treated the knight as best he

could, in accordance with the king's command. Already the news was known by the knights and damsels, the ladies and barons of all the country-side, and all through the night until daybreak strangers and friends were making long journeys from all the country round. When morning came, there was such a press before the castle that there was not room to move one's foot. And the king, rising early in his distress about the battle, goes directly to his son, who had already laced upon his head the helmet which was of Poitiers make. No delay or peace is possible, for though the king did his best, his efforts are of no effect. In the middle of the castle-square, where all the people are assembled, the battle will be fought in compliance with the king's wish and command. The king sends at once for the stranger knight, and he is conducted to the grounds which were filled with people from the kingdom of Logres. For just as people are accustomed to go to church to hear the organ on the annual feast-days of Pentecost or Christmas, so they had all assembled now. All the foreign maidens from King Arthur's realm had fasted three days and gone barefoot in their shifts, in order that God might endow with strength and courage the knight who was to fight his adversary on behalf of the captives. Very early, before prime had yet been sounded, both of the knights fully armed were led to the place, mounted upon two horses equally protected. Meleagant was very graceful, alert, and shapely; the hauberk with its fine meshes, the helmet, and the shield hanging from his neck—all these became him well. All the spectators, however, favoured the other knight, even those who wished him ill, and they say that Meleagant is worth nothing compared with him. As soon as they were both on the ground, the king comes and detains them as long as possible in an effort to make peace between them, but he is unable to persuade his son. Then he says to them: "Hold in your horses until I reach the top of the tower. It will be only a slight favour, if you will wait so long for me." Then in sorrowful mood he leaves them and goes directly to the place where he knew he would find the Queen. She had begged him the evening before to place her where she might have an unobstructed view of the battle; he had granted her the boon, and went now to seek and fetch her, for he was very anxious to show her honour and courtesy. He placed her at one window, and took his place at another window on her right. Beside them, there were gathered there many knights and prudent dames and damsels, who were natives of that land; and there were many others, who were captives, and who were intent upon their orisons and prayers. Those who were prisoners were praying for their lord, for to God and to him they entrusted their succour and deliverance. Then the combatants without delay make all the people stand aside; then they clash the shields with their elbows, and thrust their arms into the straps, and spur at each other so violently that each sends his lance two arms' length through his opponent's shield, causing the lance to split and splinter like a flying spark. And the horses meet head on, clashing breast to breast, and the shields and helmets crash with such a noise that it seems like a mighty thunder-clap; not a breast-strap, girth, rein or surcingle remains unbroken, and the saddle-bows, though strong, are broken to pieces. The combatants felt no shame in falling to earth, in view of their mishaps, but they quickly spring to their feet, and without waste of threatening words rush at each other more fiercely than two wild boars, and deal great blows with their swords of steel like men whose hate is violent. Repeatedly they trim the helmets and shining hauberks so fiercely that after the sword the blood spurts out. They furnished an excellent battle, indeed, as they stunned and wounded each other with their heavy, wicked blows. Many fierce, hard, long bouts they sustained with equal honour, so that the onlookers could discern no advantage on either side. But it was inevitable that he who had crossed the bridge should be much weakened by his wounded hands. The people who sided with him were much dismayed, for they notice that his strokes are growing weaker, and they fear he will get the worst of it; it seemed to them that he was weakening, while Meleagant was triumphing, and they began to murmur all around. But up at the window of the tower there was a wise maiden who thought within herself that the knight had not undertaken the battle either on her account or for the sake of the common herd who had gathered about the list, but that his only incentive had been the

Queen; and she thought that, if he knew that she was at the window seeing and watching him, his strength and courage would increase. And if she had known his name, she would gladly have called to him to look about him. Then she came to the Queen and said: "Lady, for God's sake and your own as well as ours, I beseech you to tell me, if you know, the name of yonder knight, to the end that it may be of some help to him." "Damsel," the Queen replies, "you have asked me a question in which I see no hate or evil, but rather good intent; the name of the knight, I know, is Lancelot of the Lake." "God, how happy and glad at heart I am!" the damsel says. Then she leans forward and calls to him by name so loudly that all the people hear: "Lancelot, turn about and see who is here taking note of thee!"

When Lancelot heard his name, he was not slow to turn around: he turns and sees seated up there at the window of the tower her whom he desired most in the world to see. From the moment he caught sight of her, he did not turn or take his eyes and face from her, defending himself with backhand blows. And Meleagant meanwhile attacked him as fiercely as he could, delighted to think that the other cannot withstand him now; and they of the country are well pleased too, while the foreigners are so distressed that they can no longer support themselves, and many of them fall to earth either upon their knees or stretched out prone; thus some are glad, and some distressed. Then the damsel cried again from the window: "Ah, Lancelot, how is it that thou dost now conduct thyself so foolishly? Once thou wert the embodiment of prowess and of all that is good, and I do not think God ever made a knight who could equal thee in valour and in worth. But now we see thee so distressed that thou dealest back-hand blows and fightest thy adversary, behind thy back. Turn, so as to be on the other side, and so that thou canst face toward this tower, for it will help thee to keep it in view." Then Lancelot is so ashamed and mortified that he hates himself, for he knows full well that all have seen how, for some time past, he has had the worst of the fight. Thereupon he leaps backward and so manoeuvres as to force Meleagant into a position between him and the tower. Meleagant makes every effort to regain his former position. But Lancelot rushes upon him, and strikes him so violently upon his body and shield whenever he tries to get around him, that he compels him to whirl about two or three times in spite of himself. Lancelot's strength and courage grow, partly because he has love's aid, and partly because he never hated any one so much as him with whom he is engaged. Love and mortal hate, so fierce that never before was such hate seen, make him so fiery and bold that Meleagant ceases to treat it as a jest and begins to stand in awe of him, for he had never met or known so doughty a knight, nor had any knight ever wounded or injured him as this one does. He is glad to get away from him, and he winces and sidesteps, fearing his blows and avoiding them. And Lancelot does not idly threaten him, but drives him rapidly toward the tower where the Queen was stationed on the watch. There upon the tower he did her the homage of his blows until he came so close that, if he advanced another step, he would lose sight of her. Thus Lancelot drove him back and forth repeatedly in whatever direction he pleased, always stopping before the Queen, his lady, who had kindled the flame which compels him to fix his gaze upon her. And this same flame so stirred him against Meleagant that he was enabled to lead and drive him wherever he pleased. In spite of himself he drives him on like a blind man or a man with a wooden leg. The king sees his son so hard pressed that he is sorry for him and he pities him, and he will not deny him aid and assistance if possible; but if he wishes to proceed courteously, he must first beg the Queen's permission. So he began to say to her: "Lady, since I have had you in my power, I have loved you and faithfully served and honoured you. I never consciously left anything undone in which I saw your honour involved; now repay me for what I have done. For I am about to ask you a favour which you should not grant unless you do so willingly. I plainly see that my son is getting the worst of this battle; I do not speak so because of the chagrin I feel, but in order that Lancelot, who has him in his power, may not kill him. Nor ought you to wish to see him killed; not because he has not wronged both you and him, but because I make the request of you: so tell him, please, to stop beating him. If you will, you can thus repay me for what I have done for you."

"Fair sire, I am willing to do so at your request," the Queen replies; "had I mortal hatred for your son, whom it is true I do not love, yet you have served me so well that, to please you, I am quite willing that he should desist." These words were not spoken privately, but Lancelot and Meleagant heard what was said. The man who is a perfect lover is always obedient and quickly and gladly does his mistress' pleasure. So Lancelot was constrained to do his Lady's will, for he loved more than Pyramus, if that were possible for any man to do. Lancelot heard what was said, and as soon as the last word had issued from her mouth, "since you wish him to desist, I am willing that he should do so," Lancelot would not have touched him or made a movement for anything, even if the other had killed him. He does not touch him or raise his hand. But Meleagant, beside himself with rage and shame when he hears that it has been necessary to intercede in his behalf, strikes him with all the strength he can muster. And the king went down from the tower to upbraid his son, and entering the list he addressed him thus: "How now? Is this becoming, to strike him when he is not touching thee? Thou art too cruel and savage, and thy prowess is now out of place! For we all know beyond a doubt that he is thy superior." Then Meleagant, choking with shame, says to the king: "I think you must be blind! I do not believe you see a thing. Any one must indeed be blind to think I am not better than he." "Seek some one to believe thy words!" the king replies, "for all the people know whether thou speakest the truth or a lie. All of us know full well the truth." Then the king bids his barons lead his son away, which they do at once in execution of his command: they led away Meleagant. But it was not necessary to use force to induce Lancelot to withdraw, for Meleagant might have harmed him grievously, before he would have sought to defend himself. Then the king says to his son: "So help me God, now thou must make peace and surrender the Queen. Thou must cease this quarrel once for all and withdraw thy claim." "That is great nonsense you have uttered! I hear you speak foolishly. Stand aside! Let us fight, and do not mix in our affairs!" But the king says he will take a hand, for he knows well that, were the fight to continue, Lancelot would kill his son. "He kill me! Rather would I soon defeat and kill him, if you would leave us alone and let us fight." Then the king says: "So help me God, all that thou sayest is of no avail." "Why is that?" he asks. "Because I will not consent. I will not so trust in thy folly and pride as to allow thee to be killed. A man is a fool to court death, as thou dost in thy ignorance. I know well that thou hatest me because I wish to save thy life. God will not let me see and witness thy death, if I can help it, for it would cause me too much grief." He talks to him and reproves him until finally peace and good-will are restored. The terms of the peace are these: he will surrender the Queen to Lancelot, provided that the latter without reluctance will fight them again within a year of such time as he shall choose to summon him: this is no trial to Lancelot. When peace is made, all the people press about, and it is decided that the battle shall be fought at the court of King Arthur, who holds Britain and Cornwall in his sway: there they decide that it shall be. And the Queen has to consent, and Lancelot has to promise, that if Meleagant can prove him recreant, she shall come back with him again without the interference of any one. When the Queen and Lancelot had both agreed to this, the arrangement was concluded, and they both retired and removed their arms. Now the custom in the country was that when one issued forth, all the others might do so too. All called down blessings upon Lancelot: and you may know that he must have felt great joy, as in truth he did. All the strangers assemble and rejoice over Lancelot, speaking so as to be heard by him: "Sire, in truth we were joyful as soon as we heard your name, for we felt sure at once that we should all be set free." There was a great crowd present at this glad scene, as each one strives and presses forward to touch him if possible. Any one who succeeded in touching him was more delighted than he could tell. There was plenty of joy, and of sorrow too; those who were now set free rejoiced unrestrainedly; but Meleagant and his followers have not anything they want, but are pensive, gloomy, and downcast. The king turns away from the list, taking with him Lancelot, who begs him to take him to the Queen. "I shall not fail to do so," the king replies: "for it seems to me the proper thing to do. And if you like, I will show you Kay the seneschal." At this



Lancelot is so glad that he almost falls at his feet. Then the king took him at once into the hall, where the Queen had come to wait for him.

When the Queen saw the king holding Lancelot by the hand, she rose before the king, but she looked displeased with clouded brow, and she spoke not a word. "Lady, here is Lancelot come to see you," says the king; "you ought to be pleased and satisfied." "I, sire? He cannot please me. I care nothing about seeing him." "Come now, lady," says the king who was very frank and courteous, "what induces you to act like this? You are too scornful toward a man who has served you so faithfully that he has repeatedly exposed his life to mortal danger on this journey for your sake, and who has defended and rescued you from my son Meleagant who had deeply wronged you." "Sire, truly he has made poor use of his time. I shall never deny that I feel no gratitude toward him." Now Lancelot is dumbfounded; but he replies very humbly like a polished lover: "Lady, certainly I am grieved at this, but I dare not ask your reason." The Queen listened as Lancelot voiced his disappointment, but in order to grieve and confound him, she would not answer a single word, but returned to her room. And Lancelot followed her with his eyes and heart until she reached the door; but she was not long in sight, for the room was close by. His eyes would gladly have followed her, had that been possible; but the heart, which is more lordly and masterful in its strength, went through the door after her, while the eyes remained behind weeping with the body. And the king said privily to him: "Lancelot, I am amazed at what this means: and how it comes about that the Queen cannot endure the sight of you, and that she is so unwilling to speak with you. If she is ever accustomed to speak with you, she ought not to be niggardly now or avoid conversation with you, after what you have done for her. Now tell me, if you know, why and for what misdeed she has shown you such a countenance." "Sire, I did not notice that just now; but she will not look at me or hear my words, and that distresses and grieves me much." "Surely," says the king, "she is in the wrong, for you have risked your life for her. Come away now, fair sweet friend, and we shall go to speak with the seneschal." "I shall be glad to do so," he replies. Then they both go to the seneschal. As soon as Lancelot came where he was, the seneschal's first exclamation was: "How thou hast shamed me!" "I? How so?" Lancelot inquires; "tell me what disgrace have I brought upon you?" "A very great disgrace, for thou hast carried out what I could not accomplish, and thou hast done what I could not do."

Then the king left them together in the room, and went out alone. And Lancelot inquires of the seneschal if he has been badly off. "Yes," he answers, "and I still am so. I was never more wretched than I am now. And I should have died a long time ago, had it not been for the king, who in his compassion has shown me so much gentleness and kindness that he willingly let me lack nothing of which I stood in need; but I was furnished at once with everything that I desired. But opposed to the kindness which he showed me, was Meleagant his son, who is full of wickedness, and who summoned the physicians to him and bade them apply such ointments as would kill me. Such a father and stepfather have I had! For when the king had a good plaster applied to my wounds in his desire that I should soon be cured, his treacherous son, wishing to put me to death, had it promptly taken off and some harmful salve applied. But I am very sure that the king was ignorant of this; he would not tolerate such base and murderous tricks. But you do not know how courteous he has been to my lady: no frontier tower since the time that Noah built the ark was ever so carefully guarded, for he has guarded her so vigilantly that, though his son chafed under the restraint, he would nor let him see her except in the presence of the king himself. Up to the present time the king in his mercy has shown her all the marks of consideration which she herself proposed. She alone had the disposition of her affairs. And the king esteemed her all the more for the loyalty she showed. But is it true, as I am told, that she is so angry with you that she has publicly refused to speak with you?" "You have been told the exact truth," Lancelot replies, "but for God's sake, can you tell me why she is so displeased with me?" He replies that he does not know, and that he is greatly surprised at it. "Well, let it be as she pleases," says Lancelot, feeling his helplessness; "I must now take my leave, and I shall go to seek my lord Gawain who has entered this land,

and who arranged with me that he would proceed directly to the waterbridge." Then, leaving the room, he appeared before the king and asked for leave to proceed in that direction. And the king willingly grants him leave to go. Then those whom Lancelot had set free and delivered from prison ask him what they are to do. And he replies: "All those who desire may come with me, and those who wish to stay with the Queen may do so: there is no reason why they should accompany me." Then all those, who so desire, accompany him, more glad and joyous than is their wont. With the Queen remain her damsels who are light of heart, and many knights and ladies too. But there is not one of those who stay behind, who would not have preferred to return to his own country to staying there. But on my lord Gawain's account, whose arrival is expected, the Queen keeps them, saying that she will never stir until she has news of him.

The news spreads everywhere that the Queen is free to go, and that all the other prisoners have been set at liberty and are free to go whenever it suits and pleases them. Wherever the people of the land gather together, they ask each other about the truth of this report, and never talk of anything else. They are very much enraged that all the dangerous passes have been overcome, and that any one may come and go as he pleases. But when the natives of the country, who had not been present at the battle, learned how Lancelot had been the victor, they all betook themselves to the place where they knew he must pass by, thinking that the king would be well pleased if they should seize Lancelot and hale him back to him. All of his own men were without their arms, and therefore they were at a disadvantage when they saw the natives of the country coming under arms. It was not strange that they seized Lancelot, who was without his arms. They lead him back prisoner, his feet lashed together beneath his horse. Then his own men say: "Gentlemen, this is an evil deed; for the king has given us his safe-conduct, and we are under his protection." But the others reply: "We do not know how that may be; but as we have taken you, you must return with us to court." The rumour, which swiftly flies and runs, reaches the king, that his men have seized Lancelot and put him to death. When the king hears it, he is sorely grieved and swears angrily by his head that they who have killed him shall surely die for the deed; and that, if he can seize or catch them, it shall be their fate to be hanged, burned, or drowned. And if they attempt to deny their deed, he will not believe what they say, for they have brought him such grief and shame that he would be disgraced were vengeance not to be exacted from them; but he will be avenged without a doubt. The news of this spread until it reached the Queen, who was sitting at meat. She almost killed herself on hearing the false report about Lancelot, but she supposes it to be true, and therefore she is in such dismay that she almost loses the power to speak; but, because of those present, she forces herself to say: "In truth, I am sorry for his death, and it is no wonder that I grieve, for he came into this country for my sake, and therefore I should mourn for him." Then she says to herself, so that the others should not hear, that no one need ask her to drink or eat, if it is true that he is dead, in whose life she found her own. Then grieving she rises from the table, and makes her lament, but so that no one hears or notices her. She is so beside herself that she repeatedly grasps her throat with the desire to kill herself; but first she confesses to herself, and repents with self-reproach, blaming and censuring herself for the wrong she had done him, who, as she knew, had always been hers, and would still be hers, if he were alive. She is so distressed at the thought of her cruelty, that her beauty is seriously impaired. Her cruelty and meanness affected her and marred her beauty more than all the vigils and fastings with which she afflicted herself. When all her sins rise up before her, she gathers them together, and as she reviews them, she repeatedly exclaims: "Alas! of what was I thinking when my lover stood before me and I should have welcomed him, that I would not listen to his words? Was I not a fool, when I refused to look at or speak to him? Foolish indeed? Rather was I base and cruel, so help me God. I intended it as a jest, but he did not take it so, and has not pardoned me. I am sure it was no one but me who gave him his death-blow. When he came before me smiling and expecting that I would be glad to see him and would welcome him, and when I would not look at him, was not that a mortal blow?

When I refused to speak with him, then doubtless at one blow I deprived him of his heart and life. These two strokes have killed him, I am sure; no other bandits have caused his death. God! can I ever make amends for this murder and this crime? No, indeed; sooner will the rivers and the sea dry up. Alas! how much better I should feel, and how much comfort I should take, if only once before he died I had held him in my arms! What? Yes, certainly, quite unclad, in order the better to enjoy him. If he is dead, I am very wicked not to destroy myself. Why? Can it harm my lover for me to live on after he is dead, if I take no pleasure in anything but in the woe I bear for him? In giving myself up to grief after his death, the very woes I court would be sweet to me, if he were only still alive. It is wrong for a woman to wish to die rather than to suffer for her lover's sake. It is certainly sweet for me to mourn him long. I would rather be beaten alive than die and be at rest."

For two days the Queen thus mourned for him without eating or drinking, until they thought she too would die. There are plenty of people ready to carry bad news rather than good. The news reaches Lancelot that his lady and sweetheart is dead. You need have no doubt of the grief he felt; every one may feel sure that he was afflicted and overcome with grief. Indeed, if you would know the truth, he was so downcast that he held his life in slight esteem. He wished to kill himself at once, but first he uttered a brief lament. He makes a running noose at one end of the belt he wore, and then tearfully communes thus with himself: "Ah, death, how hast thou spied me out and undone me, when in the bloom of health! I am undone, and yet I feel no pain except the grief within my heart. This is a terrible mortal grief. I am willing that it should be so, and if God will, I shall die of it. Then can I not die some other way, without God's consent? Yes, if he will let me tie this noose around my neck. I think I can compel death, even against her will, to take my life. Death, who covets only those who fear her, will not come to me; but my belt will bring her within my power, and as soon as she is mine, she will execute my desire. But, in truth, she will come too tardily for me, for I yearn to have her now!" Then he delays and hesitates no longer, but adjusts his head within the noose until it rests about his neck; and in order that he may not fail to harm himself, he fastens the end of the belt tightly about the saddle-bow, without attracting the attention of any one. Then he let himself slide to earth, intending his horse to drag him until he was lifeless, for he disdains to live another hour. When those who ride with him see him fallen to earth, they suppose him to be in a faint, for no one sees the noose which he had attached about his neck. At once they caught him in their arms and, on raising him, they found the noose which he had put around his neck and with which he sought to kill himself. They quickly cut the noose; but the noose had so hurt his throat that for some time he could not speak; the veins of his neck and throat are almost broken. Now he could not harm himself, even had he wished to do so; however, he is grieved that they have laid hands on him, and he almost burns up with rage, for willingly would he have killed himself had no one chanced to notice him. And now when he cannot harm himself, he cries: "Ah, vile and shameless death! For God's sake, why hadst thou not the power and might to kill me before my lady died? I suppose it was because thou wouldst not deign to do what might be a kindly deed. If thou didst spare me, it must be attributed to thy wickedness. Ah, what kind of service and kindness is that! How well hast thou employed them here! A curse upon him who thanks thee or feels gratitude for such a service! I know not which is more my enemy: life, which detains me, or death, which will not slay me. Each one torments me mortally; and it serves me right, so help me God, that in spite of myself I should still live on. For I ought to have killed myself as soon as my lady the Queen showed her hate for me; she did not do it without cause, but she had some good reason, though I know not what it is. And if I had known what it was before her soul went to God, I should have made her such rich amends as would have pleased her and gained her mercy. God! what could my crime have been? I think she must have known that I mounted upon the cart. I do not know what other cause she can have to blame me. This has been my undoing. If this is the reason of her hate, God! what harm could this crime do? Any one who would reproach me for such an act never knew what love is, for no one

could mention anything which, if prompted by love, ought to be turned into a reproach. Rather, everything that one can do for his lady-love is to be regarded as a token of his love and courtesy. Yet, I did not do it for my 'lady-love'. I know not by what name to call her, whether 'lady-love', or not. I do not dare to call her by this name. But I think I know this much of love: that if she loved me, she ought not to esteem me less for this crime, but rather call me her true lover, inasmuch as I regarded it as an honour to do all love bade me do, even to mount upon a cart. She ought to ascribe this to love; and this is a certain proof that love thus tries his devotees and thus learns who is really his. But this service did not please my lady, as I discovered by her countenance. And yet her lover did for her that for which many have shamefully reproached and blamed him, though she was the cause of it; and many blame me for the part I have played, and have turned my sweetness into bitterness. In truth, such is the custom of those who know so little of love, that even honour they wash in shame. But whoever dips honour into shame, does not wash it, but rather sullies it. But they, who maltreat him so, are quite ignorant of love; and he, who fears not his commands, boasts himself very superior to him. For unquestionably he fares well who obeys the commands of love, and whatever he does is pardonable, but he is the coward who does not dare."

Thus Lancelot makes his lament, and his men stand grieving by his side, keeping hold of him and guarding him. Then the news comes that the Queen is not dead. Thereupon Lancelot at once takes comfort, and if his grief for her death had before been intense and deep, now his joy for her life was a hundred thousand times as great. And when they arrived within six or seven leagues of the castle where King Bademagu was, grateful news of Lancelot was told him, how he was alive and was coming hale and hearty, and this news the king was glad to hear. He did a very courteous thing in going at once to appraise the Queen. And she replies: "Fair sire, since you say so, I believe it is true, but I assure you that, if he were dead, I should never be happy again. All my joy would be cut off, if a knight had been killed in my service."

Then the king leaves her, and the Queen yearns ardently for the arrival of her lover and her joy. She has no desire this time to bear him any grudge. But rumour, which never rests but runs always unceasingly, again reaches the Queen to the effect that Lancelot would have killed himself for her sake, if he had had the chance. She is happy at the thought that this is true, but she would not have had it happen so for anything, for her sorrow would have been too great. Thereupon Lancelot arrived in haste. As soon as the king sees him, he runs to kiss and embrace him. He feels as if he ought to fly, borne along by the buoyancy of his joy. But his satisfaction is cut short by those who had taken and bound his guest, and the king tells them they have come in an evil hour, for they shall all be killed and confounded. Then they made answer that they thought he would have it so. "It is I whom you have insulted in doing your pleasure. He has no reason to complain," the king replies; "you have not shamed him at all, but only me who was protecting him. However you look at it, the shame is mine. But if you escape me now, you will see no joke in this." When Lancelot hears his wrath, he puts forth every effort to make peace and adjust matters; when his efforts have met with success, the king takes him away to see the Queen. This time the Queen did not lower her eyes to the ground, but she went to meet him cheerfully, honouring him all she could, and making him sit down by her side. Then they talked together at length of all that was upon their hearts, and love furnished them with so much to say that topics did not lack. And when Lancelot sees how well he stands, and that all he says finds favour with the Queen, he says to her in confidence: "Lady, I marvel greatly why you received me with such a countenance when you saw me the day before yesterday, and why you would not speak a word to me: I almost died of the blow you gave me, and I had not the courage to dare to question you about it, as I now venture to do. I am ready now, lady, to make amends, when you have told me what has been the crime which has caused me such distress." Then the Queen replies: "What? Did you not hesitate for shame to mount the cart? You showed you were loath to get in, when you hesitated for two whole steps. That is the reason why I would neither address nor look at you." "May

God save me from such a crime again," Lancelot replies, "and may God show me no mercy, if you were not quite right! For God's sake, lady, receive my amends at once, and tell me, for God's sake, if you can ever pardon me." "Friend, you are quite forgiven," the Queen replies; "I pardon you willingly." "Thank you for that, lady," he then says; "but I cannot tell you here all that I should like to say; I should like to talk with you more at leisure, if possible." Then the Queen indicates a window by her glance rather than with her finger, and says: "Come through the garden to-night and speak with me at yonder window, when every one inside has gone to sleep. You will not be able to get in: I shall be inside and you outside: to gain entrance will be impossible. I shall be able to touch you only with my lips or hand, but, if you please, I will stay there until morning for love of you. Our bodies cannot be joined, for close beside me in my room lies Kay the seneschal, who is still suffering from his wounds. And the door is not open, but is tightly closed and guarded well. When you come, take care to let no spy catch sight of you." "Lady," says he, "if I can help it, no spy shall see me who might think or speak evil of us." Then, having agreed upon this plan, they separate very joyfully.

Lancelot leaves the room in such a happy frame that all his past troubles are forgotten. But he was so impatient for the night to come that his restlessness made the day seem longer than a hundred ordinary days or than an entire year. If night had only come, he would gladly have gone to the trysting place. Dark and sombre night at last won its struggle with the day, and wrapped it up in its covering, and laid it away beneath its cloak. When he saw the light of day obscured, he pretended to be tired and worn, and said that, in view of his protracted vigils, he needed rest. You, who have ever done the same, may well understand and guess that he pretends to be tired and goes to bed in order to deceive the people of the house; but he cared nothing about his bed, nor would he have sought rest there for anything, for he could not have done so and would not have dared, and furthermore he would not have cared to possess the courage or the power to do so. Soon he softly rose, and was pleased to find that no moon or star was shining, and that in the house there was no candle, lamp, or lantern burning. Thus he went out and looked about, but there was no one on the watch for him, for all thought that he would sleep in his bed all night. Without escort or company he quickly went out into the garden, meeting no one on the way, and he was so fortunate as to find that a part of the garden-wall had recently fallen down. Through this break he passes quickly and proceeds to the window, where he stands, taking good care not to cough or sneeze, until the Queen arrives clad in a very white chemise. She wore no cloak or coat, but had thrown over her a short cape of scarlet cloth and shrew-mouse fur. As soon as Lancelot saw the Queen leaning on the window-sill behind the great iron bars, he honoured her with a gentle salute. She promptly returned his greeting, for he was desirous of her, and she of him. Their talk and conversation are not of vulgar, tiresome affairs. They draw close to one another, until each holds the other's hand. But they are so distressed at not being able to come together more completely, that they curse the iron bars. Then Lancelot asserts that, with the Queen's consent, he will come inside to be with her, and that the bars cannot keep him out. And the Queen replies: "Do you not see how the bars are stiff to bend and hard to break? You could never so twist, pull or drag at them as to dislodge one of them." "Lady," says he, "have no fear of that. It would take more than these bars to keep me out. Nothing but your command could thwart my power to come to you. If you will but grant me your permission, the way will open before me. But if it is not your pleasure, then the way is so obstructed that I could not possibly pass through." "Certainly," she says, "I consent. My will need not stand in your way; but you must wait until I retire to my bed again, so that no harm may come to you, for it would be no joke or jest if the seneschal, who is sleeping here, should wake up on hearing you. So it is best for me to withdraw, for no good could come of it, if he should see me standing here." "Go then, lady," he replies; "but have no fear that I shall make any noise. I think I can draw out the bars so softly and with so little effort that no one shall be aroused."

Then the Queen retires, and he prepares to loosen the window. Seizing the bars, he pulls and wrenches them until he makes

them bend and drags them from their places. But the iron was so sharp that the end of his little finger was cut to the nerve, and the first joint of the next finger was torn; but he who is intent upon something else paid no heed to any of his wounds or to the blood which trickled down. Though the window is not low, Lancelot gets through it quickly and easily. First he finds Kay asleep in his bed, then he comes to the bed of the Queen, whom he adores and before whom he kneels, holding her more dear than the relic of any saint. And the Queen extends her arms to him and, embracing him, presses him tightly against her bosom, drawing him into the bed beside her and showing him every possible satisfaction; her love and her heart go out to him. It is love that prompts her to treat him so; and if she feels great love for him, he feels a hundred thousand times as much for her. For there is no love at all in other hearts compared with what there is in his; in his heart love was so completely embodied that it was niggardly toward all other hearts. Now Lancelot possesses all he wants, when the Queen voluntarily seeks his company and love, and when he holds her in his arms, and she holds him in hers. Their sport is so agreeable and sweet, as they kiss and fondle each other, that in truth such a marvellous joy comes over them as was never heard or known. But their joy will not be revealed by me, for in a story, it has no place. Yet, the most choice and delightful satisfaction was precisely that of which our story must not speak. That night Lancelot's joy and pleasure were very great. But, to his sorrow, day comes when he must leave his mistress' side. It cost him such pain to leave her that he suffered a real martyr's agony. His heart now stays where the Queen remains; he has not the power to lead it away, for it finds such pleasure in the Queen that it has no desire to leave her: so his body goes, and his heart remains. But enough of his body stays behind to spot and stain the sheets with the blood which has fallen from his fingers. Full of sighs and tears, Lancelot leaves in great distress. He grieves that no time is fixed for another meeting, but it cannot be. Regretfully he leaves by the window through which he had entered so happily. He was so badly wounded in the fingers that they were in sorry, state; yet he straightened the bars and set them in their place again, so that from neither side, either before or behind, was it evident that any one had drawn out or bent any of the bars. When he leaves the room, he bows and acts precisely as if he were before a shrine; then he goes with a heavy heart, and reaches his lodgings without being recognised by any one. He throws himself naked upon his bed without awaking any one, and then for the first time he is surprised to notice the cuts in his fingers; but he is not at all concerned, for he is very sure that the wound was caused by dragging the window bars from the wall. Therefore he was not at all worried, for he would rather have had both arms dragged from his body than not enter through the window. But he would have been very angry and distressed, if he had thus injured and wounded himself under any other circumstances.

In the morning, within her curtained room, the Queen had fallen into a gentle sleep; she had not noticed that her sheets were spotted with blood, but she supposed them to be perfectly white and clean and presentable. Now Meleagant, as soon as he was dressed and ready, went to the room where the Queen lay. He finds her awake, and he sees the sheets spotted with fresh drops of blood, whereupon he nudges his companions and, suspicious of some mischief, looks at the bed of Kay the seneschal, and sees that his sheets are blood-stained too, for you must know that in the night his wounds had begun to bleed afresh. Then he said: "Lady, now I have found the evidence that I desired. It is very true that any man is a fool to try to confine a woman: he wastes his efforts and his pains. He who tries to keep her under guard loses her sooner than the man who takes no thought of her. A fine watch, indeed, has been kept by my father, who is guarding you on my behalf! He has succeeded in keeping you from me, but, in spite of him, Kay the seneschal has looked upon you last night, and has done what he pleased with you, as can readily be proved." "What is that?" she asks. "Since I must speak, I find blood on your sheets, which proves the fact. I know it and can prove it, because I find on both your sheets and his the blood which issued from his wounds: the evidence is very strong." Then the Queen saw on both beds the bloody sheets, and marvelling, she blushed with shame

and said: "So help me God, this blood which I see upon my sheets was never brought here by Kay, but my nose bled during the night, and I suppose it must be from my nose." In saying so, she thinks she tells the truth. "By my head," says Meleagant, "there is nothing in what you say. Swearing is of no avail, for you are taken in your guilt, and the truth will soon be proved." Then he said to the guards who were present: "Gentlemen, do not move, and see to it that the sheets are not taken from the bed until I return. I wish the king to do me justice, as soon as he has seen the truth." Then he searched until he found him, and failing at his feet, he said: "Sire, come to see what you have failed to guard. Come to see the Queen, and you shall see the certain marvels which I have already seen and tested. But, before you go, I beg you not to fail to be just and upright toward me. You know well to what danger I have exposed myself for the Queen; yet, you are no friend of mine and keep her from me under guard. This morning I went to see her in her bed, and I remarked that Kay lies with her every night. Sire, for God's sake, be not angry, if I am disgruntled and if I complain. For it is very humiliating for me to be hated and despised by one with whom Kay is allowed to lie." "Silence!" says the king; "I don't believe it." "Then come, my lord, and see the sheets and the state in which Kay has left them. Since you will not believe my words, and since you think I am lying, I will show you the sheets and the quilt covered with blood from Kay's wounds." "Come now," says the king, "I wish to see for myself, and my eyes will judge of the truth." Then the king goes directly to the room, where the Queen got up at his approach. He sees that the sheets are blood-stained on her bed and on Kay's alike and he says: "Lady, it is going badly now, if what my son has said is true." Then she replies: "So help me God, never even in a dream was uttered such a monstrous lie. I think Kay the seneschal is courteous and loyal enough not to commit such a deed, and besides, I do not expose my body in the market-place, nor offer it of my own free will. Surely, Kay is not the man to make an insulting proposal to me, and I have never desired and shall never desire to do such a thing myself." "Sire, I shall be much obliged to you," says Meleagant to his father, "if Kay shall be made to atone for this outrage, and the Queen's shame thus be exposed. It devolves upon you to see that justice is done, and this justice I now request and claim. Kay has betrayed King Arthur, his lord, who had such confidence in him that he entrusted to him what he loved most in the world." "Let me answer, sire," says Kay, "and I shall exonerate myself. May God have no mercy upon my soul when I leave this world, if I ever lay with my lady! Indeed, I should rather be dead than ever do my lord such an ugly wrong, and may God never grant me better health than I have now but rather kill me on the spot, if such a thought ever entered my mind! But I know that my wounds bled profusely last night, and that is the reason why my sheets are stained with blood. That is why your son suspects me, but surely he has no right to do so." And Meleagant answers him: "So help me God, the devils and demons have betrayed you. You grew too heated last night and, as a result of your exertions, your wounds have doubtless bled afresh. There is no use in your denying it; we can see it, and it is perfectly evident. It is right that he should atone for his crime, who is so plainly taken in his guilt. Never did a knight with so fair a name commit such iniquities as this, and yours is the shame for it." "Sire, sire," says Kay to the king, "I will defend the Queen and myself against the accusation of your son. He harasses and distresses me, though he has no ground to treat me so." "You cannot fight," the king replies, "you are too ill." "Sire, if you will allow it, I will fight with him, ill as I am, and will show him that I am not guilty of the crime which he imputes to me." But the Queen, having secretly sent word to Lancelot, tells the king that she will present a knight who will defend the seneschal, if Meleagant dares to urge this charge. Then Meleagant said at once: "There is no knight without exception, even were he a giant, whom I will not fight until one of us is defeated." Then Lancelot came in, and with him such a rout of knights that the whole hall was filled with them. As soon as he had entered, in the hearing of all, both young and old, the Queen told what had happened, and said: "Lancelot, this insult has been done me by Meleagant. In the presence of all who hear his words he says I have lied, if you do not make him take it back. Last night, he asserted, Kay lay with me, because he found my

sheets, like his, all stained with blood; and he says that he stands convicted, unless he will undertake his own defence, or unless some one else will fight the battle on his behalf." Lancelot says: "You need never use arguments with me. May it not please God that either you or he should be thus discredited! I am ready to fight and to prove to the extent of my power that he never was guilty of such a thought. I am ready to employ my strength in his behalf, and to defend him against this charge." Then Meleagant jumped up and said: "So help me God, I am pleased and well satisfied with that: no one need think that I object." And Lancelot said: "My lord king, I am well acquainted with suits and laws, with trials and verdicts: in a question of veracity an oath should be taken before the fight." Meleagant at once replies: "I agree to take an oath; so let the relics be brought at once, for I know well that I am right." And Lancelot answers him: "So help me God, no one who ever knew Kay the seneschal would doubt his word on such a point." Then they call for their horses, and ask that their arms be brought. This is promptly done, and when the valets had armed them, they were ready for the fight. Then the holy relics are brought forth: Meleagant steps forward, with Lancelot by his side, and both fall on their knees. Then Meleagant, laying his hands upon the relics, swears unreservedly: "So help me God and this holy relic, Kay the seneschal lay with the Queen in her bed last night and, had his pleasure with her." "And I swear that thou liest," says Lancelot, "and furthermore I swear that he neither lay with her nor touched her. And may it please God to take vengeance upon him who has lied, and may He bring the truth to light! Moreover, I will take another oath and swear, whoever may dislike it or be displeased, that if I am permitted to vanquish Meleagant to-day, I will show him no mercy, so help me God and these relics here!" The king felt no joy when he heard this oath.

When the oaths had been taken, their horses were brought forward, which were fair and good in every way. Each man mounts his own horse, and they ride at once at each other as fast as the steeds can carry them; and when the horses are in mid-career, the knights strike each other so fiercely that there is nothing left of the lances in their hands. Each brings the other to earth; however, they are not dismayed, but they rise at once and attack each other with their sharp drawn swords. The burning sparks fly in the air from their helmets. They assail each other so bitterly with the drawn swords in their hands that, as they thrust and draw, they encounter each other with their blows and will not pause even to catch their breath. The king in his grief and anxiety called the Queen, who had gone up in the tower to look out from the balcony: he begged her for God's sake, the Creator, to let them be separated. "Whatever is your pleasure is agreeable to me," the Queen says honestly: "I shall not object to anything you do." Lancelot plainly heard what reply the Queen made to the king's request, and from that time he ceased to fight and renounced the struggle at once. But Meleagant does not wish to stop, and continues to strike and hew at him. But the king rushes between them and stops his son, who declares with an oath that he has no desire for peace. He wants to fight, and cares not for peace. Then the king says to him: "Be quiet, and take my advice, and be sensible. No shame or harm shall come to thee, if thou wilt do what is right and heed my words. Dost thou not remember that thou hast agreed to fight him at King Arthur's court? And dost thou not suppose that it would be a much greater honour for thee to defeat him there than anywhere else?" The king says this to see if he can so influence him as to appease him and separate them. And Lancelot, who was impatient to go in search of my lord Gawain, requests leave of the king and Queen to depart. With their permission he goes away toward the water-bridge, and after him there followed a great company of knights. But it would have suited him very well, if many of those who went had stayed behind. They make long days' journeys until they approach the water-bridge, but are still about a league from it. Before they came in sight of the bridge, a dwarf came to meet them on a mighty hunter, holding a scourge with which to urge on and incite his steed. In accordance with his instructions, he at once inquired: "Which of you is Lancelot? Don't conceal him from me; I am of your party; tell me confidently, for I ask the question for your good." Lancelot replies in his own behalf, and says: "I am he whom thou seekest and askest for." "Ah,"

says the dwarf, "frank knight, leave these people, and trust in me. Come along with me alone, for I will take thee to a goodly place. Let no one follow thee for anything, but let them wait here; for we shall return presently." He, suspecting no harm in this, bids all his men stay there, and follows the dwarf who has betrayed him. Meanwhile his men who wait for him may continue to expect him long in vain, for they, who have taken and seized him, have no desire to give him up. And his men are in such a state of grief at his failure to return that they do not know what steps to take. They all say sorrowfully that the dwarf has betrayed them. It would be useless to inquire for him: with heavy hearts they begin to search, but they know not where to look for him with any hope of finding him. So they all take counsel, and the most reasonable and sensible agree on this, it seems: to go to the passage of the water-bridge, which is close by, to see if they can find my lord Gawain in wood or plain, and then with his advice search for Lancelot. Upon this plan they all agree without dissension. Toward the water-bridge they go, and as soon as they reach the bridge, they see my lord Gawain overturned and fallen from the bridge into the stream which is very deep. One moment he rises, and the next he sinks; one moment they see him, and the next they lose him from sight. They make such efforts that they succeed in raising him with branches, poles and hooks. He had nothing but his hauberk on his back, and on his head was fixed his helmet, which was worth ten of the common sort, and he wore his iron greaves, which were all rusty with his sweat, for he had endured great trials, and had passed victoriously through many perils and assaults. His lance, his shield, and horse were all behind on the other bank. Those who have rescued him do not believe he is alive. For his body was full of water, and until he got rid of it, they did not hear him speak a word. But when his speech and voice and the passageway to his heart are free, and as soon, as what he said could be heard and understood, he tried to speak he inquired at once for the Queen, whether those present had any news of her. And they replied that she is still with King Bademagu, who serves her well and honourably. "Has no one come to seek her in this land?" my lord Gawain then inquires of them. And they answer him: "Yes, indeed." "Who?" "Lancelot of the Lake," they say, "who crossed the sword-bridge, and rescued and delivered her as well as all the rest of us. But we have been betrayed by a pot-bellied, humpbacked, and crabbed dwarf. He has deceived us shamefully in seducing Lancelot from us, and we do not know what he has done with him." "When was that?" my lord Gawain inquires. "Sire, near here this very day this trick was played on us, while he was coming with us to meet you." "And how has Lancelot been occupied since he entered this land?" Then they begin to tell him all about him in detail, and then they tell him about the Queen, how she is waiting for him and asserting that nothing could induce her to leave the country, until she sees him or hears some credible news of him. To them my lord Gawain replies: "When we leave this bridge, we shall go to search for Lancelot." There is not one who does not advise rather that they go to the Queen at once, and have the king seek Lancelot, for it is their opinion that his son Meleagant has shown his enmity by having him cast into prison. But if the king can learn where he is, he will certainly make him surrender him: they can rely upon this with confidence.

They all agreed upon this plan, and started at once upon their way until they drew near the court where the Queen and king were. There, too, was Kay the seneschal, and that disloyal man, full to overflowing of treachery, who has aroused the greatest anxiety for Lancelot on the part of the party which now arrives. They feel they have been discomfited and betrayed, and they make great lament in their misery. It is not a gracious message which reports this mourning to the Queen. Nevertheless, she deports herself with as good a grace as possible. She resolves to endure it, as she must, for the sake of my lord Gawain. However, she does not so conceal her grief that it does not somewhat appear. She has to show both joy and grief at once: her heart is empty for Lancelot, and to my lord Gawain she shows excessive joy. Every one who hears of the loss of Lancelot is grief-stricken and distracted. The king would have rejoiced at the coming of my lord Gawain and would have been delighted with his acquaintance; but he is so sorrowful and distressed over the betrayal of Lancelot that he is

prostrated and full of grief. And the Queen beseeches him insistently to have him searched for, up and down throughout the land, without postponement or delay. My lord Gawain and Kay and all the others join in this prayer and request. "Leave this care to me, and speak no more of it," the king replies, "for I have been ready to do so for some time. Without need of request or prayer this search shall be made with thoroughness." Everyone bows in sign of gratitude, and the king at once sends messengers through his realm, sagacious and prudent men-at-arms, who inquired for him throughout the land. They made inquiry for him everywhere, but gained no certain news of him. Not finding any, they come back to the place where the knights remain; then Gawain and Kay and all the others say that they will go in search of him, fully armed and lance in rest; they will not trust to sending some one else.

One day after dinner they were all in the hall putting on their arms, and the point had been reached where there was nothing to do but start, when a valet entered and passed by them all until he came before the Queen, whose cheeks were by no means rosy! For she was in such mourning for Lancelot, of whom she had no news, that she had lost all her colour. The valet greeted her as well as the king, who was by her side, and then all the others and Kay and my lord Gawain. He held a letter in his hand which he gave to the king, who took it. The king had it read in the hearing of all by one who made no mistake in reading it. The reader knew full well how to communicate to them what was written in the parchment: he says that Lancelot sends greetings to the king as his kind lord, and thanks him for the honour and kindness he has shown him, and that he now places himself at the king's orders. And know that he is now hale and hearty at King Arthur's court, and he bids him tell the Queen to come thither, if she will consent, in company with my lord Gawain and Kay. In proof of which, he affixed his signature which they should recognise, as indeed they did. At this they were very happy and glad; the whole court resounds with their jubilation, and they say they will start next day as soon as it is light. So, when the day broke, they make ready and prepare: they rise and mount and start. With great joy and jubilee the king escorts them for a long distance on their way. When he has conducted them to the frontier and has seen them safely across the border, he takes leave of the Queen, and likewise of all the rest. And when he comes to take his leave, the Queen is careful to express her gratitude for all the kindness he has shown to her, and throwing her arms about his neck, she offers and promises him her own service and that of her lord: no greater promise can she make. And my lord Gawain promises his service to him, as to his lord and friend, and then Kay does likewise, and all the rest. Then the king commends them to God as they start upon their way. After these three, he bids the rest farewell, and then turns his face toward home. The Queen and her company do not tarry a single day until news of them reaches the court. King Arthur was delighted at the news of the Queen's approach, and he is happy and pleased at the thought that his nephew had brought about the Queen's return, as well as that of Kay and of the lesser folk. But the truth is quite different from what he thinks. All the town is cleared as they go to meet them, and knights and vassals join in shouting as they approach: "Welcome to my lord Gawain, who has brought back the Queen and many another captive lady, and has freed for us many prisoners!" Then Gawain answered them: "Gentlemen, I do not deserve your praise. Do not trouble ever to say this again, for the compliment does not apply to me. This honour causes me only shame, for I did not reach the Queen in time; my detention made me late. But Lancelot reached there in time, and won such honour as was never won by any other knight." "Where is he, then, fair dear sire, for we do not see him here?" "Where?" echoes my lord Gawain; "at the court of my lord the King, to be sure. Is he not?" "No, he is not here, or anywhere else in this country. Since my lady was taken away, we have had no news of him." Then for the first time my lord Gawain realised that the letter had been forged, and that they had been betrayed and deceived: by the letter they had been misled. Then they all begin to lament, and they come thus weeping to the court, where the King at once asks for information about the affair. There were plenty who could tell him how much Lancelot had done, how the Queen and all the captives were delivered from durance by him,

and by what treachery the dwarf had stolen him and drawn him away from them. This news is not pleasing to the King, and he is very sorry and full of grief; but his heart is so lightened by the pleasure he takes in the Queen's return, that his grief concludes in joy. When he has what he most desires, he cares little for the rest.

While the Queen was out of the country, I believe, the ladies and the damsels who were disconsolate, decided among themselves that they would marry, soon, and they organised a contest and a tournament. The lady of Noauz was patroness of it, with the lady of Pomelegloi. They will have nothing to do with those who fare ill, but they assert that they will accept those who comport themselves well in the tournament. And they had the date of the contest proclaimed s long while in advance in all the countries near and far, in order that there might be more participants. Now the Queen arrived before the date they had set, and as soon as the ladies heard of the Queen's return, most of them came at once to the King and besought him to grant them a favour and boon, which he did. He promised to do whatever they wished, before he knew what their desire might be. Then they told him that they wished him to let the Queen come to be present at their contest. And he who was not accustomed to forbid, said he was willing, if she wished it so. In happy mood they go to the Queen and say to her: "Lady, do not deprive us of the boon which the King has granted us." Then she asks them: "What is that? Don't fail to tell!" Then they say to her: "If you will come to our tournament, he will not gainsay you nor stand in the way." Then she said that she would come, since he was willing that she should. Promptly the dames send word throughout the realm that they are going to bring the Queen on the day set for the tournament. The news spread far and near, here and there, until it reached the kingdom whence no one used to return—but now whoever wished might enter or pass out unopposed. The news travelled in this kingdom until it came to a seneschal of the faithless Meleagant may an evil fire burn him! This seneschal had Lancelot in his keeping, for to him he had been entrusted by his enemy Meleagant, who hated him with deadly hate. Lancelot learned the hour and date of the tournament, and as soon as he heard of it, his eyes were not tearless nor was his heart glad. The lady of the house, seeing Lancelot sad and pensive, thus spoke to him: "Sire, for God's sake and for your own soul's good, tell me truly," the lady said, "why you are so changed. You won't eat or drink anything, and I see that you do not make merry or laugh. You can tell me with confidence why you are so sad and troubled." "Ah, lady, for God's sake, do not be surprised that I am sad! Truly, I am very much downcast, since I cannot be present where all that is good in the world will be assembled: that is, at the tournament where there will be a gathering of the people who make the earth tremble. Nevertheless, if it pleased you, and if God should incline your heart to let me go thither, you might rest assured that I should be careful to return to my captivity here." "I would gladly do it," she replied, "if I did not see that my death and destruction would result. But I am in such terror of my lord, the despicable Meleagant, that I would not dare to do it, for he would kill my husband at once. It is not strange that I am afraid of him, for, as you know, he is very bad." "Lady, if you are afraid that I may not return to you at once after the tournament, I will take an oath which I will never break, that nothing will detain me from returning at once to my prison here immediately after the tournament." "Upon my word," said she, "I will allow it upon one condition." "Lady, what condition is that?" Then she replies: "Sire, upon condition that you wilt swear to return to me, and promise that I shall have your love." "Lady, I give you all the love I have, and swear to come back." Then the lady laughs and says: "I have no cause to boast of such a gift, for I know you have bestowed upon some one else the love for which I have just made request. However, I do not disdain to take so much of it as I can get. I shall be satisfied with what I can have, and will accept your oath that you will be so considerate of me as to return hither a prisoner."

In accordance with her wish, Lancelot swears by Holy Church that he will return without fail. And the lady at once gives him the vermilion arms of her lord, and his horse which was marvellously good and strong and brave. He mounts and leaves, armed with

handsome, new arms, and proceeds until he comes to Noauz. He espoused this side in the tournament, and took his lodging outside the town. Never did such a noble man choose such a small and lowly lodging-place; but he did not wish to lodge where he might be recognised. There were many good and excellent knights gathered within the town. But there were many more outside, for so many had come on account of the presence of the Queen that the fifth part could not be accommodated inside. For every one who would have been there under ordinary circumstances, there were seven who would not have come excepting on the Queen's account. The barons were quartered in tents, lodges, and pavilions for five leagues around. Moreover, it was wonderful how many gentle ladies and damsels were there. Lancelot placed his shield outside the door of his lodging-place, and then, to make himself more comfortable, he took off his arms and lay down upon a bed which he held in slight esteem; for it was narrow and had a thin mattress, and was covered with a coarse hempen cloth. Lancelot had thrown himself upon the bed all disarmed, and as he lay there in such poor estate, behold! a fellow came in in his shirt-sleeves; he was a herald-at-arms, and had left his coat and shoes in the tavern as a pledge; so he came running barefoot and exposed to the wind. He saw the shield hanging outside the door, and looked at it: but naturally he did not recognise it or know to whom it belonged, or who was the bearer of it. He sees the door of the house standing open, and upon entering, he sees Lancelot upon the bed, and as soon as he saw him, he recognised him and crossed himself. And Lancelot made a sign to him, and ordered him not to speak of him wherever he might go, for if he should tell that he knew him, it would be better for him to have his eyes put out or his neck broken. "Sire," the herald says, "I have always held you in high esteem, and so long as I live, I shall never do anything to cause you displeasure." Then he runs from the house and cries aloud: "Now there has come one who will take the measure! Now there has come one who will take the measure!" The fellow shouts this everywhere, and the people come from every side and ask him what is the meaning of his cry. He is not so rash as to answer them, but goes on shouting the same words: "Now there has come one who will take the measure!" This herald was the master of us all, when he taught us to use the phrase, for he was the first to make use of it.

Now the crowd was assembled, including the Queen and all the ladies, the knights and the other people, and there were many men-at-arms everywhere, to the right and left. At the place where the tournament was to be, there were some large wooden stands for the use of the Queen with her ladies and damsels. Such fine stands were never seen before they were so long and well constructed. Thither the ladies betook themselves with the Queen, wishing to see who would fare better or worse in the combat. Knights arrive by tens, twenties, and thirties, here eighty and there ninety, here a hundred, there still more, and yonder twice as many yet; so that the press is so great in front of the stands and all around that they decide to begin the joust. As they assemble, armed and unarmed, their lances suggest the appearance of a wood, for those who have come to the sport brought so many lances that there is nothing in sight but lances, banners, and standards. Those who are going to take part begin to joust, and they find plenty of their companions who had come with similar intent. Still others prepare to perform other feats of chivalry. The fields, meadows, and fallow lands are so full of knights that it is impossible to estimate how many of them are there. But there was no sign of Lancelot at this first gathering of the knights; but later, when he entered the middle of the field, the herald saw him and could not refrain from crying out: "Behold him who will take the measure! Behold him who will take the measure!" And the people ask him who he is, but he will not tell them anything.

When Lancelot entered the tournament, he was as good as twenty of the best, and he began to fight so doughtily that no one could take his eyes from him, wherever he was. On the Pomelegloi side there was a brave and valorous knight, and his horse was spirited and swifter than a wild stag. He was the son of the Irish king, and fought well and handsomely. But the unknown knight pleased them all more a hundred times. In wonder they all make haste to ask: "Who is this knight who fights so well?" And

the Queen privily called a clever and wise damsel to her and said: "Damsel, you must carry a message, and do it quickly and with few words. Go down from the stand, and approach yonder knight with the vermilion shield, and tell him privately that I bid him do his 'worst'." She goes quickly, and with intelligence executes the Queen's command. She sought the knight until she came up close to him; then she said to him prudently and in a voice so low that no one standing by might hear: "Sire, my lady the Queen sends you word by me that you shall do your 'worst'." When he heard this, he replied: "Very willingly," like one who is altogether hers. Then he rides at another knight as hard as his horse can carry him, and misses his thrust which should have struck him. From that time till evening fell he continued to do as badly as possible in accordance with the Queen's desire. But the other, who fought with him, did not miss his thrust, but struck him with such violence that he was roughly handled. Thereupon he took to flight, and after that he never turned his horse's head toward any knight, and were he to die for it, he would never do anything unless he saw in it his shame, disgrace, and dishonour; he even pretends to be afraid of all the knights who pass to and fro. And the very knights who formerly esteemed him now hurled jests and jibes at him. And the herald who had been saying: "He will beat them all in turn!" is greatly dejected and discomfited when he hears the scornful jokes of those who shout: "Friend, say no more! This fellow will not take any one's measure again. He has measured so much that his yardstick is broken, of which thou hast boasted to us so much." Many say: "What is he going to do? He was so brave just now; but now he is so cowardly that there is not a knight whom he dares to face. The cause of his first success must have been that he never engaged at arms before, and he was so brave at his first attack that the most skilled knight dared not withstand him, for he fought like a wild man. But now he has learned so much of arms that he will never wish to bear them again his whole life long. His heart cannot longer endure the thought, for there is nothing more cowardly than his heart." And the Queen, as she watches him, is happy and well-pleased, for she knows full well, though she does not say it, that this is surely Lancelot. Thus all day long till evening he played his coward's part, and late in the afternoon they separated. At parting there was a great discussion as to who had done the best. The son of the Irish king thinks that without doubt or contradiction he has all the glory and renown. But he is grievously mistaken, for there were plenty of others as good as he. Even the vermilion knight so pleased the fairest and gentlest of the ladies and damsels that they had gazed at him more than at any other knight, for they had remarked how well he fought at first, and how excellent and brave he was; then he had become so cowardly that he dared not face a single knight, and even the worst of them could defeat and capture him at will. But knights and ladies all agreed that on the morrow they should return to the list, and the damsels should choose as their lords those who should win honour in that day's fight: on this arrangement they all agree. Then they turn toward their lodgings, and when they had returned, here and there men began to say: "What has become of the worst, the most craven and despised of knights? Whither did he go? Where is he concealed? Where is he to be found? Where shall we search for him? We shall probably never see him again. For he has been driven off by cowardice, with which he is so filled that there is no greater craven in the world than he. And he is not wrong, for a coward is a hundred times more at ease than a valourous fighting man. Cowardice is easy of entreaty, and that is the reason he has given her the kiss of peace and has taken from her all she has to give. Courage never so debased herself as to lodge in his breast or take quarters near him. But cowardice is altogether lodged with him, and she has found a host who will honour her and serve her so faithfully that he is willing to resign his own fair name for hers." Thus they wrangle all night, vying with each other in slander. But often one man maligns another, and yet is much worse himself than the object of his blame and scorn. Thus, every one said what he pleased about him. And when the next day dawned, all the people prepared and came again to the jousting place. The Queen was in the stand again, accompanied by her ladies and damsels and many knights without their arms, who had been captured or defeated, and these explained to them the

armorial bearings of the knights whom they most esteem. Thus they talk among themselves: "Do you see that knight yonder with a golden band across the middle of his red shield? That is Gouvernauz of Roberdic. And do you see that other one, who has an eagle and a dragon painted side by side upon his shield? That is the son of the King of Aragon, who has come to this land in search of glory and renown. And do you see that one beside him, who thrusts and jousts so well, bearing a shield with a leopard painted on a green ground on one part, and the other half is azure blue? That is Ignaures the well-beloved, a lover himself and jovial. And he who bears the shield with the pheasants portrayed beak to beak is Coguillanz of Mautirec. Do you see those two side by side, with their dappled steeds, and golden shields showing black lions? One is named Semiramis, and the other is his companion; their shields are painted alike. And do you see the one who has a shield with a gate painted on it, through which a stag appears to be passing out? That is King Ider, in truth." Thus they talk up in the stand. "That shield was made at Limoges, whence it was brought by Pilades, who is very ardent and keen to be always in the fight. That shield, bridle, and breast-strap were made at Toulouse, and were brought here by Kay of Estraus. The other came from Lyons on the Rhone, and there is no better under heaven; for his great merit it was presented to Taulas of the Desert, who bears it well and protects himself with it skilfully. Yonder shield is of English workmanship and was made at London; you see on it two swallows which appear as if about to fly; yet they do not move, but receive many blows from the Poitevin lances of steel; he who has it is poor Thoas." Thus they point out and describe the arms of those they know; but they see nothing of him whom they had held in such contempt, and, not remarking him in the fray, they suppose that he has slipped away. When the Queen sees that he is not there, she feels inclined to send some one to search for him in the crowd until he be found. She knows of no one better to send in search of him than she who yesterday performed her errand. So, straightway calling her, she said to her: "Damsel, go and mount your palfrey! I send you to the same knight as I sent you yesterday, and do you seek him until you find him. Do not delay for any cause, and tell him again to do his 'worst'. And when you have given him this message, mark well what reply he makes." The damsel makes no delay, for she had carefully noticed the direction he took the night before, knowing well that she would be sent to him again. She made her way through the ranks until she saw the knight, whom she instructs at once to do his "worst" again, if he desires the love and favour of the Queen which she sends him. And he makes answer: "My thanks to her, since such is her will." Then the damsel went away, and the valets, sergeants, and squires begin to shout: "See this marvellous thing! He of yesterday with the vermilion arms is back again. What can he want? Never in the world was there such a vile, despicable, and craven wretch! He is so in the power of cowardice that resistance is useless on his part." And the damsel returns to the Queen, who detained her and would not let her go until she heard what his response had been; then she heartily rejoiced, feeling no longer any doubt that this is he to whom she altogether belongs, and he is hers in like manner. Then she bids the damsel quickly return and tell him that it is her command and prayer that he shall do his "best"; and she says she will go at once without delay. She came down from the stand to where her valet with the palfrey was awaiting her. She mounted and rode until she found the knight, to whom she said at once: "Sire, my lady now sends word that you shall do the 'best' you can!" And he replies: "Tell her now that it is never a hardship to do her will, for whatever pleases her is my delight." The maiden was not slow in bearing back this message, for she thinks it will greatly please and delight the Queen. She made her way as directly as possible to the stand, where the Queen rose and started to meet her, however, she did not go down, but waited for her at the top of the steps. And the damsel came happy in the message she had to bear. When she had climbed the steps and reached her side, she said: "Lady, I never saw so courteous a knight, for he is more than ready to obey every command you send to him, for, if the truth be known, he accepts good and evil with the same countenance." "Indeed," says the Queen, "that may well be so." Then she returns to the balcony to watch the knights. And Lancelot without

delay seizes his shield by the leather straps, for he is kindled and consumed by the desire to show his prowess. Guiding his horse's head, he lets him run between two lines. All those mistaken and deluded men, who have spent a large part of the day and night in heaping him with ridicule, will soon be disconcerted. For a long time they have had their sport and joke and fun. The son of the King of Ireland held his shield closely gripped by the leather straps, as he spurs fiercely to meet him from the opposite direction. They come together with such violence that the son of the Irish king having broken and splintered his lance, wishes no more of the tournament; for it was not moss he struck, but hard, dry boards. In this encounter Lancelot taught him one of his thrusts, when he pinned his shield to his arm, and his arm to his side, and brought him down from his horse to earth. Like arrows the knights at once fly out, spurring and pricking from either side, some to relieve this knight, others to add to his distress. While some thus try to aid their lords, many a saddle is left empty in the strife and fray. But all that day Gawain took no hand at arms, though he was with the others there, for he took such pleasure in watching the deeds of him with the red painted arms that what the others did seemed to him pale in comparison. And the herald cheered up again, as he shouted aloud so that all could hear: "Here there has one come who will take the measure! To-day you shall see what he can do. To-day his prowess shall appear." Then the knight directs his steed and makes a very skilful thrust against a certain knight, whom he strikes so hard that he carries him a hundred feet or more from his horse. His feats with sword and lance are so well performed that there is none of the onlookers who does not find pleasure in watching him. Many even of those who bear arms find pleasure and satisfaction in what he does, for it is great sport to see how he makes horses and knights tumble and fall. He encounters hardly a single knight who is able to keep his seat, and he gives the horses he wins to those who want them. Then those who had been making game of him said: "Now we are disgraced and mortified. It was a great mistake for us to deride and vilify this man, for he is surely worth a thousand such as we are on this field; for he has defeated and outdone all the knights in the world, so that there is no one now that opposes him." And the damsels, who amazed were watching him, all said that he might take them to wife; but they did not dare to trust in their beauty or wealth, or power or highness, for not for her beauty or wealth would this peerless knight deign to choose any one of them. Yet, most of them are so enamoured of him that they say that, unless they marry him, they will not be bestowed upon any man this year. And the Queen, who hears them boast, laughs to herself and enjoy the fun, for well she knows that if all the gold of Arabia should be set before him, yet he who is beloved by them all would not select the best, the fairest, or the most charming of the group. One wish is common to them all—each wishes to have him as her spouse. One is jealous of another, as if she were already his wife; and all this is because they see him so adroit that in their opinion no mortal man could perform such deeds as he had done. He did so well that when the time came to leave the list, they admitted freely on both sides that no one had equalled the knight with the vermilion shield. All said this, and it was true. But when he left, he allowed his shield and lance and trappings to fall where he saw the thickest press, then he rode off hastily with such secrecy that no one of all the host noticed that he had disappeared. But he went straight back to the place whence he had come, to keep his oath. When the tournament broke up, they all searched and asked for him, but without success, for he fled away, having no desire to be recognised. The knights are disappointed and distressed, for they would have rejoiced to have him there. But if the knights were grieved to have been deserted thus, still greater was the damsels' grief when they learned the truth, and they asserted by St. John that they would not marry at all that year. If they can't have him whom they truly love, then all the others may be dismissed. Thus the tourney was adjourned without any of them choosing a husband. Meanwhile Lancelot without delay repairs to his prison. But the seneschal arrived two or three days before Lancelot, and inquired where he was. And his wife, who had given to Lancelot his fair and well-equipped vermilion arms, as well as his harness and his horse, told the truth to the seneschal—how she had sent him

where there had been jousting at the tourney of Noauz. "Lady," the seneschal replies, "you could truly have done nothing worse than that. Doubtless, I shall smart for this, for my lord Meleagant will treat me worse than the beach-combers' law would treat me were I a mariner in distress. I shall be killed or banished the moment he hears the news, and he will have no pity for me." "Fair sire, be not now dismayed," the lady said; "there is no occasion for the fear you feel. There is no possibility of his detention, for he swore to me by the saints that he would return as soon as possible."

Then the seneschal mounts, and coming to his lord, tells him the whole story of the episode; but at the same time, he emphatically reassures him, telling how his wife had received his oath that he would return to his prison. "He will not break his word, I know," says Meleagant: "and yet I am very much displeased at what your wife has done. Not for any consideration would I have had him present at that tournament. But return now, and see to it that, when he comes back, he be so strictly guarded that he shall not escape from his prison or have any freedom of body: and send me word at once." "Your orders shall be obeyed," says the seneschal. Then he goes away and finds Lancelot returned as prisoner in his yard. A messenger, sent by the seneschal, runs back at once to Meleagant, appraising him of Lancelot's return. When he heard this news, he took masons and carpenters who unwillingly or of their own free-will executed his commands. He summoned the best artisans in the land, and commanded them to build a tower, and exert themselves to build it well. The stone was quarried by the seaside; for near Gorre on this side there runs a big broad arm of the sea, in the midst of which an island stood, as Meleagant well knew. He ordered the stone to be carried thither and the material for the construction of the tower. In less than fifty-seven days the tower was completely built, high and thick and well-founded. When it was completed, he had Lancelot brought thither by night, and after putting him in the tower, he ordered the doors to be walled up, and made all the masons swear that they would never utter a word about this tower. It was his will that it should be thus sealed up, and that no door or opening should remain, except one small window. Here Lancelot was compelled to stay, and they gave him poor and meagre fare through this little window at certain hours, as the disloyal wretch had ordered and commanded them.

Now Meleagant has carried out all his purpose, and he betakes himself to King Arthur's court: behold him now arrived! And when he was before the King, he thus spoke with pride and arrogance: "King, I have scheduled a battle to take place in thy presence and in thy court. But I see nothing of Lancelot who agreed to be my antagonist. Nevertheless, as my duty is, in the hearing of all who are present here, I offer myself to fight this battle. And if he is here, let him now step forth and agree to meet me in your court a year from now. I know not if any one has told you how this battle was agreed upon. But I see knights here who were present at our conference, and who, if they would, could tell you the truth. If he should try to deny the truth, I should employ no hireling to take my place, but would prove it to him hand to hand." The Queen, who was seated beside the King, draws him to her as she says: "Sire, do you know who that knight is? It is Meleagant who carried me away while escorted by Kay the seneschal; he caused him plenty of shame and mischief too." And the King answered her: "Lady, I understand; I know full well that it is he who held my people in distress." The Queen says no more, but the King addresses Meleagant: "Friend," he says, "so help me God, we are very sad because we know nothing of Lancelot." "My lord King," says Meleagant, "Lancelot told me that I should surely find him here. Nowhere but in your court must I issue the call to this battle, and I desire all your knights here to bear me witness that I summon him to fight a year from to-day, as stipulated when we agreed to fight."

At this my lord Gawain gets up, much distressed at what he hears: "Sire, there is nothing known of Lancelot in all this land," he says; "but we shall send in search of him and, if God will, we shall find him yet, before the end of the year is reached, unless he be dead or in prison. And if he does not appear, then grant me the battle, and I will fight for him: I will arm myself in place of Lancelot, if he does not return before that day." "Ah," says Meleagant, "for God's sake, my fair lord King, grant him the boon.



I join my request to his desire, for I know no knight in all the world with whom I would more gladly try my strength, excepting only Lancelot. But bear in mind that, if I do not fight with one of them, I will accept no exchange or substitution for either one." And the King says that this is understood, if Lancelot does not return within the time. Then Meleagant left the royal court and journeyed until he found his father, King Bademagu. In order to appear brave and of consideration in his presence, he began by making a great pretence and by assuming an expression of marvellous cheer. That day the king was holding a joyous court at his city of Bade; it was his birthday, which he celebrated with splendour and generosity, and there were many people of divers sorts gathered with him. All the palace was filled with knights and damsels, and among them was the sister of Meleagant, of whom I shall tell you, farther on, what is my thought and reason for mentioning her here. But it is not fitting that I should explain it here, for I do not wish to confuse or entangle my material, but rather to treat it straight forwardly. Now I must tell you that Meleagant in the hearing of all, both great and small, spoke thus to his father boastingly: "Father," he says, "so help me God, please tell me truly now whether he ought not to be well-content, and whether he is not truly brave, who can cause his arms to be feared at King Arthur's court?" To this question his father replies at once: "Son," he says, "all good men ought to honour and serve and seek the company of one whose deserts are such." Then he flattered him with the request that he should not conceal why he has alluded to this, what he wishes, and whence he comes. "Sire, I know not whether you remember," Meleagant begins, "the agreements and stipulations which were recorded when Lancelot and I made peace. It was then agreed, I believe, and in the presence of many we were told, that we should present ourselves at the end of a year at Arthur's court. I went thither at the appointed time, ready equipped for my business there. I did everything that had been prescribed: I called and searched for Lancelot, with whom I was to fight, but I could not gain a sight of him: he had fled and run away. When I came away, Gawain pledged his word that, if Lancelot is not alive and does not return within the time agreed upon, no further postponement will be asked, but that he himself will fight the battle against me in place of Lancelot. Arthur has no knight, as is well known, whose fame equals his, but before the flowers bloom again, I shall see, when we come to blows, whether his fame and his deeds are in accord: I only wish it could be settled now!" "Son," says his father, "thou art acting exactly like a fool. Any one, who knew it not before, may learn of thy madness from thy own lips. A good heart truly humbles itself, but the fool and the boastful never lose their folly. Son, to thee I direct my words, for the traits of thy character are so hard and dry, that there is no place for sweetness or friendship. Thy heart is altogether pitiless: thou art altogether in folly's grasp. This accounts for my slight respect for thee, and this is what will cast thee down. If thou art brave, there will be plenty of men to say so in time of need. A virtuous man need not praise his heart in order to enhance his deed; the deed itself will speak in its own praise. Thy self-praise does not aid thee a whit to increase in any one's esteem; indeed, I hold thee in less esteem. Son, I chasten thee; but to what end? It is of little use to advise a fool. He only wastes his strength in vain who tries to cure the madness of a fool, and the wisdom that one teaches and expounds is worthless, wasted and unemployed, unless it is expressed in works." Then Meleagant was sorely enraged and furious. I may truly say that never could you see a mortal man so full of anger as he was; the last bond between them was broken then, as he spoke to his father these ungracious words: "Are you in a dream or trance, when you say that I am mad to tell you how my matters stand? I thought I had come to you as to my lord and my father; but that does not seem to be the case, for you insult me more outrageously than I think you have any right to do; moreover, you can give no reason for having addressed me thus." "Indeed, I can." "What is it, then?" "Because I see nothing in thee but folly and wrath. I know very well what thy courage is like, and that it will cause thee great trouble yet. A curse upon him who supposes that the elegant Lancelot, who is esteemed by all but thee, has ever fled from thee through fear. I am sure that he is buried or confined in some prison whose door is barred so tight that he cannot escape

without leave. I should surely be sorely grieved if he were dead or in distress. It would surely be too bad, were a creature so splendidly equipped, so fair, so bold, yet so serene, to perish thus before his time. But, may it please God, this is not true." Then Bademagu said no more; but a daughter of his had listened attentively to all his words, and you must know that it was she whom I mentioned earlier in my tale, and who is not happy now to hear such news of Lancelot. It is quite clear to her that he is shut up, since no one knows any news of him or his wanderings. "May God never look upon me, if I rest until I have some sure and certain news of him!" Straightway, without making any noise or disturbance, she runs and mounts a fair and easy-stepping mule. But I must say that when she leaves the court, she knows not which way to turn. However, she asks no advice in her predicament, but takes the first road she finds, and rides along at random rapidly, unaccompanied by knight or squire. In her eagerness she makes haste to attain the object of her search. Keenly she presses forward in her quest, but it will not soon terminate. She may not rest or delay long in any single place, if she wishes to carry out her plan, to release Lancelot from his prison, if she can find him and if it is possible. But in my opinion, before she finds him she will have searched in many a land, after many a journey and many a quest, before she has any news of him. But what would be the use of my telling you of her lodgings and her journeyings? Finally, she travelled so far through hill and dale, up and down, that more than a month had passed, and as yet she had learned only so much as she knew before—that is, absolutely nothing. One day she was crossing a field in a sad and pensive mood, when she saw a tower in the distance standing by the shore of an arm of the sea. Not within a league around about was there any house, cottage, or dwelling-place. Meleagant had had it built, and had confined Lancelot within. But of all this she still was unaware. As soon as she espied the tower, she fixed her attention upon it to the exclusion of all else. And her heart gives her assurance that here is the object of her quest; now at last she has reached her goal, to which Fortune through many trials has at last directed her.

The damsel draws so near to the tower that she can touch it with her hands. She walks about, listening attentively, I suppose, if perchance she may hear some welcome sound. She looks down and she gazes up, and she sees that the tower is strong and high and thick. She is amazed to see no door or window, except one little narrow opening. Moreover, there was no ladder or steps about this high, sheer tower. For this reason she surmises that it was made so intentionally, and that Lancelot is confined inside. But she resolves that before she tastes of food, she will learn whether this is so or not. She thinks she will call Lancelot by name, and is about to do so when she is deterred by hearing from the tower a voice which was making a marvellously sad moan as it called on death. It implores death to come, and complains of misery unbearable. In contempt of the body and life, it weakly piped in a low, hoarse tone: "Ah, fortune, how disastrously thy wheel has turned for me! Thou hast mocked me shamefully: a while ago I was up, but now I am down; I was well off of late, but now I am in a sorry state; not long since thou didst smile on me, but now thy eyes are filled with tears. Alas, poor wretch, why didst thou trust in her, when so soon she has deserted thee! Behold, in a very little while she has cast thee down from thy high estate! Fortune, it was wrong of thee to mock me thus; but what carest thou! Thou carest not how it may turn out. Ah, sacred Cross! All, Holy Ghost! How am I wretched and undone! How completely has my career been closed! Ah, Gawain, you who possess such worth, and whose goodness is unparalleled, surely I may well be amazed that you do not come to succour me. Surely you delay too long and are not showing courtesy. He ought indeed to receive your aid whom you used to love so devotedly! For my part I may truly say that there is no lodging place or retreat on either side of the sea, where I would not have searched for you at least seven or ten years before finding you, if I knew you to be in prison. But why do I thus torment myself? You do not care for me even enough to take this trouble. The rustic is right when he says that it is hard nowadays to find a friend! It is easy to rest the true friend in time of need. Alas! more than a year has passed since first I was put inside this tower. I feel hurt, Gawain, that you have so long deserted me! But

doubtless you know nothing of all this, and I have no ground for blaming you. Yes, when I think of it, this must be the case, and I was very wrong to imagine such a thing; for I am confident that not for all the world contains would you and your men have failed to come to release me from this trouble and distress, if you were aware of it. If for no other reason, you would be bound to do this out of love for me, your companion. But it is idle to talk about it—it cannot be. Ah, may the curse and the damnation of God and St. Sylvester rest upon him who has shut me up so shamefully! He is the vilest man alive, this envious Meleagant, to treat me as evilly as possible!" Then he, who is wearing out his life in grief, ceases speaking and holds his peace. But when she, who was lingering at the base of the tower, heard what he said, she did not delay, but acted wisely and called him thus: "Lancelot," as loudly as she could; "friend, up there, speak to one who is your friend!" But inside he did not hear her words. Then she called out louder yet, until he in his weakness faintly heard her, and wondered who could be calling him. He heard the voice and heard his name pronounced, but he did not know who was calling him: he thinks it must be a spirit. He looks all about him to see, I suppose, if he could spy any one; but there is nothing to be seen but the tower and himself. "God," says he, "what is that I heard? I heard some one speak, but see nothing! Indeed, this is passing marvellous, for I am not asleep, but wide awake. Of course, if this happened in a dream, I should consider it an illusion; but I am awake, and therefore I am distressed." Then with some trouble he gets up, and with slow and feeble steps he moves toward the little opening. Once there, he peers through it, up and down and to either side. When he had looked out as best he might, he caught sight of her who had hailed him. He did not recognise her by sight. But she knew him at once and said: "Lancelot, I have come from afar in search of you. Now, thank God, at last I have found you. I am she who asked of you a boon as you were on your way to the sword-bridge, and you very gladly granted it at my request; it was the head I bade you cut from the conquered knight whom I hated so. Because of this boon and this service you did me, I have gone to this trouble. As a guerdon I shall deliver you from here." "Damsel, many thanks to you," the prisoner then replied; "the service I did you will be well repaid if I am set at liberty. If you can get me out of here, I promise and engage to be henceforth always yours, so help me the holy Apostle Paul! And as I may see God face to face, I shall never fail to obey your commands in accordance with your will. You may ask for anything I have, and receive it without delay." "Friend, have no fear that you will not be released from here. You shall be loosed and set free this very day. Not for a thousand pounds would I renounce the expectation of seeing you free before the datum of another day. Then I shall take you to a pleasant place, where you may rest and take your ease. There you shall have everything you desire, whatever it be. So have no fear. But first I must see if I can find some tool anywhere hereabouts with which you might enlarge this hole, at least enough to let you pass." "God grant that you find something," he said, agreeing to this plan; "I have plenty of rope in here, which the rascals gave me to pull up my food—hard barley bread and dirty water, which sicken my stomach and heart." Then the daughter of Bademagu sought and found a strong, stout, sharp pick, which she handed to him. He pounded, and hammered and struck and dug, notwithstanding the pain it caused him, until he could get out comfortably. Now he is greatly relieved and glad, you may be sure, to be out of prison and to get away from the place where he has been so long confined. Now he is at large in the open air. You may be sure that he would not go back again, were some one to gather in a pile and give to him all the gold there is scattered in the world.

Behold Lancelot now released, but so feeble that he staggered from his weakness and disability. Gently, without hurting him, she sets him before her on her mule, and then they ride off rapidly. But the damsel purposely avoids the beaten track, that they may not be seen, and proceeds by a hidden path; for if she had travelled openly, doubtless some one would have recognised them and done them harm, and she would not have wished that to happen. So she avoided the dangerous places and came to a mansion where she often makes her sojourn because of its beauty and charm. The entire estate and the people on it belonged to her, and the place was well

furnished, safe, and private. There Lancelot arrived. And as soon as he had come, and had laid aside his clothes, the damsel gently laid him on a lofty, handsome couch, then bathed and rubbed him so carefully that I could not describe half the care she took. She handled and treated him as gently as if he had been her father. Her treatment makes a new man of him, as she revives him with her cares. Now he is no less fair than an angel and is more nimble and more spry than anything you ever saw. When he arose, he was no longer mangy and haggard, but strong and handsome. And the damsel sought out for him the finest robe she could find, with which she clothed him when he arose. And he was glad to put it on, quicker than a bird in flight. He kissed and embraced the maid, and then said to her graciously: "My dear, I have only God and you to thank for being restored to health again. Since I owe my liberty to you, you may take and command at will my heart and body, my service and estate. I belong to you in return for what you have done for me; but it is long since I have been at the court of my lord Arthur, who has shown me great honour; and there is plenty there for me to do. Now, my sweet gentle friend, I beg you affectionately for leave to go; then, with your consent, I should feel free to go." "Lancelot, fair, sweet dear friend, I am quite willing," the damsel says; "I desire your honour and welfare above everything everywhere." Then she gives him a wonderful horse she has, the best horse that ever was seen, and he leaps up without so much as saying to the stirrups "by your leave": he was up without considering them. Then to God, who never lies, they commend each other with good intent.

Lancelot was so glad to be on the road that, if I should take an oath, I could not possibly describe the joy he felt at having escaped from his trap. But he said to himself repeatedly that woe was the traitor, the reprobate, whom now he has tricked and ridiculed, "for in spite of him I have escaped." Then he swears by the heart and body of Him who made the world that not for all the riches and wealth from Babylon to Ghent would he let Meleagant escape, if he once got him in his power: for he has him to thank for too much harm and shame! But events will soon turn out so as to make this possible; for this very Meleagant, whom he threatens and presses hard, had already come to court that day without being summoned by any one; and the first thing he did was to search until he found my lord Gawain. Then the rascally proven traitor asks him about Lancelot, whether he had been seen or found, as if he himself did not know the truth. As a matter of fact, he did not know the truth, although he thought he knew it well enough. And Gawain told him, as was true, that he had not been seen, and that he had not come. "Well, since I don't find him," says Meleagant, "do you come and keep the promise you made me: I shall not longer wait for you." Then Gawain makes answer: "I will keep presently my word with you, if it please God in whom I place my trust. I expect to discharge my debt to you. But if it comes to throwing dice for points, and I should throw a higher number than you, so help me God and the holy faith, I'll not withdraw, but will keep on until I pocket all the stakes." Then without delay Gawain orders a rug to be thrown down and spread before him. There was no snivelling or attempt to run away when the squires heard this command, but without grumbling or complaint they execute what he commands. They bring the rug and spread it out in the place indicated; then he who had sent for it takes his seat upon it and gives orders to be armed by the young men who were standing unarméd before him. There were two of them, his cousins or nephews, I know not which, but they were accomplished and knew what to do. They arm him so skilfully and well that no one could find any fault in the world with them for any mistake in what they did. When they finished arming him, one of them went to fetch a Spanish steed able to cross the fields, woods, hills, and valleys more swiftly than the good Bucephalus. Upon a horse such as you have heard Gawain took his seat—the admired and most accomplished knight upon whom the sign of the Cross was ever made. Already he was about to seize his shield, when he saw Lancelot dismount before him, whom he was not expecting to see. He looked at him in amazement, because he had come so unexpectedly; and, if I am not wrong, he was as much surprised as if he had fallen from the clouds. However, no business of his own can detain him, as soon as he sees Lancelot, from dismounting and extending his arms to him, as he embraces,

salutes and kisses him. Now he is happy and at ease, when he has found his companion. Now I will tell you the truth, and you must not think I lie, that Gawain would not wish to be chosen king, unless he had Lancelot with him. The King and all the rest now learn that, in spite of all, Lancelot, for whom they so long have watched, has come back quite safe and sound. Therefore they all rejoice, and the court, which so long has looked for him, comes together to honour him. Their happiness dispels and drives away the sorrow which formerly was theirs. Grief takes flight and is replaced by an awakening joy. And how about the Queen? Does she not share in the general jubilee? Yes, verily, she first of all. How so? For God's sake, where, then, could she be keeping herself? She was never so glad in her life as she was for his return. And did she not even go to him? Certainly she did; she is so close to him that her body came near following her heart. Where is her heart, then? It was kissing and welcoming Lancelot. And why did the body conceal itself? Why is not her joy complete? Is it mingled with anger or hate? No, certainly, not at all; but it may be that the King or some of the others who are there, and who are watching what takes place, would have taken the whole situation in, if, while all were looking on, she had followed the dictates of her heart. If common-sense had not banished this mad impulse and rash desire, her heart would have been revealed and her folly would have been complete. Therefore reason closes up and binds her fond heart and her rash intent, and made it more reasonable, postponing the greeting until it shall see and espy a suitable and more private place where they would fare better than here and now. The King highly honoured Lancelot, and after welcoming him, thus spoke: "I have not heard for a long time news of any man which were so welcome as news of you; yet I am much concerned to learn in what region and in what land you have tarried so long a time. I have had search made for you up and down, all the winter and summer through, but no one could find a trace of you." "Indeed, fair sire," says Lancelot, "I can inform you in a few words exactly how it has fared with me. The miserable traitor Meleagant has kept me in prison ever since the hour of the deliverance of the prisoners in his land, and has condemned me to a life of shame in a tower of his beside the sea. There he put me and shut me in, and there I should still be dragging out my weary life, if it were not for a friend of mine, a damsel for whom I once performed a slight service. In return for the little favour I did her, she has repaid me liberally: she has bestowed upon me great honour and blessing. But I wish to repay without delay him for whom I have no love, who has sought out and devised for me this shame and injury. He need not wait, for the sum is all ready, principal and interest; but God forbid that he find in it cause to rejoice!" Then Gawain said to Lancelot: "Friend, it will be only a slight favour for me, who am in your debt, to make this payment for you. Moreover, I am all ready and mounted, as you see. Fair, sweet friend, do not deny me the boon I desire and request." But Lancelot replies that he would rather have his eye plucked out, or even both of them, than be persuaded to do this: he swears it shall never be so. He owes the debt and he will pay it himself: for with his own hand he promised it. Gawain plainly sees that nothing he can say is of any avail, so he loosens and takes off his hauberk from his back, and completely disarms himself. Lancelot at once arms himself without delay; for he is impatient to settle and discharge his debt. Meleagant, who is amazed beyond measure at what he sees, has reached the end of his good fortunes, and is about to receive what is owing him. He is almost beside himself and comes near fainting. "Surely I was a fool," he says, "not to go, before coming here, to see if I still held imprisoned in my tower him who now has played this trick on me. But, God, why should I have gone? What cause had I to think that he could possibly escape? Is not the wall built strong enough, and is not the tower sufficiently strong and high? There was no hole or crevice in it, through which he could pass, unless he was aided from outside. I am sure his hiding-place was revealed. If the wall were worn away and had fallen into decay, would he not have been caught and injured or killed at the same time? Yes, so help me God, if it had fallen down, he would certainly have been killed. But I guess, before that wall gives away without being torn down, that all the water in the sea will dry up without leaving a drop and the world will come to an end. No, that is not it: it happened

otherwise: he was helped to escape, and could not have got out otherwise: I have been outwitted through some trickery. At any rate, he has escaped; but if I had been on my guard, all this would never have happened, and he would never have come to court. But it's too late now to repent. The rustic, who seldom errs, pertinently remarks that it is too late to close the stable when the horse is out. I know I shall now be exposed to great shame and humiliation, if indeed I do not suffer and endure something worse. What shall I suffer and endure? Rather, so long as I live, I will give him full measure, if it please God, in whom I trust." Thus he consoles himself, and has no other desire than to meet his antagonist on the field. And he will not have long to wait, I think, for Lancelot goes in search of him, expecting soon to conquer him. But before the assault begins, the King bids them go down into the plain where the tower stands, the prettiest place this side of Ireland for a fight. So they did, and soon found themselves on the plain below. The King goes down too, and all the rest, men and women in crowds. No one stays behind; but many go up to the windows of the tower, among them the Queen, her ladies and damsels, of whom she had many with her who were fair.

In the field there stood a sycamore as fair as any tree could be; it was wide-spread and covered a large area, and around it grew a fine border of thick fresh grass which was green at all seasons of the year. Under this fair and stately sycamore, which was planted back in Abel's time, there rises a clear spring of water which flows away hurriedly. The bed of the spring is beautiful and as bright as silver, and the channel through which the water flows is formed, I think, of refined and tested gold, and it stretches away across the field down into a valley between the woods. There it pleases the King to take his seat where nothing unpleasant is in sight. After the crowd has drawn back at the King's command, Lancelot rushes furiously at Meleagant as at one whom he hates cordially, but before striking him, he shouted with a loud and commanding voice: "Take your stand, I defy you! And take my word, this time you shall not be spared." Then he spurs his steed and draws back the distance of a bow-shot. Then they drive their horses toward each other at top speed, and strike each other so fiercely upon their resisting shields that they pierced and punctured them. But neither one is wounded, nor is the flesh touched in this first assault. They pass each other without delay, and come back at the top of their horses: speed to renew their blows on the strong, stout shields. Both of the knights are strong and brave, and both of the horses are stout and fast. So mighty are the blows they deal on the shields about their necks that the lances passed clean through, without breaking or splintering, until the cold steel reached their flesh. Each strikes the other with such force that both are borne to earth, and no breast-strap, girth, or stirrup could save them from falling backward over their saddle-bow, leaving the saddle without an occupant. The horses run riderless over hill and dale, but they kick and bite each other, thus showing their mortal hatred. As for the knights who fell to earth, they leaped up as quickly as possible and drew their swords, which were engraved with chiselled lettering. Holding their shields before the face, they strive to wound each other with their swords of steel. Lancelot stands in no fear of him, for he knew half as much again about fencing as did his antagonist, having learned it in his youth. Both dealt such blows on the shield slung from their necks, and upon their helmets barred with gold, that they crushed and damaged them. But Lancelot presses him hard and gives him a mighty blow upon his right arm which, though encased in mail, was unprotected by the shield, severing it with one clean stroke. And when he felt the loss of his right arm, he said that it should be dearly sold. If it is at all possible, he will not fail to exact the price; he is in such pain and wrath and rage that he is well-nigh beside himself, and he has a poor opinion of himself, if he cannot score on his rival now. He rushes at him with the intent to seize him, but Lancelot forestalls his plan, for with his trenchant sword he deals his body such a cut as he will not recover from until April and May be passed. He smashes his nose-guard against his teeth, breaking three of them in his mouth. And Meleagant's rage is such that he cannot speak or say a word; nor does he deign to cry for mercy, for his foolish heart holds tight in such constraint that even now it deludes him still. Lancelot approaches and, unlacing his helmet, cuts off his

head. Never more will this man trouble him; it is all over with him as he falls dead. Not a soul who was present there felt any pity at the sight. The King and all the others there are jubilant and express their joy. Happier than they ever were before, they relieve Lancelot of his arms, and lead him away exultingly.

My lords, if I should prolong my tale, it would be beside the purpose, and so I will conclude. Godefroi de Leigni, the clerk, has written the conclusion of "the Cart"; but let no one find fault with him for having embroidered on Chretien's theme, for it was done with the consent of Chretien who started it. Godefroi has finished it from the point where Lancelot was imprisoned in the tower. So much he wrote; but he would fain add nothing more, for fear of disfiguring the tale.

# Saxo Grammaticus: History of the Danes

## PREFACE.

Forasmuch as all other nations are wont to vaunt the glory of their achievements, and reap joy from the remembrance of their forefathers: Absalon, Chief Pontiff of the Danes, whose zeal ever burned high for the glorification of our land, and who would not suffer it to be defrauded of like renown and record, cast upon me, the least of his followers—since all the rest refused the task—the work of compiling into a chronicle the history of Denmark, and by the authority of his constant admonition spurred my weak faculty to enter on a labour too heavy for its strength. For who could write a record of the deeds of Denmark? It had but lately been admitted to the common faith: it still languished as strange to Latin as to religion. But now that the holy ritual brought also the command of the Latin tongue, men were as slothful now as they were unskilled before, and their sluggishness proved as faultful as that former neediness. Thus it came about that my lowliness, though perceiving itself too feeble for the aforesaid burden, yet chose rather to strain beyond its strength than to resist his bidding; fearing that while our neighbours rejoiced and transmitted records of their deeds, the repute of our own people might appear not to possess any written chronicle, but rather to be sunk in oblivion and antiquity. Thus I, forced to put my shoulder, which was unused to the task, to a burden unfamiliar to all authors of preceding time, and dreading to slight his command, have obeyed more boldly than effectually, borrowing from the greatness of my admonisher that good heart which the weakness of my own wit denied me.

And since, ere my enterprise reached its goal, his death outran it; I entreat thee chiefly, Andrew, who wast chosen by a most wholesome and accordant vote to be successor in the same office and to headship of spiritual things, to direct and inspire my theme; that I may baulk by the defence of so great an advocate that spiteful detraction which ever reviles what is most conspicuous. For thy breast, very fruitful in knowledge, and covered with great store of worshipful doctrines, is to be deemed a kind of shrine of heavenly treasures. Thou who hast searched through Gaul and Italy and Britain also in order to gather knowledge of letters and amass them abundantly, didst after thy long wandering obtain a most illustrious post in a foreign school, and proved such a pillar thereof, that thou seemedst to confer more grace on thy degree than it did on thee. Then being made, on account of the height of thy honours and the desert of thy virtues, Secretary to the King, thou didst adorn that employment, in itself bounded and insignificant, with such works of wisdom as to leave it a piece of promotion for men of greatest rank to covet afterwards, when thou wert transferred to that office which now thou holdest. Wherefore Skaane has been found to leap for joy that she has borrowed a Pontiff from her neighbours rather than chosen one from her own people; inasmuch as she both elected nobly and deserved joy of her election. Being a shining light, therefore, in lineage, in letters, and in parts, and guiding the people with the most fruitful labours of thy teaching, thou hast won the deepest love of thy flock, and by thy boldness in thy famous administration hast conducted the service thou hast undertaken unto the summit of renown. And lest thou shouldst seem to acquire ownership on the strength of prescription, thou hast, by a pious and bountiful will, made over a very rich inheritance to Holy Church; choosing rather honourably to reject riches (which are covered with the rust

of cares) than to be shackled with the greed of them and with their burden. Likewise thou hast set about an amazing work upon the reverend tenets of the faith; and in thy zeal to set the service of public religion before thy private concerns, hast, by the lesson of thy wholesome admonitions, driven those men who refused payment of the dues belonging to religion to do to holy things the homage that they ought; and by thy pious gift of treasure hast atoned for the ancient neglect of sacred buildings. Further, those who pursued a wanton life, and yielded to the stress of incontinence above measure, thou hast redeemed from nerveless sloth to a more upright state of mind, partly by continuing instant in wholesome reproof, and partly by the noble example of simple living; leaving it in doubt whether thou hast edified them more by word or deed. Thus thou, by mere counsels of wisdom, hast achieved what it was not granted to any of thy forerunners to obtain.

And I would not have it forgotten that the more ancient of the Danes, when any notable deeds of mettle had been done, were filled with emulation of glory, and imitated the Roman style; not only by relating in a choice kind of composition, which might be called a poetical work, the roll of their lordly deeds; but also by having graven upon rocks and cliffs, in the characters of their own language, the works of their forefathers, which were commonly known in poems in the mother tongue. In the footsteps of these poems, being as it were classic books of antiquity, I have trod; and keeping true step with them as I translated, in the endeavour to preserve their drift, I have taken care to render verses by verses; so that the chronicle of what I shall have to write, being founded upon these, may thus be known, not for a modern fabrication, but for the utterance of antiquity; since this present work promises not a trumpery dazzle of language, but faithful information concerning times past.

Moreover, how many histories must we suppose that men of such genius would have written, could they have had skill in Latin and so slaked their thirst for writing! Men who though they lacked acquaintance with, the speech of Rome, were yet seized with such a passion for bequeathing some record of their history, that they encompassed huge boulders instead of scrolls, borrowing rocks for the usage of books.

Nor may the pains of the men of Thule be blotted in oblivion; for though they lack all that can foster luxury (so naturally barren is the soil), yet they make up for their neediness by their wit, by keeping continually every observance of soberness, and devoting every instant of their lives to perfecting our knowledge of the deeds of foreigners. Indeed, they account it a delight to learn and to consign to remembrance the history of all nations, deeming it as great a glory to set forth the excellences of others as to display their own. Their stores, which are stocked with attestations of historical events, I have examined somewhat closely, and have woven together no small portion of the present work by following their narrative, not despising the judgment of men whom I know to be so well versed in the knowledge of antiquity. And I have taken equal care to follow the statements of Absalon, and with obedient mind and pen to include both his own doings and other men's doings of which he learnt; treasuring the witness of his August narrative as though it were some teaching from the skies.

Wherefore, Waldemar, healthful Prince and Father of us all,

shining light of thy land, whose lineage, most glorious from times of old, I am to relate, I beseech thee let thy grace attend the faltering course of this work; for I am fettered under the weight of my purpose, and dread that I may rather expose my unskillfulness and the feebleness of my parts, than portray thy descent as I duly should. For, not to speak of thy rich inheritance from thy fathers, thou hast nobly increased thy realm by conquering thy neighbours, and in the toil of spreading thy sovereignty hast encompassed the ebbing and flowing waves of Elbe, thus adding to thy crowded roll of honours no mean portion of fame. And after outstripping the renown and repute of thy forerunners by the greatness of thy deeds, thou didst not forbear to make armed, assault even upon part of the Roman empire. And though thou art deemed to be well endowed with courage and generosity, thou hast left it in doubt whether thou dost more terrify to thy foes in warfare or melt thy people by thy mildness. Also thy most illustrious grandsire, who was sanctioned with the honours of public worship, and earned the glory of immortality by an unmerited death, now dazzles by the refulgence of his holiness those whom living he annexed in his conquests. And from his most holy wounds more virtue than blood hath flowed.

Moreover I, bound by an old and inherited duty of obedience, have set my heart on fighting for thee, if it be only with all the forces of my mind; my father and grandfather being known to have served thy illustrious sire in camp with loyal endurance of the toils of war. Relying therefore on thy guidance and regard, I have resolved to begin with the position and configuration of our own country; for I shall relate all things as they come more vividly, if the course of this history first traverse the places to which the events belong, and take their situation as the starting-point for its narrative.

The extremes, then, of this country are partly bounded by a frontier of another land, and partly enclosed by the waters of the adjacent sea. The interior is washed and encompassed by the ocean; and this, through the circuitous winds of the interstices, now straitens into the narrows of a firth, now advances into ampler bays, forming a number of islands. Hence Denmark is cut in pieces by the intervening waves of ocean, and has but few portions of firm and continuous territory; these being divided by the mass of waters that break them up, in ways varying with the different angle of the bend of the sea. Of all these, Jutland, being the largest and first settled, holds the chief place in the Danish kingdom. It both lies fore-most and stretches furthest, reaching to the frontiers of Teutonia, from contact with which it is severed by the bed of the river Eyder. Northwards it swells somewhat in breadth, and runs out to the shore of the Noric Channel (Skagerrak). In this part is to be found the fjord called Liim, which is so full of fish that it seems to yield the natives as much food as the whole soil.

Close by this fjord also lies Lesser (North) Friesland, which curves in from the promontory of Jutland in a cove of sinking plains and shelving lap, and by the favour of the flooding ocean yields immense crops of grain. But whether this violent inundation bring the inhabitants more profit or peril, remains a vexed question. For when the (dykes of the) estuaries, whereby the waves of the sea are commonly checked among that people, are broken through by the greatness of the storm, such a mass of waters is wont to overrun the fields that it sometimes overwhelms not only the tilled lands, but people and their dwellings likewise.

Eastwards, after Jutland, comes the Isle of Funen, cut off from the mainland by a very narrow sound of sea. This faces Jutland on the west, and on the east Zealand, which is famed for its remarkable richness in the necessities of life. This latter island, being by far the most delightful of all the provinces of our country, is held to occupy the heart of Denmark, being divided by equal distances from the extreme frontier; on its eastern side the sea breaks through and cuts off the western side of Skaane; and this sea commonly yields each year an abundant haul to the nets of the fishers. Indeed, the whole sound is apt to be so thronged with fish that any craft which strikes on them is with difficulty got off by hard rowing, and the prize is captured no longer by tackle, but by simple use of the hands.

Moreover, Halland and Bleking, shooting forth from the mass

of the Skaane like two branches from a parent trunk, are linked to Gothland and to Norway, though with wide deviations of course, and with various gaps consisting of fjords. Now in Bleking is to be seen a rock which travellers can visit, dotted with letters in a strange character. For there stretches from the southern sea into the desert of Vaarnsland a road of rock, contained between two lines a little way apart and very prolonged, between which is visible in the midst a level space, graven all over with characters made to be read. And though this lies so unevenly as sometimes to break through the tops of the hills, sometimes to pass along the valley bottoms, yet it can be discerned to preserve continuous traces of the characters. Now Waldemar, well-starred son of holy Canute, marvelled at these, and desired to know their purport, and sent men to go along the rock and gather with close search the series of the characters that were to be seen there; they were then to denote them with certain marks, using letters of similar shape. These men could not gather any sort of interpretation of them, because owing to the hollow space of the graving being partly smeared up with mud and partly worn by the feet of travellers in the trampling of the road, the long line that had been drawn became blurred. Hence it is plain that crevices, even in the solid rock, if long drenched with wet, become choked either by the solid washings of dirt or the moistening drip of showers.

But since this country, by its closeness of language as much as of position, includes Sweden and Norway, I will record their divisions and their climates also as I have those of Denmark. These territories, lying under the northern pole, and facing Bootes and the Great Bear, reach with their utmost outlying parts the latitude of the freezing zone; and beyond these the extraordinary sharpness of the cold suffers not human habitation. Of these two, Norway has been allotted by the choice of nature a forbidding rocky site. Craggy and barren, it is beset all around by cliffs, and the huge desolate boulders give it the aspect of a rugged and a gloomy land; in its furthest part the day-star is not hidden even by night; so that the sun, scorning the vicissitudes of day and night, ministers in unbroken presence an equal share of his radiance to either season.

On the west of Norway comes the island called Iceland, with the mighty ocean washing round it: a land very squalid to dwell in, but noteworthy for marvels, both strange occurrences and objects that pass belief. A spring is there which, by the malignant reek of its water, destroys the original nature of anything whatsoever. Indeed, all that is sprinkled with the breath of its vapour is changed into the hardness of stone. It remains a doubt whether it be more marvellous or more perilous, that soft and flowing water should be invested with such a stiffness, as by a sudden change to transmute into the nature of stone whatsoever is put to it and drenched with its reeking fume, nought but the shape surviving. Here also are said to be other springs, which now are fed with floods of rising water, and, overflowing in full channels, cast a mass of spray upwards; and now again their bubbling flags, and they can scarce be seen below at the bottom, and are swallowed into deep hiding far under ground. Hence, when they are gushing over, they bespatter everything about them with the white spume, but when they are spent the sharpest eye cannot discern them. In this island there is likewise a mountain, whose floods of incessant fire make it look like a glowing rock, and which, by belching out flames, keeps its crest in an everlasting blaze. This thing awakens our wonder as much as those aforesaid; namely, when a land lying close to the extreme of cold can have such abundance of matter to keep up the heat, as to furnish eternal fires with unseen fuel, and supply an endless provocative to feed the burning. To this is also, at fixed and appointed seasons, there drifts a boundless mass of ice, and when it approaches and begins to dash upon the rugged reefs, then, just as if the cliffs rang reply, there is heard from the deep a roar of voices and a changing din of extraordinary clamour. Whence it is supposed that spirits, doomed to torture for the iniquity of their guilty life, do here pay, by that bitter cold, the penalty of their sins. And so any portion of this mass that is cut off when the aforesaid ice breaks away from the land, soon slips its bonds and bars, though it be made fast with ever so great joins and knots. The mind stands dazed in wonder, that a thing which is covered with bolts past picking, and shut in by manifold and intricate bar-

riers, should so depart after that mass whereof it was a portion, as by its enforced and inevitable flight to baffle the wariest watching. There also, set among the ridges and crags of the mountains, is another kind of ice which is known periodically to change and in a way reverse its position, the upper parts sinking to the bottom, and the lower again returning to the top. For proof of this story it is told that certain men, while they chanced to be running over the level of ice, rolled into the abyss before them, and into the depths of the yawning crevasses, and were a little later picked up dead without the smallest chink of ice above them. Hence it is common for many to imagine that the urn of the sling of ice first swallows them, and then a little after turns upside down and restores them. Here also, is reported to bubble up the water of a pestilent flood, which if a man taste, he falls struck as though by poison. Also there are other springs, whose gushing waters are said to resemble the quality of the bowl of Ceres. There are also fires, which, though they cannot consume linen, yet devour so fluent a thing as water. Also there is a rock, which flies over mountain-steeps, not from any outward impulse, but of its innate and proper motion.

And now to unfold somewhat more thoroughly our delineation of Norway. It should be known that on the east it is conterminous with Sweden and Gothland, and is bounded on both sides by the waters of the neighbouring ocean. Also on the north it faces a region whose position and name are unknown, and which lacks all civilisation, but teems with peoples of monstrous strangeness; and a vast interspace of flowing sea severs it from the portion of Norway opposite. This sea is found hazardous for navigation, and suffers few that venture thereon to return in peace.

Moreover, the upper bend of the ocean, which cuts through Denmark and flows past it, washes the southern side of Gothland with a gulf of some width; while its lower channel, passing the northern sides of Gothland and Norway, turns eastwards, widening much in breadth, and is bounded by a curve of firm land. This limit of the sea the elders of our race called Grandvik. Thus between Grandvik and the Southern Sea there lies a short span of mainland, facing the seas that wash on either shore; and but that nature had set this as a boundary where the billows almost meet, the tides of the two seas would have flowed into one, and cut off Sweden and Norway into an island. The regions on the east of these lands are inhabited by the Skric-Finns. This people is used to an extraordinary kind of carriage, and in its passion for the chase strives to climb untrodden mountains, and attains the coveted ground at the cost of a slippery circuit. For no crag juts out so high, but they can reach its crest by fetching a cunning compass. For when they first leave the deep valleys, they glide twisting and circling among the bases of the rocks, thus making the route very roundabout by dint of continually swerving aside, until, passing along the winding curves of the tracks, they conquer the appointed summit. This same people is wont to use the skins of certain beasts for merchandise with its neighbours.

Now Sweden faces Denmark and Norway on the west, but on the south and on much of its eastern side it is skirted by the ocean. Past this eastward is to be found a vast accumulation of motley barbarism.

That the country of Denmark was once cultivated and worked by giants, is attested by the enormous stones attached to the barrows and caves of the ancients. Should any man question that this is accomplished by superhuman force, let him look up at the tops of certain mountains and say, if he knows how, what man hath carried such immense boulders up to their crests. For anyone considering this marvel will mark that it is inconceivable how a mass, hardly at all or but with difficulty movable upon a level, could have been raised to so mighty a peak of so lofty a mountain by mere human effort, or by the ordinary exertion of human strength. But as to whether, after the Deluge went forth, there existed giants who could do such deeds, or men endowed beyond others with bodily force, there is scant tradition to tell us.

But, as our countrymen aver, those who even to-day are said to dwell in that rugged and inaccessible desert aforesaid, are, by the mutable nature of their bodies, vouchsafed the power of being now near, now far, and of appearing and vanishing in turn. The approach to this desert is beset with perils of a fearful kind,

and has seldom granted to those who attempted it an unscathed return. Now I will let my pen pass to my theme.

## BOOK ONE.

Now Dan and Angul, with whom the stock of the Danes begins, were begotten of Humble, their father, and were the governors and not only the founders of our race. (Yet Dudo, the historian of Normandy, considers that the Danes are sprung and named from the Danaï.) And these two men, though by the wish and favour of their country they gained the lordship of the realm, and, owing to the wondrous deserts of their bravery, got the supreme power by the consenting voice of their countrymen, yet lived without the name of king: the usage whereof was not then commonly resorted to by any authority among our people.

Of these two, Angul, the fountain, so runs the tradition, of the beginnings of the Anglian race, caused his name to be applied to the district which he ruled. This was an easy kind of memorial wherewith to immortalise his fame: for his successors a little later, when they gained possession of Britain, changed the original name of the island for a fresh title, that of their own land. This action was much thought of by the ancients: witness Bede, no mean figure among the writers of the Church, who was a native of England, and made it his care to embody the doings of his country in the most hallowed treasury of his pages; deeming it equally a religious duty to glorify in writing the deeds of his land, and to chronicle the history of the Church.

From Dan, however, so saith antiquity; the pedigrees of our kings have flowed in glorious series, like channels from some parent spring. Grytha, a matron most highly revered among the Teutons, bore him two sons, HUMBLE and LOTHER.

The ancients, when they were to choose a king, were wont to stand on stones planted in the ground, and to proclaim their votes, in order to foreshadow from the steadfastness of the stones that the deed would be lasting. By this ceremony Humble was elected king at his father's death, thus winning a novel favour from his country; but by the malice of ensuing fate he fell from a king into a common man. For he was taken by Lothar in war, and bought his life by yielding up his crown; such, in truth, were the only terms of escape offered him in his defeat. Forced, therefore, by the injustice of a brother to lay down his sovereignty, he furnished the lesson to mankind, that there is less safety, though more pomp, in the palace than in the cottage. Also, he bore his wrong so meekly that he seemed to rejoice at his loss of title as though it were a blessing; and I think he had a shrewd sense of the quality of a king's estate. But Lothar played the king as insupportably as he had played the soldier, inaugurating his reign straightway with arrogance and crime; for he counted it uprightness to strip all the most eminent of life or goods, and to clear his country of its loyal citizens, thinking all his equals in birth his rivals for the crown. He was soon chastised for his wickedness; for he met his end in an insurrection of his country; which had once bestowed on him his kingdom, and now bereft him of his life.

SKIOLD, his son, inherited his natural bent, but not his behaviour; avoiding his inborn perversity by great discretion in his tender years, and thus escaping all traces of his father's taint. So he appropriated what was alike the more excellent and the earlier share of the family character; for he wisely departed from his father's sins, and became a happy counterpart of his grandsire's virtues. This man was famous in his youth among the huntsmen of his father for his conquest of a monstrous beast: a marvellous incident, which augured his future prowess. For he chanced to obtain leave from his guardians, who were rearing him very carefully, to go and see the hunting. A bear of extraordinary size met him; he had no spear, but with the girdle that he commonly wore he contrived to bind it, and gave it to his escort to kill. More than this, many champions of tried prowess were at the same time of his life vanquished by him singly; of these Attal and Skat were renowned and famous. While but fifteen years of age he was of unusual bodily size and displayed mortal strength in its perfection, and so mighty were the proofs of his powers that the rest of the kings of the Danes were called after him by a common title, the SKIOLDUNG'S. Those who were wont to live an abandoned

and flaccid life, and to sap their self-control by wantonness, this man vigilantly spurred to the practice of virtue in an active career. Thus the ripeness of Skiold's spirit outstripped the fulness of his strength, and he fought battles at which one of his tender years could scarce look on. And as he thus waxed in years and valour he beheld the perfect beauty of Alfchild, daughter of the King of the Saxons, sued for her hand, and, for her sake, in the sight of the armies of the Teutons and the Danes, challenged and fought with Skat, governor of Allemannia, and a suitor for the same maiden; whom he slew, afterwards crushing the whole nation of the Allemanni, and forcing them to pay tribute, they being subjugated by the death of their captain. Skiold was eminent for patriotism as well as arms. For he annulled unrighteous laws, and most heedfully executed whatsoever made for the amendment of his country's condition. Further, he regained by his virtue the realm that his father's wickedness had lost. He was the first to proclaim the law abolishing manumissions. A slave, to whom he had chanced to grant his freedom, had attempted his life by stealthy treachery, and he exacted a bitter penalty; as though it were just that the guilt of one freedman should be visited upon all. He paid off all men's debts from his own treasury, and contended, so to say, with all other monarchs in courage, bounty, and generous dealing. The sick he used to foster, and charitably gave medicines to those sore stricken; bearing witness that he had taken on him the care of his country and not of himself. He used to enrich his nobles not only with home taxes, but also with plunder taken in war; being wont to aver that the prize-money should flow to the soldiers, and the glory to the general.

Thus delivered of his bitterest rival in wooing, he took as the prize of combat the maiden, for the love of whom he had fought, and wedded her in marriage. Soon after, he had by her a son, GRAM, whose wondrous parts savoured so strongly of his father's virtues that he was deemed to tread in their very footsteps. The days of Gram's youth were enriched with surpassing gifts of mind and body, and he raised them to the crest of renown. Posterity did such homage to his greatness that in the most ancient poems of the Danes royal dignity is implied in his very name. He practiced with the most zealous training whatsoever serves to sharpen and strengthen the bodily powers. Taught by the fencers, he trained himself by sedulous practice to parrying and dealing blows. He took to wife the daughter of his upbringer, Roar, she being his foster-sister and of his own years, in order the better to show his gratefulness for his nursing. A little while after he gave her in marriage to a certain Bess, since he had oftentimes used his strenuous service. In this partner of his warlike deeds he put his trust; and he has left it a question whether he has won more renown by Bess's valour or his own.

Gram, chancing to hear that Groa, daughter of Sigtryg, King of the Swedes, was pledged to a certain giant, and holding accused an union so unworthy of the blood royal, entered on a Swedish war; being destined to emulate the prowess of Hercules in resisting the attempts of monsters. He went into Gothland, and, in order to frighten people out of his path, strode on clad in goats' skins, swathed in the motley hides of beasts, and grasping in his right hand a dreadful weapon, thus feigning the attire of a giant; when he met Groa herself riding with a very small escort of women on foot, and making her way, as he chanced, to the forest-pools to bathe, she thought it was her betrothed who had hastened to meet her, and was scared with feminine alarm at so strange a garb: so, flinging up the reins, and shaking terribly all over, she began in the song of her country, thus:

"I see that a giant, hated of the king, has come, and darkens the highways with his stride. Or my eyes play me false; for it has oft befallen bold warriors to skulk behind the skin of a beast."

Then began Bess: "Maiden, seated on the shoulders of the steed, tell me, pouring forth in thy turn words of answer, what is thy name, and of what line art thou born?"

Groa replied: "Groa is my name; my sire is a king, glorious in blood, gleaming in armour. Disclose to us, thou also, who thou art, or whence sprung!"

To whom Bess: "I am Bess, brave in battle, ruthless to foes, a terror to nations, and oft drenching my right hand in the blood of foes."

Then said Groa: "Who, prithee, commands your lines? Under what captain raise ye the war-standards? What prince controls the battle? Under whose guidance is the war made ready?"

Bess in answer: "Gram, the blest in battle, rules the array: force nor fear can swerve him; flaming pyre and cruel sword and ocean billow have never made him afraid. Led by him, maiden, we raise the golden standards of war."

Groa once more: "Turn your feet and go back hence, lest Sigtryg vanquish you all with his own array, and fasten you to a cruel stake, your throats haltered with the cord, and doom your carcasses to the stiff noose, and, glaring evilly, thrust out your corpses to the hungry raven."

Bess again: "Gram, ere he shall shut his own eyes in death, shall first make him a ghost, and, smiting him on the crest, shall send him to Tartarus. We fear no camp of the Swedes. Why threaten us with ghastly dooms, maiden?"

Groa answered him: "Behold, I will ride thence to see again the roof of my father which I know, that I may not rashly set eyes on the array of my brother who is coming. And I pray that your death-doom may tarry for you who abide."

Bess replied: "Daughter, to thy father go back with good cheer; nor imprecate swift death upon us, nor let choler shake thy bosom. For often has a woman, harsh at first and hard to a wooer, yielded the second time."

Whereupon Gram could brook no longer to be silent, and pitching his tones gruffly, so as to mimic a gruesome and superhuman voice, accosted the maiden thus:

"Let not the maiden fear the brother of the fleet giant, nor turn pale because I am nigh her. For I am sent by Grip, and never seek the couch and embrace of damsels save when their wish matches mine."

Groa answered: "Who so mad as to wish to be the leman of giants? Or what woman could love the bed that genders monsters? Who could be the wife of demons, and know the seed whose fruit is monstrous? Or who would fain share her couch with a barbarous giant? Who caresses thorns with her fingers? Who would mingle honest kisses with mire? Who would unite shaggy limbs to smooth ones which correspond not? Full ease of love cannot be taken when nature cries out against it: nor doth the love customarily in the use of women sort with monsters."

Gram rejoined: "Oft with conquering hand I have tamed the necks of mighty kings, defeating with stronger arm their insolent pride. Thence take red-glowing gold, that the troth may be made firm by the gift, and that the faith to be brought to our wedlock may stand fast."

Thus speaking, he cast off his disguises, and revealed his natural comeliness; and by a single sight of him he filled the damsel with well-nigh as much joy as he had struck her with fear before at his counterfeit. She was even incited to his embraces by the splendour of his beauty; nor did he fail to offer her the gifts of love.

Having won Groa, Bess proceeded and learnt that the road was beset by two robbers. These he slew simply by charging them as they rushed covetously forth to despoil him. This done, loth to seem to have done any service to the soil of an enemy, he put timbers under the carcasses of the slain, fastened them thereto, and stretched them so as to counterfeit an upright standing position; so that in their death they might menace in seeming those whom their life had harmed in truth; and that, terrible even after their decease, they might block the road in effigy as much as they had once in deed. Whence it appears that in slaying the robbers he took thought for himself and not for Sweden: for he betokened by so singular an act how great a hatred of Sweden filled him. Having heard from the diviners that Sigtryg could only be conquered by gold, he straightway fixed a knob of gold to a wooden mace, equipped himself therewith in the war wherein he attacked the king, and obtained his desire. This exploit was besung by Bess in a most zealous strain of eulogy:

"Gram, the fierce wielder of the prosperous mace, knowing not the steel, rained blows on the outstretched sword, and with a stock beat off the lances of the mighty."



"Following the decrees and will of the gods, he brought low the glory of the powerless Swedes, doing their king to death and crushing him with the stiff gold.

"For he pondered on the arts of war: he wielded in his clasp the ruddy-flashing wood, and victoriously with noble stroke made their fallen captain writhe.

"Shrewdly he conquered with the hardness of gold him whom fate forbade should be slain by steel; unsworded, waging war with the worthier metal.

"This treasure, for which its deviser claims glory and the height of honour, shall abide yet more illustrious hereafter, known far and wide in ampler fame."

Having now slain Sigtryg, the King of Sweden, Gram desired to confirm his possession of the empire which he had won in war; and therefore, suspecting Swarin the governor of Gothland of aspiring to the crown, he challenged him to combat, and slew him. This man's brethren, of whom he had seven lawfully born, and nine the sons of a concubine, sought to avenge their brother's death, but Gram, in an unequal contest, cut them off.

Gram, for his marvellous prowess, was granted a share in the sovereignty by his father, who was now in extreme age, and thought it better and likewise more convenient to give his own blood a portion of the supremacy of the realm, than now in the setting of his life to administer it without a partner. Therefore Ring, a nobly-born Zealander, stirred the greater part of the Danes with desire for insurrection; fancying that one of these men was unripe for his rank, and that the other had run the course of his powers, alleging the weakness in years of both, and declaring that the wandering wit of an old man made the one, and that of a boy the other, unfit for royal power. But they fought and crushed him, making him an example to all men, that no season of life is to be deemed incompatible with valour.

Many other deeds also King Gram did. He declared war against Sumble, King of the Finns; but when he set eyes upon the King's daughter, Signe, he laid down his arms, the foeman turned into the suitor, and, promising to put away his own wife, he plighted troth with her. But, while much busied with a war against Norway, which he had taken up against King Swipdag for debauching his sister and his daughter, he heard from a messenger that Signe had, by Sumble's treachery, been promised in marriage to Henry, King of Saxony. Then, inclining to love the maiden more than his soldiers, he left his army, privily made his way to Finland, and came in upon the wedding, which was already begun. Putting on a garb of the utmost meanness, he lay down at the table in a seat of no honour. When asked what he brought, he professed skill in leechcraft. At last, when all were drenched in drunkenness, he gazed at the maiden, and amid the revels of the riotous banquet, cursing deep the fickleness of women, and vaunting loud his own deeds of valour, he poured out the greatness of his wrath in a song like this:

"Singly against eight at once I drove the darts of death, and smote nine with a back-swung sword, when I slew Swarin, who wrongfully assumed his honours and tried to win fame unmerited; wherefore I have oft dyed in foreign blood my blade red with death and reeking with slaughter, and have never blenched at the clash of dagger or the sheen of helmet. Now Signe, the daughter of Sumble, vilely spurns me, and endures vows not mine, cursing her ancient troth; and, conceiving an ill-ordered love, commits a notable act of female lightness; for she entangles, lures, and bestains princes, rebuffing beyond all others the lordly of birth; yet remaining firm to none, but ever wavering, and bringing to birth impulses doubtful and divided."

And as he spoke he leapt up from where he lay, and there he cut Henry down while at the sacred board and the embraces of his friends, carried off his bride from amongst the bridesmaids, felled most of the guests, and bore her off with him in his ship. Thus the bridal was turned into a funeral; and the Finns might learn the lesson, that hands should not be laid upon the loves of other men.

After this SWIPDAG, King of Norway, destroyed Gram, who was attempting to avenge the outrage on his sister and the attempt on his daughter's chastity. This battle was notable for the presence of the Saxon forces, who were incited to help Swipdag, not so much by love of him, as by desire to avenge Henry.

GUTHORM and HADDING, the son of Gram (Groat being the mother of the first and Signe of the second), were sent over to Sweden in a ship by their foster-father, Brage (Swipdag being now master of Denmark), and put in charge of the giants Wagnhofde and Hafle, for guard as well as rearing.

As I shall have briefly to relate doings of these folk, and would fain not seem to fabricate what conflicts with common belief or outsteps the faithful truth, it is worth the knowing that there were in old times three kinds of magicians who by diverse sleights practiced extraordinary marvels. The first of these were men of monstrous stock, termed by antiquity giants; these by their exceeding great bodily stature surpassed the size natural to mankind. Those who came after these were the first who gained skill in divination from entrails, and attained the Pythonic art. These surpassed the former in briskness of mental parts as much as they fell behind them in bodily condition. Constant wars for the supremacy were waged between these and the giants; till at last the sorcerers prevailed, subdued the tribe of giants by arms, and acquired not merely the privilege of ruling, but also the repute of being divine. Both of these kinds had extreme skill in deluding the eyesight, knowing how to obscure their own faces and those of others with divers semblances, and to darken the true aspects of things with beguiling shapes. But the third kind of men, springing from the natural union of the first two, did not answer to the nature of their parents either in bodily size or in practice of magic arts; yet these gained credit for divinity with minds that were befooled by their jugglings.

Nor must we marvel if, tempted by the prodigious miracles of these folk, the barbaric world fell to worshipping a false religion, when others like unto these, who were mere mortals, but were revered with divine honours, beguiled even the shrewdness of the Latins. I have touched on these things lest, when I relate of sleights and marvels, I be checked by the disbelief of the reader. Now I will leave these matters and return to my theme.

Swipdag, now that he had slain Gram, was enriched with the realms of Denmark and Sweden; and because of the frequent importunities of his wife he brought back from banishment her brother Guthorm, upon his promising tribute, and made him ruler of the Danes. But Hadding preferred to avenge his father rather than take a boon from his foe.

This man's nature so waxed and throve that in the early season of his youth he was granted the prime of manhood. Leaving the pursuit of pleasure, he was constantly zealous in warlike exercises; remembering that he was the son of a fighting father, and was bound to spend his whole span of life in approved deeds of warfare. Hardgrep, daughter of Wagnhofde, tried to enfeeble his firm spirit with her lures of love, contending and constantly averring that he ought to offer the first dues of the marriage bed in wedlock with her, who had proffered to his childhood most zealous and careful fostering, and had furnished him with his first rattle.

Nor was she content with admonishing in plain words, but began a strain of song as follows:

"Why doth thy life thus waste and wander? Why dost thou pass thy years unwed, following arms, thirsting for throats? Nor does my beauty draw thy vows. Carried away by excess of frenzy, thou art little prone to love. Steeped in blood and slaughter, thou judgest wars better than the bed, nor refreshest thy soul with incitements. Thy fierceness finds no leisure; dalliance is far from thee, and savagery fostered. Nor is thy hand free from blasphemy while thou loathest the rites of love. Let this hateful strictness pass away, let that loving warmth approach, and plight the troth of love to me, who gave thee the first breasts of milk in childhood, and helped thee, playing a mother's part, duteous to thy needs."

When he answered that the size of her body was unwieldy for the embraces of a mortal, since doubtless her nature was framed in conformity to her giant stock, she said:

"Be not moved by my unwonted look of size. For my substance is sometimes thinner, sometimes ampler; now meagre, now abundant; and I alter and change at my pleasure the condition of my body, which is at one time shrivelled up and at another time expanded: now my tallness rises to the heavens, and now I settle down into a human being, under a more bounded shape."

As he still faltered, and was slow to believe her words, she added the following song:

"Youth, fear not the converse of my bed. I change my bodily outline in twofold wise, and am wont to enjoin a double law upon my sinews. For I conform to shapes of different figure in turn, and am altered at my own sweet will: now my neck is star-high, and soars nigh to the lofty Thunderer; then it falls and declines to human strength, and plants again on earth that head which was near the firmament. Thus I lightly shift my body into diverse phases, and am beheld in varying wise; for changefully now cramped stiffness draws in my limbs, now the virtue of my tall body unfolds them, and suffers them to touch the cloud-tops. Now I am short and straitened, now stretch out with loosened knee; and I have mutably changed myself like wax into strange aspects. He who knows of Proteus should not marvel at me. My shape never stays the same, and my aspect is twofold: at one time it contrasts its outstretched limbs, at another shoots them out when closed; now disentangling the members and now rolling them back into a coil. I dart out my ingathered limbs, and presently, while they are strained, I wrinkle them up, dividing my countenance between shapes twain, and adopting two forms; with the greater of these I daunt the fierce, while with the shorter I seek the embraces of men."

By thus averring she obtained the embraces of Hadding; and her love for the youth burned so high that when she found him desirous of revisiting his own land, she did not hesitate to follow him in man's attire, and counted it as joy to share his hardships and perils. While upon the journey she had undertaken, she chanced to enter in his company, in order to pass the night, a dwelling, the funeral of whose dead master was being conducted with melancholy rites. Here, desiring to pry into the purposes of heaven by the help of a magical espial, she graved on wood some very dreadful spells, and caused Hadding to put them under the dead man's tongue; thus forcing him to utter, with the voice so given, a strain terrible to hear:

"Perish accursed he who hath dragged me back from those below, let him be punished for calling a spirit out of bale!

"Whoso hath called me, who am lifeless and dead, back from the abode below, and hath brought me again into upper air, let him pay full penalty with his own death in the dreary shades beneath livid Styx. Behold, counter to my will and purpose, I must declare some bitter tidings. For as ye go away from this house ye will come to the narrow path of a grove, and will be a prey to demons all about. Then she who hath brought our death back from out of void, and has given us a sight of this light once more, by her prayers wondrously drawing forth the ghost and casting it into the bonds of the body, shall bitterly bewail her rash enterprise.

"Perish accursed he who hath dragged me back from those below, let him be punished for calling a spirit out of bale!

"For when the black pestilence of the blast that engenders monsters has crushed out the inmost entrails with stern effort, and when their hand has swept away the living with cruel nail, tearing off limbs and rending ravished bodies; then Hadding, thy life shall survive, nor shall the nether realms bear off thy ghost, nor thy spirit pass heavily to the waters of Styx; but the woman who hath made the wretched ghost come back hither, crushed by her own guilt, shall appease our dust; she shall be dust herself.

"Perish accursed he who hath dragged me back from those below, let him be punished for calling a spirit out of bale!"

So, while they were passing the night in the forest foretold them, in a shelter framed of twigs, a hand of extraordinary size was seen to wander over the inside of the dwelling. Terrified at this portent, Hadding entreated the aid of his nurse. Then Hardgrep, expanding her limbs and swelling to a mighty bigness, gripped the hand fast and held it to her foster-child to hew off. What flowed from the noisesome wounds he dealt was not so much blood as corrupt matter. But she paid the penalty of this act, presently being torn in pieces by her kindred of the same stock; nor did her constitution or her bodily size help her against feeling the attacks of her foes' claws.

Hadding, thus bereft of his foster-mother, chanced to be made an ally in a solemn covenant to a rover, Lysir, by a certain man of great age that had lost an eye, who took pity on his loneliness.

Now the ancients, when about to make a league, were wont to besprinkle their footsteps with blood of one another, so to ratify their pledge of friendship by reciprocal barter of blood. Lysir and Hadding, being bound thus in the strictest league, declared war against Loker, the tyrant of the Kurlanders. They were defeated; and the old man aforementioned took Hadding, as he fled on horseback, to his own house, and there refreshed him with a certain pleasant draught, telling him that he would find himself quite brisk and sound in body. This prophetic advice he confirmed by a song as follows:

"As thou farest hence, a foe, thinking thee a deserter, will assail thee, that he may keep thee bound and cast thee to be devoured by the mangling jaws of beasts. But fill thou the ears of the warders with divers tales, and when they have done the feast and deep sleep holds them, snap off the fetters upon thee and the loathly chains. Turn thy feet thence, and when a little space has fled, with all thy might rise up against a swift lion who is wont to toss the carcasses of the prisoners, and strive with thy stout arms against his savage shoulders, and with naked sword search his heart-strings. Straightway put thy throat to him and drink the steaming blood, and devour with ravenous jaws the banquet of his body. Then renewed strength will come to thy limbs, then shall undreamed-of might enter thy sinews, and an accumulation of stout force shall bespread and nerve thy frame through-out. I myself will pave the path to thy prayers, and will subdue the henchmen in sleep, and keep them snoring throughout the lingering night."

And as he spoke, he took back the young man on his horse, and set him where he had found him. Hadding cowered trembling under his mantle; but so extreme was his wonder at the event, that with keen vision he peered through its holes. And he saw that before the steps of the horse lay the sea; but was told not to steal a glimpse of the forbidden thing, and therefore turned aside his amazed eyes from the dread spectacle of the roads that he journeyed. Then he was taken by Loker, and found by very sure experience that every point of the prophecy was fulfilled upon him. So he assailed Handwan, king of the Hellespont, who was entrenched behind an impregnable defence of wall in his city Duna, and withstood him not in the field, but with battlements. Its summit defying all approach by a besieger, he ordered that the divers kinds of birds who were wont to nest in that spot should be caught by skilled fowlers, and he caused wicks which had been set on fire to be fastened beneath their wings. The birds sought the shelter of their own nests, and filled the city with a blaze; all the townsmen flocked to quench it, and left the gates defenceless. He attacked and captured Handwan, but suffered him to redeem his life with gold for ransom. Thus, when he might have cut off his foe, he preferred to grant him the breath of life; so far did his mercy qualify his rage.

After this he prevailed over a great force of men of the East, and came back to Sweden. Swipdag met him with a great fleet off Gottland; but Hadding attacked and destroyed him. And thus he advanced to a lofty pitch of renown, not only by the fruits of foreign spoil, but by the trophies of his vengeance for his brother and his father. And he exchanged exile for royalty, for he became king of his own land as soon as he regained it.

At this time there was one Odin, who was credited over all Europe with the honour, which was false, of godhead, but used more continually to sojourn at Upsala; and in this spot, either from the sloth of the inhabitants or from its own pleasantness, he vouchsafed to dwell with somewhat especial constancy. The kings of the North, desiring more zealously to worship his deity, embowered his likeness in a golden image; and this statue, which betokened their homage, they transmitted with much show of worship to Byzantium, fettering even the effigied arms with a serried mass of bracelets. Odin was overjoyed at such notoriety, and greeted warmly the devotion of the senders. But his queen Frigga, desiring to go forth more beautified, called smiths, and had the gold stripped from the statue. Odin hanged them, and mounted the statue upon a pedestal, which by the marvellous skill of his art he made to speak when a mortal touched it. But still Frigga preferred the splendour of her own apparel to the divine honours of her husband, and submitted herself to the embraces of one of her

servants; and it was by this man's device she broke down the image, and turned to the service of her private wantonness that gold which had been devoted to public idolatry. Little thought she of practicing unchastity, that she might the easier satisfy her greed, this woman so unworthy to be the consort of a god; but what should I here add, save that such a godhead was worthy of such a wife? So great was the error that of old befooled the minds of men. Thus Odin, wounded by the double trespass of his wife, resented the outrage to his image as keenly as that to his bed; and, ruffled by these two stinging dishonours, took to an exile overflowing with noble shame, imagining so to wipe off the slur of his ignominy.

When he had retired, one Mit-othin, who was famous for his juggling tricks, was likewise quickened, as though by inspiration from on high, to seize the opportunity of feigning to be a god; and, wrapping the minds of the barbarians in fresh darkness, he led them by the renown of his jugglings to pay holy observance to his name. He said that the wrath of the gods could never be appeased nor the outrage to their deity expiated by mixed and indiscriminate sacrifices, and therefore forbade that prayers for this end should be put up without distinction, appointing to each of those above his especial drink-offering. But when Odin was returning, he cast away all help of jugglings, went to Finland to hide himself, and was there attacked and slain by the inhabitants. Even in his death his abominations were made manifest, for those who came nigh his barrow were cut off by a kind of sudden death; and after his end, he spread such pestilence that he seemed almost to leave a filthier record in his death than in his life: it was as though he would extort from the guilty a punishment for his slaughter. The inhabitants, being in this trouble, took the body out of the mound, beheaded it, and impaled it through the breast with a sharp stake; and herein that people found relief.

The death of Odin's wife revived the ancient splendour of his name, and seemed to wipe out the disgrace upon his deity; so, returning from exile, he forced all those, who had used his absence to assume the honours of divine rank, to resign them as usurped; and the gangs of sorcerers that had arisen he scattered like a darkness before the advancing glory of his godhead. And he forced them by his power not only to lay down their divinity, but further to quit the country, deeming that they, who tried to foist themselves so iniquitously into the skies, ought to be outcasts from the earth.

Meanwhile Asmund, the son of Swipdag, fought with Hadding to avenge his father. And when he heard that Henry his son, his love for whom he set even before his own life, had fallen fighting valiantly, his soul longed for death, and loathed the light of day, and made a song in a strain like this:

"What brave hath dared put on my armour? The sheen of the helmet serves not him who tottereth, nor doth the breastplate fitly shelter him that is sore spent. Our son is slain, let us riot in battle; my eager love for him driveth me to my death, that I may not be left outliving my dear child. In each hand I am fain to grasp the sword; now without shield let us ply our warfare bare-breasted, with flashing blades. Let the rumour of our rage beacon forth: boldly let us grind to powder the column of the foe; nor let the battle be long and chafe us; nor let our onset be shattered in rout and be still."

When he had said this, he gripped his hilt with both hands, and, fearless of peril, swung his shield upon his back and slew many. Hadding therefore called on the powers with which he was allied to protect him, and on a sudden Wagnhofde rode up to fight on his side. And when Asmund saw his crooked sword, he cried out, and broke into the following strain:

"Why fightest thou with curved sword? The short sword shall prove thy doom, the javelin shall be flung and bring forth death. Thou shouldst conquer thy foe by thy hand, but thou trustest that he can be rent by spells; thou trustest more in words than rigour, and putttest thy strength in thy great resource. Why dost thou beat me back with thy shield, threatening with thy bold lance, when thou art so covered with wretched crimes and spotted all over? Thus hath the brand of shame bestained thee, rotting in sin, lubber-lipped."

While he thus clamoured, Hadding, flinging his spear by the thigh, pierced him through. But Asmund lacked not comfort even

for his death; for while his life flickered in the socket he wounded the foot of his slayer, and by this short instant of revenge he memorialized his fall, punishing the other with an incurable limp. Thus crippling of a limb befell one of them and loss of life the other. Asmund's body was buried in solemn state at Upsala and attended with royal obsequies. His wife Gunnhild, loth to outlive him, cut off her own life with the sword, choosing rather to follow her lord in death than to forsake him by living. Her friends, in consigning her body to burial, laid her with her husband's dust, thinking her worthy to share the mound of the man, her love for whom she had set above life. So there lies Gunnhild, clasping her lord somewhat more beautifully in the tomb than she had ever done in the bed.

After this Hadding, now triumphant, wasted Sweden. But Asmund's son, named Uffe, shrinking from a conflict, transported his army into Denmark, thinking it better to assail the house of his enemy than to guard his own, and deeming it a timely method of repelling his wrongs to retaliate upon his foe what he was suffering at his hands. Thus the Danes had to return and defend their own, preferring the safety of their land to lordship of a foreign realm; and Uffe went back to his own country, now rid of an enemy's arms.

Hadding, on returning from the Swedish war, perceived that his treasury, wherein he was wont to store the wealth he had gotten by the spoils of war, had been forced and robbed, and straightway hanged its keeper Glumer, proclaiming by a crafty device, that, if any of the culprits brought about the recovery of the stolen goods, he should have the same post of honour as Glumer had filled. Upon this promise, one of the guilty men became more zealous to reap the bounty than to hide his crime, and had the money brought back to the king. His confederates fancied he had been received into the king's closest friendship, and believed that the honours paid him were as real as they were lavish; and therefore they also, hoping to be as well rewarded, brought back their moneys and avowed their guilt. Their confession was received at first with promotion and favours, and soon visited with punishment, thus bequeathing a signal lesson against being too confiding. I should judge that men, whose foolish blabbing brought them to destruction, when wholesome silence could have ensured their safety, well deserved to atone upon the gallows for their breach of reticence.

After this Hadding passed the whole winter season in the utmost preparation for the renewal of the war. When the frosts had been melted by the springtime sun, he went back to Sweden and there spent five years in warfare. By dint of this prolonged expedition, his soldiers, having consumed all their provision, were reduced almost to the extremity of emaciation, and began to assuage their hunger with mushrooms from the wood. At last, under stress of extreme necessity, they devoured their horses, and finally satisfied themselves with the carcasses of dogs. Worse still, they did not scruple to feed upon human limbs. So, when the Danes were brought unto the most desperate straits, there sounded in the camp, in the first sleep of the night, and no man uttering it, the following song:

"With foul augury have ye left the abode of your country, thinking to harry these fields in War. What idle notion mocks your minds? What blind self-confidence has seized your senses, that ye think this soil can thus be won. The might of Sweden cannot yield or quail before the War of the stranger; but the whole of your column shall melt away when it begins to assault our people in War. For when flight has broken up the furious onset, and the straggling part of the fighters wavers, then to those who prevail in the War is given free scope to slay those who turn their backs, and they have earned power to smite the harder when fate drives the renewer of the war headlong. Nor let him whom cowardice deters aim the spears."

This prophecy was accomplished on the morrow's dawn by a great slaughter of the Danes. On the next night the warriors of Sweden heard an utterance like this, none knowing who spake it:

"Why doth Uffe thus defy me with grievous rebellion? He shall pay the utmost penalty. For he shall be buried and transpired under showers of lances, and shall fall lifeless in atonement for his insolent attempt. Nor shall the guilt of his wanton rancour be unpunished; and, as I forebode, as soon as he joins battle and

fights, the points shall fasten in his limbs and strike his body everywhere, and his raw gaping wounds no bandage shall bind up; nor shall any remedy heal over thy wide gashes."

On that same night the armies fought; when two hairless old men, of appearance fouler than human, and displaying their horrid baldness in the twinkling starlight, divided their monstrous efforts with opposing ardour, one of them being zealous on the Danish side, and the other as fervent for the Swedes. Hadding was conquered and fled to Helsingland, where, while washing in the cold sea-water his body which was scorched with heat, he attacked and cut down with many blows a beast of unknown kind, and having killed it had it carried into camp. As he was exulting in this deed a woman met him and addressed him in these words:

"Whether thou tread the fields afoot, or spread canvas overseas, thou shalt suffer the hate of the gods, and through all the world shalt behold the elements oppose thy purposes. Afield thou shalt fall, on sea thou shalt be tossed, an eternal tempest shall attend the steps of thy wandering, nor shall frost-bind ever quit thy sails; nor shall thy roof-tree roof thee, but if thou seekest it, it shall fall smitten by the hurricane; thy herd shall perish of bitter chill. All things shall be tainted, and shall lament that thy lot is there. Thou shalt be shunned like a pestilent tetter, nor shall any plague be fouler than thou. Such chastisement doth the power of heaven mete out to thee, for truly thy sacrilegious hands have slain one of the dweller's above, disguised in a shape that was not his: thus here art thou, the slayer of a benignant god! But when the sea receives thee, the wrath of the prison of Eolus shall be loosed upon thy head. The West and the furious North, the South wind shall beat thee down, shall league and send forth their blasts in rivalry; until with better prayers thou hast melted the sternness of heaven, and hast lifted with appeasement the punishment thou hast earned."

So, when Hadding went back, he suffered all things after this one fashion, and his coming brought disquiet upon all peaceful places. For when he was at sea a mighty storm arose and destroyed his fleet in a great tempest: and when, a shipwrecked man, he sought entertainment, he found a sudden downfall of that house. Nor was there any cure for his trouble, ere he atoned by sacrifice for his crime, and was able to return into favour with heaven. For, in order to appease the deities, he sacrificed dusky victims to the god Frey. This manner of propitiation by sacrifice he repeated as an annual feast, and left posterity to follow. This rite the Swedes call *Froblod* (the sacrifice or feast of Frey).

Hadding chanced to hear that a certain giant had taken in troth Ragnhild, daughter of Hakon, King of the Netherlanders; and, loathing so ignominious a state of affairs, and utterly abominating the destined union, he forestalled the marriage by noble daring. For he went to Norway and overcame by arms him that was so foul, a lover for a princess. For he thought so much more of valour than of ease, that, though he was free to enjoy all the pleasures of a king, he accounted it sweeter than any delight to repel the wrongs done, not only to himself, but to others. The maiden, not knowing him, ministered with healing tendance to the man that had done her kindness and was bruised with many wounds. And in order that lapse of time might not make her forget him, she shut up a ring in his wound, and thus left a mark on his leg. Afterwards her father granted her freedom to choose her own husband; so when the young men were assembled at banquet, she went along them and felt their bodies carefully, searching for the tokens she had stored up long ago. All the rest she rejected, but Hadding she discovered by the sign of the secret ring; then she embraced him, and gave herself to be the wife of him who had not suffered a giant to win her in marriage.

While Hadding was sojourning with her a marvellous portent befell him. While he was at supper, a woman bearing hemlocks was seen to raise her head beside the brazier, and, stretching out the lap of her robe, seemed to ask, "in what part of the world such fresh herbs had grown in winter?" The king desired to know; and, wrapping him in her mantle, she drew him with her underground, and vanished. I take it that the nether gods purposed that he should pay a visit in the flesh to the regions whither he must go when he died. So they first pierced through a certain dark misty cloud, and then advancing along a path that was worn away with

long thoroughfaring, they beheld certain men wearing rich robes, and nobles clad in purple; these passed, they at last approached sunny regions which produced the herbs the woman had brought away. Going further, they came on a swift and tumbling river of leaden waters, whirling down on its rapid current divers sorts of missiles, and likewise made passable by a bridge. When they had crossed this, they beheld two armies encountering one another with might and main. And when Hadding inquired of the woman about their estate: "These," she said, "are they who, having been slain by the sword, declare the manner of their death by a continual rehearsal, and enact the deeds of their past life in a living spectacle." Then a wall hard to approach and to climb blocked their further advance. The woman tried to leap it, but in vain, being unable to do so even with her slender wrinkled body; then she wrung off the head of a cock which she chanced to be taking down with her, and flung it beyond the barrier of the walls; and forthwith the bird came to life again, and testified by a loud crow to recovery of its breathing. Then Hadding turned back and began to make homewards with his wife; some rovers bore down on him, but by swift sailing he baffled their snares; for though it was almost the same wind that helped both, they were behind him as he clove the billows, and, as they had only just as much sail, could not overtake him.

Meantime Uffe, who had a marvellously fair daughter, decreed that the man who slew Hadding should have her. This sorely tempted one Thuning, who got together a band of men of Perm (Byarmenses), being fain so to win the desired advancement. Hadding was going to fall upon him, but while he was passing Norway in his fleet he saw upon the beach an old man signing to him, with many wavings of his mantle, to put into shore. His companions opposed it, and declared that it would be a ruinous diversion from their journey; but he took the man on board, and was instructed by him how to order his army. For this man, in arranging the system of the columns, used to take special care that the front row consisted of two, the second of four, while the third increased and was made up to eight, and likewise each row was double that in front of it. Also the old man bade the wings of the slingers go back to the extremity of the line, and put with them the ranks of the archers. So when the squadrons were arranged in the wedge, he stood himself behind the warriors, and from the wallet which was slung round his neck drew an arbalist. This seemed small at first, but soon projected with more prolonged tip, and accommodated ten arrows to its string at once, which were shot all at once at the enemy in a brisk volley, and inflicted as many wounds. Then the men of Perm, quitting arms for cunning, by their spells loosed the sky in clouds of rain, and melted the joyous visage of the air in dismal drenching showers. But the old man, on the other hand, drove back with a cloud the heavy mass of storm which had arisen, and checked the dripping rain by this barrier of mist. Thus Hadding prevailed. But the old man, when he parted from him, foretold that the death whereby he would perish would be inflicted, not by the might of an enemy, but by his own hand. Also he forbade him to prefer obscure wars to such as were glorious, and border wars to those remote.

Hadding, after leaving him, was bidden by Uffe to Upsala on pretence of a interview; but lost all his escort by treachery, and made his escape sheltered by the night. For when the Danes sought to leave the house into which they had been gathered on pretext of a banquet, they found one awaiting them, who mowed off the head of each of them with his sword as it was thrust out of the door. For this wrongful act Hadding retaliated and slew Uffe; but put away his hatred and consigned his body to a sepulchre of notable handiwork, thus avowing the greatness of his foe by his pains to beautify his tomb, and decking in death with costly distinctions the man whom he used to pursue in his life with hot enmity. Then, to win the hearts of the people he had subdued, he appointed Hunding, the brother of Uffe, over the realm, that the sovereignty might seem to be maintained in the house of Asmund, and not to have passed into the hand of a stranger.

Thus his enemy was now removed, and he passed several years without any stirring events and in utter disuse of arms; but at last he pleaded the long while he had been tilling the earth, and the immoderate time he had forborne from exploits on the seas;

and seeming to think war a merrier thing than peace, he began to upbraid himself with slothfulness in a strain like this:

"Why loiter I thus in darksome hiding, in the folds of rugged hills, nor follow seafaring as of old? The continual howling of the band of wolves, and the plaintive cry of harmful beasts that rises to heaven, and the fierce impatient lions, all rob my eyes of sleep. Dreary are the ridges and the desolation to hearts that trusted to do wilder work. The stark rocks and the rugged lie of the ground bar the way to spirits who are wont to love the sea. It were better service to sound the firths with the oars, to revel in plundered wares, to pursue the gold of others for my coffer, to gloat over sea-gotten gains, than to dwell in rough lands and winding woodlands and barren glades."

Then his wife, loving a life in the country, and weary of the marin harmony of the sea-birds, declared how great joy she found in frequenting the woodlands, in the following strain:

"The shrill bird vexes me as I tarry by the shore, and with its chattering rouses me when I cannot sleep. Wherefore the noisy sweep of its boisterous rush takes gentle rest from my sleeping eye, nor doth the loud-chattering sea-mew suffer me to rest in the night, forcing its wearisome tale into my dainty ears; nor when I would lie down doth it suffer me to be refreshed, clamouring with doleful modulation of its ill-boding voice. Safer and sweeter do I deem the enjoyment of the woods. How are the fruits of rest plucked less by day or night than by tarrying tossed on the shifting sea?"

At this time one Toste emerged, from the obscure spot of Jutland where he was born, into bloody notoriety. For by all manner of wanton attacks upon the common people he spread wide the fame of his cruelty, and gained so universal a repute for rancour, that he was branded with the name of the Wicked. Nor did he even refrain from wrongdoing to foreigners, but, after foully harrying his own land, went on to assault Saxony. The Saxon general Syfrid, when his men were hard put to it in the battle, entreated peace. Toste declared that he should have what he asked, but only if he would promise to become his ally in a war against Hadding. Syfrid demurred, dreading to fulfill the condition, but by sharp menaces Toste induced him to promise what he asked. For threats can sometimes gain a request which soft-dealing cannot compass. Hadding was conquered by this man in an affair by land; but in the midst of his flight he came on his enemy's fleet, and made it unseaworthy by boring the sides; then he got a skiff and steered it out to sea. Toste thought he was slain, but though he sought long among the indiscriminate heaps of dead, could not find him, and came back to his fleet; when he saw from afar off a light boat tossing on the ocean billows. Putting out some vessels, he resolved to give it chase, but was brought back by peril of shipwreck, and only just reached the shore. Then he quickly took some sound craft, and accomplished the journey which he had before begun. Hadding, seeing he was caught, proceeded to ask his companion whether he was a skilled and practised swimmer; and when the other said he was not, Hadding despairing of flight, deliberately turned the vessel over and held on inside to its hollow, thus making his pursuers think him dead. Then he attacked Toste, who, careless and unaware, was greedily watching over the remnants of his spoil; cut down his army, forced him to quit his plunder, and avenged his own rout by that of Toste.

But Toste lacked not heart to avenge himself. For, not having store enough in his own land to recruit his forces—so heavy was the blow he had received—he went to Britain, calling himself an ambassador. Upon his outward voyage, for sheer wantonness, he got his crew together to play dice, and when a wrangle arose from the throwing of the cubes, he taught them to wind it up with a fatal affray. And so, by means of this peaceful sport, he spread the spirit of strife through the whole ship, and the jest gave place to quarrelling, which engendered bloody combat. Also, fain to get some gain out of the misfortunes of others, he seized the moneys of the slain, and attached to him a certain rover then famous, named Koll; and a little after returned in his company to his own land, where he was challenged and slain by Hadding, who preferred to hazard his own fortune rather than that of his soldiers. For generals of antique valour were loth to accomplish by general massacre what could be decided by the lot of a few.

After these deeds the figure of Hadding's dead wife appeared before him in his sleep, and sang thus:

"A monster is born to thee that shall tame the rage of wild beasts, and crush with fierce mouth the fleet wolves."

Then she added a little: "Take thou heed; from thee hath issued a bird of harm, in choler a wild screech-owl, in tongue a tuneful swan."

On the morrow the king, when he had shaken off slumber, told the vision to a man skilled in interpretations, who explained the wolf to denote a son that would be truculent and the word swan as signifying a daughter; and foretold that the son would be deadly to enemies and the daughter treacherous to her father. The result answered to the prophecy. Hadding's daughter, Ulfhild, who was wife to a certain private person called Guthorm, was moved either by anger at her match, or with aspirations to glory, and throwing aside all heed of daughterly love, tempted her husband to slay her father; declaring that she preferred the name of queen to that of princess. I have resolved to set forth the manner of her exhortation almost in the words in which she uttered it; they were nearly these:

"Miserable am I, whose nobleness is shadowed by an unequal yoke! Hapless am I, to whose pedigree is bound the lowliness of a peasant! Luckless issue of a king, to whom a common man is equal by law of marriage! Pitiable daughter of a prince, whose comeliness her spiritless father hath made over to base and contemptible embraces! Unhappy child of thy mother, with thy happiness marred by consorting with this bed! thy purity is handled by the impurity of a peasant, thy nobility is bowed down by ignoble commonness, thy high birth is impaired by the estate of thy husband! But thou, if any pith be in thee, if valour reign in thy soul at all, if thou deem thyself fit husband for a king's daughter, wrest the sceptre from her father, retrieve thy lineage by thy valour, balance with courage thy lack of ancestry, requite by bravery thy detriment of blood. Power won by daring is more prosperous than that won by inheritance. Boldness climbs to the top better than inheritance, and worth wins power better than birth. Moreover, it is no shame to overthrow old age, which of its own weight sinks and totters to its fall. It shall be enough for my father to have borne the sceptre for so long; let the dotard's power fall to thee; if it elude thee, it will pass to another. Whatsoever rests on old age is near its fall. Think that his reign has been long enough, and be it thine, though late in the day, to be first. Further, I would rather have my husband than my father king—would rather be ranked a king's wife than daughter. It is better to embrace a monarch in one's home, than to give him homage from afar; it is nobler to be a king's bride than his courtier. Thou, too, must surely prefer thyself to thy wife's father for bearing the sceptre; for nature has made each one nearest to himself. If there be a will for the deed, a way will open; there is nothing but yields to the wit of man. The feast must be kept, the banquet decked, the preparations looked to, and my father bidden. The path to treachery shall be smoothed by a pretence of friendship, for nothing cloaks a snare better than the name of kindred. Also his soddenness shall open a short way to his slaughter; for when the king shall be intent upon the dressing of his hair, and his hand is upon his beard and his mind upon stories; when he has parted his knotted locks, either with hairpin or disentangling comb, then let him feel the touch of the steel in his flesh. Busy men commonly devise little precaution. Let thy hand draw near to punish all his sins. It is a righteous deed to put forth thy hand to avenge the wretched!"

Thus Ulfhild importuned, and her husband was overcome by her promptings, and promised his help to the treachery. But meantime Hadding was warned in a dream to beware of his son-in-law's guile. He went to the feast, which his daughter had made ready for him with a show of love, and posted an armed guard hard by to use against the treachery when need was. As he ate, the henchman who was employed to do the deed of guile silently awaited a fitting moment for his crime, his dagger hid under his robe. The king, remarking him, blew on the trumpet a signal to the soldiers who were stationed near; they straightway brought aid, and he made the guile recoil on its deviser.

Meanwhile Hunding, King of the Swedes, heard false tidings that Hadding was dead, and resolved to greet them with obsequies.

So he gathered his nobles together, and filled a jar of extraordinary size with ale, and had this set in the midst of the feasters for their delight, and, to omit no mark of solemnity, himself assumed a servant's part, not hesitating to play the cupbearer. And while he was passing through the palace in fulfilment of his office, he stumbled and fell into the jar, and, being choked by the liquor, gave up the ghost; thus atoning either to Orcus, whom he was appeasing by a baseless performance of the rites, or to Hadding, about whose death he had spoken falsely. Hadding, when he heard this, wished to pay like thanks to his worshipper, and, not enduring to survive his death, hanged himself in sight of the whole people.

## BOOK TWO

HADDING was succeeded by FRODE, his son, whose fortunes were many and changeful. When he had passed the years of a stripling, he displayed the fulness of a warrior's prowess; and being loth that this should be spoilt by slothfulness, he sequestered his mind from delights and perseveringly constrained it to arms. Warfare having drained his father's treasury, he lacked a stock of pay to maintain his troops, and cast about diligently for the supplies that he required; and while thus employed, a man of the country met him and roused his hopes by the following strain:

"Not far off is an island rising in delicate slopes, hiding treasure in its hills and ware of its rich booty. Here a noble pile is kept by the occupant of the mount, who is a snake wreathed in coils, doubled in many a fold, and with tail drawn out in winding whorls, shaking his manifold spirals and shedding venom. If thou wouldst conquer him, thou must use thy shield and stretch thereon bulls' hides, and cover thy body with the skins of kine, nor let thy limbs lie bare to the sharp poison; his slaver burns up what it bespatters. Though the three-forked tongue flicker and leap out of the gaping mouth, and with awful yawn menace ghastly wounds remember to keep the dauntless temper of thy mind; nor let the point of the jagged tooth trouble thee, nor the starkness of the beast, nor the venom spat from the swift throat. Though the force of his scales spurn thy spears, yet know there is a place under his lowest belly whither thou mayst plunge the blade; aim at this with thy sword, and thou shalt probe the snake to his centre. Thence go fearless up to the hill, drive the mattock, dig and ransack the holes; soon fill thy pouch with treasure, and bring back to the shore thy craft laden."

Frøde believed, and crossed alone to the island, loth to attack the beast with any stronger escort than that wherewith it was the custom for champions to attack. When it had drunk water and was repairing to its cave, its rough and sharp hide spurned the blow of Frøde's steel. Also the darts that he flung against it rebounded idly, foiling the effort of the thrower. But when the hard back yielded not a whit, he noted the belly heedfully, and its softness gave entrance to the steel. The beast tried to retaliate by biting, but only struck the sharp point of its mouth upon the shield. Then it shot out its flickering tongue again and again, and gasped away life and venom together.

The money which the King found made him rich; and with this supply he approached in his fleet the region of the Kurlanders, whose king Dorn, dreading a perilous war, is said to have made a speech of the following kind to his soldiers:

"Nobles! Our enemy is a foreigner, begirt with the arms and the wealth of almost all the West; let us, by endeavouring to defer the battle for our profit, make him a prey to famine, which is all inward malady; and he will find it very hard to conquer a peril among his own people. It is easy to oppose the starving. Hunger will be a better weapon against our foe than arms; famine will be the sharpest lance we shall hurl at him. For lack of food nourishes the pestilence that eats away men's strength, and lack of victual undermines store of weapons. Let this whirl the spears while we sit still; let this take up the prerogative and the duty of fighting. Unimperilled, we shall be able to imperil others; we can drain their blood and lose no drop of ours. One may defeat an enemy by inaction. Who would not rather fight safely than at a loss? Who would strive to suffer chastisement when he may contend unhurt? Our success in arms will be more prosperous if hunger joins battle first. Let hunger captain us, and so let us take the first chance of

conflict. Let it decide the day in our stead, and let our camp remain free from the stir of war; if hunger retreat beaten, we must break off idleness. He who is fresh easily overpowers him who is shaken with languor. The hand that is flaccid and withered will come fainter to the battle. He whom any hardship has first wearied, will bring slacker hands to the steel. When he that is wasted with sickness engages with the sturdy, the victory hastens. Thus, undamaged ourselves, we shall be able to deal damage to others."

Having said this, he wasted all the places which he saw would be hard to protect, distrusting his power to guard them, and he so far forestalled the ruthlessness of the foe in ravaging his own land, that he left nothing untouched which could be seized by those who came after. Then he shut up the greater part of his forces in a town of undoubted strength, and suffered the enemy to blockade him. Frøde, distrusting his power of attacking this town, commanded several trenches of unwonted depth to be made within the camp, and the earth to be secretly carried out in baskets and cast quietly into the river bordering the walls. Then he had a mass of turf put over the trenches to hide the trap: wishing to cut off the unwary enemy by tumbling them down headlong, and thinking that they would be overwhelmed unawares by the slip of the subsiding earth. Then he feigned a panic, and proceeded to forsake the camp for a short while. The townsmen fell upon it, missed their footing everywhere, rolled forward into the pits, and were massacred by him under a shower of spears.

Thence he travelled and fell in with Trannon, the monarch of the Ruthenians. Desiring to spy out the strength of his navy, he made a number of pegs out of sticks, and loaded a skiff with them; and in this he approached the enemy's fleet by night, and bored the hulls of the vessels with an auger. And to save them from a sudden influx of the waves, he plugged up the open holes with the pegs he had before provided, and by these pieces of wood he made good the damage done by the auger. But when he thought there were enough holes to drown the fleet, he took out the plugs, thus giving instant access to the waters, and then made haste to surround the enemy's fleet with his own. The Ruthenians were beset with a double peril, and wavered whether they should first withstand waves or weapons. Fighting to save their ships from the foe, they were shipwrecked. Within, the peril was more terrible than without: within, they fell back before the waves, while drawing the sword on those without. For the unhappy men were assaulted by two dangers at once; it was doubtful whether the swiftest way of safety was to swim or to battle to the end; and the fray was broken off at its hottest by a fresh cause of doom. Two forms of death advanced in a single onset; two paths of destruction offered united peril: it was hard to say whether the sword or the sea hurt them more. While one man was beating off the swords, the waters stole up silently and took him. Contrariwise, another was struggling with the waves, when the steel came up and encompassed him. The flowing waters were befouled with the gory spray. Thus the Ruthenians were conquered, and Frøde made his way back home.

Finding that some envoys, whom he had sent into Russia to levy tribute, had been horribly murdered through the treachery of the inhabitants, Frøde was stung by the double wrong and besieged closely their town Rotel. Loth that the intervening river should delay his capture of the town, he divided the entire mass of the waters by making new and different streams, thus changing what had been a channel of unknown depth into passable fords; not ceasing till the speed of the eddy, slackened by the division of its outlet, rolled its waves onward in fainter current, and winding along its slender reaches, slowly thinned and dwindled into a shallow. Thus he prevailed over the river; and the town, which lacked natural defences, he overthrew, his soldiers breaking in without resistance. This done, he took his army to the city of Paltisca. Thinking no force could overcome it, he exchanged war for guile. He went into a dark and unknown hiding-place, only a very few being in the secret, and ordered a report of his death to be spread abroad, so as to inspire the enemy with less fear; his obsequies being also held, and a barrow raised, to give the tale credit. Even the soldiers bewailed his supposed death with a mourning which was in the secret of the trick. This rumour led Vespasins, the king of the city, to show so faint and feeble a defence, as though the victory was already his, that the enemy got a chance of breaking

in, and slew him as he sported at his ease.

Frøde, when he had taken this town, aspired to the Empire of the East, and attacked the city of Handwan. This king, warned by Hadding's having once fired his town, accordingly cleared the tame birds out of all his houses, to save himself from the peril of like punishment. But Frøde was not at a loss for new trickery. He exchanged garments with a serving-maid, and feigned himself to be a maiden skilled in fighting; and having thus laid aside the garb of man and imitated that of woman, he went to the town, calling himself a deserter. Here he reconnoitred everything narrowly, and on the next day sent out an attendant with orders that the army should be up at the walls, promising that he would see to it that the gates were opened. Thus the sentries were eluded and the city despoiled while it was buried in sleep; so that it paid for its heedlessness with destruction, and was more pitiable for its own sloth than by reason of the valour of the foe. For in warfare nought is found to be more ruinous than that a man, made foolhardy by ease, should neglect and slacken his affairs and doze in arrogant self-confidence.

Handwan, seeing that the fortunes of his country were lost and overthrown, put all his royal wealth on shipboard and drowned it in the sea, so as to enrich the waves rather than his enemy. Yet it had been better to forestall the goodwill of his adversaries with gifts of money than to begrudge the profit of it to the service of mankind. After this, when Frøde sent ambassadors to ask for the hand of his daughter, he answered, that he must take heed not to be spoiled by his thriving fortunes, or to turn his triumph into haughtiness; but let him rather bethink him to spare the conquered, and in this their abject estate to respect their former bright condition; let him learn to honour their past fortune in their present pitiable lot. Therefore, said Handwan, he must mind that he did not rob of his empire the man with whom he sought alliance, nor bespatter her with the filth of ignobleness whom he desired to honour with marriage: else he would tarnish the honour of the union with covetousness. The courtliness of this saying not only won him his conqueror for son-in-law, but saved the freedom of his realm.

Meantime Thorhild, wife of Hunding, King of the Swedes, possessed with a boundless hatred for her stepsons Ragnar and Thorwald, and fain to entangle them in divers perils, at last made them the king's shepherds. But Swanhwid, daughter of Hadding, wished to arrest by woman's wit the ruin of natures so noble; and taking her sisters to serve as retinue, journeyed to Sweden. Seeing the said youths beset with sundry prodigies while busy watching at night over their flocks, she forbade her sisters, who desired to dismount, in a poem of the following strain:

"Monsters I behold taking swift leaps and flinging themselves over the night places. The demon is at war, and the unholy throng, devoted to the mischievous fray, battles in the mid-thoroughfare. Prodigies of aspect grim to behold pass by, and suffer no mortal to enter this country. The ranks galloping in headlong career through the void bid us stay our advance in this spot; they warn us to turn our rein and hold off from the accursed fields, they forbid us to approach the country beyond. A scowling horde of ghosts draws near, and scurries furiously through the wind, bellying drearily to the stars. Fauns join Satyrs, and the throng of Pans mingles with the Spectres and battles with fierce visage. The Swart ones meet the Woodland Spirits, and the pestilent phantoms strive to share the path with the Witches. Furies poise themselves on the leap, and on them huddle the Phantoms, whom Foreboder (Fantua) joined to the Flatnoses (Satyrs), jostles. The path that the footfarer must tread brims with horror. It were safer to burden the back of the tall horse."

Theoreon Ragnar declared that he was a slave of the king, and gave as reason of his departure so far from home that, when he had been banished to the country on his shepherd's business, he had lost the flock of which he had charge, and despairing to recover it, had chosen rather to forbear from returning than to incur punishment. Also, loth to say nothing about the estate of his brother, he further spoke the following poem:

"Think us men, not monsters; we are slaves who drove our lingering flocks for pasture through the country. But while we took our pastime in gentle sports, our flock chanced to stray and went

into far-off fields. And when our hope of finding them, our long quest failed, trouble came upon the mind of the wretched culprits. And when sure tracks of our kine were nowhere to be seen, dismal panic filled our guilty hearts. That is why, dreading the penal stripe of the rod, we thought it doleful to return to our own roof. We supposed it safer to hold aloof from the familiar hearth than to bear the hand of punishment. Thus we are fain to put off the punishment; we loathe going back and our wish is to lie hid here and escape our master's eye. This will aid us to elude the avenger of his neglected flock; and this is the one way of escape that remains safe for us."

Then Swanhwid gazed intently, and surveying his features, which were very comely, admired them ardently, and said:

"The radiant flashing of thine eyes is eloquent that thou art of kingly and not of servile stock. Beauty announces blood, and loveliness of soul glitters in the flash of the eyes. A keen glance betokens lordly birth, and it is plain that he whom fairness, that sure sign of nobleness, commends, is of no mean station. The outward alertness of thine eyes signifies a spirit of radiance within. Face vouches for race; and the lustre of forefathers is beheld in the brightness of the countenance. For an aspect so benign and noble could never have issued from base parentage. The grace of thy blood makes thy brow mantle with a kindred grace, and the estate of thy birth is reflected in the mirror of thy countenance. It is no obscure craftsman, therefore, that has finished the portrait of so choice a chasing. Now therefore turn aside with all speed, seek constantly to depart out of the road, shun encounters with monsters, lest ye yield your most gracious bodies to be the prey and pasture of the vilest hordes."

But Ragnar was seized with great shame for his unsightly attire, which he thought was the only possible device to disguise his birth. So he rejoined, "That slaves were not always found to lack manhood; that a strong hand was often hidden under squalid raiment, and sometimes a stout arm was muffled trader a dusky cloak; thus the fault of nature was retrieved by valour, and deficiency in race requited by nobleness of spirit. He therefore feared the might of no supernatural prowess, save of the god Thor only, to the greatness of whose force nothing human or divine could fitly be compared. The hearts of men ought not to be terrified at phantoms, which were only awful from their ghastly foulness, and whose semblances, marked by counterfeit ghostliness, were wont for a moment to borrow materiality from the fluent air. Swanhwid therefore erred in trying, womanlike, to sap the firm strength of men, and to melt in unmanly panic that might which knew not defeat."

Swanhwid marvelled at the young man's steadfastness, and cast off the cloud of mist which overshadowed her, dispelling the darkness which shrouded her face, till it was clear and cloudless. Then, promising that she would give him a sword fitted for diver's kinds of battle, she revealed the marvellous maiden beauty of her lustrous limbs. Thus was the youth kindled, and she plighted her troth with him, and proffering the sword, she thus began:

"King, in this sword, which shall expose the monsters to thy blows, take the first gift of thy betrothed. Show thyself duly deserving hereof; let hand rival sword, and aspire to add lustre to its weapon. Let the might of steel strengthen the defenceless point of thy wit, and let spirit know how to work with hand. Let the bearer match the burden: and that thy deed may sort with thy blade, let equal weight in each be thine. What avails the javelin when the breast is weak and faint, and the quivering hands have dropped the lance? Let steel join soul, and be both the body's armour! Let the right hand be linked with its hilt in alliance. These fight famous battles, because they always keep more force when together; but less when parted. Therefore if it be joy to thee to win fame by the palm of war, pursue with daring whatsoever is hard pressed by thy hand."

After thus discoursing long in harmoniously-adjusted strains, she sent away her retinue, and passed all the night in combat against the foulest throngs of monsters; and at return of daybreak she perceived fallen all over the fields diverse shapes of phantoms, and figures extraordinary to look on; and among them was seen the semblance of Thorhild herself covered with wounds. All these she piled in a heap and burnt, kindling a huge pyre, lest the foul

stench of the filthy carcasses might spread in pestilent vapour and hurt those who came nigh with its taint of corruption. This done, she won the throne of Sweden for Ragnar, and Ragnar for her husband. And though he deemed it uncomely to inaugurate his first campaign with a wedding, yet, moved by gratitude for the preservation of his safety, he kept his promise.

Meantime one Ubbe, who had long since wedded Ulfhild the sister of Frode, trusting in the high birth of his wife, seized the kingdom of Denmark, which he was managing carelessly as deputy. Frode was thus forced to quit the wars of the East and fought a great battle in Sweden with his sister Swanhwid, in which he was beaten. So he got on board a skiff, and sailed stealthily in a circuit, seeking some way of boring through the enemy's fleet. When surprised by his sister and asked why he was rowing silently and following divers meandering courses, he cut short her inquiry by a similar question; for Swanhwid had also, at the same time of the night, taken to sailing about alone, and was stealthily searching out all the ways of approach and retreat through devious and dangerous windings. So she reminded her brother of the freedom he had given her long since, and went on to ask him that he should allow her full enjoyment of the husband she had taken; since, before he started on the Russian war, he had given her the boon of marrying as she would; and that he should hold valid after the event what he had himself allowed to happen. These reasonable entreaties touched Frode, and he made a peace with Ragnar, and forgave, at his sister's request, the wrongdoing which Ragnar, seemed to have begun because of her wantonness. They presented him with a force equal to that which they had caused him to lose: a handsome gift in which he rejoiced as compensation for so ugly a reverse.

Ragnar, entering Denmark, captured Ubbe, had him brought before him, and pardoned him, preferring to visit his ill deserts with grace rather than chastisement; because the man seemed to have aimed at the crown rather at his wife's instance than of his own ambition, and to have been the imitator and not the cause of the wrong. But he took Ulfhild away from him and forced her to wed his friend Scot, the same man that founded the Scottish name; esteeming change of wedlock a punishment for her. As she went away he even escorted her in the royal chariot, requiting evil with good; for he regarded the kinship of his sister rather than her disposition, and took more thought for his own good name than of her iniquity. But the fair deeds of her brother did not make her obstinate and wonted hatred slacken a whit; she wore the spirit of her new husband with her design of slaying Frode and mastering the sovereignty of the Danes. For whatsoever design the mind has resolutely conceived, it is slow to quit; nor is a sin that is long schemed swept away by the stream of years. For the temper of later life follows the mind of childhood; nor do the traces easily fade of vices which have been stamped upon the character in the impressible age. Finding the ears of her husband deaf, she diverted her treachery from her brother against her lord, hiring bravoos to cut his throat while he slept. Scot was told about this by a waiting-woman, and retired to bed in his cuirass on the night on which he had heard the deed of murder was to be wrought upon him. Ulfhild asked him why he had exchanged his wonted ways to wear the garb of steel; he rejoined that such was just then his fancy. The agents of the treachery, when they imagined him in a deep sleep, burst in; but he slipped from his bed and cut them down. The result was, that he prevented Ulfhild from weaving plots against her brother, and also left a warning to others to beware of treachery from their wives.

Meantime the design occurred to Frode of a campaign against Friesland; he was desirous to dazzle the eyes of the West with the glory he had won in conquering the East. He put out to ocean, and his first contest was with Witthe, a rover of the Frisians; and in this battle he bade his crews patiently bear the first brunt of the enemy's charge by merely opposing their shields, ordering that they should not use their missiles before they perceived that the shower of the enemy's spears was utterly silent. This the Frisians hurled as vehemently as the Danes received it impassively; for Witthe supposed that the long-suffering of Frode was due to a wish for peace. High rose the blast of the trumpet, and loud whizzed the javelins everywhere, till at last the heedless Frisians had not a sin-

gle lance remaining, and they were conquered, overwhelmed by the missiles of the Danes. They fled hugging the shore, and were cut to pieces amid the circuitous windings of the canals. Then Frode explored the Rhine in his fleet, and laid hands on the farthest parts of Germany. Then he went back to the ocean, and attacked the Frisian fleet, which had struck on shoals; and thus he crowned shipwreck with slaughter. Nor was he content with the destruction of so great an army of his foes, but assailed Britain, defeated its king, and attacked Melbrik, the Governor of the Scottish district. Just as he was preparing to fight him, he heard from a scout that the King of the Britons was at hand, and could not look to his front and his rear both at once. So he assembled the soldiers, and ordered that they should abandon their chariots, fling away all their goods, and scatter everywhere over the fields the gold which they had about them; for he declared that their one chance was to squander their treasure; and that, now they were hemmed in, their only remaining help was to tempt the enemy from combat to covetousness. They ought cheerfully to spend on so extreme a need the spoil they had gotten among foreigners; for the enemy would drop it as eagerly, when it was once gathered, as they would snatch it when they first found it; for it would be to them more burden than profit.

Then Thorkill, who was a more notable miser and a better orator than them all, dishelming and leaning on his shield, said:

"O King! Most of us who rate high what we have bought with our life-blood find thy bidding hard. We take it ill that we should fling away what we have won with utmost hazard; and men are loth to forsake what they have purchased at peril of their lives. For it is utter madness to spurn away like women what our manly hearts and hands have earned, and enrich the enemy beyond their hopes. What is more odious than to anticipate the fortune of war by despising the booty which is ours, and, in terror of an evil that may never come, to quit a good which is present and assured? Shall we scatter our gold upon the earth, ere we have set eyes upon the Scots? Those who faint at the thought of warring when they are out for war, what manner of men are they to be thought in the battle? Shall we be a derision to our foes, we who were their terror? Shall we take scorn instead of glory? The Briton will marvel that he was conquered by men whom he sees fear is enough to conquer. We struck them before with panic; shall we be panic-stricken by them? We scorned them when before us; shall we dread them when they are not here? When will our bravery win the treasure which our cowardice rejects? Shall we shirk the fight, in scorn of the money which we fought to win, and enrich those whom we should rightly have impoverished? What deed more despicable can we do than to squander gold on those whom we should smite with steel? Panic must never rob us of the spoils of valour; and only war must make us quit what in warfare we have won. Let us sell our plunder at the price at which we bought it; let the purchase-money be weighed out in steel. It is better to die a noble death, than to molder away too much in love with the light life. In a fleeting instant of time life forsakes us, but shame pursues us past the grave. Further, if we cast away this gold, the greater the enemy thinks our fear, the hotter will be his chase. Besides, whichever the issue of the day, the gold is not hateful to us. Conquerors, we shall triumph in the treasure which now we bear; conquered, we shall leave it to pay our burying."

So spoke the old man; but the soldiers regarded the advice of their king rather than of their comrade, and thought more of the former than of the latter counsel. So each of them eagerly drew his wealth, whatever he had, from his pouch; they unloaded their ponies of the various goods they were carrying; and having thus cleared their money-bags, girded on their arms more deftly. They went on, and the Britons came up, but broke away after the plunder which lay spread out before them. Their king, when he beheld them too greedily busied with scrambling for the treasure, bade them "take heed not to weary with a load of riches those hands which were meant for battle, since they ought to know that a victory must be culled ere it is counted. Therefore let them scorn the gold and give chase to the possessors of the gold; let them admire the lustre, not of lucre, but of conquest; remembering, that a trophy gave more reward than gain. Courage was worth more than dross, if they measured aright the quality of both; for the one fur-



nished outward adorning, but the other enhanced both outward and inward grace. Therefore they must keep their eyes far from the sight of money, and their soul from covetousness, and devote it to the pursuits of war. Further, they should know that the plunder had been abandoned by the enemy of set purpose, and that the gold had been scattered rather to betray them than to profit them. Moreover, the honest lustre of the silver was only a bait on the barb of secret guile. It was not thought to be that they, who had first forced the Britons to fly, would lightly fly themselves. Besides, nothing was more shameful than riches which betrayed into captivity the plunderer whom they were supposed to enrich. For the Danes thought that the men to whom they pretended to have offered riches ought to be punished with sword and slaughter. Let them therefore feel that they were only giving the enemy a weapon if they seized what he had scattered. For if they were caught by the look of the treasure that had been exposed, they must lose, not only that, but any of their own money that might remain. What could it profit them to gather what they must straightway disgorge? But if they refuse to abase themselves before money, they would doubtless abase the foe. Thus it was better for them to stand erect in valour than be grovelling in greed; with their souls not sinking into covetousness, but up and doing for renown. In the battle they would have to use not gold but swords."

As the king ended, a British knight, shewing them all his lapful of gold, said:

"O King! From thy speech can be gathered two feelings; and one of them witnesses to thy cowardice and the other to thy ill will: inasmuch as thou forbiddest us the use of the wealth because of the enemy, and also thinkest it better that we should serve thee needy than rich. What is more odious than such a wish? What more senseless than such a counsel? We recognise these as the treasures of our own homes, and having done so, shall we falter to pick them up? We were on our way to regain them by fighting, we were zealous to win them back by our blood: shall we shun them when they are restored unasked? Shall we hesitate to claim our own? Which is the greater coward, he who squanders his winnings, or he who is fearful to pick up what is squandered? Look how chance has restored what compulsion took! These are, not spoils from the enemy, but from ourselves; the Dane took gold from Britain, he brought none. Beaten and loth we lost it; it comes back for nothing, and shall we run away from it? Such a gift of fortune it were a shame to take in an unworthy spirit. For what were madder than to spurn wealth that is set openly before us, and to desire it when it is shut up and kept from us? Shall we squeamishly yield what is set under our eyes, and clutch at it when it vanishes? Shall we seek distant and foreign treasure, refraining from what is made public property? If we disown what is ours, when shall we despoil the goods of others? No anger of heaven can I experience which can force me to unload of its lawful burden the lap which is filled with my father's and my grandsire's gold. I know the wantonness of the Danes: never would they have left jars full of wine had not fear forced them to flee. They would rather have sacrificed their life than their liquor. This passion we share with them, and herein we are like them. Grant that their flight is feigned; yet they will light upon the Scots ere they can come back. This gold shall never rust in the country, to be trodden underfoot of swine or brutes: it will better serve the use of men. Besides, if we plunder the spoil of the army that prevailed over us, we transfer the luck of the conqueror to ourselves. For what surer omen of triumph could be got, than to bear off the booty before the battle, and to capture ere the fray the camp which the enemy have forsaken? Better conquer by fear than by steel."

The knight had scarce ended, when behold; the hands of all were loosed upon the booty and everywhere plucked up the shining treasure. There you might have marvelled at their disposition of filthy greed, and watched a portentous spectacle of avarice. You could have seen gold and grass clutched up together; the birth of domestic discord; fellow-countrymen in deadly combat, heedless of the foe; neglect of the bonds of comradeship and of reverence for ties; greed the object of all minds, and friendship of none.

Meantime Frode traversed in a great march the forest which separates Scotland and Britain, and bade his soldiers arm. When

the Scots beheld his line, and saw that they had only a supply of light javelins, while the Danes were furnished with a more excellent style of armour, they forestalled the battle by flight. Frode pursued them but a little way, fearing a sally of the British, and on returning met Scot, the husband of Ulfhild, with a great army; he had been brought from the utmost ends of Scotland by the desire of aiding the Danes. Scot entreated him to abandon the pursuit of the Scottish and turn back into Britain. So he eagerly regained the plunder which he had cunningly sacrificed; and got back his wealth with the greater ease, that he had so tranquilly let it go. Then did the British repent of their burden and pay for their covetousness with their blood. They were sorry to have clutched at greed with insatiate arms, and ashamed to have hearkened to their own avarice rather than to the counsel of their king.

Then Frode attacked London, the most populous city of Britain; but the strength of its walls gave him no chance of capturing it. Therefore he reigned to be dead, and his guile strengthened him. For Dalemán, the governor of London, on hearing the false news of his death, accepted the surrender of the Danes, offered them a native general, and suffered them to enter the town, that they might choose him out of a great throng. They feigned to be making a careful choice, but beset Dalemán in a night surprise and slew him.

When he had done these things, and gone back to his own land, one Skat entertained him at a banquet, desirous to mingle his toil-some warfare with joyous licence. Frode was lying in his house, in royal fashion, upon cushions of cloth of gold, and a certain Hundling challenged him to fight. Then, though he had bent his mind to the joys of wassail, he had more delight in the prospect of a fray than in the presence of a feast, and wound up the supper with a duel and the duel with a triumph. In the combat he received a dangerous wound; but a taunt of Hakon the champion again roused him, and, slaying his challenger, he took vengeance for the disturbance of his rest. Two of his chamber-servants were openly convicted of treachery, and he had them tied to vast stones and drowned in the sea; thus chastising the weighty guilt of their souls by fastening boulders to their bodies. Some relate that Ulfhild gave him a coat which no steel could pierce, so that when he wore it no missile's point could hurt him. Nor must I omit how Frode was wont to sprinkle his food with brayed and pounded atoms of gold, as a resource against the usual snares of poisoners. While he was attacking Ragnar, the King of Sweden, who had been falsely accused of treachery, he perished, not by the spears, but stifled in the weight of his arms and by the heat of his own body.

Frode left three sons, Halfdan, Ro, and Skat, who were equal in valour, and were seized with an equal desire for the throne. All thought of sway, none was constrained by brotherly regard: for love of others forsaketh him who is eaten up with love of self, nor can any man take thought at once for his own advancement and for his friendship with others. Halfdan, the eldest son, disgraced his birth with the sin of slaying his brethren, winning his kingdom by the murder of his kin; and, to complete his display of cruelty, arrested their adherents, first confining them in bonds, and presently hanging them. The most notable thing in the fortunes of Halfdan was this, that though he devoted every instant of his life to the practice of cruel deeds, yet he died of old age, and not by the steel.

Halfdan's sons were Ro and Helge. Ro is said to have been the founder of Roskild, which was later increased in population and enhanced in power by Sweyn, who was famous for the surname Forkbeard. Ro was short and spare, while Helge was rather tall of stature. Dividing the realm with his brother, Helge was allotted the domain of the sea; and attacking Skalk, the King of Sklavia, with his naval force, he slew him. Having reduced Sklavia into a province, he scoured the various arms of the sea in a wandering voyage. Savage of temper as Helge was, his cruelty was not greater than his lust. For he was so immoderately prone to love, that it was doubtful whether the heat of his tyranny or of his concupiscence was the greater. In Thorey he ravished the maiden Thora, who bore a daughter, to whom she afterwards gave the name of Urse. Then he conquered in battle, before the town of Stad, the son of Syrik, King of Saxony, Hunding, whom he challenged, attacked, and slew in duel. For this he was called

Hunding's-Bane, and by that name gained glory of his victory. He took Jutland out of the power of the Saxons, and entrusted its management to his generals, Heske, Eyr, and Ler. In Saxony he enacted that the slaughter of a freedman and of a noble should be visited with the same punishment; as though he wished it to be clearly known that all the households of the Teutons were held in equal slavery, and that the freedom of all was tainted and savoured equally of dishonour.

Then Helge went freebooting to Thorey. But Thora had not ceased to bewail her lost virginity, and planned a shameful device in abominable vengeance for her rape. For she deliberately sent down to the beach her daughter, who was of marriageable age, and prompted her father to deflower her. And though she yielded her body to the treacherous lures of delight, yet she must not be thought to have abjured her integrity of soul, inasmuch as her fault had a ready excuse by virtue of her ignorance. Insensate mother, who allowed the forfeiture of her child's chastity in order to avenge her own; caring nought for the purity of her own blood, so she might stain with incest the man who had cost her her own maidenhood at first! Infamous-hearted woman, who, to punish her defiler, measured out as it were a second defilement to herself, whereas she clearly by the selfsame act rather swelled than lessened the transgression! Surely, by the very act wherewith she thought to reach her revenge, she accumulated guilt; she added a sin in trying to remove a crime: she played the stepdame to her own offspring, not sparing her daughter abomination in order to atone for her own disgrace. Doubtless her soul was brimming over with shamelessness, since she swerved so far from shamefastness, as without a blush to seek solace for her wrong in her daughter's infamy. A great crime, with but one atonement; namely, that the guilt of this intercourse was wiped away by a fortunate progeny, its fruits being as delightful as its repute was evil.

ROLF, the son of Urse, retrieved the shame of his birth by signal deeds of valour; and their exceeding lustre is honoured with bright laudation by the memory of all succeeding time. For lamentation sometimes ends in laughter, and foul beginnings pass to fair issues. So that the father's fault, though criminal, was fortunate, being afterwards atoned for by a son of such marvellous splendour.

Meantime Ragnar died in Sweden; and Swanhwid his wife passed away soon after of a malady which she had taken from her sorrow, following in death the husband from whom she had not endured severance in life. For it often happens that some people desire to follow out of life those whom they loved exceedingly when alive. Their son Hothbrodd succeeded them. Fain to extend his empire, he warred upon the East, and after a huge massacre of many peoples begat two sons, Athisl and Hother, and appointed as their tutor a certain Gewar, who was bound to him by great services. Not content with conquering the East, he assailed Denmark, challenged its king, Ro, in three battles, and slew him. Helge, when he heard this, shut up his son Rolf in Leire, wishing, however he might have managed his own fortunes, to see to the safety of his heir. When Hothbrodd sent in governors, wanting to free his country from alien rule, he posted his people about the city and prevailed and slew them. Also he annihilated Hothbrodd himself and all his forces in a naval battle; so avenging fully the wrongs of his country as well as of his brother. Hence he who had before won a nickname for slaying Hunding, now bore a surname for the slaughter of Hothbrodd. Besides, as if the Swedes had not been enough stricken in the battles, he punished them by stipulating for most humiliating terms; providing by law that no wrong done to any of them should receive amends according to the form of legal covenants. After these deeds, ashamed of his former infamy, he hated his country and his home, went back to the East, and there died. Some think that he was affected by the disgrace which was cast in his teeth, and did himself to death by falling upon his drawn sword.

He was succeeded by his son Rolf, who was comely with every gift of mind and body, and graced his mighty stature with as high a courage. In his time Sweden was subject to the sway of the Danes; wherefore Athisl, the son of Hothbrodd, in pursuit of a crafty design to set his country free, contrived to marry Rolf's mother, Urse, thinking that his kinship by marriage would plead

for him, and enable him to prompt his stepson more effectually to relax the tribute; and fortune prospered his wishes. But Athisl had from his boyhood been imbued with a hatred of liberality, and was so grasping of money, that he accounted it a disgrace to be called openhanded. Urse, seeing him so steeped in filthy covetousness, desired to be rid of him; but, thinking that she must act by cunning, veiled the shape of her guile with a marvellous skill. Feigning to be unmotherly, she spurred on her husband to grasp his freedom, and urged and tempted him to insurrection; causing her son to be summoned to Sweden with a promise of vast gifts. For she thought that she would best gain her desire if, as soon as her son had got his stepfather's gold, she could snatch up the royal treasures and flee, robbing her husband of bed and money to hoot. For she fancied that the best way to chastise his covetousness would be to steal away his wealth. This deep guilefulness was hard to detect, from such recesses of cunning did it spring; because she dissembled her longing for a change of wedlock under a show of aspiration for freedom. Blind-witted husband, fancying the mother kindled against the life of the son, never seeing that it was rather his own ruin being compassed! Doltish lord, blind to the obstinate scheming of his wife, who, out of pretended hatred of her son, devised opportunity for change of wedlock! Though the heart of woman should never be trusted, he believed in a woman all the more insensately, because he supposed her faithful to himself and treacherous to her son.

Accordingly, Rolf, tempted by the greatness of the gifts, chanced to enter the house of Athisl. He was not recognised by his mother owing to his long absence and the cessation of their common life; so in jest he first asked for some victual to appease his hunger. She advised him to ask the king for a luncheon. Then he thrust out a torn piece of his coat, and begged of her the service of sewing it up. Finding his mother's ears shut to him, he observed, "That it was hard to discover a friendship that was firm and true, when a mother refused her son a meal, and a sister refused a brother the help of her needle." Thus he punished his mother's error, and made her blush deep for her refusal of kindness. Athisl, when he saw him reclining close to his mother at the banquet, taunted them both with wantonness, declaring that it was an impure intercourse of brother and sister. Rolf repelled the charge against his honour by an appeal to the closest of natural bonds, and answered, that it was honourable for a son to embrace a beloved mother. Also, when the feasters asked him what kind of courage he set above all others, he named Endurance. When they also asked Athisl, what was the virtue which above all he desired most devotedly, he declared, Generosity. Proofs were therefore demanded of bravery on the one hand and munificence on the other, and Rolf was asked to give an evidence of courage first. He was placed to the fire, and defending with his target the side that was most hotly assailed, had only the firmness of his endurance to fortify the other, which had no defence. How dexterous, to borrow from his shield protection to assuage the heat, and to guard his body, which was exposed to the flames, with that which sometime sheltered it amid the hurtling spears! But the glow was hotter than the fire of spears; as though it could not storm the side that was entrenched by the shield, yet it assaulted the flank that lacked its protection. But a waiting-maid who happened to be standing near the hearth, saw that he was being roasted by the unbearable heat upon his ribs; so taking the stopper out of a cask, she spilt the liquid and quenched the flame, and by the timely kindness of the shower checked in its career the torturing blaze. Rolf was lauded for supreme endurance, and then came the request for Athisl's gifts. And they say that he showered treasures on his stepson, and at last, in order to crown the gift, bestowed on him an enormously heavy necklace.

Now Urse, who had watched her chance for the deed of guile, on the third day of the banquet, without her husband ever dreaming of such a thing, put all the king's wealth into carriages, and going out stealthily, stole away from her own dwelling and fled in the glimmering twilight, departing with her son. Thrilled with fear of her husband's pursuit, and utterly despairing of escape beyond, she begged and bade her companions to cast away the money, declaring that they must lose either life or riches; the short and only path to safety lay in flinging away the treasure, nor could

any aid to escape be found save in the loss of their possessions. Therefore, said she, they must follow the example of the manner in which Frode was said to have saved himself among the Britons. She added, that it was not paying a great price to lay down the Swedes' own goods for them to regain; if only they could themselves gain a start in flight, by the very device which would check the others in their pursuit, and if they seemed not so much to abandon their own possessions as to restore those of other men. Not a moment was lost; in order to make the flight swifter, they did the bidding of the queen. The gold is cleared from their purses; the riches are left for the enemy to seize. Some declare that Urse kept back the money, and strewed the tracks of her flight with copper that was gilt over. For it was thought credible that a woman who could scheme such great deeds could also have painted with lying lustre the metal that was meant to be lost, mimicking riches of true worth with the sheen of spurious gold. So Athisl, when he saw the necklace that he had given to Rolf left among the other golden ornaments, gazed fixedly upon the dearest treasure of his avarice, and, in order to pick up the plunder, glued his knees to the earth and deigned to stoop his royalty unto greed. Rolf, seeing him lie abjectly on his face in order to gather up the money, smiled at the sight of a man prostrated by his own gifts, just as if he were seeking covetously to regain what he had craftily yielded up. The Swedes were content with their booty, and Rolf quickly retired to his ships, and managed to escape by rowing violently.

Now they relate that Rolf used with ready generosity to grant at the first entreaty whatsoever he was begged to bestow, and never put off the request till the second time of asking. For he preferred to forestall repeated supplication by speedy liberality, rather than mar his kindness by delay. This habit brought him a great concourse of champions; valour having commonly either rewards for its food or glory for its spur.

At this time, a certain Agnar, son of Ingild, being about to wed Rute, the sister of Rolf, celebrated his bridal with a great banquet. The champions were rioting at this banquet with every sort of wantonness, and flinging from all over the room knobbed bones at a certain Hjalte; but it chanced that his messmate, named Bjarke, received a violent blow on the head through the ill aim of the thrower; at whom, stung both by the pain and the jeering, he sent the bone back, so that he twisted the front of his head to the back, and wrung the back of it to where the front had been; punishing the wryness of the man's temper by turning his face sidelong. This deed moderated their wanton and injurious jests, and drove the champions to quit the place. The bridegroom, nettled at this affront to the banquet, resolved to fight Bjarke, in order to seek vengeance by means of a duel for the interruption of their mirth. At the outset of the duel there was a long dispute, which of them ought to have the chance of striking first. For of old, in the ordering of combats, men did not try to exchange their blows thick and fast; but there was a pause, and at the same time a definite succession in striking: the contest being carried on with few strokes, but those terrible, so that honour was paid more to the mightiness than to the number of the blows. Agnar, being of higher rank, was put first; and the blow which he dealt is said to have been so furious, that he cut through the front of the helmet, wounded the skin on the scalp, and had to let go his sword, which became locked in the vizor-holes. Then Bjarke, who was to deal the return-stroke, leaned his foot against a stock, in order to give the freer poise to his steel, and passed his fine-edged blade through the midst of Agnar's body. Some declare that Agnar, in supreme suppression of his pain, gave up the ghost with his lips relaxed into a smile. The champions passionately sought to avenge him, but were visited by Bjarke with like destruction; for he used a sword of wonderful sharpness and unusual length which he called Lovi. While he was triumphing in these deeds of prowess, a beast of the forest furnished him fresh laurels. For he met a huge bear in a thicket, and slew it with a javelin; and then bade his companion Hjalte put his lips to the beast and drink the blood that came out, that he might be the stronger afterwards. For it was believed that a draught of this sort caused an increase of bodily strength. By these valourous achievements he became intimate with the most illustrious nobles, and even, became a favourite of the king; took to wife his sister Rute, and had the bride of the conquered as the prize of the

conquest. When Rolf was harried by Athisl he avenged himself on him in battle and overthrew Athisl in war. Then Rolf gave his sister Skulde in marriage to a youth of keen wit, called Hiartuar, and made him governor of Sweden, ordaining a yearly tax; wishing to soften the loss of freedom to him by the favour of an alliance with himself.

Here let me put into my work a thing that it is mirthful to record. A youth named Wigg, scanning with attentive eye the bodily size of Rolf, and smitten with great wonder thereat, proceeded to inquire in jest who was that "Krage" whom Nature in her beauty had endowed with such towering stature? Meaning humorously to banter his uncommon tallness. For "Krage" in the Danish tongue means a tree-trunk, whose branches are pollarded, and whose summit is climbed in such wise that the foot uses the lopped timbers as supports, as if leaning on a ladder, and, gradually advancing to the higher parts, finds the shortest way to the top. Rolf accepted this random word as though it were a name of honour for him, and rewarded the wit of the saying with a heavy bracelet. Then Wigg, thrusting out his right arm decked with the bracelet, put his left behind his back in affected shame, and walked with a ludicrous gait, declaring that he, whose lot had so long been poverty-stricken, was glad of a scanty gift. When he was asked why he was behaving so, he said that the arm which lacked ornament and had no splendour to boast of was mantling with the modest blush of poverty to behold the other. The ingenuity of this saying won him a present to match the first. For Rolf made him bring out to view, like the other, the hand which he was hiding. Nor was Wigg heedless to repay the kindness; for he promised, uttering a strict vow, that, if it befell Rolf to perish by the sword, he would himself take vengeance on his slayers. Nor should it be omitted that in old time nobles who were entering. The court used to devote to their rulers the first-fruits of their service by vowing some mighty exploit; thus bravely inaugurating their first campaign.

Meantime, Skulde was stung with humiliation at the payment of the tribute, and bent her mind to devise deeds of horror. Taunting her husband with his ignominious estate, she urged and egged him to break off his servitude, induced him to weave plots against Rolf, and filled his mind with the most abominable plans of disloyalty, declaring that everyone owed more to their freedom than to kinship. Accordingly, she ordered huge piles of arms to be muffled up under divers coverings, to be carried by Hiartuar into Denmark, as if they were tribute: these would furnish a store wherewith to slay the king by night. So the vessels were loaded with the mass of pretended tribute, and they proceeded to Leire, a town which Rolf had built and adorned with the richest treasure of his realm, and which, being a royal foundation and a royal seat, surpassed in importance all the cities of the neighbouring districts. The king welcomed the coming of Hiartuar with a splendid banquet, and drank very deep, while his guests, contrary to their custom, shunned immoderate tipping. So, while all the others were sleeping soundly, the Swedes, who had been kept from their ordinary rest by their eagerness on their guilty purpose, began furtively to slip down from their sleeping-rooms. Straightway uncovering the hidden heap of weapons, each girded on his arms silently and then went to the palace. Bursting into its recesses, they drew their swords upon the sleeping figures. Many awoke; but, invaded as much by the sudden and dreadful carnage as by the drowsiness of sleep, they faltered in their resistance; for the night misled them and made it doubtful whether those they met were friends or foes. Hjalte, who was foremost in tried bravery among the nobles of the king, chanced to have gone out in the dead of that same night into the country and given himself to the embraces of a harlot. But when his torpid hearing caught from afar the rising din of battle, preferring valour to wantonness, he chose rather to seek the deadly perils of the War-god than to yield to the soft allurements of Love. What a love for his king, must we suppose, burned in this warrior! For he might have excused his absence by feigning not to have known; but he thought it better to expose his life to manifest danger than save it for pleasure. As he went away, his mistress asked him how aged a man she ought to marry if she were to lose him? Then Hjalte bade her come closer, as though he would speak to her more privately; and, resenting that she needed

a successor to his love, he cut off her nose and made her unsightly, punishing the utterance of that wanton question with a shameful wound, and thinking that the lecherousness of her soul ought to be cooled by outrage to her face. When he had done this, he said he left her choice free in the matter she had asked about. Then he went quickly back to the town and plunged into the densest of the fray, mowing down the opposing ranks as he gave blow for blow. Passing the sleeping-room of Bjarke, who was still slumbering, he bade him wake up, addressing him as follows:

"Let him awake speedily, whoso showeth himself by service or avoweth himself in mere loyalty, a friend of the king! Let the princes shake off slumber, let shameless lethargy begone; let their spirits awake and warm to the work; each man's own right hand shall either give him to glory, or steep him in sluggard shame; and this night shall be either end or vengeance of our woes.

"I do not now bid ye learn the sports of maidens, nor stroke soft cheeks, nor give sweet kisses to the bride and press the slender breasts, nor desire the flowing wine and chafe the soft thigh and cast eyes upon snowy arms. I call you out to the sterner fray of War. We need the battle, and not light love; nerveless languor has no business here: our need calls for battles. Whoso cherishes friendship for the king, let him take up arms. Prowess in war is the readiest appraiser of men's spirits. Therefore let warriors have no fearfulness and the brave no fickleness: let pleasure quit their soul and yield place to arms. Glory is now appointed for wages; each can be the arbiter of his own renown, and shine by his own right hand. Let nought here be tricked out with wantonness: let all be full of sternness, and learn how to rid them of this calamity. He who covets the honours or prizes of glory must not be faint with craven fear, but go forth to meet the brave, nor whiten at the cold steel."

At this utterance, Bjarke, awakened, roused up his chamber-page Skalk speedily, and addressed him as follows:

"Up, lad, and fan the fire with constant blowing; sweep the hearth clear of wood, and scatter the fine ashes. Strike out sparks from the fire, rouse the fallen embers, draw out the smothered blaze. Force the slackening hearth to yield light by kindling the coals to a red glow with a burning log. It will do me good to stretch out my fingers when the fire is brought nigh. Surely he that takes heed for his friend should have warm hands, and utterly drive away the blue and hurtful chill."

Hjalte said again: "Sweet is it to repay the gifts received from our lord, to grip the swords, and devote the steel to glory. Behold, each man's courage tells him loyally to follow a king of such deserts, and to guard our captain with fitting earnestness. Let the Teuton swords, the helmets, the shining armlets, the mail-coats that reach the heel, which Rolf of old bestowed upon his men, let these sharpen our mindful hearts to the fray. The time requires, and it is just, that in time of war we should earn whatsoever we have gotten in the deep idleness of peace, that we should not think more of joyous courses than of sorrowful fortunes, or always prefer prosperity to hardship. Being noble, let us with even soul accept either lot, nor let fortune sway our behaviour, for it besseems us to receive equally difficult and delightful days; let us pass the years of sorrow with the same countenance wherewith we took the years of joy. Let us do with brave hearts all the things that in our cups we boasted with sodden lips; let us keep the vows which we swore by highest Jove and the mighty gods. My master is the greatest of the Danes: let each man, as he is valorous, stand by him; far, far hence be all cowards! We need a brave and steadfast man, not one that turns his back on a dangerous pass, or dreads the grim preparations for battle. Often a general's greatest valour depends on his soldiery, for the chief enters the fray all the more at ease that a better array of nobles throngs him round. Let thethane catch up his arms with fighting fingers, setting his right hand on the hilt and holding fast the shield: let him charge upon the foes, nor pale at any strokes. Let none offer himself to be smitten by the enemy behind, let none receive the swords in his back: let the battling breast ever front the blow. 'Eagles fight brow foremost', and with swift gaping beaks speed onward in the front: be ye like that bird in mien, shrinking from no stroke, but with body facing the foe.

"See how the enemy, furious and confident overduely, his limbs defended by the steel, and his face with a gilded helmet, charges the thick of the battle-wedges, as though sure of victory, fearless of rout and invincible by any endeavour. Ah, misery! Swedish assurance spurns the Danes. Behold, the Goths with savage eyes and grim aspect advance with crested helms and clanging spears: wreaking heavy slaughter in our blood, they wield their swords and their battle-axes hone-sharpened.

"Why name thee, Hiartuar, whom Skulde hath filled with guilty purpose, and hath suffered thus to harden in sin? Why sing of thee, villain, who hast caused our peril, betrayer of a noble king? Furious lust of sway hath driven thee to attempt an abomination, and, stung with frenzy, to screen thyself behind thy wife's everlasting guilt. What error hath made thee to hurt the Danes and thy lord, and hurled thee into such foul crime as this? Whence entered thy heart the treason framed with such careful guile?

"Why do I linger? Now we have swallowed our last morsel. Our king perishes, and utter doom overtakes our hapless city. Our last dawn has risen, unless perchance there be one here so soft that he fears to offer himself to the blows, or so unwarlike that he dares not avenge his lord, and disowns all honours worthy of his valour.

"Thou, Ruta, rise and put forth thy snow-white head, come forth from thy hiding into the battle. The carnage that is being done without calls thee. By now the council-chamber is shaken with warfare, and the gates creak with the dreadful fray. Steel rends the mail-coats, the woven mesh is torn apart, and the midriff gives under the rain of spears. By now the huge axes have hacked small the shield of the king; by now the long swords clash, and the battle-axe clatters its blows upon the shoulders of men, and cleaves their breasts. Why are your hearts afraid? Why is your sword faint and blunted? The gate is cleared of our people, and is filled with the press of the strangers."

And when Hjalte had wrought very great carnage and stained the battle with blood, he stumbled for the third time on Bjarke's berth, and thinking he desired to keep quiet because he was afraid, made trial of him with such taunts at his cowardice as these:

"Bjarke, why art thou absent? Doth deep sleep hold thee? I prithee, what makes thee tarry? Come out, or the fire will overtake thee. Ho! Choose the better way, charge with me! Bears may be kept off with fire; let us spread fire in the recesses, and let the blaze attack the door-posts first. Let the firebrand fall upon the bedchamber, let the falling roof offer fuel for the flames and serve to feed the fire. It is right to scatter conflagration on the doomed gates. But let us who honour our king with better loyalty form the firm battle-wedges, and, having measured the phalanx in safe rows, go forth in the way the king taught us: our king, who laid low Rorik, the son of Bok the covetous, and wrapped the coward in death. He was rich in wealth, but in enjoyment poor, stronger in gain than bravery; and thinking gold better than warfare, he set lucre above all things, and ingloriously accumulated piles of treasure, scorning the service of noble friends. And when he was attacked by the navy of Rolf, he bade his servants take the gold from the chests and spread it out in front of the city gates, making ready bribes rather than battle, because he knew not the soldier, and thought that the foe should be attempted with gifts and not with arms: as though he could fight with wealth alone, and prolong the war by using, not men, but wares! So he undid the heavy coffers and the rich chests; he brought forth the polished bracelets and the heavy caskets; they only fed his destruction. Rich in treasure, poor in warriors, he left his foes to take away the prizes which he forebore to give to the friends of his own land. He who once shrank to give little rings of his own will, now unwillingly squandered his masses of wealth, rifling his hoarded heap. But our king in his wisdom spurned him and the gifts he proffered, and took from him life and goods at once; nor was his foe profited by the useless wealth which he had greedily heaped up through long years. But Rolf the righteous assailed him, slew him, and captured his vast wealth, and shared among worthy friends what the hand of avarice had piled up in all those years; and, bursting into the camp which was wealthy but not brave, gave his friends a lordly booty without bloodshed. Nothing was so fair to him that he would not lavish it, or so dear that he would not give it to his friends, for he used treasure like ashes, and measured his years

by glory and not by gain. Whence it is plain that the king who hath died nobly lived also most nobly, that the hour of his doom is beautiful, and that he graced the years of his life with manliness. For while he lived his glowing valour prevailed over all things, and he was allotted might worthy of his lofty stature. He was as swift to war as a torrent tearing down to sea, and as speedy to begin battle as a stag is to fly with cleft foot upon his fleet way.

"See now, among the pools dripping with human blood, the teeth struck out of the slain are carried on by the full torrent of gore, and are polished on the rough sands. Dashed on the slime they glitter, and the torrent of blood bears along splintered bones and flows above lopped limbs. The blood of the Danes is wet, and the gory flow stagnates far around, and the stream pressed out of the steaming veins rolls back the scattered bodies. Tirelessly against the Danes advances Hiartuar, lover of battle, and challenges the fighters with outstretched spear. Yet here, amid the dangers and dooms of war, I see Frode's grandson smiling joyously, who once sowed the fields of Fyriswald with gold. Let us also be exalted with an honourable show of joy, following in death the doom of our noble father. Be we therefore cheery in voice and bold in daring; for it is right to spurn all fear with words of courage, and to meet our death in deeds of glory. Let fear quit heart and face; in both let us avow our dauntless endeavours, that no sign anywhere may show us to betray faltering fear. Let our drawn sword measure the weight of our service. Fame follows us in death, and glory shall outlive our crumbling ashes! And that which perfect valour hath achieved during its span shall not fade for ever and ever. What want we with closed floors? Why doth the locked bolt close the folding-gates? For it is now the third cry, Bjarke, that calls thee, and bids thee come forth from the barred room."

Bjarke rejoined: "Warlike Hjalte, why dost thou call me so loud? I am the son-in-law of Rolf. He who boasts loud and with big words challenges other men to battle, is bound to be venturesome and act up to his words, that his deed may avouch his vaunt. But stay till I am armed and have girded on the dread attire of war.

"And now I tie my sword to my side, now first I get my body guarded with mail-coat and headpiece, the helm keeping my brows and the stout iron shrouding my breast. None shrinks more than I from being burnt a prisoner inside, and made a pyre together with my own house: though an island brought me forth, and though the land of my birth be bounded, I shall hold it a debt to repay to the king the twelve kindreds which he added to my honours. Harken, warriors! Let none robe in mail his body that shall perish; let him last of all draw tight the woven steel; let the shields go behind the back; let us fight with bared breasts, and load all your arms with gold. Let your right hands receive the bracelets, that they may swing their blows the more heavily and plant the grievous wound. Let none fall back! Let each zealously strive to meet the swords of the enemy and the threatening spears, that we may avenge our beloved master. Happy beyond all things is he who can mete out revenge for such a crime, and with righteous steel punish the guilt of treacheries.

"Lo, methinks I surely pierced a wild stag with the Teutonic sword which is called Snyrtir: from which I won the name of Warrior, when I felled Agnar, son of Ingild, and brought the trophy home. He shattered and broke with the bite the sword Hoding which smote upon my head, and would have dealt worse wounds if the edge of his blade had held out better. In return I clove asunder his left arm and part of his left side and his right foot, and the piercing steel ran down his limbs and smote deep into his ribs. By Hercules! No man ever seemed to me stronger than he. For he sank down half-conscious, and, leaning on his elbow, welcomed death with a smile, and spurned destruction with a laugh, and passed rejoicing in the world of Elysium. Mighty was the man's courage, which knew how with one laugh to cover his death-hour, and with a joyous face to suppress utter anguish of mind and body!

"Now also with the same blade I searched the heart of one sprung from an illustrious line, and plunged the steel deep in his breast. He was a king's son, of illustrious ancestry, of a noble nature, and shone with the brightness of youth. The mailed metal could not avail him, nor his sword, nor the smooth target-boss; so

keen was the force of my steel, it knew not how to be stayed by obstacles.

"Where, then, are the captains of the Goths, and the soldiery of Hiartuar? Let them come, and pay for their might with their life-blood. Who can cast, who whirl the lance, save scions of kings? War springs from the nobly born: famous pedigrees are the makers of war. For the perilous deeds which chiefs attempt are not to be done by the ventures of common men. Renowned nobles are passing away. Lo! Greatest Rolf, thy great ones have fallen, thy holy line is vanishing. No dim and lowly race, no low-born dead, no base souls are Pluto's prey, but he weaves the dooms of the mighty, and fills Phlegethon with noble shapes.

"I do not remember any combat wherein swords were crossed in turn and blow dealt out for blow more speedily. I take three for each I give; thus do the Goths requite the wounds I deal them, and thus doth the stronger hand of the enemy avenge with heaped interest the punishment that they receive. Yet singly in battle I have given over the bodies of so many men to the pyre of destruction, that a mound like a hill could grow up and be raised out of their lopped limbs, and the piles of carcasses would look like a burial-barrow. And now what doeth he, who but now bade me come forth, vaunting himself with mighty praise, and chafing others with his arrogant words, and scattering harsh taunts, as though in his one body he enclosed twelve lives?"

Hjalte answered: "Though I have but scant help, I am not far off. Even here, where I stand, there is need of aid, and nowhere is a force or a chosen band of warriors ready for battle wanted more. Already the hard edges and the spear-points have cleft my shield in splinters, and the ravening steel has rent and devoured its portions bit by bit in the battle. The first of these things testifies to and avows itself. Seeing is better than telling, eyesight faithfuller than hearing. For of the broken shield only the fastenings remain, and the boss, pierced and broken in its circle, is all left me. And now, Bjarke, thou art strong, though thou hast come forth more tardily than was right, and thou retrievest by bravery the loss caused by thy loitering."

But Bjarke said: "Art thou not yet weary of girding at me and goading me with taunts? Many things often cause delay. The reason why I tarried was the sword in my path, which the Swedish foe whirled against my breast with mighty effort. Nor did the guider of the hilt drive home the sword with little might; for though the body was armed he smote it as far as one may when it is bare or defenceless; he pierced the armour of hard steel like yielding waters; nor could the rough, heavy breastplate give me any help.

"But where now is he that is commonly called Odin, the mighty in battle, content ever with a single eye? If thou see him anywhere, Rute, tell me."

Rute replied: "Bring thine eye closer and look under my arm akimbo: thou must first hallow thine eyes with the victorious sign, if thou wilt safely know the War-god face to face."

Then said Bjarke: "If I may look on the awful husband of Frigg, howsoever he be covered with his white shield, and guide his tall steed, he shall in no wise go safe out of Leire; it is lawful to lay low in war the war-waging god. Let a noble death come to those that fall before the eyes of their king. While life lasts, let us strive for the power to die honourably and to reap a noble end by our deeds. I will die overpowered near the head of my slain captain, and at his feet thou also shalt slip on thy face in death, so that whose scans the piled corpses may see in what wise we rate the gold our lord gave us. We shall be the prey of ravens and a morsel for hungry eagles, and the ravening bird shall feast on the banquet of our body. Thus should fall princes dauntless in war, clasping their famous king in a common death."

I have composed this particular series of harangues in metrical shape, because the gist of the same thoughts is found arranged in a short form in a certain ancient Danish song, which is repeated by heart by many conversant with antiquity.

Now, it came to pass that the Goths gained the victory and all the array of Rolf fell, no man save Wigg remaining out of all those warriors. For the soldiers of the king paid this homage to his noble virtues in that battle, that his slaying inspired in all the longing to meet their end, and union with him in death was accounted sweeter than life.

HIARTUAR rejoiced, and had the tables spread for feasting, bidding the banquet come after the battle, and fain to honour his triumph with a carouse. And when he was well filled therewith, he said that it was matter of great marvel to him, that out of all the army of Rolf no man had been found to take thought for his life by flight or fraud. Hence, he said, it had been manifest with what zealous loyalty they had kept their love for their king, because they had not endured to survive him. He also blamed his ill fortune, because it had not suffered the homage of a single one of them to be left for himself: protesting that he would very willingly accept the service of such men. Then Wigg came forth, and Hiartuar, as though he were congratulating him on the gift, asked him if he were willing to fight for him. Wigg assenting, he drew and proffered him a sword. But Wigg refused the point, and asked for the hilt, saying first that this had been Rolf's custom when he handed forth a sword to his soldiers. For in old time those who were about to put themselves in dependence on the king used to promise fealty by touching the hilt of the sword. And in this wise Wigg clasped the hilt, and then drove the point through Hiartuar; thus gaining the vengeance which he had promised Rolf to accomplish for him. When he had done this, and the soldiers of Hiartuar rushed at him, he exposed his body to them eagerly and exultantly, shouting that he felt more joy in the slaughter of the tyrant than bitterness at his own. Thus the feast was turned into a funeral, and the wailing of burial followed the joy of victory. Glorious, ever memorable hero, who valiantly kept his vow, and voluntarily courted death, staining with blood by his service the tables of the despot! For the lively valour of his spirit feared not the hands of the slaughterers, when he had once beheld the place where Rolf had been wont to live bespattered with the blood of his slayer. Thus the royalty of Hiartuar was won and ended on the same day. For whatsoever is gotten with guile melts away in like fashion as it is sought, and no fruits are long-lasting that have been won by treachery and crime. Hence it came to pass that the Swedes, who had a little before been the possessors of Denmark, came to lose even their own liberty. For they were straightway cut off by the Zealanders, and paid righteous atonement to the injured shades of Rolf. In this way does stern fortune commonly avenge the works of craft and cunning.

### BOOK THREE.

After Hiartuar, HOTHER, whom I mentioned above, the brother of Athisl, and also the fosterling of King Gewar, became sovereign of both realms. It will be easier to relate his times if I begin with the beginning of his life. For if the earlier years of his career are not doomed to silence, the latter ones can be more fully and fairly narrated.

When Helgi had slain Hodbrodd, his son Hother passed the length of his boyhood under the tutelage of King Gewar. While a stripling, he excelled in strength of body all his foster-brethren and compeers. Moreover, he was gifted with many accomplishments of mind. He was very skilled in swimming and archery, and also with the gloves; and further was as nimble as such a youth could be, his training being equal to his strength. Though his years were unripe, his richly-dowered spirit surpassed them. None was more skillful on lyre or harp; and he was cunning on the timbrel, on the lute, and in every modulation of string instruments. With his changing measures he could sway the feelings of men to what passions he would; he knew how to fill human hearts with joy or sadness, with pity or with hatred, and used to enwrap the soul with the delight or terror of the ear. All these accomplishments of the youth pleased Nanna, the daughter of Gewar, mightily, and she began to seek his embraces. For the valour of a youth will often kindle a maid, and the courage of those whose looks are not so winning is often acceptable. For love hath many avenues; the path of pleasure is opened to some by grace, to others by bravery of soul, and to some by skill in accomplishments. Courtesy brings to some stores of Love, while most are commended by brightness of beauty. Nor do the brave inflict a shallower wound on maidens than the comely.

Now it befell that Balder the son of Odin was troubled at the sight of Nanna bathing, and was seized with boundless love. He

was kindled by her fair and lustrous body, and his heart was set on fire by her manifest beauty; for nothing exciteth passion like comeliness. Therefore he resolved to slay with the sword Hother, who, he feared, was likeliest to baulk his wishes; so that his love, which brooked no postponement, might not be delayed in the enjoyment of its desire by any obstacle.

About this time Hother chanced, while hunting, to be led astray by a mist, and he came on a certain lodge in which were wood-maidens; and when they greeted him by his own name, he asked who they were. They declared that it was their guidance and government that mainly determined the fortunes of war. For they often invisibly took part in battles, and by their secret assistance won for their friends the coveted victories. They averted, indeed, that they could win triumphs and inflict defeats as they would; and further told him how Balder had seen his foster-sister Nanna while she bathed, and been kindled with passion for her; but counselled Hother not to attack him in war, worthy as he was of his deadliest hate, for they declared that Balder was a demigod, sprung secretly from celestial seed. When Hother had heard this, the place melted away and left him shelterless, and he found himself standing in the open and out in the midst of the fields, without a vestige of shade. Most of all he marvelled at the swift flight of the maidens, the shifting of the place, and the delusive semblance of the building. For he knew not that all that had passed around him had been a mere mockery and an unreal trick of the arts of magic.

Returning thence, he related to Gewar the mystification that had followed on his straying, and straightway asked him for his daughter. Gewar answered that he would most gladly favour him, but that he feared if he rejected Balder he would incur his wrath; for Balder, he said, had proffered him a like request. For he said that the sacred strength of Balder's body was proof even against steel; adding, however, that he knew of a sword which could deal him his death, which was fastened up in the closest bonds; this was in the keeping of Miming, the Satyr of the woods, who also had a bracelet of a secret and marvellous virtue, that used to increase the wealth of the owner. Moreover, the way to these regions was impassable and filled with obstacles, and therefore hard for mortal men to travel. For the greater part of the road was perpetually beset with extraordinary cold. So he advised him to harness a car with reindeer, by means of whose great speed he could cross the hard-frozen ridges. And when he had got to the place, he should set up his tent away from the sun in such wise that it should catch the shadow of the cave where Miming was wont to be; while he should not in return cast a shade upon Miming, so that no unaccustomed darkness might be thrown and prevent the Satyr from going out. Thus both the bracelet and the sword would be ready to his hand, one being attended by fortune in wealth and the other by fortune in war, and each of them thus bringing a great prize to the owner. Thus much said Gewar; and Hother was not slow to carry out his instructions. Planting his tent in the manner aforesaid, he passed the nights in anxieties and the days in hunting. But through either season he remained very wakeful and sleepless, allotting the divisions of night and day so as to devote the one to reflection on events, and to spend the other in providing food for his body. Once as he watched all night, his spirit was drooping and dazed with anxiety, when the Satyr cast a shadow on his tent. Aiming a spear at him, he brought him down with the blow, stopped him, and bound him, while he could not make his escape. Then in the most dreadful words he threatened him with the worst, and demanded the sword and bracelets. The Satyr was not slow to tender him the ransom of his life for which he was asked. So surely do all prize life beyond wealth; for nothing is ever cherished more among mortals than the breath of their own life. Hother, exulting in the treasure he had gained, went home enriched with trophies which, though few, were noble.

When Gelder, the King of Saxony, heard that Hother had gained these things, he kept constantly urging his soldiers to go and carry off such glorious booty; and the warriors speedily equipped a fleet in obedience to their king. Gewar, being very learned in divining and an expert in the knowledge of omens, foresaw this; and summoning Hother, told him, when Gelder should join battle with him, to receive his spears with patience, and not let his own fly until he saw the enemy's missiles exhausted; and further, to bring

up the curved scythes wherewith the vessels could be rent and the helmets and shields plucked from the soldiers. Hother followed his advice and found its result fortunate. For he bade his men, when Gelder began to charge, to stand their ground and defend their bodies with their shields, affirming that the victory in that battle must be won by patience. But the enemy nowhere kept back their missiles, spending them all in their extreme eagerness to fight; and the more patiently they found Hother bear himself in his reception of their spears and lances, the more furiously they began to hurl them. Some of these stuck in the shields and some in the ships, and few were the wounds they inflicted; many of them were seen to be shaken off idly and to do no hurt. For the soldiers of Hother performed the bidding of their king, and kept off the attack of the spears by a penthouse of interlocked shields; while not a few of the spears smote lightly on the bosses and fell into the waves. When Gelder was emptied of all his store, and saw the enemy picking it up, and swiftly hurling it back at him, he covered the summit of the mast with a crimson shield, as a signal of peace, and surrendered to save his life. Hother received him with the friendliest face and the kindest words, and conquered him as much by his gentleness as he had by his skill.

At this time Helgi, King of Halogaland, was sending frequent embassies to press his suit for Thora, daughter of Kuse, sovereign of the Finns and Perms. Thus is weakness ever known by its wanting help from others. For while all other young men of that time used to sue in marriage with their own lips, this man was afflicted with so faulty an utterance that he was ashamed to be heard not only by strangers, but by those of his own house. So much doth calamity shun all witnesses; for natural defects are the more vexing the more manifest they are. Kuse despised his embassy, answering that that man did not deserve a wife who trusted too little to his own manhood, and borrowed by entreaty the aid of others in order to gain his suit. When Helgi heard this, he besought Hother, whom he knew to be an accomplished pleader, to favour his desires, promising that he would promptly perform whatsoever he should command him. The earnest entreaties of the youth prevailed on Hother, and he went to Norway with an armed fleet, intending to achieve by arms the end which he could not by words. And when he had pleaded for Helgi with the most dulcet eloquence, Kuse rejoined that his daughter's wish must be consulted, in order that no paternal strictness might forestall anything against her will. He called her in and asked her whether she felt a liking for her wooer; and when she assented he promised Helgi her hand. In this way Hother, by the sweet sounds of his fluent and well-turned oratory, opened the ears of Kuse, which were before deaf to the suit he urged.

While this was passing in Halogaland, Balder entered the country of Gewar armed, in order to sue for Nanna. Gewar bade him learn Nanna's own mind; so he approached the maiden with the most choice and cajoling words; and when he could win no hearing for his prayers, he persisted in asking the reason of his refusal. She replied, that a god could not wed with a mortal, because the vast difference of their natures prevented any bond of intercourse. Also the gods sometimes used to break their pledges; and the bond contracted between unequals was apt to snap suddenly. There was no firm tie between those of differing estate; for beside the great, the fortunes of the lowly were always dimmed. Also lack and plenty dwelt in diverse tents, nor was there any fast bond of intercourse between gorgeous wealth and obscure poverty. In fine, the things of earth would not mate with those of heaven, being sundered by a great original gulf through a difference in nature; inasmuch as mortal man was infinitely far from the glory of the divine majesty. With this shuffling answer she eluded the suit of Balder, and shrewdly wove excuses to refuse his hand.

When Hother heard this from Gewar, he complained long to Helgi of Balder's insolence. Both were in doubt as to what should be done, and beat their brains over divers plans; for converse with a friend in the day of trouble, though it removeth not the peril, yet maketh the heart less sick. Amid all the desires of their souls the passion of valour prevailed, and a naval battle was fought with Balder. One would have thought it a contest of men against gods, for Odin and Thor and the holy array of the gods fought for Balder. There one could have beheld a war in which divine and human

might were mingled. But Hother was clad in his steel-defying tunic, and charged the closest bands of the gods, assailing them as vehemently as a son of earth could assail the powers above. However, Thor was swinging his club with marvellous might, and shattered all interposing shields, calling as loudly on his foes to attack him as upon his friends to back him up. No kind of armour withstood his onset, no man could receive his stroke and live. Whatsoever his blow fended off it crushed; neither shield nor helm endured the weight of its dint; no greatness of body or of strength could serve. Thus the victory would have passed to the gods, but that Hother, though his line had already fallen back, darted up, hewed off the club at the haft, and made it useless. And the gods, when they had lost this weapon, fled incontinently. But that antiquity vouches for it, it were quite against common belief to think that men prevailed against gods. (We call them gods in a supposititious rather than in a real sense; for to such we give the title of deity by the custom of nations, not because of their nature.)

As for Balder, he took to flight and was saved. The conquerors either hacked his ships with their swords or sunk them in the sea; not content to have defeated gods, they pursued the wrecks of the fleet with such rage, as if they would destroy them to satiate their deadly passion for war. Thus doth prosperity commonly whet the edge of licence. The haven, recalling by its name Balder's flight, bears witness to the war. Gelder, the King of Saxony, who met his end in the same war, was set by Hother upon the corpses of his oarsmen, and then laid on a pyre altar of vessels, and magnificently honoured in his funeral by Hother, who not only put his ashes in a noble barrow, treating them as the remains of a king, but also graced them with most reverent obsequies. Then, to prevent any more troublesome business delaying his hopes of marriage, he went back to Gewar and enjoyed the coveted embraces of Nanna. Next, having treated Helgi and Thora very generously, he brought his new queen back to Sweden, being as much honoured by all for his victory as Balder was laughed at for his flight.

At this time the nobles of the Swedes repaired to Demnark to pay their tribute; but Hother, who had been honoured as a king by his countrymen for the splendid deeds of his father, experienced what a lying pander Fortune is. For he was conquered in the field by Balder, whom a little before he had crushed, and was forced to flee to Gewar, thus losing while a king that victory which he had won as a common man. The conquering Balder, in order to slake his soldiers, who were parched with thirst, with the blessing of a timely draught, pierced the earth deep and disclosed a fresh spring. The thirsty ranks made with gaping lips for the water that gushed forth everywhere. The traces of these springs, eternised by the name, are thought not quite to have dried up yet, though they have ceased to well so freely as of old. Balder was continually harassed by night phantoms feigning the likeness of Nanna, and fell into such ill health that he could not so much as walk, and began the habit of going his journeys in a two horse car or a four-wheeled carriage. So great was the love that had steeped his heart and now had brought him down almost to the extremity of decline. For he thought that his victory had brought him nothing if Nanna was not his prize. Also Frey, the regent of the gods, took his abode not far from Upsala, where he exchanged for a ghastly and infamous sin-offering the old custom of prayer by sacrifice, which had been used by so many ages and generations. For he paid to the gods abominable offerings, by beginning to slaughter human victims.

Meantime Hother learned that Denmark lacked leaders, and that Hiartuar had swiftly expiated the death of Rolf; and he used to say that chance had thrown into his hands that to which he could scarce have aspired. For first, Rolf, whom he ought to have killed, since he remembered that Rolf's father had slain his own, had been punished by the help of another; and also, by the unexpected bounty of events, a chance had been opened to him of winning Denmark. In truth, if the pedigree of his forefathers were rightly traced, that realm was his by ancestral right! Thereupon he took possession, with a very great fleet, of Isefjord, a haven of Zealand, so as to make use of his impending fortune. There the people of the Danes met him and appointed him king; and a little after, on hearing of the death of his brother Athisl, whom he had bidden rule the Swedes, he joined the Swedish empire to that of

Denmark. But Athisl was cut off by an ignominious death. For whilst, in great jubilation of spirit, he was honouring the funeral rites of Rolf with a feast, he drank too greedily, and paid for his filthy intemperance by his sudden end. And so, while he was celebrating the death of another with immoderate joviality, he forced on his own apace.

While Hother was in Sweden, Balder also came to Zealand with a fleet; and since he was thought to be rich in arms and of singular majesty, the Danes accorded him with the readiest of voices whatever he asked concerning the supreme power. With such wavering judgment was the opinion of our forefathers divided. Hother returned from Sweden and attacked him. They both coveted sway, and the keenest contest for the sovereignty began between them; but it was cut short by the flight of Hother. He retired to Jutland, and caused to be named after him the village in which he was wont to stay. Here he passed the winter season, and then went back to Sweden alone and unattended. There he summoned the grandees, and told them that he was weary of the light of life because of the misfortunes wherewith Balder had twice victoriously stricken him. Then he took farewell of all, and went by a circuitous path to a place that was hard of access, traversing forests uncivilised. For it oft happens that those upon whom has come some inconsolable trouble of spirit seek, as though it were a medicine to drive away their sadness, far and sequestered retreats, and cannot bear the greatness of their grief amid the fellowship of men; so dear, for the most part, is solitude to sickness. For filthiness and grime are chiefly pleasing to those who have been stricken with ailments of the soul. Now he had been wont to give out from the top of a hill decrees to the people when they came to consult him; and hence when they came they upbraided the sloth of the king for hiding himself, and his absence was railled at by all with the bitterest complaints.

But Hother, when he had wandered through remotest byways and crossed an uninhabited forest, chanced to come upon a cave where dwelt some maidens whom he knew not; but they proved to be the same who had once given him the invulnerable coat. Asked by them wherefore he had come thither, he related the disastrous issue of the war. So he began to bewail the ill luck of his failures and his dismal misfortunes, condemning their breach of faith, and lamenting that it had not turned out for him as they had promised him. But the maidens said that though he had seldom come off victorious, he had nevertheless inflicted as much defeat on the enemy as they on him, and had dealt as much carnage as he had shared in. Moreover, the favour of victory would be speedily his, if he could first lay hands upon a food of extraordinary delightsomeness which had been devised to increase the strength of Balder. For nothing would be difficult if he could only get hold of the dainty which was meant to enhance the rigour of his foe.

Hard as it sounded for earthborn endeavours to make armed assault upon the gods, the words of the maidens inspired Hother's mind with instant confidence to fight with Balder. Also some of his own people said that he could not safely contend with those above; but all regard for their majesty was expelled by the boundless fire of his spirit. For in brave souls vehemence is not always sapped by reason, nor doth counsel defeat rashness. Or perchance it was that Hother remembered how the might of the lordliest oft proveth unstable, and how a little clod can batter down great chariots.

On the other side, Balder mustered the Danes to arms and met Hother in the field. Both sides made a great slaughter; the carnage of the opposing parties was nearly equal, and night stayed the battle. About the third watch, Hother, unknown to any man, went out to spy upon the enemy, anxiety about the impending peril having banished sleep. This strong excitement favours not bodily rest, and inward disquiet suffers not outward repose. So, when he came to the camp of the enemy he heard that three maidens had gone out carrying the secret feast of Balder. He ran after them (for their footsteps in the dew betrayed their flight), and at last entered their accustomed dwelling. When they asked him who he was, he answered, a lutanist, nor did the trial belie his profession. For when the lyre was offered him, he tuned its strings, ordered and governed the chords with his quill, and with ready modulation poured forth a melody pleasant to the ear. Now they had three snakes, of whose venom they were wont to mix a strengthening

compound for the food of Balder, and even now a flood of slaver was dripping on the food from the open mouths of the serpents. And some of the maidens would, for kindness sake, have given Hother a share of the dish, had not eldest of the three forbidden them, declaring that Balder would be cheated if they increased the bodily powers of his enemy. He had said, not that he was Hother, but that he was one of his company. Now the same nymphs, in their gracious kindness, bestowed on him a belt of perfect sheen and a girdle which assured victory.

Retracing the path by which he had come, he went back on the same road, and meeting Balder plunged his sword into his side, and laid him low half dead. When the news was told to the soldiers, a cheery shout of triumph rose from all the camp of Hother, while the Danes held a public mourning for the fate of Balder. He, feeling no doubt of his impending death, and stung by the anguish of his wound, renewed the battle on the morrow; and, when it raged hotly, bade that he should be borne on a litter into the fray, that he might not seem to die ignobly within his tent. On the night following, Proserpine was seen to stand by him in a vision, and to promise that on the morrow he should have her embrace. The boding of the dream was not idle; for when three days had passed, Balder perished from the excessive torture of his wound; and his body given a royal funeral, the army causing it to be buried in a barrow which they had made.

Certain men of our day, Chief among whom was Harald, since the story of the ancient burial-place still survived, made a raid on it by night in the hope of finding money, but abandoned their attempt in sudden panic. For the hill split, and from its crest a sudden and mighty torrent of loud-roaring waters seemed to burst; so that its flying mass, shooting furiously down, poured over the fields below, and enveloped whatsoever it struck upon, and at its onset the delvers were dislodged, flung down their mattocks, and fled divers ways; thinking that if they strove any longer to carry through their enterprise they would be caught in the eddies of the water that was rushing down. Thus the guardian gods of that spot smote fear suddenly into the minds of the youths, taking them away from covetousness, and turning them to see to their safety; teaching them to neglect their greedy purpose and be careful of their lives. Now it is certain that this apparent flood was not real but phantasmal; not born in the bowels of the earth (since Nature suffereth not liquid springs to gush forth in a dry place), but produced by some magic agency. All men afterwards, to whom the story of that breaking in had come down, left this hill undisturbed. Wherefore it has never been made sure whether it really contains any wealth; for the dread of peril has daunted anyone since Harald from probing its dark foundations.

But Odin, though he was accounted the chief of the gods, began to inquire of the prophets and diviners concerning the way to accomplish vengeance for his son, as well as all others whom he had beard were skilled in the most recondite arts of soothsaying. For godhead that is incomplete is oft in want of the help of man. Rostioph (Hrossthiof), the Finn, foretold to him that another son must be born to him by Rinda (Wrinda), daughter of the King of the Ruthenians; this son was destined to exact punishment for the slaying of his brother. For the gods had appointed to the brother that was yet to be born the task of avenging his kinsman. Odin, when he heard this, muffled his face with a cap, that his garb might not betray him, and entered the service of the said king as a soldier; and being made by him captain of the soldiers, and given an army, won a splendid victory over the enemy. And for his stout achievement in this battle the king admitted him into the chief place in his friendship, distinguishing him as generously with gifts as with honours. A very little while afterwards Odin routed the enemy single-handed, and returned, at once the messenger and the doer of the deed. All marvelled that the strength of one man could deal such slaughter upon a countless host. Trusting in these services, he privily let the king into the secret of his love, and was refreshed by his most gracious favour; but when he sought a kiss from the maiden, he received a cuff. But he was not driven from his purpose either by anger at the slight or by the odiousness of the insult.

Next year, loth to quit ignobly the quest he had taken up so eagerly, he put on the dress of a foreigner and went back to dwell



with the king. It was hard for those who met him to recognise him; for his assumed filth obliterated his true features, and new grime hid his ancient aspect. He said that his name was Roster (Hrosstheow), and that he was skilled in smithcraft. And his handiwork did honour to his professions: for he portrayed in bronze many and many a shape most beautifully, so that he received a great mass of gold from the king, and was ordered to hammer out the ornaments of the matrons. So, after having wrought many adornments for women's wearing, he at last offered to the maiden a bracelet which he had polished more laboriously than the rest and several rings which were adorned with equal care. But no services could assuage the wrath of Rinda; when he was fain to kiss her she cuffed him; for gifts offered by one we hate are unacceptable, while those tendered by a friend are far more grateful: so much doth the value of the offering oft turn on the offerer. For this stubborn-hearted maiden never doubted that the crafty old man was feigning generosity in order to seize an opening to work his lust. His temper, moreover, was keen and indomitable; for she knew that his homage covered guile, and that under the devotion of his gifts there lay a desire for crime. Her father fell to upbraiding her heavily for refusing the match; but she loathed to wed an old man, and the plea of her tender years lent her some support in her scorning of his hand; for she said that a young girl ought not to marry prematurely.

But Odin, who had found that nothing served the wishes of lovers more than tough persistency, though he was stung with the shame of his double rebuff, nevertheless, effacing the form he had worn before, went to the king for the third time, professing the completest skill in soldiery. He was led to take this pains not only by pleasure but by the wish to wipe out his disgrace. For of old those who were skilled in magic gained this power of instantly changing their aspect and exhibiting the most different shapes. Indeed, they were clever at imitating any age, not only in its natural bodily appearance, but also in its stature; and so the old man, in order to exhibit his calling agreeably, used to ride proudly up and down among the briskest of them. But not even such a tribute could move the rigour of the maiden; for it is hard for the mind to come back to a genuine liking for one against whom it has once borne heavy dislike. When he tried to kiss her at his departure, she repulsed him so that he tottered and smote his chin upon the ground. Straightway he touched her with a piece of bark whereon spells were written, and made her like unto one in frenzy: which was a gentle revenge to take for all the insults he had received.

But still he did not falter in the fulfilment of his purpose; for trust in his divine majesty buoyed him up with confidence; so, assuming the garb of a maiden, this indefatigable journeyer repaired for the fourth time to the king, and, on being received by him, showed himself assiduous and even forward. Most people believed him to be a woman, as he was dressed almost in female attire. Also he declared that his name was Wecha, and his calling that of a physician: and this assertion he confirmed by the readiest services. At last he was taken into the household of the queen, and played the part of a waiting-woman to the princess, and even used to wash the soil off her feet at eventide; and as he was applying the water he was suffered to touch her calves and the upper part of the thighs. But fortune goes with mutable steps, and thus chance put into his hand what his address had never won. For it happened that the girl fell sick, and looked around for a cure; and she summoned to protect her health those very hands which aforetime she had rejected, and appealed for preservation to him whom she had ever held in loathing. He examined narrowly all the symptoms of the trouble, and declared that, in order to check the disease as soon as possible, it was needful to use a certain drugged draught; but that it was so bitterly compounded, that the girl could never endure so violent a cure unless she submitted to be bound; since the stuff of the malady must be ejected from the very innermost tissues. When her father heard this he did not hesitate to bind his daughter; and laying her on the bed, he bade her endure patiently all the applications of the doctor. For the king was tricked by the sight of the female dress, which the old man was using to disguise his persistent guile; and thus the seeming remedy became an opportunity of outrage. For the physician seized the chance of love, and, abandoning his business of healing, sped to the work, not

of expelling the fever, but of working his lust; making use of the sickness of the princess, whom in sound health he had found adverse to him. It will not be wearisome if I subjoin another version of this affair. For there are certain who say that the king, when he saw the physician groaning with love, but despite all his expense of mind and body accomplishing nothing, did not wish to rob of his due reward one who had so well earned it, and allowed him to lie privily with his daughter. So doth the wickedness of the father sometimes assail the child, when vehement passion perverts natural mildness. But his fault was soon followed by a remorse that was full of shame, when his daughter bore a child.

But the gods, whose chief seat was then at Byzantium, (Asgard), seeing that Odin had tarnished the fair name of godhead by divers injuries to its majesty, thought that he ought to be removed from their society. And they had him not only ousted from the headship, but outlawed and stripped of all worship and honour at home; thinking it better that the power of their infamous president should be overthrown than that public religion should be profaned; and fearing that they might themselves be involved in the sin of another, and though guiltless be punished for the crime of the guilty. For they saw that, now the derision of their great god was brought to light, those whom they had lured to proffer them divine honours were exchanging obeisance for scorn and worship for shame; that holy rites were being accounted sacrilege, and fixed and regular ceremonies deemed so much childish raving. Fear was in their souls, death before their eyes, and one would have supposed that the fault of one was visited upon the heads of all. So, not wishing Odin to drive public religion into exile, they exiled him and put one Oller (Wulder?) in his place, to bear the symbols not only of royalty but also of godhead, as though it had been as easy a task to create a god as a king. And though they had appointed him priest for form's sake, they endowed him actually with full distinction, that he might be seen to be the lawful heir to the dignity, and no mere deputy doing another's work. Also, to omit no circumstance of greatness, they further gave him the name of Odin, trying by the prestige of that title to be rid of the obloquy of innovation. For nearly ten years Oller held the presidency of the divine senate; but at last the gods pitied the horrible exile of Odin, and thought that he had now been punished heavily enough; so he exchanged his foul and unsightly estate for his ancient splendour; for the lapse of time had now wiped out the brand of his earlier disgrace. Yet some were to be found who judged that he was not worthy to approach and resume his rank, because by his stage-tricks and his assumption of a woman's work he had brought the foulest scandal on the name of the gods. Some declare that he bought back the fortune of his lost divinity with money; flattering some of the gods and mollifying some with bribes; and that at the cost of a vast sum he contrived to get back to the distinction which he had long quitted. If you ask how much he paid for them, inquire of those who have found out what is the price of a godhead. I own that to me it is but little worth.

Thus Oller was driven out from Byzantium by Odin and retired into Sweden. Here, while he was trying, as if in a new world, to repair the records of his glory, the Danes slew him. The story goes that he was such a cunning wizard that he used a certain bone, which he had marked with awful spells, wherewith to cross the seas, instead of a vessel; and that by this bone he passed over the waters that barred his way as quickly as by rowing.

But Odin, now that he had regained the emblems of godhead, shone over all parts of the world with such a lustre of renown that all nations welcomed him as though he were light restored to the universe; nor was any spot to be found on the earth which did not hornage to his might. Then finding that Boe, his son by Rhlda, was enamoured of the hardships of war, he called him, and bade him bear in mind the slaying of his brother: saying that it would be better for him to take vengeance on the murderers of Balder than to overcome them in battle; for warfare was most fitting and wholesome when a holy occasion for waging it was furnished by a righteous opening for vengeance.

News came meantime that GEAR had been slain by the guile of his own satrap (jarl), Gunne. Hother determined to visit his murder with the strongest and sharpest revenge. So he surprised Gunne, cast him on a blazing pyre, and burnt him; for Gunne had

himself treacherously waylaid Gewar, and burnt him alive in the night. This was his offering of vengeance to the shade of his foster-father; and then he made his sons, Herlek and Gerit, rulers of Norway.

Then he summoned the elders to assembly, and told them that he would perish in the war wherein he was bound to meet Boe, and said that he knew this by no doubtful guesswork, but by sure prophecies of seers. So he besought them to make his son RORIK king, so that the judgment of wicked men should not transfer the royalty to strange and unknown houses; averring that he would reap more joy from the succession of his son than bitterness from his own impending death. This request was speedily granted. Then he met Boe in battle and was killed; but small joy the victory gave Boe. Indeed, he left the battle so sore stricken that he was lifted on his shield and carried home by his foot-soldiers supporting him in turn, to perish next day of the pain of his wounds. The Ruthenian army gave his body a gorgeous funeral and buried it in a splendid howe, which it piled in his name, to save the record of so mighty a warrior from slipping out of the recollection of after ages.

So the Kurlanders and the Swedes, as though the death of Hother set them free from the burden of their subjection, resolved to attack Denmark, to which they were accustomed to do homage with a yearly tax. By this the Slavs also were emboldened to revolt, and a number of others were turned from subjects into foes. Rorik, in order to check this wrongdoing, summoned his country to arms, recounted the deeds of his forefathers, and urged them in a passionate harangue unto valorous deeds. But the barbarians, loth to engage without a general, and seeing that they needed a head, appointed a king over them; and, displaying all the rest of their military force, hid two companies of armed men in a dark spot. But Rorik saw the trap; and perceiving that his fleet was wedged in a certain narrow creek among the shoal water, took it out from the sands where it was lying, and brought it forth to sea; lest it should strike on the oozy swamps, and be attacked by the foe on different sides. Also, he resolved that his men should go into hiding during the day, where they could stay and suddenly fall on the invaders of his ships. He said that perchance the guile might in the end recoil on the heads of its devisors. And in fact the barbarians who had been appointed to the ambuscade knew nothing of the wariness of the Danes, and sallying against them rashly, were all destroyed. The remaining force of the Slavs, knowing nothing of the slaughter of their friends, hung in doubt wondering over the reason of Rorik's tarrying. And after waiting long for him as the months wearily rolled by, and finding delay every day more burdensome, they at last thought they should attack him with their fleet.

Now among them there was a man of remarkable stature, a wizard by calling. He, when he beheld the squadrons of the Danes, said: "Suffer a private combat to forestall a public slaughter, so that the danger of many may be bought off at the cost of a few. And if any of you shall take heart to fight it out with me, I will not flinch from these terms of conflict. But first of all I demand that you accept the terms I prescribe, the form whereof I have devised as follows: If I conquer, let freedom be granted us from taxes; if I am conquered, let the tribute be paid you as of old: For to-day I will either free my country from the yoke of slavery by my victory or bind her under it by my defeat. Accept me as the surety and the pledge for either issue." One of the Danes, whose spirit was stouter than his strength, heard this, and proceeded to ask Rorik, what would be the reward for the man who met the challenger in combat? Rorik chanced to have six bracelets, which were so intertwined that they could not be parted from one another, the chain of knots being inextricably laced; and he promised them as a reward for the man who would venture on the combat. But the youth, who doubted his fortune, said: "Rorik, if I prove successful, let thy generosity award the prize of the conqueror, do thou decide and allot the palm; but if my enterprise go little to my liking, what prize canst thou owe to the beaten, who will be wrapped either in cruel death or in bitter shame? These things commonly go with feebleness, these are the wages of the defeated, for whom naught remains but utter infamy. What guerdon must be paid, what thanks offered, to him who lacks the prize of courage? Who

has ever garlanded with ivy the weakling in War, or decked him with a conqueror's wage? Valour wins the prize, not sloth, and failure lacks renown. For one is followed by triumph and honour, the other by an unsightly life or by a stagnant end. I, who know not which way the issue of this duel inclines, dare not boldly anticipate that as a reward, of which I know not whether it be rightly mine. For one whose victory is doubtful may not seize the assured reward of the victor. I forbear, while I am not sure of the day, to claim firmly the title to the wreath. I refuse the gain, which may be the wages of my death as much as of my life. It is folly to lay hands on the fruit before it is ripe, and to be fain to pluck that which one is not yet sure is one's title. This hand shall win me the prize, or death." Having thus spoken, he smote the barbarian with his sword; but his fortune was tardier than his spirit; for the other smote him back, and he fell dead under the force of the first blow. Thus he was a sorry sight unto the Danes, but the Slavs granted their triumphant comrade a great procession, and received him with splendid dances. On the morrow the same man, whether he was elated with the good fortune of his late victory, or was fired with the wish to win another, came close to the enemy, and set to girding at them in the words of his former challenge. For, supposing that he had laid low the bravest of the Danes, he did not think that any of them would have any heart left to fight further with him upon his challenge. Also, trusting that, now one champion had fallen, he had shattered the strength of the whole army, he thought that naught would be hard to achieve upon which his later endeavours were bent. For nothing pampers arrogance more than success, or prompts to pride more surely than prosperity.

So Rorik was vexed that the general courage should be sapped by the impudence of one man; and that the Danes, with their roll of victories, should be met presumptuously by those whom they had beaten of old; nay, should be ignominiously spurned; further, that in all that host not one man should be found so quick of spirit or so vigorous of arm, that he longed to sacrifice his life for his country. It was the high-hearted Ubbe who first wiped off this infamous reproach upon the hesitating Danes. For he was of great bodily strength and powerful in incantations. He also purposely asked the prize of the combat, and the king promised him the bracelets. Then said he: "How can I trust the promise when thou keepest the pledge in thine own hands, and dost not deposit the gift in the charge of another? Let there be some one to whom thou canst entrust the pledge, that thou mayst not be able to take thy promise back. For the courage of the champion is kindled by the irrevocable certainty of the prize." Of course it was plain that he had said this in jest; sheer courage had armed him to repel the insult to his country. But Rorik thought he was tempted by avarice, and was loth to seem as if, contrary to royal fashion, he meant to take back the gift or revoke his promise; so, being stationed on his vessel, he resolved to shake off the bracelets, and with a mighty swing send them to the asker. But his attempt was balked by the width of the gap between them; for the bracelets fell short of the intended spot, the impulse being too faint and slack, and were reft away by the waters. For this nickname of Slyngebond, (swing-bracelet) clung to Rorik. But this event testified much to the valour of Ubbe. For the loss of his drowned prize never turned his mind from his bold venture; he would not seem to let his courage be tempted by the wages of covetousness. So he eagerly went to fight, showing that he was a seeker of honour and not the slave of lucre, and that he set bravery before lust of pelf; and intent to prove that his confidence was based not on hire, but on his own great soul. Not a moment is lost; a ring is made; the course is thronged with soldiers; the champions engage; a din arises; the crowd of onlookers shouts in discord, each backing his own. And so the valour of the champions blazes to white-heat; falling dead under the wounds dealt by one another, they end together the combat and their lives. I think that it was a provision of fortune that neither of them should reap joy and honour by the other's death. This event won back to Rorik the hearts of the insurgents and regained him the tribute.

At this time Horwendil and Feng, whose father Gerwendil had been governor of the Jutes, were appointed in his place by Rorik to defend Jutland. But Horwendil held the monarchy for three years, and then, to will the height of glory, devoted himself to roving. Then Koller, King of Norway, in rivalry of his great deeds

and renown, deemed it would be a handsome deed if by his greater strength in arms he could bedim the far-famed glory of the rover; and cruising about the sea, he watched for Horwendil's fleet and came up with it. There was an island lying in the middle of the sea, which each of the rovers, bringing his ships up on either side, was holding. The captains were tempted by the pleasant look of the beach, and the comeliness of the shores led them to look through the interior of the springtide woods, to go through the glades, and roam over the sequestered forests. It was here that the advance of Koller and Horwendil brought them face to face without any witness. Then Horwendil endeavoured to address the king first, asking him in what way it was his pleasure to fight, and declaring that one best which needed the courage of as few as possible. For, said he, the duel was the surest of all modes of combat for winning the meed of bravery, because it relied only upon native courage, and excluded all help from the hand of another. Koller marvelled at so brave a judgment in a youth, and said: "Since thou hast granted me the choice of battle, I think it is best to employ that kind which needs only the endeavours of two, and is free from all the tumult. Certainly it is more venturesome, and allows of a speedier award of the victory. This thought we share, in this opinion we agree of our own accord. But since the issue remains doubtful, we must pay some regard to gentle dealing, and must not give way so far to our inclinations as to leave the last offices undone. Hatred is in our hearts; yet let piety be there also, which in its due time may take the place of rigour. For the rights of nature reconcile us, though we are parted by differences of purpose; they link us together, howsoever rancour estrange our spirit. Let us, therefore, have this pious stipulation, that the conqueror shall give funeral rites to the conquered. For all allow that these are the last duties of human kind, from which no righteous man shrinks. Let each army lay aside its sternness and perform this function in harmony. Let jealousy depart at death, let the feud be buried in the tomb. Let us not show such an example of cruelty as to persecute one another's dust, though hatred has come between us in our lives. It will be a boast for the victor if he has borne his beaten foe in a lordly funeral. For the man who pays the rightful dues over his dead enemy wins the goodwill of the survivor; and whoso devotes gentle dealing to him who is no more, conquers the living by his kindness. Also there is another disaster, not less lamentable, which sometimes befalls the living—the loss of some part of their body; and I think that succor is due to this just as much as to the worst hap that may befall. For often those who fight keep their lives safe, but suffer maiming; and this lot is commonly thought more dismal than any death; for death cuts off memory of all things, while the living cannot forget the devastation of his own body. Therefore this mischief also must be helped somehow; so let it be agreed, that the injury of either of us by the other shall be made good with ten talents (marks) of gold. For if it be righteous to have compassion on the calamities of another, how much more is it to pity one's own? No man but obeys nature's prompting; and he who slights it is a self-murderer."

After mutually pledging their faiths to these terms, they began the battle. Nor was their strangeness his meeting one another, nor the sweetness of that spring-green spot, so heeded as to prevent them from the fray. Horwendil, in his too great ardour, became keener to attack his enemy than to defend his own body; and, heedless of his shield, had grasped his sword with both hands; and his boldness did not fail. For by his rain of blows he destroyed Koller's shield and deprived him of it, and at last hewed off his foot and drove him lifeless to the ground. Then, not to fail of his compact, he buried him royally, gave him a howe of lordly make and pompous obsequies. Then he pursued and slew Koller's sister Sela, who was a skilled warrior and experienced in roving.

He had now passed three years in valiant deeds of war; and, in order to win higher rank in Rorik's favour, he assigned to him the best trophies and the pick of the plunder. His friendship with Rorik enabled him to woo and will in marriage his daughter Gerutha, who bore him a son Amleth.

Such great good fortune stung Feng with jealousy, so that he resolved treacherously to waylay his brother, thus showing that goodness is not safe even from those of a man's own house. And behold, when a chance came to murder him, his bloody hand

sated the deadly passion of his soul. Then he took the wife of the brother he had butchered, capping unnatural murder with incest. For whoso yields to one iniquity, speedily falls an easier victim to the next, the first being an incentive to the second. Also, the man veiled the monstrosity of his deed with such hardihood of cunning, that he made up a mock pretence of goodwill to excuse his crime, and glossed over fratricide with a show of righteousness. Gerutha, said he, though so gentle that she would do no man the slightest hurt, had been visited with her husband's extremest hate; and it was all to save her that he had slain his brother; for he thought it shameful that a lady so meek and unrancorous should suffer the heavy disdain of her husband. Nor did his smooth words fail in their intent; for at courts, where fools are sometimes favoured and backbiters preferred, a lie lacks not credit. Nor did Feng keep from shameful embraces the hands that had slain a brother; pursuing with equal guilt both of his wicked and impious deeds.

Amleth beheld all this, but feared lest too shrewd a behaviour might make his uncle suspect him. So he chose to feign dulness, and pretend an utter lack of wits. This cunning course not only concealed his intelligence but ensured his safety. Every day he remained in his mother's house utterly listless and unclean, flinging himself on the ground and bespattering his person with foul and filthy dirt. His discoloured face and visage smutched with slime denoted foolish and grotesque madness. All he said was of a piece with these follies; all he did savoured of utter lethargy. In a word, you would not have thought him a man at all, but some absurd abortion due to a mad fit of destiny. He used at times to sit over the fire, and, raking up the embers with his hands, to fashion wooden crooks, and harden them in the fire, shaping at their lips certain barbs, to make them hold more tightly to their fastenings. When asked what he was about, he said that he was preparing sharp javelins to avenge his father. This answer was not a little scoffed at, all men deriding his idle and ridiculous pursuit; but the thing helped his purpose afterwards. Now it was his craft in this matter that first awakened in the deeper observers a suspicion of his cunning. For his skill in a trifling art betokened the hidden talent of the craftsman; nor could they believe the spirit dull where the hand had acquired so cunning a workmanship. Lastly, he always watched with the most punctual care over his pile of stakes that he had pointed in the fire. Some people, therefore, declared that his mind was quick enough, and fancied that he only played the simpleton in order to hide his understanding, and veiled some deep purpose under a cunning feint. His wiliness (said these) would be most readily detected, if a fair woman were put in his way in some secluded place, who should provoke his mind to the temptations of love; all men's natural temper being too blindly amorous to be artfully dissembled, and this passion being also too impetuous to be checked by cunning. Therefore, if his lethargy were feigned, he would seize the opportunity, and yield straightway to violent delights. So men were commissioned to draw the young man in his rides into a remote part of the forest, and there assail him with a temptation of this nature. Among these chanced to be a foster-brother of Amleth, who had not ceased to have regard to their common nurture; and who esteemed his present orders less than the memory of their past fellowship. He attended Amleth among his appointed train, being anxious not to entrap, but to warn him; and was persuaded that he would suffer the worst if he showed the slightest glimpse of sound reason, and above all if he did the act of love openly. This was also plain enough to Amleth himself. For when he was bidden mount his horse, he deliberately set himself in such a fashion that he turned his back to the neck and faced about, fronting the tail; which he proceeded to encompass with the reins, just as if on that side he would check the horse in its furious pace. By this cunning thought he eluded the trick, and overcame the treachery of his uncle. The reinless steed galloping on, with rider directing its tail, was ludicrous enough to behold.

Amleth went on, and a wolf crossed his path amid the thicket. When his companions told him that a young colt had met him, he retorted, that in Feng's stud there were too few of that kind fighting. This was a gentle but witty fashion of invoking a curse upon his uncle's riches. When they averred that he had given a cunning answer, he answered that he had spoken deliberately;

for he was loth, to be thought prone to lying about any matter, and wished to be held a stranger to falsehood; and accordingly he mingled craft and candour in such wise that, though his words did lack truth, yet there was nothing to betoken the truth and betray how far his keenness went.

Again, as he passed along the beach, his companions found the rudder of a ship, which had been wrecked, and said they had discovered a huge knife. "This," said he, "was the right thing to carve such a huge ham;" by which he really meant the sea, to whose infinitude, he thought, this enormous rudder matched. Also, as they passed the sandhills, and bade him look at the meal, meaning the sand, he replied that it had been ground small by the hoary tempests of the ocean. His companions praising his answer, he said that he had spoken it wittingly. Then they purposely left him, that he might pluck up more courage to practise wantonness. The woman whom his uncle had dispatched met him in a dark spot, as though she had crossed him by chance; and he took her and would have ravished her, had not his foster-brother, by a secret device, given him an inkling of the trap. For this man, while pondering the fittest way to play privily the prompter's part, and forestall the young man's hazardous lewdness, found a straw on the ground and fastened it underneath the tail of a gadfly that was flying past; which he then drove towards the particular quarter where he knew Amleth to be: an act which served the unwary prince exceedingly well. The token was interpreted as shrewdly as it had been sent. For Amleth saw the gadfly, espied with curiosity the straw which it wore embedded in its tail, and perceived that it was a secret warning to beware of treachery. Alarmed, scenting a trap, and fain to possess his desire in greater safety, he caught up the woman in his arms and dragged her off to a distant and impenetrable fen. Moreover, when they had lain together, he conjured her earnestly to disclose the matter to none, and the promise of silence was accorded as heartily as it was asked. For both of them had been under the same fostering in their childhood; and this early rearing in common had brought Amleth and the girl into great intimacy.

So, when he had returned home, they all jeeringly asked him whether he had given way to love, and he avowed that he had ravished the maid. When he was next asked where he did it, and what had been his pillow, he said that he had rested upon the hoof of a beast of burden, upon a cockscomb, and also upon a ceiling. For, when he was starting into temptation, he had gathered fragments of all these things, in order to avoid lying. And though his jest did not take aught of the truth out of the story, the answer was greeted with shouts of merriment from the bystanders. The maiden, too, when questioned on the matter, declared that he had done no such thing; and her denial was the more readily credited when it was found that the escort had not witnessed the deed. Then he who had marked the gadfly in order to give a hint, wishing to show Amleth that to his trick he owed his salvation, observed that latterly he had been singly devoted to Amleth. The young man's reply was apt. Not to seem forgetful of his informant's service, he said that he had seen a certain thing bearing a straw flit by suddenly, wearing a stalk of chaff fixed in its hinder parts. The cleverness of this speech, which made the rest split with laughter, rejoiced the heart of Amleth's friend.

Thus all were worsted, and none could open the secret lock of the young man's wisdom. But a friend of Feng, gifted more with assurance than judgment, declared that the unfathomable cunning of such a mind could not be detected by any vulgar plot, for the man's obstinacy was so great that it ought not to be assailed with any mild measures; there were many sides to his wiliness, and it ought not to be entrapped by any one method. Accordingly, said he, his own profounder acuteness had hit on a more delicate way, which was well fitted to be put in practice, and would effectually discover what they desired to know. Feng was purposely to absent himself, pretending affairs of great import. Amleth should be closeted alone with his mother in her chamber; but a man should first be commissioned to place himself in a concealed part of the room and listen heedfully to what they talked about. For if the son had any wits at all he would not hesitate to speak out in the hearing of his mother, or fear to trust himself to the fidelity of her who bore him. The speaker, loth to seem readier to devise than to carry

out the plot, zealously proffered himself as the agent of the eavesdropping. Feng rejoiced at the scheme, and departed on pretence of a long journey. Now he who had given this counsel repaired privily to the room where Amleth was shut up with his mother, and lay flown skulking in the straw. But Amleth had his antidote for the treachery. Afraid of being overheard by some eavesdropper, he at first resorted to his usual imbecile ways, and crowed like a noisy cock, beating his arms together to mimic the flapping of wings. Then he mounted the straw and began to swing his body and jump again and again, wishing to try if aught lurked there in hiding. Feeling a lump beneath his feet, he drove his sword into the spot, and impaled him who lay hid. Then he dragged him from his concealment and slew him. Then, cutting his body into morsels, he seethed it in boiling water, and flung it through the mouth of an open sewer for the swine to eat, bestrewn the stinking mire with his hapless limbs. Having in this wise eluded the snare, he went back to the room. Then his mother set up a great wailing, and began to lament her son's folly to his face; but he said: "Most infamous of women; dost thou seek with such lying lamentations to hide thy most heavy guilt? Wantoning like a harlot, thou hast entered a wicked and abominable state of wedlock, embracing with incestuous bosom thy husband's slayer, and wheedling with filthy lures of blandishment him who had slain the father of thy son. This, forsooth, is the way that the mares couple with the vanquishers of their mates; for brute beasts are naturally incited to pair indiscriminately; and it would seem that thou, like them, hast clean forgot thy first husband. As for me, not idly do I wear the mask of folly; for I doubt not that he who destroyed his brother will riot as ruthlessly in the blood of his kindred. Therefore it is better to choose the garb of dulness than that of sense, and to borrow some protection from a show of utter frenzy. Yet the passion to avenge my father still burns in my heart; but I am watching the chances, I await the fitting hour. There is a place for all things; against so merciless and dark spirit must be used the deeper devices of the mind. And thou, who hadst been better employed in lamenting thine own disgrace, know it is superfluity to bewail my witlessness; thou shouldst weep for the blemish in thine own mind, not for that in another's. On the rest see thou keep silence." With such reproaches he rent the heart of his mother and redeemed her to walk in the ways of virtue; teaching her to set the fires of the past above the seductions of the present.

When Feng returned, nowhere could he find the man who had suggested the treacherous espial; he searched for him long and carefully, but none said they had seen him anywhere. Amleth, among others, was asked in jest if he had come on any trace of him, and replied that the man had gone to the sewer, but had fallen through its bottom and been stifled by the floods of filth, and that he had then been devoured by the swine that came up all about that place. This speech was flouted by those who heard; for it seemed senseless, though really it expressly avowed the truth.

Feng now suspected that his stepson was certainly full of guile, and desired to make away with him, but durst not do the deed for fear of the displeasure, not only of Amleth's grandsire Rorik, but also of his own wife. So he thought that the King of Britain should be employed to slay him, so that another could do the deed, and he be able to feign innocence. Thus, desirous to hide his cruelty, he chose rather to besmirch his friend than to bring disgrace on his own head. Amleth, on departing, gave secret orders to his mother to hang the hall with woven knots, and to perform pretended obsequies for him a year thence; promising that he would then return. Two retainers of Feng then accompanied him, bearing a letter graven on wood—a kind of writing material frequent in old times; this letter enjoined the king of the Britons to put to death the youth who was sent over to him. While they were reposing, Amleth searched their coffers, found the letter, and read the instructions therein. Whereupon he erased all the writing on the surface, substituted fresh characters, and so, changing the purport of the instructions, shifted his own doom upon his companions. Nor was he satisfied with removing from himself the sentence of death and passing the peril on to others, but added an entreaty that the King of Britain would grant his daughter in marriage to a youth of great judgment whom he was sending to him. Under this was falsely marked the signature of Feng.

Now when they had reached Britain, the envoys went to the king, and proffered him the letter which they supposed was an implement of destruction to another, but which really betokened death to themselves. The king dissembled the truth, and entreated them hospitably and kindly. Then Amleth scouted all the splendour of the royal banquet like vulgar viands, and abstaining very strangely, rejected that plenteous feast, refraining from the drink even as from the banquet. All marvelled that a youth and a foreigner should disdain the carefully cooked dainties of the royal board and the luxurious banquet provided, as if it were some peasant's relish. So, when the revel broke up, and the king was dismissing his friends to rest, he had a man sent into the sleeping-room to listen secretly, in order that he might hear the midnight conversation of his guests. Now, when Amleth's companions asked him why he had refrained from the feast of yestereve, as if it were poison, he answered that the bread was flecked with blood and tainted; that there was a tang of iron in the liquor; while the meats of the feast reeked of the stench of a human carcase, and were infected by a kind of smack of the odour of the charnel. He further said that the king had the eyes of a slave, and that the queen had in three ways shown the behaviour of a bondmaid. Thus he reviled with insulting invective not so much the feast as its giver. And presently his companions, taunting him with his old defect of wits, began to flout him with many saucy jeers, because he blamed and cavilled at seemly and worthy things, and because he attacked thus ignobly an illustrious king and a lady of so refined a behaviour, bespattering with the shamefullest abuse those who merited all praise.

All this the king heard from his retainer; and declared that he who could say such things had either more than mortal wisdom or more than mortal folly; in these few words fathoming the full depth of Amleth's penetration. Then he summoned his steward and asked him whence he had procured the bread. The steward declared that it had been made by the king's own baker. The king asked where the corn had grown of which it was made, and whether any sign was to be found there of human carnage? The other answered, that not far off was a field, covered with the ancient bones of slaughtered men, and still bearing plainly all the signs of ancient carnage; and that he had himself planted this field with grain in springtide, thinking it more fruitful than the rest, and hoping for plenteous abundance; and so, for aught he knew, the bread had caught some evil savour from this bloodshed. The king, on hearing this, surmised that Amleth had spoken truly, and took the pains to learn also what had been the source of the lard. The other declared that his hogs had, through negligence, strayed from keeping, and battered on the rotten carcase of a robber, and that perchance their pork had thus come to have something of a corrupt smack. The king, finding that Amleth's judgment was right in this thing also, asked of what liquor the steward had mixed the drink? Hearing that it had been brewed of water and meal, he had the spot of the spring pointed out to him, and set to digging deep down; and there he found, rusted away, several swords, the tang whereof it was thought had tainted the waters. Others relate that Amleth blamed the drink because, while quaffing it, he had detected some bees that had fed in the paunch of a dead man; and that the taint, which had formerly been imparted to the combs, had reappeared in the taste. The king, seeing that Amleth had rightly given the causes of the taste he had found so faulty, and learning that the ignoble eyes wherewith Amleth had reproached him concerned some stain upon his birth, had a secret interview with his mother, and asked her who his father had really been. She said she had submitted to no man but the king. But when he threatened that he would have the truth out of her by a trial, he was told that he was the offspring of a slave. By the evidence of the avowal thus extorted he understood the whole mystery of the reproach upon his origin. Abashed as he was with shame for his low estate, he was so ravished with the young man's cleverness, that he asked him why he had aspersed the queen with the reproach that she had demeaned herself like a slave? But while resenting that the courtliness of his wife had been accused in the midnight gossip of guest, he found that her mother had been a bondmaid. For Amleth said he had noted in her three blemishes showing the demeanor of a slave; first, she had muffled her head

in her mantle as handmaids do; next, that she had gathered up her gown for walking; and thirdly, that she had first picked out with a splinter, and then chewed up, the remnant of food that stuck in the crevices between her teeth. Further, he mentioned that the king's mother had been brought into slavery from captivity, lest she should seem servile only in her habits, yet not in her birth.

Then the king adored the wisdom of Amleth as though it were inspired, and gave him his daughter to wife; accepting his bare word as though it were a witness from the skies. Moreover, in order to fulfil the bidding of his friend, he hanged Amleth's companions on the morrow. Amleth, feigning offence, treated this piece of kindness as a grievance, and received from the king, as compensation, some gold, which he afterwards melted in the fire, and secretly caused to be poured into some hollowed sticks.

When he had passed a whole year with the king he obtained leave to make a journey, and returned to his own land, carrying away of all his princely wealth and state only the sticks which held the gold. On reaching Jutland, he exchanged his present attire for his ancient demeanour, which he had adopted for righteous ends, purposely assuming an aspect of absurdity. Covered with filth, he entered the banquet-room where his own obsequies were being held, and struck all men utterly aghast, rumour having falsely noised abroad his death. At last terror melted into mirth, and the guests jeered and taunted one another, that he whose last rites they were celebrating as though he were dead, should appear in the flesh. When he was asked concerning his comrades, he pointed to the sticks he was carrying, and said, "Here is both the one and the other." This he observed with equal truth and pleasantry; for his speech, though most thought it idle, yet departed not from the truth; for it pointed at the weregild of the slain as though it were themselves. Thereon, wishing to bring the company into a gayer mood, he jollied the cupbearers, and diligently did the office of plying the drink. Then, to prevent his loose dress hampering his walk, he girdled his sword upon his side, and purposely drawing it several times, pricked his fingers with its point. The bystanders accordingly had both sword and scabbard riveted across with all iron nail. Then, to smooth the way more safely to his plot, he went to the lords and plied them heavily with draught upon draught, and drenched them all so deep in wine, that their feet were made feeble with drunkenness, and they turned to rest within the palace, making their bed where they had revelled. Then he saw they were in a fit state for his plots, and thought that here was a chance offered to do his purpose. So he took out of his bosom the stakes he has long ago prepared, and went into the building, where the ground lay covered with the bodies of the nobles wheezing off their sleep and their debauch. Then, cutting away its support, he brought down the hanging his mother had knitted, which covered the inner as well as the outer walls of the hall. This he flung upon the snorers, and then applying the crooked stakes, he knotted and bound them up in such insoluble intricacy, that not one of the men beneath, however hard he might struggle, could contrive to rise. After this he set fire to the palace. The flames spread, scattering the conflagration far and wide. It enveloped the whole dwelling, destroyed the palace, and burnt them all while they were either buried in deep sleep or vainly striving to arise. Then he went to the chamber of Feng, who had before this been conducted by his train into his pavilion; plucked up a sword that chanced to be hanging to the bed, and planted his own in its place. Then, awakening his uncle, he told him that his nobles were perishing in the flames, and that Amleth was here, armed with his crooks to help him, and thirsting to exact the vengeance, now long overdue, for his father's murder. Feng, on hearing this, leapt from his couch, but was cut down while deprived of his own sword, and as he strove in vain to draw the strange one. O valiant Amleth, and worthy of immortal fame, who being shrewdly armed with a feint of folly, covered a wisdom too high for human wit under a marvellous disguise of silliness! And not only found in his subtlety means to protect his own safety, but also by its guidance found opportunity to avenge his father. By this skilful defence of himself, and strenuous revenge for his parent, he has left it doubtful whether we are to think more of his wit or his bravery.

## BOOK FOUR.

Amleth, when he had accomplished the slaughter of his stepfather, feared to expose his deed to the fickle judgment of his countrymen, and thought it well to lie in hiding till he had learnt what way the mob of the uncouth populace was tending. So the whole neighbourhood, who had watched the blaze during the night, and in the morning desired to know the cause of the fire they had seen, perceived the royal palace fallen in ashes; and, on searching through its ruins, which were yet warm, found only some shapeless remains of burnt corpses. For the devouring flame had consumed everything so utterly that not a single token was left to inform them of the cause of such a disaster. Also they saw the body of Feng lying pierced by the sword, amid his blood-stained raiment. Some were seized with open anger, others with grief, and some with secret delight. One party bewailed the death of their leader, the other gave thanks that the tyranny of the fratricide was now laid at rest. Thus the occurrence of the king's slaughter was greeted by the beholders with diverse minds.

Amleth, finding the people so quiet, made bold to leave his hiding. Summoning those in whom he knew the memory of his father to be fast-rooted, he went to the assembly and there made a speech after this manner:

"Nobles! Let not any who are troubled by the piteous end of Horwendil be worried by the sight of this disaster before you; be not ye, I say, distressed, who have remained loyal to your king and dutiful to your father. Behold the corpse, not of a prince, but of a fratricide. Indeed, it was a sorer sight when ye saw our prince lying lamentably butchered by a most infamous fratricide-brother, let me not call him. With your own compassionating eyes ye have beheld the mangled limbs of Horwendil; they have seen his body done to death with many wounds. Surely that most abominable butcher only deprived his king of life that he might despoil his country of freedom! The hand that slew him made you slaves. Who then so mad as to choose Feng the cruel before Horwendil the righteous? Remember how benignantly Horwendil fostered you, how justly he dealt with you, how kindly he loved you. Remember how you lost the mildest of princes and the justest of fathers, while in his place was put a tyrant and an assassin set up; how your rights were confiscated; how everything was plague-stricken; how the country was stained with infamies; how the yoke was planted on your necks, and how, your free will was forfeited! And now all this is over; for ye see the criminal stifled in his own crimes, the slayer of his kin punished for his misdoings. What man of but ordinary wit, beholding it, would account this kindness a wrong? What sane man could be sorry that the crime has recoiled upon the culprit? Who could lament the killing of a most savage executioner? Or bewail the righteous death of a most cruel despot? Ye behold the doer of the deed; he is before you. Yea, I own that I have taken vengeance for my country and my father. Your hands were equally bound to the task which mine fulfilled. What it would have beseeemed you to accomplish with me, I achieved alone. Nor had I any partner in so glorious a deed, or the service of any man to help me. Not that I forget that you would have helped this work, had I asked you; for doubtless you have remained loyal to your king and loving to your prince. But I chose that the wicked should be punished without imperilling you; I thought that others need not set their shoulders to the burden when I deemed mine strong enough to bear it. Therefore I consumed all the others to ashes, and left only the trunk of Feng for your hands to burn, so that on this at least you may wreak all your longing for a righteous vengeance. Now haste up speedily, heap the pyre, burn up the body of the wicked, consume away his guilty limbs, scatter his sinful ashes, strew broadcast his ruthless dust; let no urn or barrow enclose the abominable remnants of his bones. Let no trace of his fratricide remain; let there be no spot in his own land for his tainted limbs; let no neighbourhood suck infection from him; let not sea nor soil be defiled by harboring his accursed carcase. I have done the rest; this one loyal duty is left for you. These must be the tyrant's obsequies, this the funeral procession of the fratricide. It is not seemly that he who stripped his country of her freedom should have his ashes covered by his country's earth.

"Besides, why tell again my own sorrows? Why count over my troubles? Why weave the thread of my miseries anew? Ye know them more fully than I myself. I, pursued to the death by my stepfather, scorned by my mother, spat upon by friends, have passed my years in pitiable woe, and my days in adversity; and my insecure life has teemed with fear and perils. In fine, I passed every season of my age wretchedly and in extreme calamity. Often in your secret murmurings together you have sighed over my lack of wits; there was none (you said) to avenge the father, none to punish the fratricide. And in this I found a secret testimony of your love; for I saw that the memory of the King's murder had not yet faded from your minds.

"Whose breast is so hard that it can be softened by no fellow-feeling for what I have felt? Who is so stiff and stony, that he is swayed by no compassion for my griefs? Ye whose hands are clean of the blood of Horwendil, pity your fosterling, be moved by my calamities. Pity also my stricken mother, and rejoice with me that the infamy of her who was once your queen is quenched. For this weak woman had to bear a twofold weight of ignominy, embracing one who was her husband's brother and murderer. Therefore, to hide my purpose of revenge and to veil my wit, I counterfeited a listless bearing; I feigned dulness; I planned a stratagem; and now you can see with your own eyes whether it has succeeded, whether it has achieved its purpose to the full; I am content to leave you to judge so great a matter. It is your turn; trample under foot the ashes of the murderer! Disdain the dust of him who slew his brother, and defiled his brother's queen with infamous desecration, who outraged his sovereign and treasonably assailed his majesty, who brought the sharpest tyranny upon you, stole your freedom, and crowned fratricide with incest. I have been the agent of this just vengeance; I have burned for this righteous retribution; uphold me with a high-born spirit; pay me the homage that you owe; warm me with your kindly looks. It is I who have wiped off my country's shame; I who have quenched my mother's dishonour; I who have beaten back oppression; I who have put to death the murderer; I who have baffled the artful hand of my uncle with retorted arts. Were he living, each new day would have multiplied his crimes. I resented the wrong done to father and to fatherland: I slew him who was governing you outrageously and more hardly than it beseemed men. Acknowledge my service, honour my wit, give me the throne if I have earned it; for you have in me one who has done you a mighty service, and who is no degenerate heir to his father's power; no fratricide, but the lawful successor to the throne; and a dutiful avenger of the crime of murder. It is I who have stripped you of slavery, and clothed you with freedom; I have restored your height of fortune, and given you your glory back; I have deposed the despot and triumphed over the butcher. In your hands is the reward; you know what I have done for you, and from your righteousness I ask my wage."

Every heart had been moved while the young man thus spoke; he affected some to compassion, and some even to tears. When the lamentation ceased, he was appointed king by prompt and general acclaim. For one and all rested their greatest hopes on his wisdom, since he had devised the whole of such an achievement with the deepest cunning, and accomplished it with the most astonishing contrivance. Many could have been seen marvelling how he had concealed so subtle a plan over so long a space of time.

After these deeds in Denmark, Amleth equipped three vessels, and went back to Britain to see his wife and her father. He had also enrolled in his service the flower of the warriors, and arrayed them very choicely, wishing to have everything now magnificently appointed, even as of old he had always worn contemptible gear, and to change all his old devotion to poverty for outlay on luxury. He also had a shield made for him, whereon the whole series of his exploits, beginning with his earliest youth, was painted in exquisite designs. This he bore as a record of his deeds of prowess, and gained great increase of fame thereby. Here were to be seen depicted the slaying of Horwendil; the fratricide and incest of Feng; the infamous uncle, the whimsical nephew; the shapes of the hooked stakes; the stepfather suspecting, the stepson dissembling; the various temptations offered, and the woman brought to beguile him; the gaping wolf; the finding of the rudder; the passing of the sand; the entering of the wood; the putting

of the straw through the gadfly; the warning of the youth by the tokens; and the privy dealings with the maiden after the escort was eluded. And likewise could be seen the picture of the palace; the queen there with her son; the slaying of the eavesdropper; and how, after being killed, he was boiled down, and so dropped into the sewer, and so thrown out to the swine; how his limbs were strewn in the mud, and so left for the beasts to finish. Also it could be seen how Amleth surprised the secret of his sleeping attendants, how he erased the letters, and put new characters in their places; how he disdained the banquet and scorned the drink; how he condemned time face of the king and taxed the Queen with faulty behaviour. There was also represented the hanging of the envoys, and the young man's wedding; then the voyage back to Denmark; the festive celebration of the funeral rites; Amleth, in answer to questions, pointing to the sticks in place of his attendants, acting as cupbearer, and purposely drawing his sword and pricking his fingers; the sword riveted through, the swelling cheers of the banquet, the dance growing fast and furious; the hangings flung upon the sleepers, then fastened with the interlacing crooks, and wrapped tightly round them as they slumbered; the brand set to the mansion, the burning of the guests, the royal palace consumed with fire and tottering down; the visit to the sleeping-room of Feng, the theft of his sword, the useless one set in its place; and the king slain with his own sword's point by his stepson's hand. All this was there, painted upon Amleth's battle-shield by a careful craftsman in the choicest of handiwork; he copied truth in his figures, and embodied real deeds in his outlines. Moreover, Amleth's followers, to increase the splendour of their presence, wore shields which were gilt over.

The King of Britain received them very graciously, and treated them with costly and royal pomp. During the feast he asked anxiously whether Feng was alive and prosperous. His son-in-law told him that the man of whose welfare he was vainly inquiring had perished by the sword. With a flood of questions he tried to find out who had slain Feng, and learnt that the messenger of his death was likewise its author. And when the king heard this, he was secretly aghast, because he found that an old promise to avenge Feng now devolved upon himself. For Feng and he had determined of old, by a mutual compact, that one of them should act as avenger of the other. Thus the king was drawn one way by his love for his daughter and his affection for his son-in-law; another way by his regard for his friend, and moreover by his strict oath and the sanctity of their mutual declarations, which it was impious to violate. At last he slighted the ties of kinship, and sworn faith prevailed. His heart turned to vengeance, and he put the sanctity of his oath before family bonds. But since it was thought sin to wrong the holy ties of hospitality, he preferred to execrate his revenge by the hand of another, wishing to mask his secret crime with a show of innocence. So he veiled his treachery with attentions, and hid his intent to harm under a show of zealous goodwill. His queen having lately died of illness, he requested Amleth to undertake the mission of making him a fresh match, saying that he was highly delighted with his extraordinary shrewdness. He declared that there was a certain queen reigning in Scotland, whom he vehemently desired to marry. Now he knew that she was not only unwedded by reason of her chastity, but that in the cruelty of her arrogance she had always loathed her wooers, and had inflicted on her lovers the uttermost punishment, so that not one but of all the multitude was to be found who had not paid for his insolence with his life.

Perilous as this commission was Amleth started, never shrinking to obey the duty imposed upon him, but trusting partly in his own servants, and partly in the attendants of the king. He entered Scotland, and, when quite close to the abode of the queen, he went into a meadow by the wayside to rest his horses. Pleased by the look of the spot, he thought of resting—the pleasant prattle of the stream exciting a desire to sleep—and posted men to keep watch some way off. The queen on hearing of this, sent out ten warriors to spy on the approach of the foreigners and their equipment. One of these, being quick-witted, slipped past the sentries, pertinaciously made his way up, and took away the shield, which Amleth had chanced to set at his head before he slept, so gently that he did not ruffle his slumbers, though he was lying upon it,

nor awaken one man of all that troop; for he wished to assure his mistress not only by report but by some token. With equal address he filched the letter entrusted to Amleth from the coffer in which it was kept. When these things were brought to the queen, she scanned the shield narrowly, and from the notes appended made out the whole argument. Then she knew that here was the man who, trusting in his own nicely calculated scheme, had avenged on his uncle the murder of his father. She also looked at the letter containing the suit for her hand, and rubbed out all the writing; for wedlock with the old she utterly abhorred, and desired the embraces of young men. But she wrote in its place a commission purporting to be sent from the King of Britain to herself, signed like the other with his name and title, wherein she pretended that she was asked to marry the bearer. Moreover, she included an account of the deeds of which she had learnt from Amleth's shield, so that one would have thought the shield confirmed the letter, while the letter explained the shield. Then she told the same spies whom she had employed before to take the shield back, and put the letter in its place again; playing the very trick on Amleth which, as she had learnt, he had himself used in outwitting his companions.

Amleth, meanwhile, who found that his shield had been filched from under his head, deliberately shut his eyes and cunningly feigned sleep, hoping to regain by pretended what he had lost by real slumbers. For he thought that the success of his one attempt would incline the spy to deceive him a second time. And he was not mistaken. For as the spy came up stealthily, and wanted to put back the shield and the writing in their old place, Amleth leapt up, seized him, and detained him in bonds. Then he roused his retinue, and went to the abode of the queen. As representing his father-in-law, he greeted her, and handled her the writing, sealed with the king's seal. The queen, who was named Hermutrude, took and read it, and spoke most warmly of Amleth's diligence and shrewdness, saying, that Feng had deserved his punishment, and that the unfathomable wit of Amleth had accomplished a deed past all human estimation; seeing that not only had his impenetrable depth devised a mode of revenging his father's death and his mother's adultery, but it had further, by his notable deeds of prowess, seized the kingdom of the man whom he had found constantly plotting against him. She marvelled therefore that a man of such instructed mind could have made the one slip of a mistaken marriage; for though his renown almost rose above mortality, he seemed to have stumbled into an obscure and ignoble match. For the parents of his wife had been slaves, though good luck had graced them with the honours of royalty. Now (said she), when looking for a wife a wise man must reckon the lustre of her birth and not of her beauty. Therefore, if he were to seek a match in a proper spirit, he should weigh the ancestry, and not be smitten by the looks; for though looks were a lure to temptation, yet their empty bedizenment had tarnished the white simplicity of many a man. Now there was a woman, as nobly born as himself, whom he could take. She herself, whose means were not poor nor her birth lowly, was worthy his embraces, since he did not surpass her in royal wealth nor outshine her in the honour of his ancestors. Indeed she was a queen, and but that her sex gainsaid it, might be deemed a king; may (and this is yet truer), whomsoever she thought worthy of her bed was at once a king, and she yielded her kingdom with herself. Thus her sceptre and her hand went together. It was no mean favour for such a woman to offer her love, who in the case of other men had always followed her refusal with the sword. Therefore she pressed him to transfer his wooing, to make over to her his marriage vows, and to learn to prefer birth to beauty. So saying, she fell upon him with a close embrace.

Amleth was overjoyed at the gracious speech of the maiden, fell to kissing back, and returned her close embrace, protesting that the maiden's wish was his own. Then a banquet was held, friends bidden, the nobles gathered, and the marriage rites performed. When they were accomplished, he went back to Britain with his bride, a strong band of Scots being told to follow close behind, that he might have its help against the diverse treacheries in his path. As he was returning, the daughter of the King of Britain, to whom he was still married, met him. Though she complained that she was slighted by the wrong of having a paramour put over her, yet, she said, it would be unworthy for her to hate him as an

adulterer more than she loved him as a husband: nor would she so far shrink from her lord as to bring herself to hide in silence the guile which she knew was intended against him. For she had a son as a pledge of their marriage, and regard for him, if nothing else, must have inclined his mother to the affection of a wife. "He," she said, "may hate the supplanter of his mother, I will love her; no disaster shall put out my flame for thee; no ill-will shall quench it, or prevent me from exposing the malignant designs against thee, or from revealing the snares I have detected. Bethink thee, then, that thou must beware of thy father-in-law, for thou hast thyself reaped the harvest of thy mission, foiled the wishes of him who sent thee, and with willful trespass seized over all the fruit for thyself." By this speech she showed herself more inclined to love her husband than her father.

While she thus spoke, the King of Britain came up and embraced his son-in-law closely, but with little love, and welcomed him with a banquet, to hide his intended guile under a show of generosity. But Amleth, having learnt the deceit, dissembled his fear, took a retinue of two hundred horsemen, put on an under-shirt (of mail), and complied with the invitation, preferring the peril of falling in with the king's deceit to the shame of hanging back. So much heed for honour did he think that he must take in all things. As he rode up close, the king attacked him just under the porch of the folding doors, and would have thrust him through with his javelin, but that the hard shirt of mail threw off the blade. Amleth received a slight wound, and went to the spot where he had bidden the Scottish warriors wait on duty. He then sent back to the king his new wife's spy, whom he had captured. This man was to bear witness that he had secretly taken from the coffer where it was kept the letter which was meant for his mistress, and thus was to make the whole blame recoil on Hermutrude, by this studied excuse absolving Amleth from the charge of treachery. The king without tarrying pursued Amleth hotly as he fled, and deprived him of most of his forces. So Amleth, on the morrow, wishing to fight for dear life, and utterly despairing of his powers of resistance, tried to increase his apparent numbers. He put stakes under some of the dead bodies of his comrades to prop them up, set others on horseback like living men, and tied others to neighbouring stones, not taking off any of their armour, and dressing them in due order of line and wedge, just as if they were about to engage. The wing composed of the dead was as thick as the troop of the living. It was an amazing spectacle this, of dead men dragged out to battle, and corpses mustered to fight. The plan served him well, for the very figures of the dead men showed like a vast array as the sunbeams struck them. For those dead and senseless shapes restored the original number of the army so well, that the mass might have been unthinned by the slaughter of yesterday. The Britons, terrified at the spectacle, fled before fighting, conquered by the dead men whom they had overcome in life. I cannot tell whether to think more of the cunning or of the good fortune of this victory. The Danes came down on the king as he was tardily making off, and killed him. Amleth, triumphant, made a great plundering, seized the spoils of Britain, and went back with his wives to his own land.

Meanwhile Rorik had died, and Wiglek, who had come to the throne, had harassed Amleth's mother with all manner of insolence and stripped her of her royal wealth, complaining that her son had usurped the kingdom of Jutland and defrauded the King of Leire, who had the sole privilege of giving and taking away the rights of high offices. This treatment Amleth took with such forbearance as apparently to return kindness for slander, for he presented Wiglek with the richest of his spoils. But afterwards he seized a chance of taking vengeance, attacked him, subdued him, and from a covert became an open foe. Fialler, the governor of Skaane, he drove into exile; and the tale is that Fialler retired to a spot called Undensakre, which is unknown to our peoples. After this, Wiglek, recruited with the forces of Skaane and Zealand, sent envoys to challenge Amleth to a war. Amleth, with his marvellous shrewdness, saw that he was tossed between two difficulties, one of which involved disgrace and the other danger. For he knew that if he took up the challenge he was threatened with peril of his life, while to shrink from it would disgrace his reputation as a soldier. Yet in that spirit ever fixed on deeds of prowess the desire

to save his honour won the day. Dread of disaster was blunted by more vehement thirst for glory; he would not tarnish the unblemished lustre of his fame by timidly skulking from his fate. Also he saw that there is almost as wide a gap between a mean life and a noble death as that which is acknowledged between honour and disgrace themselves.

Yet Amleth was enchained by such great love for Hermutrude, that he was more deeply concerned in his mind about her future widowhood than about his own death, and cast about very zealously how he could decide on some second husband for her before the opening of the war. Hermutrude, therefore, declared that she had the courage of a man, and promised that she would not forsake him even on the field, saying that the woman who dreaded to be united with her lord in death was abominable. But she kept this rare promise ill; for when Amleth had been slain by Wiglek in battle in Jutland, she yielded herself up unasked to be the conqueror's spoil and bride. Thus all vows of woman are loosed by change of fortune and melted by the shifting of time; the faith of their soul rests on a slippery foothold, and is weakened by casual chances; glib in promises, and as sluggish in performance, all manner of lustful promptings enslave it, and it bounds away with panting and precipitate desire, forgetful of old things in the ever hot pursuit after something fresh. So ended Amleth. Had fortune been as kind to him as nature, he would have equalled the gods in glory, and surpassed the labours of Hercules by his deeds of prowess. A plain in Jutland is to be found, famous for his name and burial-place. Wiglek's administration of the kingdom was long and peaceful, and he died of disease.

WERMUND, his son, succeeded him. The long and leisurely tranquillity of a most prosperous and quiet time flowed by and Wermund in undisturbed security maintained a prolonged and steady peace at home. He had no children during the prime of his life, but in his old age, by a belated gift of fortune, he begat a son, Uffe, though all the years which had glided by had raised him up no offspring. This Uffe surpassed all of his age in stature, but in his early youth was supposed to have so dull and foolish a spirit as to be useless for all affairs public or private. For from his first years he never used to play or make merry, but was so void of all human pleasure that he kept his lips sealed in a perennial silence, and utterly restrained his austere visage from the business of laughter. But though through the years of his youth he was reputed for an utter fool, he afterwards left that despised estate and became famous, turning out as great a pattern of wisdom and hardihood as he had been a picture of stagnation. His father, seeing him such a simpleton, got him for a wife the daughter of Frowin, the governor of the men of Sleswik; thinking that by his alliance with so famous a man Uffe would receive help which would serve him well in administering the realm. Frowin had two sons, Ket and Wig, who were youths of most brilliant parts, and their excellence, not less than that of Frowin, Wermund destined to the future advantage of his son.

At this time the King of Sweden was Athisl, a man of notable fame and energy. After defeating his neighbours far around, he was loth to leave the renown won by his prowess to be tarnished in slothful ease, and by constant and zealous practice brought many novel exercises into vogue. For one thing he had a daily habit of walking alone girt with splendid armour: in part because he knew that nothing was more excellent in warfare than the continual practice of arms; and in part that he might swell his glory by ever following this pursuit. Self-confidence claimed as large a place in this man as thirst for fame. Nothing, he thought, could be so terrible as to make him afraid that it would daunt his stout heart by its opposition. He carried his arms into Denmark, and challenged Frowin to battle near Sleswik. The armies routed one another with vast slaughter, and it happened that the generals came to engage in person, so that they conducted the affair like a duel; and, in addition to the public issues of the war, the fight was like a personal conflict. For both of them longed with equal earnestness for an issue of the combat by which they might exhibit their valour, not by the help of their respective sides, but by a trial of personal strength. The end was that, though the blows rained thick on either side, Athisl prevailed and overthrew Frowin, and won a public victory as well as a duel, breaking up and shattering the Danish



ranks in all directions. When he returned to Sweden, he not only counted the slaying of Frowin among the trophies of his valour, but even bragged of it past measure, so ruining the glory of the deed by his wantonness of tongue. For it is sometimes handsomer for deeds of valour to be shrouded in the modesty of silence than to be blazoned in wanton talk.

Wermund raised the sons of Frowin to honours of the same rank as their father's, a kindness which was only due to the children of his friend who had died for the country. This prompted Athisl to carry the war again into Denmark. Emboldened therefore by his previous battle, he called back, bringing with him not only no slender and feeble force, but all the flower of the valour of Sweden, thinking he would seize the supremacy of all Denmark. Ket, the son of Frowin, sent Folk, his chief officer, to take this news to Wermund, who then chanced to be in his house Jellinge. Folk found the king feasting with his friends, and did his errand, admonishing him that here was the long-wished-for chance of war at hand, and pressing itself upon the wishes of Wermund, to whom was given an immediate chance of victory and the free choice of a speedy and honourable triumph. Great and unexpected were the sweets of good fortune, so long sighed for, and now granted to him by this lucky event. For Athisl had come encompassed with countless forces of the Swedes, just as though in his firm assurance he had made sure of victory; and since the enemy who was going to fight would doubtless prefer death to flight, this chance of war gave them a fortunate opportunity to take vengeance for their late disaster.

Wermund, declaring that he had performed his mission nobly and bravely, ordered that he should take some little refreshment of the banquet, since "far-faring ever hurt fasters." When Folk said that he had no kind of leisure to take food, he begged him to take a draught to quench his thirst. This was given him; and Wermund also bade him keep the cup, which was of gold, saying that men who were weary with the heat of wayfaring found it handier to take up the water in a goblet than in the palms, and that it was better to use a cup for drinking than the hand. When the king accompanied his great gift with such gracious words, the young man, overjoyed at both, promised that, before the king should see him turn and flee, he would take a draught of his own blood to the full measure of the liquor he had drunk.

With this doughty vow Wermund accounted himself well repaid, and got somewhat more joy from giving the boon than the soldier had from gaining it. Nor did he find that Folk's talk was braver than his fighting.

For, when battle had begun, it came to pass that amidst divers charges of the troops Folk and Athisl met and fought a long while together; and that the host of the Swedes, following the fate of their captain, took to flight, and Athisl also was wounded and fled from the battle to his ships. And when Folk, dazed with wounds and toils, and moreover steeped alike in heat and toil and thirst, had ceased to follow the rout of the enemy, then, in order to refresh himself, he caught his own blood in his helmet, and put it to his lips to drain: by which deed he gloriously requited the king's gift of the cup. Wermund, who chanced to see this, praised him warmly for fulfilling his vow. Folk answered, that a noble vow ought to be strictly performed to the end: a speech wherein he showed no less approval of his own deed than Wermund.

Now, while the conquerors had laid down their arms, and, as is usual after battle, were exchanging diverse talk with one another, Ket, the governor of the men of Sleswik, declared that it was a matter of great marvel to him how it was that Athisl, though difficulties strewed his path, had contrived an opportunity to escape, especially as he had been the first and foremost in the battle, but last of all in the retreat; and though there had not been one of the enemy whose fall was so vehemently desired by the Danes. Wermund rejoined that he should know that there were four kinds of warrior to be distinguished in every army. The fighters of the first order were those who, tempering valour with forbearance, were keen to slay those who resisted, but were ashamed to bear hard on fugitives. For these were the men who had won undoubted proofs of prowess by veteran experience in arms, and who found their glory not in the flight of the conquered, but in overcoming those whom they had to conquer. Then there was a second kind of war-

riors, who were endowed with stout frame and spirit, but with no jot of compassion, and who raged with savage and indiscriminate carnage against the backs as well as the breasts of their foes. Now of this sort were the men carried away by hot and youthful blood, and striving to grace their first campaign with good auguries of warfare. They burned as hotly with the glow of youth as with the glow for glory, and thus rushed headlong into right or wrong with equal recklessness. There was also the third kind, who, wavering betwixt shame and fear, could not go forward for terror, while shame barred retreat. Of distinguished blood, but only notable for their useless stature, they crowded the ranks with numbers and not with strength, smote the foe more with their shadows than with their arms, and were only counted among the throng of warriors as so many bodies to be seen. These men were lords of great riches, but excelled more in birth than bravery; hungry for life because owning great possessions, they were forced to yield to the sway of cowardice rather than nobleness. There were others, again, who brought show to the war, and not substance, and who, foisting themselves into the rear of their comrades, were the first to fly and the last to fight. One sure token of fear betrayed their feebleness; for they always deliberately sought excuses to shirk, and followed with timid and sluggish advance in the rear of the fighters. It must be supposed, therefore, that these were the reasons why the king had escaped safely; for when he fled he was not pursued pertinaciously by the men of the front rank; since these made it their business to preserve the victory, not to arrest the conquered, and massed their wedges, in order that the fresh-won victory might be duly and sufficiently guarded, and attain the fullness of triumph.

Now the second class of fighters, whose desire was to cut down everything in their way, had left Athisl unscathed, from lack not of will but of opportunity; for they had lacked the chance to hurt him rather than the daring. Moreover, though the men of the third kind, who frittered away the very hour of battle by wandering about in a flurried fashion, and also hampered the success of their own side, had had their chance of harming the king, they yet lacked courage to assail him. In this way Wermund satisfied the dull amazement of Ket, and declared that he had set forth and expounded the true reasons of the king's safe escape.

After this Athisl fled back to Sweden, still wantonly bragging of the slaughter of Frowin, and constantly boasting the memory of his exploit with prolix recital of his deeds; not that he bore calmly the shame of his defeat, but that he might salve the wound of his recent flight by the honours of his ancient victory. This naturally much angered Ket and Wig, and they swore a vow to unite in avenging their father. Thinking that they could hardly accomplish this in open war, they took an equipment of lighter armament, and went to Sweden alone. Then, entering a wood in which they had learnt by report that the king used to take his walks unaccompanied, they hid their weapons. Then they talked long with Athisl, giving themselves out as deserters; and when he asked them what was their native country, they said they were men of Sleswik, and had left their land "for manslaughter." The king thought that this statement referred not to their vow to commit the crime, but to the guilt of some crime already committed. For they desired by this deceit to foil his inquisitiveness, so that the truthfulness of the statement might baffle the wit of the questioner, and their true answer, being covertly shadowed forth in a fiction, might inspire in him a belief that it was false. For famous men of old thought lying a most shameful thing. Then Athisl said he would like to know whom the Danes believed to be the slayer of Frowin. Ket replied that there was a doubt as to who ought to claim so illustrious a deed, especially as the general testimony was that he had perished on the field of battle. Athisl answered that it was idle to credit others with the death of Frowin, which he, and he alone, had accomplished in mutual combat. Soon he asked whether Frowin had left any children. Ket answering that two sons of his were alive, said that he would be very glad to learn their age and stature. Ket replied that they were almost of the same size as themselves in body, alike in years, and much resembling them in tallness. Then Athisl said: "If the mind and the valour of their sire were theirs, a bitter tempest would break upon me." Then he asked whether those men constantly spoke of the slaying

of their father. Ket rejoined that it was idle to go on talking and talking about a thing that could not be softened by any remedy, and declared that it was no good to harp with constant vexation on an inextinguishable ill. By saying this he showed that threats ought not to anticipate vengeance.

When Ket saw that the king regularly walked apart alone in order to train his strength, he took up his arms, and with his brother followed the king as he walked in front of them. Athisl, when he saw them, stood his ground on the sand, thinking it shameful to avoid threateners. Then they said that they would take vengeance for his slaying of Frowin, especially as he avowed with so many arrogant vaunts that he alone was his slayer. But he told them to take heed lest while they sought to compass their revenge, they should be so foolhardy as to engage him with their feeble and powerless hand, and while desiring the destruction of another, should find they had fallen themselves. Thus they would cut off their goodly promise of overhasty thirst for glory. Let them then save their youth and spare their promise; let them not be seized so lightly with a desire to perish. Therefore, let them suffer him to requite with money the trespass done them in their father's death, and account it great honour that they would be credited with forcing so mighty a chief to pay a fine, and in a manner with shaking him with overmastering fear. Yet he said he advised them thus, not because he was really terrified, but because he was moved with compassion for their youth. Ket replied that it was idle to waste time in beating so much about the bush and trying to sap their righteous longing for revenge by an offer of pelf. So he bade him come forward and make trial with him in single combat of whatever strength he had. He himself would do without the aid of his brother, and would fight with his own strength, lest it should appear a shameful and unequal combat, for the ancients held it to be unfair, and also infamous, for two men to fight against one; and a victory gained by this kind of fighting they did not account honourable, but more like a disgrace than a glory. Indeed, it was considered not only a poor, but a most shameful exploit for two men to overpower one.

But Athisl was filled with such assurance that he bade them both assail him at once, declaring that if he could not cure them of the desire to fight, he would at least give them the chance of fighting more safely. But Ket shrank so much from this favour that he swore he would accept death sooner: for he thought that the terms of battle thus offered would be turned into a reproach to himself. So he engaged hotly with Athisl, who desirous to fight him in a forbearing fashion, merely thrust lightly with his blade and struck upon his shield; thus guarding his own safety with more hardihood than success. When he had done this some while, he advised him to take his brother to share in his enterprise, and not be ashamed to ask for the help of another hand, since his unaided efforts were useless. If he refused, said Athisl, he should not be spared; then making good his threats, he assailed him with all his might. But Ket received him with so sturdy a stroke of his sword, that it split the helmet and forced its way down upon the head. Stung by the wound (for a stream of blood flowed from his poll), he attacked Ket with a shower of nimble blows, and drove him to his knees. Wig, leaning more to personal love than to general usage, could not bear the sight, but made affection conquer shame, and attacking Athisl, chose rather to defend the weakness of his brother than to look on at it. But he won more infamy than glory by the deed. In helping his brother he had violated the appointed conditions of the duel; and the help that he gave him was thought more useful than honourable. For on the one scale he inclined to the side of disgrace, and on the other to that of affection. Thereupon they perceived themselves that their killing of Athisl had been more swift than glorious. Yet, not to hide the deed from the common people, they cut off his head, slung his body on a horse, took it out of the wood, and handed it over to the dwellers in a village near, announcing that the sons of Frowin had taken vengeance upon Athisl, King of the Swedes, for the slaying of their father. Boasting of such a victory as this, they were received by Wermund with the highest honours; for he thought they had done a most useful deed, and he preferred to regard the glory of being rid of a rival with more attention than the infamy of committing an outrage. Nor did he judge that the killing of a

tyrant was in any wise akin to shame. It passed into a proverb among foreigners, that the death of the king had broken down the ancient principle of combat.

When Wermund was losing his sight by infirmity of age, the King of Saxony, thinking that Denmark lacked a leader, sent envoys ordering him to surrender to his charge the kingdom which he held beyond the due term of life; lest, if he thirsted to hold sway too long, he should strip his country of laws and defence. For how could he be reckoned a king, whose spirit was darkened with age, and his eyes with blindness not less black and awful? If he refused, but yet had a son who would dare to accept a challenge and fight with his son, let him agree that the victor should possess the realm. But if he approved neither offer, let him learn that he must be dealt with by weapons and not by warnings; and in the end he must unwillingly surrender what he was too proud at first to yield uncompelled. Wermund, shaken by deep sighs, answered that it was too insolent to sting him with these taunts upon his years; for he had passed no timorous youth, nor shrunk from battle, that age should bring him to this extreme misery. It was equally unfitting to cast in his teeth the infirmity of his blindness: for it was common for a loss of this kind to accompany such a time of life as his, and it seemed a calamity fitter for sympathy than for taunts. It were juster to fix the blame on the impatience of the King of Saxony, whom it would have beseeemed to wait for the old man's death, and not demand his throne; for it was somewhat better to succeed to the dead than to rob the living. Yet, that he might not be thought to make over the honours of his ancient freedom, like a madman, to the possession of another, he would accept the challenge with his own hand. The envoys answered that they knew that their king would shrink from the mockery of fighting a blind man, for such an absurd mode of combat was thought more shameful than honourable. It would surely be better to settle the affair by means of their offspring on either side. The Danes were in consternation, and at a sudden loss for a reply: but Uffe, who happened to be there with the rest, craved his father's leave to answer; and suddenly the dumb as it were spake. When Wermund asked who had thus begged leave to speak, and the attendants said that it was Uffe, he declared that it was enough that the insolent foreigner should jeer at the pangs of his misery, without those of his own household vexing him with the same wanton effrontery. But the courtiers persistently averred that this man was Uffe; and the king said: "He is free, whosoever he be, to say out what he thinks." Then said Uffe, "that it was idle for their king to covet a realm which could rely not only on the service of its own ruler, but also on the arms and wisdom of most valiant nobles. Moreover, the king did not lack a son nor the kingdom an heir; and they were to know that he had made up his mind to fight not only the son of their king, but also, at the same time, whatsoever man the prince should elect as his comrade out of the bravest of their nation."

The envoys laughed when they heard this, thinking it idle lip-courage. Instantly the ground for the battle was agreed on, and a fixed time appointed. But the bystanders were so amazed by the strangeness of Uffe's speaking and challenging, that one can scarce say if they were more astonished at his words or at his assurance.

But on the departure of the envoys Wermund praised him who had made the answer, because he had proved his confidence in his own valour by challenging not one only, but two; and said that he would sooner quit his kingdom for him, whoever he was, than for an insolent foe. But when one and all testified that he who with lofty self-confidence had spurned the arrogance of the envoys was his own son, he bade him come nearer to him, wishing to test with his hands what he could not with his eyes. Then he carefully felt his body, and found by the size of his limbs and by his features that he was his son; and then began to believe their assertions, and to ask him why he had taken pains to hide so sweet an eloquence with such careful dissembling, and had borne to live through so long a span of life without utterance or any intercourse of talk, so as to let men think him utterly incapable of speech, and a born mute. He replied that he had been hitherto satisfied with the protection of his father, that he had not needed the use of his own voice, until he saw the wisdom of his own land hard

pressed by the glibness of a foreigner. The king also asked him why he had chosen to challenge two rather than one. He said he had desired this mode of combat in order that the death of King Athisl, which, having been caused by two men, was a standing reproach to the Danes, might be balanced by the exploit of one, and that a new ensample of valour might erase the ancient record of their disgrace. Fresh honour, he said, would thus obliterate the guilt of their old dishonour.

Wermund said that his son had judged all things rightly, and bade him first learn the use of arms, since he had been little accustomed to them. When they were offered to Uffe, he split the narrow links of the mail-coats by the mighty girth of his chest, nor could any be found large enough to hold him properly. For he was too hugely built to be able to use the arms of any other man. At last, when he was bursting even his father's coat of mail by the violent compression of his body, Wermund ordered it to be cut away on the left side and patched with a buckle; thinking it mattered little if the side guarded by the shield were exposed to the sword. He also told him to be most careful in fixing on a sword which he could use safely. Several were offered him; but Uffe, grasping the hilt, shattered them one after the other into flinders by shaking them, and not a single blade was of so hard a temper but at the first blow he broke it into many pieces. But the king had a sword of extraordinary sharpness, called "Skrep", which at a single blow of the smiter struck straight through and cleft asunder any obstacle whatsoever; nor would aught be hard enough to check its edge when driven home. The king, loth to leave this for the benefit of posterity, and greatly grudging others the use of it, had buried it deep in the earth, meaning, since he had no hopes of his son's improvement, to debar everyone else from using it. But when he was now asked whether he had a sword worthy of the strength of Uffe, he said that he had one which, if he could recognize the lie of the ground and find what he had consigned long ago to earth, he could offer him as worthy of his bodily strength. Then he bade them lead him into a field, and kept questioning his companions over all the ground. At last he recognised the tokens, found the spot where he had buried the sword, drew it out of its hole, and handed it to his son. Uffe saw it was frail with great age and rusted away; and, not daring to strike with it, asked if he must prove this one also like the rest, declaring that he must try its temper before the battle ought to be fought. Wermund replied that if this sword were shattered by mere brandishing, there was nothing left which could serve for such strength as his. He must, therefore, forbear from the act, whose issue remained so doubtful.

So they repaired to the field of battle as agreed. It is fast encompassed by the waters of the river Eider, which roll between, and forbid any approach save by ship. Hither Uffe went unattended, while the Prince of Saxony was followed by a champion famous for his strength. Dense crowds on either side, eager to see, thronged each winding bank, and all bent their eyes upon this scene. Wermund planted himself on the end of the bridge, determined to perish in the waters if defeat were the lot of his son: he would rather share the fall of his own flesh and blood than behold, with heart full of anguish, the destruction of his own country. Both the warriors assaulted Uffe; but, distrusting his sword, he parried the blows of both with his shield, being determined to wait patiently and see which of the two he must beware of most heedfully, so that he might reach that one at all events with a single stroke of his blade. Wermund, thinking that his feebleness was at fault, that he took the blows so patiently, dragged himself little by little, in his longing for death, forward to the western edge of the bridge, meaning to fling himself down and perish, should all be over with his son.

Fortune shielded the old father, for Uffe told the prince to engage with him more briskly, and to do some deed of prowess worthy of his famous race; lest the lowborn squire should seem braver than the prince. Then, in order to try the bravery of the champion, he bade him not skulk timorously at his master's heels, but requite by noble deeds of combat the trust placed in him by his prince, who had chosen him to be his single partner in the battle. The other complied, and when shame drove him to fight at close quarters, Uffe clove him through with the first stroke of his blade. The sound revived Wermund, who said that he heard the sword of

his son, and asked "on what particular part he had dealt the blow?" Then the retainers answered that it had gone through no one limb, but the man's whole frame; whereat Wermund drew back from the precipice and came on the bridge, longing now as passionately to live as he had just wished to die. Then Uffe, wishing to destroy his remaining foe after the fashion of the first, incited the prince with vehement words to offer some sacrifice by way of requital to the shade of the servant slain in his cause. Drawing him by those appeals, and warily noting the right spot to plant his blow, he turned the other edge of his sword to the front, fearing that the thin side of his blade was too frail for his strength, and smote with a piercing stroke through the prince's body. When Wermund heard it, he said that the sound of his sword "Skrep" had reached his ear for the second time. Then, when the judges announced that his son had killed both enemies, he burst into tears from excess of joy. Thus gladness bedewed the cheeks which sorrow could not moisten. So while the Saxons, sad and shamefaced, bore their champions to burial with bitter shame, the Danes welcomed Uffe and bounded for joy. Then no more was heard of the disgrace of the murder of Athisl, and there was an end of the taunts of the Saxons.

Thus the realm of Saxony was transferred to the Danes, and Uffe, after his father, undertook its government; and he, who had not been thought equal to administering a single kingdom properly, was now appointed to manage both. Most men have called him Olaf, and he has won the name of "the Gentle" for his forbearing spirit. His later deeds, lost in antiquity, have lacked formal record. But it may well be supposed that when their beginnings were so notable, their sequel was glorious. I am so brief in considering his doings, because the lustre of the famous men of our nation has been lost to memory and praise by the lack of writings. But if by good luck our land had in old time been endowed with the Latin tongue, there would have been countless volumes to read of the exploits of the Danes.

Uffe was succeeded by his son DAN, who carried his arms against foreigners, and increased his sovereignty with many a trophy; but he tarnished the brightness of the glory he had won by foul and abominable presumption; falling so far away from the honour of his famous father, who surpassed all others in modesty, that he contrariwise was puffed up and proudly exalted in spirit, so that he scorned all other men. He also squandered the goods of his father on infamies, as well as his own winnings from the spoils of foreign nations; and he devoured in expenditure on luxuries the wealth which should have ministered to his royal estate. Thus do sons sometimes, like monstrous births, degenerate from their ancestors.

After this HUGLEIK was king, who is said to have defeated in battle at sea Homod and Hogrim, the despots of Sweden.

To him succeeded FRODE, surnamed the Vigorous, who bore out his name by the strength of his body and mind. He destroyed in war ten captains of Norway, and finally approached the island which afterwards had its name from him, meaning to attack the king himself last of all. This king, Froger, was in two ways very distinguished, being notable in arms no less than in wealth; and graced his sovereignty with the deeds of a champion, being as rich in prizes for bodily feats as in the honours of rank. According to some, he was the son of Odin, and when he begged the immortal gods to grant him a boon, received the privilege that no man should conquer him, save he who at the time of the conflict could catch up in his hand the dust lying beneath Froger's feet. When Frode found that Heaven had endowed this king with such might, he challenged him to a duel, meaning to try to outwit the favour of the gods. So at first, feigning inexperience, he besought the king for a lesson in fighting, knowing (he said) his skill and experience in the same. The other, rejoicing that his enemy not only yielded to his pretensions, but even made him a request, said that he was wise to submit his youthful mind to an old man's wisdom; for his unscarred face and his brow, ploughed by no marks of battle, showed that his knowledge of such matters was but slender. So he marked off on the ground two square spaces with sides an ell long, opposite one another, meaning to begin by instructing him about the use of these plots. When they had been marked off, each took the side assigned to him. Then Frode asked Froger to

exchange arms and ground with him, and the request was readily granted. For Froger was excited with the dashing of his enemy's arms, because Frode wore a gold-hilted sword, a breastplate equally bright, and a headpiece most brilliantly adorned in the same manner. So Frode caught up some dust from the ground whence Froger had gone, and thought that he had been granted an omen of victory. Nor was he deceived in his presage; for he straightway slew Froger, and by this petty trick won the greatest name for bravery; for he gained by craft what had been permitted to no man's strength before.

After him DAN came to the throne. When he was in the twelfth year of his age, he was wearied by the insolence of the embassies, which commanded him either to fight the Saxons or to pay them tribute. Ashamed, he preferred fighting to payment and was moved to die stoutly rather than live a coward. So he elected to fight; and the warriors of the Danes filled the Elbe with such a throng of vessels, that the decks of the ships lashed together made it quite easy to cross, as though along a continuous bridge. The end was that the King of Saxony had to accept the very terms he was demanding from the Danes.

After Dan, FRIDLEIF, surnamed the Swift, assumed the sovereignty. During his reign, Huyrwil, the lord of Oland, made a league with the Danes and attacked Norway. No small fame was added to his deeds by the defeat of the amazon Rusila, who aspired with military ardour to prowess in battle: but he gained manly glory over a female foe. Also he took into his alliance, on account of their deeds of prowess, her five partners, the children of Finn, named Brodd, Bild, Bug, Fanning, and Gunholm. Their confederacy emboldened him to break the treaty which he made with the Danes; and the treachery of the violation made it all the more injurious, for the Danes could not believe that he could turn so suddenly from a friend into an enemy; so easily can some veer from goodwill into hate. I suppose that this man inaugurated the morals of our own day, for we do not account lying and treachery as sinful and sordid. When Huyrwil attacked the southern side of Zealand, Fridleif assailed him in the harbour which was afterwards called by Huyrwil's name. In this battle the soldiers, in their rivalry for glory, engaged with such bravery that very few fled to escape peril, and both armies were utterly destroyed; nor did the victory fall to either side, where both were enveloped in an equal ruin. So much more desirous were they all of glory than of life. So the survivors of Huyrwil's army, in order to keep united, had the remnants of their fleet lashed together at night. But, in the same night, Bild and Brodd cut the cables with which the ships were joined, and stealthily severed their own vessels from the rest, thus yielding to their own terrors by deserting their brethren, and obeying the impulses of fear rather than fraternal love. When daylight returned, Fridleif, finding that after the great massacre of their friends only Huyrwil, Gunholm, Bug, and Fanning were left, determined to fight them all single-handed, so that the mangled relics of his fleet might not again have to be imperilled. Besides his innate courage, a shirt of steel-defying mail gave him confidence; a garb which he used to wear in all public battles and in duels, as a preservative of his life. He accomplished his end with as much fortune as courage, and ended the battle successfully. For, after slaying Huyrwil, Bug, and Fanning, he killed Gunholm, who was accustomed to blunt the blade of an enemy with spells, by a shower of blows from his hilt. But while he gripped the blade too eagerly, the sinews, being cut and disabled, contracted the fingers upon the palm, and cramped them with life-long curvature.

While Fridleif was besieging Dublin, a town in Ireland, and saw from the strength of the walls that there was no chance of storming them, he imitated the shrewd wit of Hadding, and ordered fire to be shut up in wicks and fastened to the wings of swallows. When the birds got back in their own nesting-place, the dwellings suddenly flared up; and while the citizens all ran up to quench them, and paid more heed to abating the fire than to looking after the enemy, Fridleif took Dublin. After this he lost his soldiers in Britain, and, thinking that he would find it hard to get back to the coast, he set up the corpses of the slain (Amleth's device) and stationed them in line, thus producing so nearly the look of his original host that its great reverse seemed not to have lessened the show of it a whit. By this deed he not only took out of the

enemy all heart for fighting, but inspired them with the desire to make their escape.

## BOOK FIVE.

After the death of Fridleif, his son FRODE, aged seven, was elected in his stead by the unanimous decision of the Danes. But they held an assembly first, and judged that the minority of the king should be taken in charge by guardians, lest the sovereignty should pass away owing to the boyishness of the ruler. For one and all paid such respect to the name and memory of Fridleif, that the royalty was bestowed on his son despite his tender years. So a selection was made, and the brothers Westmar and Koll were summoned to the charge of bringing up the king. Isulf, also, and Agg and eight other men of mark were not only entrusted with the guardianship of the king, but also granted authority to administer the realm under him. These men were rich in strength and courage, and endowed with ample gifts of mind as well as of body. Thus the state of the Danes was governed with the aid of regents until the time when the king should be a man.

The wife of Koll was Gotwar, who used to paralyse the most eloquent and fluent men by her glib and extraordinary insolence; for she was potent in wrangling, and full of resource in all kinds of disputation. Words were her weapons; and she not only trusted in questions, but was armed with stubborn answers. No man could subdue this woman, who could not fight, but who found darts in her tongue instead. Some she would argue down with a flood of impudent words, while others she seemed to entangle in the meshes of her quibbles, and strangle in the noose of her sophistries; so nimble a wit had the woman. Moreover, she was very strong, either in making or cancelling a bargain, and the sting of her tongue was the secret of her power in both. She was clever both at making and at breaking leagues; thus she had two sides to her tongue, and used it for either purpose.

Westmar had twelve sons, three of whom had the same name—Grep in common. These three men were conceived at once and delivered at one birth, and their common name declared their simultaneous origin. They were exceedingly skillful swordsmen and boxers. Frode had also given the supremacy of the sea to Odd; who was very closely related to the king. Koll rejoiced in an offspring of three sons. At this time a certain son of Frode's brother held the chief command of naval affairs for the protection of the country. Now the king had a sister, Gunwar, surnamed the Fair because of her surpassing beauty. The sons of Westmar and Koll, being ungrown in years and bold in spirit, let their courage become recklessness and devoted their guilt-stained minds to foul and degraded orgies.

Their behaviour was so outrageous and uncontrollable that they ravished other men's brides and daughters, and seemed to have outlawed chastity and banished it to the stews. Nay, they defiled the couches of matrons, and did not even refrain from the bed of virgins. A man's own chamber was no safety to him: there was scarce a spot in the land but bore traces of their lust. Husbands were vexed with fear, and wives with insult to their persons: and to these wrongs folk bowed. No ties were respected, and forced embraces became a common thing. Love was prostituted, all reverence for marriage ties died out, and lust was greedily run after. And the reason of all this was the peace; for men's bodies lacked exercise and were enervated in the ease so propitious to vices. At last the eldest of those who shared the name of Grep, wishing to regulate and steady his promiscuous wantonness, ventured to seek a haven for his vagrant amours in the love of the king's sister. Yet he did amiss. For though it was right that his vagabond and straying delights should be bridled by modesty, yet it was audacious for a man of the people to covet the child of a king. She, much fearing the impudence of her wooer, and wishing to be safer from outrage, went into a fortified building. Thirty attendants were given to her, to keep guard and constant watch over her person.

Now the comrades of Frode, sadly lacking the help of women in the matter of the wear of their garments, inasmuch as they had no means of patching or of repairing rents, advised and urged the king to marry. At first he alleged his tender years as an excuse,

but in the end yielded to the persistent requests of his people. And when he carefully inquired of his advisers who would be a fit wife for him, they all praised the daughter of the King of the Huns beyond the rest. When the question was pushed, what reason Frode had for objecting to her, he replied that he had heard from his father that it was not expedient for kings to seek alliance far afield, or to demand love save from neighbours. When Gotwar heard this she knew that the king's resistance to his friends was wily. Wishing to establish his wavering spirit, and strengthen the courage of his weakening soul, she said: "Bridals are for young men, but the tomb awaits the old. The steps of youth go forward in desires and in fortune; but old age declines helpless to the sepulchre. Hope attends youth; age is bowed with hopeless decay. The fortune of young men increases; it will never leave unfinished what it begins." Respecting her words, he begged her to undertake the management of the suit. But she refused, pleading her age as her pretext, and declaring herself too stricken in years to bear so difficult a commission. The king saw that a bribe was wanted, and, proffering a golden necklace, promised it as the reward of her embassy. For the necklace had links consisting of studs, and figures of kings interspersed in bas-relief, which could be now separated and now drawn together by pulling a thread inside; a gewgaw devised more for luxury than use. Frode also ordered that Westmar and Koll, with their sons, should be summoned to go on the same embassy, thinking that their cunning would avoid the shame of a rebuff.

They went with Gotwar, and were entertained by the King of the Huns at a three days' banquet, ere they uttered the purpose of their embassy. For it was customary of old thus to welcome guests. When the feast had been prolonged three days, the princess came forth to make herself pleasant to the envoys with a most courteous address, and her blithe presence added not a little to the festal delights of the banqueters. And as the drink went faster Westmar revealed his purpose in due course, in a very merry declaration, wishing to sound the mind of the maiden in talk of a friendly sort. And, in order not to inflict on himself a rebuff, he spoke in a mirthful vein, and broke the ground of his mission, by venturing to make up a sportive speech amid the applause of the revellers. The princess said that she disdained Frode because he lacked honour and glory. For in days of old no men were thought fit for the hand of high-born women but those who had won some great prize of glory by the lustre of their admirable deeds. Sloth was the worst of vices in a suitor, and nothing was more of a reproach in one who sought marriage than the lack of fame. A harvest of glory, and that alone, could bring wealth in everything else. Maidens admired in their wooers not so much good looks as deeds nobly done. So the envoys, flagging and despairing of their wish, left the further conduct of the affair to the wisdom of Gotwar, who tried to subdue the maiden not only with words but with love-philtres, and began to declare that Frode used his left hand as well as his right, and was a quick and skillful swimmer and fighter. Also by the drink which she gave she changed the strictness of the maiden to desire, and replaced her vanished anger with love and delight. Then she bade Westmar, Koll, and their sons go to the king and urge their mission afresh; and finally, should they find him froward, to anticipate a rebuff by a challenge to fight.

So Westmar entered the palace with his men-at-arms, and said: "Now thou must needs either consent to our entreaties, or meet in battle us who entreat thee. We would rather die nobly than go back with our mission unperformed; lest, foully repulsed and foiled of our purpose, we should take home disgrace where we hoped to will honour. If thou refuse thy daughter, consent to fight: thou must needs grant one thing or the other. We wish either to die or to have our prayers beard. Something—sorrow if not joy—we will get from thee. Frode will be better pleased to hear of our slaughter than of our repulse." Without another word, he threatened to aim a blow at the king's throat with his sword. The king replied that it was unseemly for the royal majesty to meet an inferior in rank in level combat, and unfit that those of unequal station should fight as equals. But when Westmar persisted in urging him to fight, he at last bade him find out what the real mind of the maiden was; for in old time men gave women who were to marry, free choice of a husband. For the king was embarrassed, and hung

vacillating betwixt shame and fear of battle. Thus Westmar, having been referred to the thoughts of the girl's heart, and knowing that every woman is as changeable in purpose as she is fickle in soul, proceeded to fulfil his task all the more confidently because he knew how mutable the wishes of maidens were. His confidence in his charge was increased and his zeal encouraged, because she had both a maiden's simplicity, which was left to its own counsels, and a woman's freedom of choice, which must be wheedled with the most delicate and mollifying flatteries; and thus she would be not only easy to lead away, but even hasty in compliance. But her father went after the envoys, that he might see more surely into his daughter's mind. She had already been drawn by the stealthy working of the draught to love her suitor, and answered that the promise of Frode, rather than his present renown, had made her expect much of his nature: since he was sprung from so famous a father, and every nature commonly answered to its origin. The youth therefore had pleased her by her regard of his future, rather than his present, glory. These words amazed the father; but neither could he bear to revoke the freedom he had granted her, and he promised her in marriage to Frode. Then, having laid in ample stores, he took her away with the most splendid pomp, and, followed by the envoys, hastened to Denmark, knowing that a father was the best person to give away a daughter in marriage. Frode welcomed his bride most joyfully, and also bestowed the highest honours upon his future royal father-in-law; and when the marriage rites were over, dismissed him with a large gift of gold and silver.

And so with Hanund, the daughter of the King of the Huns, for his wife, he passed three years in the most prosperous peace. But idleness brought wantonness among his courtiers, and peace begot lewdness, which they displayed in the most abominable crimes. For they would draw some men up in the air on ropes, and torment them, pushing their bodies as they hung, like a ball that is tossed; or they would put a kid's hide under the feet of others as they walked, and, by stealthily pulling a rope, trip their unwary steps on the slippery skill in their path; others they would strip of their clothes, and lash with sundry tortures of stripes; others they fastened to pegs, as with a noose, and punished with mock-hanging. They scorched off the beard and hair with tapers; of others they burned the hair of the groin with a brand. Only those maidens might marry whose chastity they had first deflowered. Strangers they battered with bones; others they compelled to drunkenness with immoderate draughts, and made them burst. No man might give his daughter to wife unless he had first bought their favour and goodwill. None might contract any marriage without first purchasing their consent with a bribe. Moreover, they extended their abominable and abandoned lust not only to virgins, but to the multitude of matrons indiscriminately. Thus a twofold madness incited this mixture of wantonness and frenzy. Guests and strangers were proffered not shelter but revilings. All these maddening mockeries did this insolent and wanton crew devise, and thus under a boy-king freedom fostered licence. For nothing prolongs reckless sin like the procrastination of punishment and vengeance. This unbridled impudence of the soldiers ended by making the king detested, not only by foreigners, but even by his own people, for the Danes resented such an arrogant and cruel rule. But Grep was contented with no humble loves; he broke out so outrageously that he was guilty of intercourse with the queen, and proved as false to the king as he was violent to all other men. Then by degrees the scandal grew, and the suspicion of his guilt crept on with silent step. The common people found it out before the king. For Grep, by always punishing all who alluded in the least to this circumstance, had made it dangerous to accuse him. But the rumour of his crime, which at first was kept alive in whispers, was next passed on in public reports; for it is hard for men to hide another's guilt if they are aware of it. Gunwar had many suitors; and accordingly Grep, trying to take revenge for his rebuff by stealthy wiles, demanded the right of judging the suitors, declaring that the princess ought to make the choicest match. But he disguised his anger, lest he should seem to have sought the office from hatred of the maiden. At his request the king granted him leave to examine the merits of the young men. So he first gathered all the wooers of Gunwar together on the pretence of a

banquet, and then lined the customary room of the princess with their heads—a gruesome spectacle for all the rest. Yet he forfeited none of his favour with Frode, nor abated his old intimacy with him. For he decided that any opportunity of an interview with the king must be paid for, and gave out that no one should have any conversation with him who brought no presents. Access, he announced, to so great a general must be gained by no stale or usual method, but by making interest most zealously. He wished to lighten the scandal of his cruelty by the pretence of affection to his king. The people, thus tormented, vented their complaint of their trouble in silent groans. None had the spirit to lift up his voice in public against this season of misery. No one had become so bold as to complain openly of the affliction that was falling upon them. Inward resentment vexed the hearts of men, secretly indeed, but all the more bitterly.

When Gotar, the King of Norway, heard this, he assembled his soldiers, and said that the Danes were disgusted with their own king, and longed for another if they could get the opportunity; that he had himself resolved to lead an army thither, and that Denmark would be easy to seize if attacked. Frode's government of his country was as covetous as it was cruel. Then Erik rose up and gainsaid the project with contrary reasons. "We remember," he said, "how often coveters of other men's goods lose their own. He who snatches at both has oft lost both. It must be a very strong bird that can wrest the prey from the claws of another. It is idle for thee to be encouraged by the internal jealousies of the country, for these are oft blown away by the approach of an enemy. For though the Danes now seem divided in counsel, yet they will soon be of one mind to meet the foe. The wolves have often made peace between the quarrelling swine. Every man prefers a leader of his own land to a foreigner, and every province is warmer in loyalty to a native than to a stranger king. For Frode will not await thee at home, but will intercept thee abroad as thou comest. Eagles claw each other with their talons, and fowls fight fronting. Thou thyself knowest that the keen sight of the wise man must leave no cause for repentance. Thou hast an ample guard of nobles. Keep thou quiet as thou art; indeed thou wilt almost be able to find out by means of others what are thy resources for war. Let the soldiers first try the fortunes of their king. Provide in peace for thine own safety, and risk others if thou dost undertake the enterprise: better that the slave should perish than the master. Let thy servant do for thee what the tongs do for the smith, who by the aid of his iron tool guards his hand from scorching, and saves his fingers from burning. Learn thou also, by using thy men, to spare and take thought for thyself."

So spake Erik, and Gotar, who had hitherto held him a man of no parts, now marvelled that he had graced his answer with sentences so choice and weighty, and gave him the name of Shrewd-spoken, thinking that his admirable wisdom deserved some title. For the young man's reputation had been kept in the shade by the exceeding brilliancy of his brother Roller. Erik begged that some substantial gift should be added to the name, declaring that the bestowal of the title ought to be graced by a present besides. The king gave him a ship, and the oarsmen called it "Skroter." Now Erik and Roller were the sons of Ragnar, the champion, and children of one father by different mothers; Roller's mother and Erik's stepmother was named Kraka.

And so, by leave of Gotar, the task of making a raid on the Danes fell to one Hrafn. He was encountered by Odd, who had at that time the greatest prestige among the Danes as a rover, for he was such a skilled magician that he could range over the sea without a ship, and could often raise tempests by his spells, and wreck the vessels of the enemy. Accordingly, that he might not have to condescend to pit his sea-forces against the rovers, he used to ruffle the waters by enchantment, and cause them to shipwreck his foes. To traders this man was ruthless, but to tillers of the soil he was merciful, for he thought less of merchandise than of the plough-handle, but rated the clean business of the country higher than the toil for filthy lucre. When he began to fight with the Northmen he so dulled the sight of the enemy by the power of his spells that they thought the drawn swords of the Danes cast their beams from afar off, and sparkled as if aflame. Moreover, their vision was so blunted that they could not so much as look upon

the sword when it was drawn from the sheath: the dazzle was too much for their eyesight, which could not endure the glittering mirage. So Hrafn and many of his men were slain, and only six vessels slipped back to Norway to teach the king that it was not so easy to crush the Danes. The survivors also spread the news that Frode trusted only in the help of his champions, and reigned against the will of his people, for his rule had become a tyranny.

In order to examine this rumour, Roller, who was a great traveller abroad, and eager to visit unknown parts, made a vow that he would get into the company of Frode. But Erik declared that, splendid as were his bodily parts, he had been rash in pronouncing the vow. At last, seeing him persisting stubbornly in his purpose, Erik bound himself under a similar vow; and the king promised them that he would give them for companions whomsoever they approved by their choice. The brethren, therefore, first resolved to visit their father and beg for the stores and the necessities that were wanted for so long a journey. He welcomed them paternally, and on the morrow took them to the forest to inspect the herd, for the old man was wealthy in cattle. Also he revealed to them treasures which had long lain hid in caverns of the earth; and they were suffered to gather up whatsoever of these they would. The boon was accepted as heartily as it was offered: so they took the riches out of the ground, and bore away what pleased them.

Their rowers meanwhile were either refreshing themselves or exercising their skill with casting weights. Some sped leaping, some running; others tried their strength by sturdily hurling stones; others tested their archery by drawing the bow. Thus they essayed to strengthen themselves with divers exercises. Some again tried to drink themselves into a drowse. Roller was sent by his father to find out what had passed at home in the meanwhile. And when he saw smoke coming from his mother's hut he went up outside, and, stealthily applying his eye, saw through the little chink and into the house, where he perceived his mother stirring a cooked mess in an ugly-looking pot. Also he looked up at three snakes hanging from above by a thin cord, from whose mouths flowed a slaver which dribbled drops of moisture on the meal. Now two of these were pitchy of hue, while the third seemed to have whitish scales, and was hung somewhat higher than the others. This last had a fastening on its tail, while the others were held by a cord round their bellies. Roller thought the affair looked like magic, but was silent on what he had seen, that he might not be thought to charge his mother with sorcery. For he did not know that the snakes were naturally harmless, or how much strength was being brewed for that meal. Then Ragnar and Erik came up, and, when they saw the smoke issuing from the cottage, entered and went to sit at meat. When they were at table, and Kraka's son and stepson were about to eat together, she put before them a small dish containing a piebald mess, part looking pitchy, but spotted with specks of yellow, while part was whitish: the pottage having taken a different hue answering to the different appearance of the snakes. And when each had tasted a single morsel, Erik, judging the feast not by the colours but by the inward strengthening effected, turned the dish around very quickly, and transferred to himself the part which was black but compounded of stronger juices; and, putting over to Roller the whitish part which had first been set before himself, throve more on his supper. And, to avoid showing that the exchange was made on purpose, he said, "Thus does prow become stern when the sea boils up." The man had no little shrewdness, thus to use the ways of a ship to dissemble his cunning act.

So Erik, now refreshed by this lucky meal, attained by its inward working to the highest pitch of human wisdom. For the potency of the meal bred in him the fulness of all kinds of knowledge to an incredible degree, so that he had cunning to interpret even the utterances of wild beasts and cattle. For he was not only well versed in all the affairs of men, but he could interpret the particular feelings which brutes experienced from the sounds which expressed them. He was also gifted with an eloquence so courteous and graceful, that he adorned whatsoever he desired to expound with a flow of witty adages. But when Kraka came up, and found that the dish had been turned round, and that Erik had eaten the stronger share of the meal, she lamented that the good luck she had bred for her son should have passed to her stepson. Soon she

began to sigh, and entreat Eric that he should never fail to help his brother, whose mother had heaped on him fortune so rich and strange: for by tasting a single savoury meal he had clearly attained sovereign wit and eloquence, besides the promise of success in combat. She added also, that Roller was almost as capable of good counsel, and that he should not utterly miss the dainty that had been intended for him. She also told him that in case of extreme and violent need, he could find speedy help by calling on her name; declaring that she trusted partially in her divine attributes, and that, consorting as she did in a manner with the gods, she wielded an innate and heavenly power. Erik said that he was naturally drawn to stand by his brother, and that the bird was infamous which fouled its own nest. But Kraka was more vexed by her own carelessness than weighed down by her son's ill-fortune: for in old time it made a craftsman bitterly ashamed to be outwitted by his own cleverness.

Then Kraka, accompanied by her husband, took away the brothers on their journey to the sea. They embarked in a single ship, but soon attached two others. They had already reached the coast of Denmark, when, reconnoitering, they learned that seven ships had come up at no great distance. Then Erik bade two men who could speak the Danish tongue well, to go to them unclothed, and, in order to spy better, to complain to Odd of their nakedness, as if Erik had caused it, and to report when they had made careful scrutiny. These men were received as friends by Odd, and hunted for every plan of the general with their sharp ears. He had determined to attack the enemy unawares at daybreak, that he might massacre them the more speedily while they were swathed in their night garments: for he said that men's bodies were wont to be most dull and heavy at that hour of dawn. He also told them, thereby hastening what was to prove his own destruction, that his ships were laden with stones fit for throwing. The spies slipped off in the first sleep of the night, reported that Odd had filled all his vessels with pebbles, and also told everything else they had heard. Erik now quite understood the case, and, when he considered the smallness of his own fleet, thought that he must call the waters to destroy the enemy, and win their aid for himself.

So he got into a boat and rowed, pulling silently, close up to the keels of the enemy; and gradually, by screwing in an auger, he bored the planks (a device practiced by Hadding and also by Frode), nearest to the water, and soon made good his return, the oar-beat being scarce audible. Now he bore himself so warily, that not one of the watchers noted his approach or departure. As he rowed off, the water got in through the chinks of Odd's vessels, and sank them, so that they were seen disappearing in the deep, as the water flooded them more and more within. The weight of the stones inside helped them mightily to sink. The billows were washing away the thwarts, and the sea was flush with the decks, when Odd, seeing the vessels almost on a level with the waves, ordered the heavy seas that had been shipped to be baled out with pitchers. And so, while the crews were toiling on to protect the sinking parts of the vessels from the flood of waters, the enemy hove close up. Thus, as they fell to their arms, the flood came upon them harder, and as they prepared to fight, they found they must swim for it. Waves, not weapons, fought for Erik, and the sea, which he had himself Enabled to approach and do harm, battled for him. Thus Erik made better use of the billow than of the steel, and by the effectual aid of the waters seemed to fight in his own absence, the ocean lending him defence. The victory was given to his craft; for a flooded ship could not endure a battle. Thus was Odd slain with all his crew; the look-outs were captured, and it was found that no man escaped to tell the tale of the disaster.

Erik, when the massacre was accomplished, made a rapid retreat, and put in at the isle Lesso. Finding nothing there to appease his hunger, he sent the spoil homeward on two ships, which were to bring back supplies for another year. He tried to go by himself to the king in a single ship. So he put in to Zealand, and the sailors ran about over the shore, and began to cut down the cattle: for they must either ease their hunger or perish of famine. So they killed the herd, skinned the carcasses, and cast them on board. When the owners of the cattle found this out, they hastily pursued the free-booters with a fleet. And when Erik found that he was being attacked by the owners of the cattle, he took care that

the carcasses of the slaughtered cows should be tied with marked ropes and hidden under water. Then, when the Zealanders came up, he gave them leave to look about and see if any of the carcasses they were seeking were in his hands; saying that a ship's corners were too narrow to hide things. Unable to find a carcass anywhere, they turned their suspicions on others, and thought the real criminals were guiltless of the plunder. Since no traces of free-booting were to be seen, they fancied that others had injured them, and pardoned the culprits. As they sailed off, Erik lifted the carcass out of the water and took it in.

Meantime Frode learnt that Odd and his men had gone down. For a widespread rumour of the massacre had got wind, though the author of the deed was unknown. There were men, however, who told how they had seen three sails putting in to shore, and departing again northwards. Then Erik went to the harbour, not far from which Frode was tarrying, and, the moment that he stepped out of the ship, tripped inadvertently, and came tumbling to the ground. He found in the slip a presage of a lucky issue, and forecast better results from this mean beginning. When Grep heard of his coming, he hastened down to the sea, intending to assail with chosen and pointed phrases the man whom he had heard was better-spoken than all other folk. Grep's eloquence was not so much excellent as impudent, for he surpassed all in stubbornness of speech. So he began the dispute with reviling, and assailed Erik as follows:

Grep: "Fool, who art thou? What idle quest is thine? Tell me, whence or whither dost thou journey? What is thy road? What thy desire? Who thy father? What thy lineage? Those have strength beyond others who have never left their own homes, and the Luck of kings is their houseluck. For the things of a vile man are acceptable unto few, and seldom are the deeds of the hated pleasing."

Erik: "Ragnar is my father; eloquence clothes my tongue; I have ever loved virtue only. Wisdom hath been my one desire; I have travelled many ways over the world, and seen the different manners of men. The mind of the fool can keep no bounds in aught: it is base and cannot control its feelings. The use of sails is better than being drawn by the oar; the gale troubles the waters, a drearier gust the land. For rowing goes through the seas and lying the lands; and it is certain that the lands are ruled with the lips, but the seas with the hand."

Grep: "Thou art thought to be as full of quibbling as a cock of dirt. Thou stinkest heavy with filth, and reekest of nought but sin. There is no need to lengthen the plea against a buffoon, whose strength is in an empty and voluble tongue."

Erik: "By Hercules, if I mistake not, the coward word is wont to come back to the utterer. The gods with righteous endeavour bring home to the speaker words cast forth without knowledge. As soon as we espy the sinister ears of the wolf, we believe that the wolf himself is near. Men think no credit due to him that hath no credit, whom report accuses of treachery."

Grep: "Shameless boy, owl astray from the path, night-owl in the darkness, thou shalt pay for thy reckless words. Thou shalt be sorry for the words thou now belchest forth madly, and shalt pay with thy death for thy unhallowed speech. Lifeless thou shalt pasture crows on thy bloodless corpse, to be a morsel for beasts, a prey to the ravenous bird."

Erik: "The boding of the coward, and the will that is trained to evil, have never kept themselves within due measure. He who betrays his lord, he who conceives foul devices, will be as great a snare to himself as to his friends. Whoso fosters a wolf in his house is thought to feed a thief and a pest for his own hearth."

Grep: "I did not, as thou thinkest, beguile the queen, but I was the guardian of her tender estate. She increased my fortunes, and her favour first brought me gifts and strength, and wealth and counsel."

Erik: "Lo, thy guilty disquiet lies heavy on thee; that man's freedom is safest whose mind remains untainted. Whoso asks a slave to be a friend, is deceived; often the henchman hurts his master."

At this Grep, shorn of his glibness of rejoinder, set spurs to his horse and rode away. Now when he reached home, he filled the palace with uproarious and vehement clamour; and shouting that

he had been worsted in words, roused all his soldiers to fight, as though he would avenge by main force his luckless warfare of tongues. For he swore that he would lay the host of the foreigners under the claws of eagles. But the king warned him that he should give his frenzy pause for counsel, that blind plans were commonly hurtful; that nothing could be done both cautiously and quickly at once; that headstrong efforts were the worst obstacle; and lastly, that it was unseemly to attack a handful with a host. Also, said he, the sagacious man was he who could bridle a raging spirit, and stop his frantic impetuosity in time. Thus the king forced the headlong rage of the young man to yield to reflection. But he could not wholly recall to self-control the frenzy of his heated mind, or prevent the champion of wrangles, abashed by his hapless debate, and finding armed vengeance refused him, from asking leave at least to try his sorceries by way of revenge. He gained his request, and prepared to go back to the shore with a chosen troop of wizards. So he first put on a pole the severed head of a horse that had been sacrificed to the gods, and setting sticks beneath displayed the jaws grinning agape; hoping that he would foil the first efforts of Erik by the horror of this wild spectacle. For he supposed that the silly souls of the barbarians would give away at the bogey of a protruding neck.

Erik was already on his road to meet them, and saw the head from afar off, and, understanding the whole foul contrivance, he bade his men keep silent and behave warily; no man was to be rash or hasty of speech, lest by some careless outburst they might give some opening to the sorceries; adding that if talking happened to be needed, he would speak for all. And they were now parted by a river; when the wizards, in order to dislodge Erik from the approach to the bridge, set up close to the river, on their own side, the pole on which they had fixed the horse's head. Nevertheless Erik made dauntlessly for the bridge, and said: "On the bearer fall the ill-luck of what he bears! May a better issue attend our steps! Evil befall the evil-workers! Let the weight of the ominous burden crush the carrier! Let the better auguries bring us safety!" And it happened according to his prayer. For straightway the head was shaken off, the stick fell and crushed the bearer. And so all that array of sorceries was baffled at the bidding of a single curse, and extinguished.

Then, as Erik advanced a little, it came into his mind that strangers ought to fix on gifts for the king. So he carefully wrapped up in his robe a piece of ice which he happened to find, and managed to take it to the king by way of a present. But when they reached the palace he sought entrance first, and bade his brother follow close behind. Already the slaves of the king, in order to receive him with mockery as he entered, had laid a slippery hide on the threshold; and when Erik stepped upon it, they suddenly jerked it away by dragging a rope, and would have tripped him as he stood upon it, had not Røller, following behind, caught his brother on his breast as he tottered. So Erik, having half fallen, said that "bare was the back of the brotherless." And when Gunwar said that such a trick ought not to be permitted by a king, the king condemned the folly of the messenger who took no heed against treachery. And thus he excused his flout by the heedlessness of the man he flouted.

Within the palace was blazing a fire, which the aspect of the season required: for it was now gone midwinter. By it, in different groups, sat the king on one side and the champions on the other. These latter, when Erik joined them, uttered gruesome sounds like things howling. The king stopped the clamour, telling them that the noises of wild beasts ought not to be in the breasts of men. Erik added, that it was the way of dogs, for all the others to set up barking when one started it; for all folk by their bearing betrayed their birth and revealed their race. But when Koll, who was the keeper of the gifts offered to the king, asked him whether he had brought any presents with him, he produced the ice which he had hidden in his breast. And when he had handed it to Koll across the hearth, he purposely let it go into the fire, as though it had slipped from the hand of the receiver. All present saw the shining fragment, and it seemed as though molten metal had fallen into the fire. Erik, maintaining that it had been jerked away by the carelessness of him who took it, asked what punishment was due to the loser of the gift.

The king consulted the opinion of the queen, who advised him not to relax the statute of the law which he had passed, whereby he gave warning that all who lost presents that were transmitted to him should be punished with death. Everyone else also said that the penalty by law appointed ought not to be remitted. And so the king, being counselled to allow the punishment as inevitable, gave leave for Koll to be hanged.

Then Frode began to accost Erik thus: "O thou, wantoning in insolent phrase, in boastful and bedizened speech, whence dost thou say that thou hast come hither, and why?"

Erik answered: "I came from Rennes Isle, and I took my seat by a stone."

Frode rejoined: "I ask, whither thou wentest next?"

Erik answered: "I went off from the stone riding on a beam, and often again took station by a stone."

Frode replied: "I ask thee whither thou next didst bend thy course, or where the evening found thee?"

Then said Erik: "Leaving a crag, I came to a rock, and likewise lay by a stone."

Frode said: "The boulders lay thick in those parts."

Erik answered: "Yet thicker lies the sand, plain to see."

Frode said: "Tell what thy business was, and whither thou struckest off thence."

Then said Erik: "Leaving the rock, as my ship ran on, I found a dolphin."

Frode said: "Now thou hast said something fresh, though both these things are common in the sea: but I would know what path took thee after that?"

Erik answered: "After a dolphin I went to a dolphin."

Frode said: "The herd of dolphins is somewhat common."

Then said Erik: "It does swim somewhat commonly on the waters."

Frode said: "I would fain blow whither thou wert borne on thy toilsome journey after leaving the dolphins?"

Erik answered: "I soon came upon the trunk of a tree."

Frode rejoined: "Whither didst thou next pass on thy journey?"

Then said Erik: "From a trunk I passed on to a log."

Frode said: "That spot must be thick with trees, since thou art always calling the abodes of thy hosts by the name of trunks."

Erik replied: "There is a thicker place in the woods."

Frode went on: "Relate whither thou next didst bear thy steps."

Erik answered: "Of't again I made my way to the lopped timbers of the woods; but, as I rested there, wolves that were sated on human carcasses licked the points of the spears. There a lance-head was shaken from the shaft of the king, and it was the grandson of Fridleif."

Frode said: "I am bewildered, and know not what to think about the dispute: for thou hast beguiled my mind with very dark riddling."

Erik answered: "Thou owest me the prize for this contest that is finished: for under a veil I have declared to thee certain things thou hast ill understood. For under the name I gave before of 'spear-point' I signified Odd, whom my hand had slain."

And when the queen also had awarded him the palm of eloquence and the prize for flow of speech, the king straightway took a bracelet from his arm, and gave it to him as the appointed reward, adding: "I would fain learn from thyself thy debate with Grep, wherein he was not ashamed openly to avow himself vanquished."

Then said Erik: "He was smitten with shame for the adultery wherewith he was taxed; for since he could bring no defence, he confessed that he had committed it with thy wife."

The king turned to Hanund and asked her in what spirit she received the charge; and she not only confessed her guilt by a cry, but also put forth in her face a blushing signal of her sin, and gave manifest token of her fault. The king, observing not only her words, but also the signs of her countenance, but doubting with what sentence he should punish the criminal, let the queen settle by her own choice the punishment which her crime deserved. When she learnt that the sentence committed to her concerned her own guilt, she wavered awhile as she pondered how to appraise her transgression; but Grep sprang up and ran forward to transfix Erik with a spear, wishing to buy off his own death by



slaying the accuser. But Roller fell on him with drawn sword, and dealt him first the doom he had himself purposed.

Erik said: "The service of kin is best for the helpless."

And Roller said: "In sore needs good men should be dutifully summoned."

Then Frode said: "I think it will happen to you according to the common saying, 'that the striker sometimes has short joy of his stroke', and 'that the hand is seldom long glad of the smiting'."

Erik answered: "The man must not be impeached whose deed justice excuses. For my work is as far as from that of Grep, as an act of self-defence is from an attack upon another."

Then the brethren of Grep began to spring up and clamour and swear that they would either bring avengers upon the whole fleet of Erik, or would fight him and ten champions with him.

Erik said to them: "Sick men have to devise by craft some provision for their journey. He whose sword-point is dull should only probe things that are soft and tender. He who has a blunt knife must search out the ways to cut joint by joint. Since, therefore, it is best for a man in distress to delay the evil, and nothing is more fortunate in trouble than to stave off hard necessity, I ask three days' space to get ready, provided that I may obtain from the king the skill of a freshly slain ox."

Frode answered: "He who fell on a hide deserves a hide"; thus openly taunting the asker with his previous fall. But Erik, when the hide was given him, made some sandals, which he smeared with a mixture of tar and sand, in order to plant his steps the more firmly, and fitted them on to the feet of himself and his people. At last, having meditated what spot he should choose for the fight—for he said that he was unskilled in combat by land and in all warfare—he demanded it should be on the frozen sea. To this both sides agreed. The king granted a truce for preparations, and bade the sons of Westmar withdraw, saying that it was amiss that a guest, even if he had deserved ill should be driven from his lodging. Then he went back to examine into the manner of the punishment, which he had left to the queen's own choice to exact. For she forebore to give judgment, and begged pardon for her slip. Erik added, that woman's errors must often be forgiven, and that punishment ought not to be inflicted, unless amendment were unable to get rid of her fault. So the king pardoned Hanund. As twilight drew near, Erik said: "With Gotar, not only are rooms provided when the soldiers are coming to feast at the banquet, but each is appointed a separate place and seat where he is to lie." Then the king gave up for their occupation the places where his own champions had sat; and next the servants brought the banquet. But Erik, knowing well the courtesy of the king, which made him forbid them to use up any of the meal that was left, cast away the piece of which he had tasted very little, calling whole portions broken bits of food. And so, as the dishes dwindled, the servants brought up fresh ones to the lacking and shamefaced guests, thus spending on a little supper what might have served for a great banquet.

So the king said: "Are the soldiers of Gotar wont to squander the meat after once touching it, as if it were so many pared-off crusts? And to spurn the first dishes as if they were the last morsels?"

Erik said: "Uncouthness claims no place in the manners of Gotar, neither does any disorderly habit feign there."

But Frode said: "Then thy manners are not those of thy lord, and thou hast proved that thou hast not taken all wisdom to heart. For he who goes against the example of his elders shows himself a deserter and a renegade."

Then said Erik: "The wise man must be taught by the wiser. For knowledge grows by learning, and instruction is advanced by doctrine."

Frode rejoined: "This affectation of thine of superfluous words, what exemplary lesson will it teach me?"

Erik said: "A loyal few are a safer defence for a king than many traitors."

Frode said to him: "Wilt thou then show us closer allegiance than the rest?"

Erik answered: "No man ties the unborn (horse) to the crib, or the unbegotten to the stall. For thou hast not yet experienced all things. Besides, with Gotar there is always a mixture of drinking

with feasting; liquor, over and above, and as well as meat, is the joy of the reveller."

Frode said: "Never have I found a more shameless beggar of meat and drink."

Erik replied: "Few reckon the need of the silent, or measure the wants of him who holds his peace."

Then the king bade his sister bring forth the drink in a great goblet. Erik caught hold of her right hand and of the goblet she offered at the same time, and said: "Noblest of kings, hath thy benignity granted me this present? Dost thou assure me that what I hold shall be mine as an irrevocable gift?"

The king, thinking that he was only asking for the cup, declared it was a gift. But Erik drew the maiden to him, as if she was given with the cup. When the king saw it, he said: "A fool is shown by his deed; with us freedom of maidens is ever held inviolate."

Then Erik, feigning that he would cut off the girl's hand with his sword, as though it had been granted under the name of the cup, said: "If I have taken more than thou gavest, or if I am rash to keep the whole, let me at least get some." The king saw his mistake in his promise, and gave him the maiden, being loth to undo his heedlessness by fickleness, and that the weight of his pledge might seem the greater; though it is held an act more of ripe judgment than of unsteadfastness to take back a foolish promise.

Then, taking from Erik security that he would return, he sent him to the ships; for the time appointed for the battle was at hand. Erik and his men went on to the sea, then covered near with ice; and, thanks to the stability of their sandals, felled the enemy, whose footing was slippery and unsteady. For Frode had decreed that no man should help either side if it wavered or were distressed. Then he went back in triumph to the king. So Gotwar, sorrowing at the destruction of her children who had miserably perished, and eager to avenge them, announced that it would please her to have a flying with Erik, on condition that she should gage a heavy necklace and he his life; so that if he conquered he should win gold, but if he gave in, death. Erik agreed to the contest, and the gage was deposited with Gunwar. So Gotwar began thus:

*"Quando tuam limas admissa cote bipennem,  
Nonne terit tremulas mentula quassa nates?"*

Erik rejoined:

*"Ut cuius natura pilos in corpore sevit,  
Omnis nempe suo barba ferenda loco est.  
Re Veneris homines artus agitare necesse est;  
Motus quippe suos nam labor omnis habet.  
Cum natis excipitur nate, vel cum subdita penem  
Vulva capit, quid ad haec addere mas renuit?"*

Powerless to answer this, Gotwar had to give the gold to the man whom she had meant to kill, and thus wasted a lordly gift instead of punishing the slayer of her son. For her ill fate was crowned, instead of her ill-will being avenged. First bereaved, and then silenced by furious words, she lost at once her wealth and all reward of her eloquence. She made the man blest who had taken away her children, and enriched her bereaver with a present: and took away nothing to make up the slaughter of her sons save the reproach of ignorance and the loss of goods. Westmar, when he saw this, determined to attack the man by force, since he was the stronger of tongue, and laid down the condition that the reward of the conqueror should be the death of the conquered, so that the life of both parties was plainly at stake. Erik, unwilling to be thought quicker of tongue than of hand, did not refuse the terms.

Now the manner of combat was as follows. A ring, plaited of withy or rope, used to be offered to the combatants for them to drag away by wrenching it with a great effort of foot and hand; and the prize went to the stronger, for if either of the combatants could wrench it from the other, he was awarded the victory. Erik struggled in this manner, and, grasping the rope sharply, wrested it out of the hands of his opponent. When Erode saw this, he said: "I think it is hard to tug at a rope with a strong man."

And Erik said: "Hard, at any rate, when a tumour is in the body or a hunch sits on the back."

And straightway, thrusting his foot forth, he broke the infirm neck and back of the old man, and crushed him. And so Westmar

failed to compass his revenge: zealous to retaliate, he fell into the portion of those who need revenging; being smitten down even as those whose slaughter he had desired to punish.

Now Frode intended to pierce Erik by throwing a dagger at him. But Gunwar knew her brother's purpose, and said, in order to warn her betrothed of his peril, that no man could be wise who took no forethought for himself. This speech warned Erik to ward off the treachery, and he shrewdly understood the counsel of caution. For at once he sprang up and said that the glory of the wise man would be victorious, but that guile was its own punishment; thus censuring his treacherous intent in very gentle terms. But the king suddenly flung his knife at him, yet was too late to hit him; for he sprang aside, and the steel missed its mark and ran into the wall opposite. Then said Erik: "Gifts should be handed to friends, and not thrown; thou hadst made the present acceptable if thou hadst given the sheath to keep the blade company."

On this request the king at once took the sheath from his girdle and gave it to him, being forced to abate his hatred by the self-control of his foe. Thus he was mollified by the prudent feigning of the other, and with goodwill gave him for his own the weapon which he had cast with ill will. And thus Erik, by taking the wrong done him in a dissembling manner, turned it into a favour, accepting as a splendid gift the steel which had been meant to slay him. For he put a generous complexion on what Frode had done with intent to harm. Then they gave themselves up to rest. In the night Gunwar awoke Erik silently, and pointed out to him that they ought to fly, saying that it was very expedient to return with safe chariot ere harm was done. He went with her to the shore, where he happened to find the king's fleet beached: so, cutting away part of the sides, he made it unseaworthy, and by again replacing some laths he patched it so that the damage might be unnoticed by those who looked at it. Then he caused the vessel whither he and his company had retired to put off a little from the shore.

The king prepared to give them chase with his mutilated ships, but soon the waves broke through; and though he was very heavily laden with his armour, he began to swim off among the rest, having become more anxious to save his own life than to attack that of others. The bows plunged over into the sea, the tide flooded in and swept the rowers from their seats. When Erik and Roller saw this they instantly flung themselves into the deep water, spurning danger, and by swimming picked up the king, who was tossing about. Thrice the waves had poured over him and borne him down when Erik caught him by the hair, and lifted him out of the sea. The remaining crowd of the wrecked either sank in the waters, or got with trouble to the land. The king was stripped of his dripping attire and swathed round with dry garments, and the water poured in floods from his chest as he kept belching it; his voice also seemed to fail under the exhaustion of continual pantings. At last heat was restored to his limbs, which were numbed with cold, and his breathing became quicker. He had not fully got back his strength, and could sit but not rise. Gradually his native force returned. But when he was asked at last whether he sued for life and grace, he put his hand to his eyes, and strove to lift up their downcast gaze. But as, little by little, power came back to his body, and as his voice became more assured, he said:

"By this light, which I am loth to look on, by this heaven which I behold and drink in with little joy, I beseech and conjure you not to persuade me to use either any more. I wished to die; ye have saved me in vain. I was not allowed to perish in the waters; at least I will die by the sword. I was unconquered before; thine, Erik, was the first wit to which I yielded: I was all the more unhappy, because I had never been beaten by men of note, and now I let a low-born man defeat me. This is great cause for a king to be ashamed. This is a good and sufficient reason for a general to die; it is right that he should care for nothing so much as glory. If he want that, then take it that he lacks all else. For nothing about a king is more on men's lips than his repute. I was credited with the height of understanding and eloquence. But I have been stripped of both the things wherein I was thought to excel, and am all the more miserable because I, the conqueror of kings, am seen conquered by a peasant. Why grant life to him whom thou hast robbed of honour? I have lost sister, realm, treasure, household gear, and, what is greater than them all, renown: I am luckless in

all chances, and in all thy good fortune is confessed. Why am I to be kept to live on for all this ignominy? What freedom can be so happy for me that it can wipe out all the shame of captivity? What will all the following time bring for me? It can beget nothing but long remorse in my mind, and will savour only of past woes. What will prolonging of life avail, if it only brings back the memory of sorrow? To the stricken nought is pleasanter than death, and that decease is happy which comes at a man's wish, for it cuts not short any sweetness of his days, but annihilates his disgust at all things. Life in prosperity, but death in adversity, is best to seek. No hope of better things tempts me to long for life. What hap can quite repair my shattered fortunes? And by now, had ye not rescued me in my peril, I should have forgotten even these. What though thou shouldst give me back my realm, restore my sister, and renew my treasure? Thou canst never repair my renown. Nothing that is patched up can have the lustre of the unimpaired, and rumour will recount for ages that Frode was taken captive. Moreover, if ye reckon the calamities I have inflicted on you, I have deserved to die at your hands; if ye recall the harms I have done, ye will repent your kindness. Ye will be ashamed of having aided a foe, if ye consider how savagely he treated you. Why do ye spare the guilty? Why do ye stay your hand from the throat of your persecutor? It is fitting that the lot which I had prepared for you should come home to myself. I own that if I had happened to have you in my power as ye now have me, I should have paid no heed to compassion. But if I am innocent before you in act, I am guilty at least in will. I pray you, let my wrongful intention, which sometimes is counted to stand for the deed, recoil upon me. If ye refuse me death by the sword I will take care to kill myself with my own hand."

Erik rejoined thus: "I pray that the gods may turn thee from the folly of thy purpose; turn thee, I say, that thou mayst not try to end a most glorious life abominably. Why, surely the gods themselves have forbidden that a man who is kind to others should commit unnatural self-murder. Fortune has tried thee to find out with what spirit thou wouldst meet adversity. Destiny has proved thee, not brought thee low. No sorrow has been inflicted on thee which a happier lot cannot efface. Thy prosperity has not been changed; only a warning has been given thee. No man behaves with self-control in prosperity who has not learnt to endure adversity. Besides, the whole use of blessings is reaped after misfortunes have been graciously acknowledged. Sweeter is the joy which follows on the bitterness of fate. Wilt thou shun thy life because thou hast once had a drenching, and the waters closed over thee? But if the waters can crush thy spirit, when wilt thou with calm courage bear the sword? Who would not reckon swimming away in his armour more to his glory than to his shame? How many men would think themselves happy were they unhappy with thy fortune? The sovereignty is still thine; thy courage is in its prime; thy years are ripening; thou canst hope to compass more than thou hast yet achieved. I would not find thee fickle enough to wish, not only to shun hardships, but also to fling away thy life, because thou couldst not bear them. None is so unmanly as he who from fear of adversity loses heart to live. No wise man makes up for his calamities by dying. Wrath against another is foolish, but against a man's self it is foolhardy; and it is a coward frenzy which dooms its owner. But if thou go without need to thy death for some wrong suffered, or for some petty perturbation of spirit, whom dost thou leave behind to avenge thee? Who is so mad that he would wish to punish the fickleness of fortune by destroying himself? What man has lived so prosperously but that ill fate has sometimes stricken him? Hast thou enjoyed felicity unbroken and passed thy days without a shock, and now, upon a slight cloud of sadness, dost thou prepare to quit thy life, only to save thy anguish? If thou bear trifles so ill, how shalt thou endure the heavier frowns of fortune? Callow is the man who has never tasted of the cup of sorrow; and no man who has not suffered hardships is temperate in enjoying ease. Wilt thou, who shouldst have been a pillar of courage, show a sign of a palsied spirit? Born of a brave sire, wilt thou display utter impotence? Wilt thou fall so far from thy ancestors as to turn softer than women? Hast thou not yet begun thy prime, and art thou already taken with weariness of life? Whoever set such an example before? Shall the grandson of a famous man, and the

child of the unvanquished, be too weak to endure a slight gust of adversity? Thy nature portrays the courage of thy sires; none has conquered thee, only thine own heedlessness has hurt thee. We snatched thee from peril, we did not subdue thee; wilt thou give us hatred for love, and set our friendship down as wrongdoing? Our service should have appeased thee, and not troubled thee. May the gods never desire thee to go so far in frenzy, as to persist in branding thy preserver as a traitor! Shall we be guilty before thee in a matter wherein we do thee good? Shall we draw anger on us for our service? Wilt thou account him thy foe whom thou hast to thank for thy life? For thou wert not free when we took thee, but in distress, and we came in time to help thee. And, behold, I restore thy treasure, thy wealth, thy goods. If thou thinkest thy sister was betrothed to me over-hastily, let her marry the man whom thou commandest; for her chastity remains inviolate. Moreover, if thou wilt accept me, I wish to fight for thee. Beware lest thou wrongfully steel thy mind in anger. No loss of power has shattered thee, none of thy freedom has been forfeited. Thou shalt see that I am obeying, not commanding thee. I agree to any sentence thou mayst pronounce against my life. Be assured that thou art as strong here as-in thy palace; thou hast the same power to rule here as in thy court. Enact concerning us here whatsoever would have been thy will in the palace: we are ready to obey." Thus much said Erik.

Now this speech softened the king towards himself as much as towards his foe. Then, everything being arranged and made friendly, they returned to the shore. The king ordered that Erik and his sailors should be taken in carriages. But when they reached the palace he had an assembly summoned, to which he called Erik, and under the pledge of betrothal gave him his sister and command over a hundred men. Then he added that the queen would be a weariness to him, and that the daughter of Gotar had taken his liking. He must, therefore, have a fresh embassy, and the business could best be done by Erik, for whose efforts nothing seemed too hard. He also said that he would stone Gotwar to death for her complicity in concealing the crime; but Hanund he would restore to her father, that he might not have a traitress against his life dwelling amongst the Danes. Erik approved his plans, and promised his help to carry out his bidding; except that he declared that it would be better to marry the queen, when she had been put away, to Roller, of whom his sovereignty need have no fears. This opinion Frode received reverentially, as though it were some lesson vouchsafed from above. The queen also, that she might not seem to be driven by compulsion, complied, as women will, and declared that there was no natural necessity to grieve, and that all distress of spirit was a creature of fancy: and, moreover, that one ought not to bewail the punishment that befell one's deserts. And so the brethren celebrated their marriages together, one wedding the sister of the king, and the other his divorced queen.

Then they sailed back to Norway, taking their wives with them. For the women could not be torn from the side of their husbands, either by distance of journey or by dread of peril, but declared that they would stick to their lords like a feather to something shaggy. They found that Ragnar was dead, and that Kraka had already married one Brak. Then they remembered the father's treasure, dug up the money, and bore it off. But Erik's fame had gone before him, and Gotar had learnt all his good fortune. Now when Gotar learnt that he had come himself, he feared that his immense self-confidence would lead him to plan the worst against the Norwegians, and was anxious to take his wife from him and marry him to his own daughter in her place: for his queen had just died, and he was anxious to marry the sister of Frode more than anyone. Erik, when he learnt of his purpose, called his men together, and told them that his fortune had not yet got off from the reefs. Also he said that he saw, that as a bundle that was not tied by a band fell to pieces, so likewise the heaviest punishment that was not constrained on a man by his own fault suddenly collapsed. They had experienced this of late with Frode; for they saw how at the hardest pass their innocence had been protected by the help of the gods; and if they continued to preserve it they should hope for like aid in their adversity. Next, they must pretend flight for a little while, if they were attacked by Gotar, for so they would have a juster plea for fighting. For they had every right to thrust

out the hand in order to shield the head from peril. Seldom could a man carry to a successful end a battle he had begun against the innocent; so, to give them a better plea for assaulting the enemy, he must be provoked to attack them first.

Erik then turned to Gunwar, and asked her, in order to test her fidelity, whether she had any love for Gotar, telling her it was unworthy that a maid of royal lineage should be bound to the bed of a man of the people. Then she began to conjure him earnestly by the power of heaven to tell her whether his purpose was true or reigned? He said that he had spoken seriously, and she cried: "And so thou art prepared to bring on me the worst of shame by leaving me a widow, whom thou lovedst dearly as a maid! Common rumour often speaks false, but I have been wrong in my opinion of thee. I thought I had married a steadfast man; I hoped his loyalty was past question; but now I find him to be more fickle than the winds." Saying this, she wept abundantly.

Dear to Erik was his wife's fears; presently he embraced her and said: "I wished to know how loyal thou wert to me. Nought but death has the right to sever us, but Gotar means to steal thee away, seeking thy love by robbery. When he has committed the theft, pretend it is done with thy goodwill; yet put off the wedding till he has given me his daughter in thy place. When she has been granted, Gotar and I will hold our marriage on the same day. And take care that thou prepare rooms for our banquetting which have a common party-wall, yet are separate: lest perchance, if I were before thine eyes, thou shouldst ruffle the king with thy lukewarm looks at him. For this will be a most effective trick to baffle the wish of the ravisher." Then he bade Brak (one of his men), to lie in ambush not far from the palace with a chosen band of his quickest men, that he might help him at need.

Then he summoned Roller, and fled in his ship with his wife and all his goods, in order to tempt the king out, pretending panic: So, when he saw that the fleet of Gotar was pressing him hard, he said: "Behold how the bow of guile shooteth the shaft of treachery;" and instantly rousing his sailors with the war-shout, he steered the ship about. Gotar came close up to him and asked who was the pilot of the ship, and he was told that it was Erik. He also shouted a question whether he was the same man who by his marvellous speaking could silence the eloquence of all other men. Erik, when he heard this, replied that he had long since received the surname of the "Shrewd-spoken", and that he had not won the auspicious title for nothing. Then both went back to the nearest shore, where Gotar, when he learnt the mission of Erik, said that he wished for the sister of Frode, but would rather offer his own daughter to Frode's envoy, that Erik might not repent the passing of his own wife to another man. Thus it would not be unfitting for the fruit of the mission to fall to the ambassador.

Erik, he said, was delightful to him as a son-in-law, if only he could win alliance with Frode through Gunwar.

Erik lauded the kindness of the king and approved his judgment, declaring he could not have expected a greater thing from the immortal gods than what was now offered him unasked. Still, he said, the king must first discover Gunwar's own mind and choice. She accepted the flatteries of the king with feigned goodwill, and seemed to consent readily to his suit, but besought him to suffer Erik's nuptials to precede hers; because, if Erik's were accomplished first, there would be a better opportunity for the king's; but chiefly on this account, that, if she were to marry again, she might not be disgusted at her new marriage troth by the memory of the old recurring. She also declared it inexpedient for two sets of preparations to be confounded in one ceremony. The king was prevailed upon by her answers, and highly approved her requests.

Gotar's constant talks with Erik furnished him with a store of most fairshapen maxims, wherewith to rejoice and refresh his mind. So, not satisfied with giving him his daughter in marriage he also made over to him the district of Lithir, thinking that their connection deserved some kindness. Now Kraka, whom Erik, because of her cunning in witchcraft, had brought with him on his travels, feigned weakness of the eyes, and muffled up her face in her cloak, so that not a single particle of her head was visible for recognition. When people asked her who she was, she said that

she was Gunwar's sister, child of the same mother but a different father.

Now when they came to the dwelling of Gotar, the wedding-feast of Alfhild (this was his daughter's name) was being held. Erik and the king sat at meat in different rooms, with a party-wall in common, and also entirely covered on the inside with hanging tapestries. Gunwar sat by Gotar, but Erik sat close between Kraka on the one side and Alfhild on the other. Amid the merrymaking, he gradually drew a lath out of the wall, and made an opening large enough to allow the passage of a human body; and thus, without the knowledge of the guests, he made a space wide enough to go through. Then, in the course of the feast, he began to question his betrothed closely whether she would rather marry himself or Frode: especially since, if due heed were paid to matches, the daughter of a king ought to go to the arms of one as noble as herself, so that the lowliness of one of the pair might not impair the lordliness of the other. She said that she would never marry against the permission of her father; but he turned her aversion into compliance by promises that she should be queen, and that she should be richer than all other women, for she was captivated by the promise of wealth quite as much as of glory. There is also a tradition that Kraka turned the maiden's inclinations to Frode by a drink which she mixed and gave to her.

Now Gotar, after the feast, in order to make the marriage-mirth go fast and furious, went to the revel of Erik. As he passed out, Gunwar, as she had been previously bidden, went through the hole in the party-wall where the lath had been removed, and took the seat next to Erik. Gotar marvelled that she was sitting there by his side, and began to ask eagerly how and why she had come there. She said that she was Gunwar's sister, and that the king was deceived by the likeness of their looks. And when the king, in order to look into the matter, hurried back to the royal room, Gunwar returned through the back door by which she had come and sat in her old place in the sight of all. Gotar, when he saw her, could scarcely believe his eyes, and in the utmost doubt whether he had recognized her aright, he retraced his steps to Erik; and there he saw before him Gunwar, who had got back in her own fashion. And so, as often as he changed to go from one hall to the other, he found her whom he sought in either place. By this time the king was tormented by great wonder at what was no mere likeness, but the very same face in both places. For it seemed flatly impossible that different people should look exactly and undistinguishably alike. At last, when the revel broke up, he courteously escorted his daughter and Erik as far as their room, as the manner is at weddings, and went back himself to bed elsewhere.

But Erik suffered Alfhild, who was destined for Frode, to lie apart, and embraced Gunwar as usual, thus outwitting the king. So Gotar passed a sleepless night, revolving how he had been apparently deluded with a dazed and wandering mind: for it seemed to him no mere likeness of looks, but sameness. Thus he was filled with such wavering and doubtful judgment, that though he really discerned the truth he thought he must have been mistaken. At last it flashed across his mind that the wall might have been tampered with. He gave orders that it should be carefully surveyed and examined, but found no traces of a breakage: in fact, the entire room seemed to be whole and unimpaired. For Erik, early in the night, had patched up the damage of the broken wall, that his trick might not be detected. Then the king sent two men privily into the bedroom of Erik to learn the truth, and bade them stand behind the hangings and note all things carefully. They further received orders to kill Erik if they found him with Gunwar. They went secretly into the room, and, concealing themselves in the curtained corners, beheld Erik and Gunwar in bed together with arms entwined. Thinking them only drowsy, they waited for their deeper sleep, wishing to stay until a heavier slumber gave them a chance to commit their crime. Erik snored lustily, and they knew it was a sure sign that he slept soundly; so they straightway came forth with drawn blades in order to butcher him. Erik was awakened by their treacherous onset, and seeing their swords hanging over his head, called out the name of his stepmother, (Kraka), to which long ago he had been bidden to appeal when in peril, and he found a speedy help in his need. For his shield, which hung aloft from the rafter, instantly fell and covered his unarmed body, and,

as if on purpose, covered it from impalement by the cutthroats. He did not fail to make use of his luck, but, snatching his sword, lopped off both feet of the nearest of them. Gunwar, with equal energy, ran a spear through the other: she had the body of a woman, but the spirit of a man.

Thus Erik escaped the trap; whereupon he went back to the sea and made ready to sail off by night. But Roller sounded on his horn the signal for those who had been bidden to watch close by, to break into the palace. When the king heard this, he thought it meant that the enemy was upon them, and made off hastily in a ship. Meanwhile Brak, and those who had broken in with him, snatched up the goods of the king, and got them on board Erik's ships. Almost half the night was spent in pillaging. In the morning, when the king found that they had fled, he prepared to pursue them, but was advised by one of his friends not to plan anything on a sudden or do it in haste. His friend, indeed, tried to convince him that he needed a larger equipment, and that it was ill-advised to pursue the fugitives to Denmark with a handful. But neither could this curb the king's impetuous spirit; it could not bear the loss; for nothing had stung him more than this, that his preparations to slay another should have recoiled on his own men. So he sailed to the harbour which is now called Omi. Here the weather began to be bad, provision failed, and they thought it better, since die they must, to die by the sword than by famine. And so the sailors turned their hand against one another, and hastened their end by mutual blows. The king with a few men took to the cliffs and escaped. Lofty barrows still mark the scene of the slaughter. Meanwhile Erik ended his voyage fairly, and the wedding of Alfhild and Frode was kept.

Then came tidings of an inroad of the Slavs, and Erik was commissioned to suppress it with eight ships, since Frode as yet seemed inexperienced in war. Erik, loth ever to flinch from any manly undertaking, gladly undertook the business and did it bravely. Learning that the pirates had seven ships, he sailed up to them with only one of his own, ordering the rest to be girt with timber parapets, and covered over with pruned boughs of trees. Then he advanced to observe the number of the enemy more fully, but when the Slavs pursued closely, he beat a quick retreat to his men. But the enemy, blind to the trap, and as eager to take the fugitives, rowed smiting the waters fast and incessantly. For the ships of Erik could not be clearly distinguished, looking like a leafy wood. The enemy, after venturing into a winding strait, suddenly saw themselves surrounded by the fleet of Erik. First, confounded by the strange sight, they thought that a wood was sailing; and then they saw that guile lurked under the leaves. Therefore, tardily repenting their rashness, they tried to retrace their incautious voyage: but while they were trying to steer about, they saw the enemy boarding them; Erik, however, put his ship ashore, and slung stones against the enemy from afar. Thus most of the Slavs were killed, and forty taken, who afterwards under stress of bonds and famine, and in strait of divers torments, gave up the ghost.

Meantime Frode, in order to cross on an expedition into Scлавia, had mustered a mighty fleet from the Danes, as well as from neighbouring peoples. The smallest boat of this fleet could carry twelve sailors, and be rowed by as many oars. Then Erik, bidding his men await him patiently went to tell Frode the tidings of the defeat he had inflicted. As he sailed along he happened to see a pirate ship aground on some shallows; and being wont to utter weighty words upon chance occurrences, he said, "Obscure is the lot of the base-born, and mean is the fortune of the lowly." Then he brought his ship up close and destroyed the pirates, who were trying to get off their own vessel with poles, and busily engrossed in saving her. This accomplished, he made his way back to the king's fleet; and wishing to cheer Frode with a greeting that heralded his victory, he said, "Hail to the maker of a most prosperous peace!" The king prayed that his word might come true, and declared that the spirit of the wise man was prophetic. Erik answered that he spoke truly, and that the petty victory brought an omen of a greater one; declaring that a presage of great matters could often be got from trifles. Then the king counselled him to scatter his force, and ordered the horsemen of Jutland to go by the land way, while the rest of the army went by the short sea-passage. But the sea was

covered with such a throng of vessels, that there were not enough harbours to take them in, nor shores for them to encamp on, nor money for their provisions; while the land army is said to have been so great that, in order to shorten the way, it levelled mountains, made marshes passable, filled up pits with material, and the hugest chasms by casting in great boulders.

Meanwhile Strunik the King of the Slavs sent envoys to ask for a truce; but Frode refused him time to equip himself, saying that an enemy ought not to be furnished with a truce. Moreover, he said, he had hitherto passed his life without experience of war, and now he ought not to delay its beginning by waiting in doubt; for the man that conducted his first campaign successfully might hope for as good fortune in the rest. For each side would take the augury afforded by the first engagements as a presage of the combat; since the preliminary successes of war were often a prophecy of the sequel. Erik commended the wisdom of the reply, declaring that the game ought to be played abroad just as it had been begun at home: meaning that the Danes had been challenged by the Slavs. After these words he fought a furious battle, slew Strunik with the bravest of his race, and received the surrender of the rest. Then Frode called the Slavs together, and proclaimed by a herald that any man among them who had been trained to theft or plunder should be speedily given up; promising that he would reward the character of such men with the highest honours. He also ordered that all of them, who were versed in evil arts should come forth to have their reward. This offer pleased the Slavs: and some of them, tempted by their hopes of the gift, betrayed themselves with more avarice than judgment, before the others could make them known. These were misled by such great covetousness, that they thought less of shame than lucre, and accounted as their glory what was really their guilt. When these had given themselves up of their own will, he said: "Slavs! This is the pest from which you must clear your land yourselves." And straightway he ordered the executioners to seize them, and had them fixed upon the highest gallows by the hand of their own countrymen. The punishers looked fewer than the punished. And thus the shrewd king, by refusing to those who owned their guilt the pardon which he granted to the conquered foe, destroyed almost the entire stock of the Slavonic race. Thus the longing for an undeserved reward was visited with a deserved penalty, and the thirst for an undue wage justly punished. I should think that these men were rightly delivered to their doom, who brought the peril on their own heads by speaking, when they could have saved their lives by the protection of silence.

The king, exalted by the honours of his fresh victory, and loth to seem less strong in justice than in battle, resolved to remodel his army by some new laws, some of which are retained by present usage, while others men have chosen to abolish for new ones. (a) For he decreed, when the spoil was divided, that each of the vanguard should receive a greater share than the rest of the soldiery: while he granted all gold that was taken to the generals (before whom the standards were always borne in battle) on account of their rank; wishing the common soldiers to be content with silver. He ordered that the arms should go to the champions, and the captured ships should pass to the common people, as the due of those who had the right of building and equipping vessels. (b) Also he forbade that anyone should venture to lock up his household goods, as he would receive double the value of any losses from the treasury of the king; but if anyone thought fit to keep it in locked coffers, he must pay the king a gold mark. He also laid down that anyone who spared a thief should be punished as a thief. (d) Further, that the first man to flee in battle should forfeit all common rights. (e) But when he had returned into Denmark he wished to amend by good measures any corruption caused by the evil practices of Grep; and therefore granted women free choice in marriage, so that there might be no compulsory wedlock. And so he provided by law that women should be held duly married to those whom they had wedded without consulting their fathers. (f) But if a free woman agreed to marry a slave, she must fall to his rank, lose the blessing of freedom, and adopt the standing of a slave. (g) He also imposed on men the statute that they must marry any woman whom they had seduced. (h) He ordained that adulterers should be deprived of a member by the lawful husbands, so

that continence might not be destroyed by shameful sins. (i) Also he ordained that if a Dane plundered another Dane, he should repay double, and be held guilty of a breach of the peace. (k) And if any man were to take to the house of another anything which he had got by thieving, his host, if he shut the door of his house behind the man, should incur forfeiture of all his goods, and should be beaten in full assembly, being regarded as having made himself guilty of the same crime. (l) Also, whatsoever exile should turn enemy to his country, or bear a shield against his countrymen, should be punished with the loss of life and goods. (m) But if any man, from a contumacious spirit, were slack in fulfilling the orders of the king, he should be punished with exile. For, on all occasion of any sudden and urgent war, an arrow of wood, looking like iron, used to be passed on everywhere from man to man as a messenger. (n) But if any one of the commons went in front of the vanguard in battle, he was to rise from a slave into a freeman, and from a peasant into a nobleman; but if he were nobly-born already, he should be created a governor. So great a guerdon did valiant men earn of old; and thus did the ancients think noble rank the due of bravery. For it was thought that the luck a man had should be set down to his valour, and not his valour to his luck. (o) He also enacted that no dispute should be entered on with a promise made under oath and a gage deposited; but whosoever requested another man to deposit a gage against him should pay that man half a gold mark, on pain of severe bodily chastisement. For the king had foreseen that the greatest occasions of strife might arise from the depositing of gages. (p) But he decided that any quarrel whatsoever should be decided by the sword, thinking a combat of weapons more honourable than one of words. But if either of the combatants drew back his foot, and stepped out of the ring of the circle previously marked, he was to consider himself conquered, and suffer the loss of his case. But a man of the people, if he attacked a champion on any score, should be armed to meet him; but the champion should only fight with a truncheon an ell long. (q) Further, he appointed that if an alien killed a Dane, his death should be redressed by the slaying of two foreigners.

Meanwhile, Gotar, in order to punish Erik, equipped his army for war: and Frode, on the other side, equipped a great fleet to go against Norway. When both alike had put into Rennes-Isle, Gotar, terrified by the greatness of Frode's name, sent ambassadors to pray for peace. Erik said to them, "Shameless is the robber who is the first to seek peace, or ventures to offer it to the good. He who longs to win must struggle: blow must counter blow, malice repel malice."

Gotar listened attentively to this from a distance, and then said, as loudly as he could: "Each man fights for valour according as he remembers kindness." Erik said to him: "I have requited thy kindness by giving thee back counsel." By this speech he meant that his excellent advice was worth more than all manner of gifts. And, in order to show that Gotar was ungrateful for the counsel he had received, he said: "When thou desiredst to take my life and my wife, thou didst mar the look of thy fair example. Only the sword has the right to decide between us." Then Gotar attacked the fleet of the Danes; he was unsuccessful in the engagement, and slain.

Afterwards Roller received his realm from Frode as a gift; it stretched over seven provinces. Erik likewise presented Roller with the province which Gotar had once bestowed upon him. After these exploits Frode passed three years in complete and tranquil peace.

Meanwhile the King of the Huns, when he heard that his daughter had been put away, allied himself with Olmar, King of the Easterlings, and in two years equipped an armament against the Danes. So Frode levied an army not only of native Danes, but also of Norwegians and Slavs. Erik, whom he had sent to spy out the array of the enemy, found Olmar, who had received the command of the fleet, not far from Russia; while the King of the Huns led the land forces. He addressed Olmar thus:

"What means, prithee, this strong equipment of war? Or whither dost thou speed, King Olmar, mighty in thy fleet?"

Olmar. "We are minded to attack the son of Fridleif. And who art thou, whose bold lips ask such questions?"

Erik. "Vain hope of conquering the unconquered hath filled thy heart; over Frode no man can prevail."

Olmar. "Whatsoever befalls, must once happen for the first time; and often enough the unexpected comes to pass."

By this saying he let him know that no man must put too much trust in fortune. Then Erik rode up to inspect the army of the Huns. As it passed by him, and he in turn by it, it showed its vanguard to the rising and its rear to the setting sun. So he asked those whom he met, who had the command of all those thousands. Hun, the King of the Huns, happened to see him, and heard that he had undertaken to reconnoitre, and asked what was the name of the questioner. Erik said he was the man who came everywhere and was found nowhere. Then the king, when an interpreter was brought, asked what work Frode was about. Erik replied, "Frode never waits at home for a hostile army, nor tarries in his house for his foe. For he who covets the pinnacle of another's power must watch and wake all night. No man has ever won a victory by snoring, and no wolf has ever found a carcass by lying asleep."

The king, perceiving that he was a cunning speaker of choice maxims, said: "Here, perchance, is that Erik who, as I have heard, accused my daughter falsely."

But Erik, when they were bidden to seize him instantly, said that it was unseemly for one man to be dragged off by really; and by this saying he not only appeased the mind of the king, but even inclined him to be willing to pardon him. But it was clear that this impunity came more from cunning than kindness; for the chief reason why he was let go was that he might terrify Frode by the report of their vast numbers. When he returned, Frode bad him relate what he had discovered, and he said that he had seen six kings each with his fleet; and that each of these fleets contained five thousand ships, each ship being known to hold three hundred rowers. Each millenary of the whole total he said consisted of four wings; now, since the full number of a wing is three hundred, he meant that a millenary should be understood to contain twelve hundred men. When Frode wavered in doubt what he could do against so many, and looked eagerly round for reinforcements, Erik said: "Boldness helps the righteous; a valiant dog must attack the bear; we want wolf-hounds, and not little unwarlike birds." This said, he advised Frode to muster his fleet. When it was drawn up they sailed off against the enemy; and so they fought and subdued the islands lying between Denmark and the East; and as they advanced thence, met some ships of the Ruthenian fleet. Frode thought it shameful to attack such a handful, but Erik said: "We must seek food from the gaunt and lean. He who falls shall seldom fatten, nor has that man the power to bite whom the huge sack has devoured." By this warning he cured the king of all shame about making an assault, and presently induced him to attack a small number with a throng; for he showed him that advantage must be counted before honour.

After this they went on to meet Olmar, who because of the slowness of his multitude preferred awaiting the enemy to attacking it; for the vessels of the Ruthenians seemed disorganized, and, owing to their size, not so well able to row. But not even did the force of his multitudes avail him. For the extraordinary masses of the Ruthenians were stronger in numbers than in bravery, and yielded the victory to the stout handful of the Danes.

When Frode tried to return home, his voyage encountered an unheard-of difficulty. For the crowds of dead bodies, and likewise the fragments of shields and spears, bestrewed the entire gulf of the sea, and tossed on the tide, so that the harbours were not only straitened, but stank. The vessels stuck, hampered amid the corpses. They could neither thrust off with oars, nor drive away with poles, the rotting carcasses that floated around, or prevent, when they had put one away, another rolling up and driving against the fleet. You would have thought that a war had arisen with the dead, and there was a strange combat with the lifeless.

So Frode summoned the nations which he had conquered, and enacted (a) that any father of a family who had fallen in that war should be buried with his horse and all his arms and decorations. And if any body-snatcher, in his abominable covetousness, made an attempt on him, he was to suffer for it, not only with his life, but also with the loss of burial for his own body; he should have no barrow and no funeral. For he thought it just that he who de-

spoiled another's ashes should be granted no burial, but should repeat in his own person the fate he had inflicted on another. He appointed that the body of a centurion or governor should receive funeral on a pyre built of his own ship. He ordered that the bodies of every ten pilots should be burnt together with a single ship, but that every earl or king that was killed should be put on his own ship and burnt with it. He wished this nice attention to be paid in conducting the funerals of the slain, because he wished to prevent indiscriminate obsequies. By this time all the kings of the Russians except Olmar and Dag had fallen in battle. (b) He also ordered the Russians to conduct their warfare in imitation of the Danes, and never to marry a wife without buying her. He thought that bought marriages would have more security, believing that the troth which was sealed with a price was the safest. (d) Moreover, anyone who durst attempt the violation of a virgin was to be punished with the severance of his bodily parts, or else to requite the wrong of his intercourse with a thousand talents. (e) He also enacted that any man that applied himself to war, who aspired to the title of tried soldier, should attack a single man, should stand the attack of two, should only withdraw his foot a little to avoid three, but should not blush to flee from four. (f) He also proclaimed that a new custom concerning the pay of the soldiers should be observed by the princes under his sway. He ordered that each native soldier and housecarl should be presented in the winter season with three marks of silver, a common or hired soldier with two, a private soldier who had finished his service with only one. By this law he did injustice to valour, reckoning the rank of the soldiers and not their courage; and he was open to the charge of error in the matter, because he set familiar acquaintance above desert.

After this the king asked Erik whether the army of the Huns was as large as the forces of Olmar, and Erik answered in the following song:

"By Hercules, I came on a countless throng, a throng that neither earth nor wave could hold. Thick flared all their camp-fires, and the whole wood blazed up; the flame betokened a numberless array. The earth sank under the fraying of the horse-hoofs; creaking waggons rattled swiftly. The wheels rumbled, the driver rode upon the winds, so that the chariots sounded like thunder. The earth hardly bore the throngs of men-at-arms, speeding on confusedly; they trod it, but it could not bear their weight. I thought that the air crashed and the earth was shaken, so mighty was the motion of the stranger army. For I saw fifteen standards flickering at once; each of them had a hundred lesser standards, and after each of these could have been seen twenty; and the captains in their order were equal in number to the standards."

Now when Frode asked wherewithal he was to resist so many, Erik instructed him that he must return home and suffer the enemy first to perish of their own hugeness. His counsel was obeyed, the advice being approved as heartily as it was uttered. But the Huns went on through pathless deserts, and, finding provisions nowhere, began to run the risk of general starvation; for it was a huge and swampy district, and nothing could be found to relieve their want. At last, when the beasts of burden had been cut down and eaten, they began to scatter, lacking carriages as much as food. Now their straying from the road was as perilous to them as their hunger. Neither horses nor asses were spared, nor did they refrain from filthy garbage. At last they did not even spare dogs: to dying men every abomination was lawful; for there is nothing too hard for the bidding of extreme need. At last when they were worn out with hunger, there came a general mortality. Bodies were carried out for burial without end, for all feared to perish, and none pitied the perishing. Fear indeed had cast out humanity. So first the divisions deserted from the king little by little; and then the army melted away by companies. He was also deserted by the prophet Ygg, a man of unknown age, which was prolonged beyond the human span; this man went as a deserter to Frode, and told him of all the preparations of the Huns.

Meanwhile Hedin, prince of a considerable tribe of the Norwegians, approached the fleet of Frode with a hundred and fifty vessels. Choosing twelve out of these, he proceeded to cruise nearer, signalling the approach of friends by a shield raised on the mast. He thus greatly augmented the forces of the king, and was received into his closest friendship. A mutual love afterwards arose

between this man and Hilda, the daughter of Hogni, a chieftain of the Jutes, and a maiden of most eminent renown. For, though they had not yet seen one another, each had been kindled by the other's glory. But when they had a chance of beholding one another, neither could look away; so steadfast was the love that made their eyes linger.

Meanwhile, Frode distributed his soldiers through the towns, and carefully gathered in the materials needed for the winter supplies; but even so he could not maintain his army, with its burden of expense: and plague fell on him almost as great as the destruction that met the Huns. Therefore, to prevent the influx of foreigners, he sent a fleet to the Elbe to take care that nothing should cross; the admirals were Revil and Mevil. When the winter broke up, Hedin and Hogni resolved to make a roving-raid together; for Hogni did not know that his partner was in love with his daughter. Now Hogni was of unusual stature, and stiff in temper; while Hedin was very comely, but short. Also, when Frode saw that the cost of keeping up his army grew daily harder to bear, he sent Roller to Norway, Olmar to Sweden, King Onef and Glomer, a rover captain, to the Orkneys for supplies, each with his own forces. Thirty kings followed Frode, and were his friends or vassals. But when Hun heard that Frode had sent away his forces he mustered another and a fresh army. But Hogni betrothed his daughter to Hedin, after they had sworn to one another that whichever of them should perish by the sword should be avenged by the other.

In the autumn, the men in search of supplies came back, but they were richer in trophies than in food. For Roller had made tributary the provinces Sundmor and Nordmor, after slaying Arthor their king. But Olmar conquered Thor the Long, the King of the Jemts and the Helsingings, with two other captains of no less power, and also took Esthonia and Kurland, with Oland, and the isles that fringe Sweden; thus he was a most renowned conqueror of savage lands. So he brought back 700 ships, thus doubling the numbers of those previously taken out. Onef and Glomer, Hedin and Hogni, won victories over the Orkneys, and returned with 900 ships. And by this time revenues had been got in from far and wide, and there were ample materials gathered by plunder to recruit their resources. They had also added twenty kingdoms to the sway of Frode, whose kings, added to the thirty named before, fought on the side of the Danes.

Trusting in their strength, they engaged with the Huns. Such a carnage broke out on the first day of this combat that the three chief rivers of Russia were bestrewn with a kind of bridge of corpses, and could be crossed and passed over. Also the traces of the massacre spread so wide that for the space of three days' ride the ground was to be seen covered with human carcases. So, when the battle had been seven days prolonged, King Hun fell; and his brother of the same name, when he saw the line of the Huns giving way, without delay surrendered himself and his company. In that war 170 kings, who were either Huns or fighting amongst the Huns, surrendered to the king. This great number Erik had comprised in his previous description of the standards, when he was giving an account of the multitude of the Huns in answer to the questions of Frode. So Frode summoned the kings to assembly, and imposed a rule upon them that they should all live under one and the same law. Now he set Olmar over Holmgard; Onef over Conogard; and he bestowed Saxony on Hun, his prisoner, and gave Revil the Orkneys. To one Dimar he allotted the management of the provinces of the Helsingings, of the Jarnbers, and the Jemts, as well as both Laplands; while on Dag he bestowed the government of Esthonia. Each of these men he burdened with fixed conditions of tribute, thus making allegiance a condition of his kindness. So the realms of Frode embraced Russia on the east, and on the west were bounded by the Rhine.

Meantime, certain slanderous tongues accused Hedin to Hogni of having tempted and defiled his daughter before the rites of betrothal; which was then accounted an enormous crime by all nations. So the credulous ears of Hogni drank in this lying report, and with his fleet he attacked Hedin, who was collecting the king's dues among the Slavs; there was an engagement, and Hogni was beaten, and went to Jutland. And thus the peace instituted by Frode was disturbed by intestine war, and natives were the first

to disobey the king's law. Frode, therefore, sent men to summon them both at once, and inquired closely what was the reason of their feud. When he had heard it, he gave judgment according to the terms of the law he had enacted; but when he saw that even this could not reconcile them (for the father obstinately demanded his daughter back), he decreed that the quarrel should be settled by the sword—it seemed the only remedy for ending the dispute. The fight began, and Hedin was grievously wounded; but when he began to lose blood and bodily strength, he received unexpected mercy from his enemy. For though Hogni had an easy chance of killing him, yet, pitying youth and beauty, he constrained his cruelty to give way to clemency. And so, loth to cut off a stripling who was panting at his last gasp, he refrained his sword. For of old it was accounted shameful to deprive of his life one who was ungrown or a weakling; so closely did the antique bravery of champions take heed of all that could incline them to modesty. So Hedin, with the help of his men, was taken back to his ship, saved by the kindness of his foe.

In the seventh year after, these same men began to fight on Hedin's isle, and wounded each other so that they died. Hogni would have been lucky if he had shown severity rather than compassion to Hedin when he had once conquered him. They say that Hilda longed so ardently for her husband, that she is believed to have conjured up the spirits of the combatants by her spells in the night in order to renew the war.

At the same time came to pass a savage war between Alrik, king of the Swedes, and Gestibind, king of the Goths. The latter, being the weaker, approached Frode as a suppliant, willing, if he might get his aid, to surrender his kingdom and himself. He soon received the aid of Skalk, the Skanian, and Erik, and came back with reinforcements. He had determined to let loose his attack on Alrik, but Erik thought that he should first assail his son Gunthion, governor of the men of Wermland and Solongs, declaring that the storm-weary mariner ought to make for the nearest shore, and moreover that the rootless trunk seldom burgeoned. So he made an attack, wherein perished Gunthion, whose tomb records his name. Alrik, when he heard of the destruction of his son, hastened to avenge him, and when he had observed his enemies, he summoned Erik, and, in a secret interview, recounted the leagues of their fathers, imploring him to refuse to fight for Gestibind. This Erik steadfastly declined, and Alrik then asked leave to fight Gestibind, thinking that a duel was better than a general engagement. But Erik said that Gestibind was unfit for arms by reason of old age, pleading his bad health, and above all his years; but offered himself to fight in his place, explaining that it would be shameful to decline a duel on behalf of the man for whom he had come to make a war. Then they fought without delay: Alrik was killed, and Erik was most severely wounded; it was hard to find remedies, and he did not for long time recover health. Now a false report had come to Frode that Erik had fallen, and was tormenting the king's mind with sore grief; but Erik dispelled this sadness with his welcome return; indeed, he reported to Frode that by his efforts Sweden, Wermland, Helsingland, and the islands of the Sun (Soleyar) had been added to his realm. Frode straightway made him king of the nations he had subdued, and also granted to him Helsingland with the two Laplands, Finland and Esthonia, under a yearly tribute. None of the Swedish kings before him was called by the name of Erik, but the title passed from him to the rest.

At the same time Alf was king in Hethmark, and he had a son Asmund. Biorn ruled in the province of Wik, and had a son Aswid. Asmund was engaged on an unsuccessful hunt, and while he was proceeding either to stalk the game with dogs or to catch it in nets, a mist happened to come on. By this he was separated from his sharers on a lonely track, wandered over the dreary ridges, and at last, destitute of horse and clothing, ate fungi and mushrooms, and wandered on aimlessly till he came to the dwelling of King Biorn. Moreover, the son of the king and he, when they had lived together a short while, swore by every vow, in order to ratify the friendship which they observed to one another, that whichever of them lived longest should be buried with him who died. For their fellowship and love were so strong, that each determined he would not prolong his days when the other was cut off by death.

After this Frode gathered together a host of all his subject nations, and attacked Norway with his fleet, Erik being bidden to lead the land force. For, after the fashion of human greed, the more he gained the more he wanted, and would not suffer even the dreariest and most rugged region of the world to escape this kind of attack; so much is increase of wealth wont to encourage covetousness. So the Norwegians, casting away all hope of self-defence, and losing all confidence in their power to revolt, began to flee for the most part to Halogaland. The maiden Stikla also withdrew from her country to save her chastity, proffering the occupations of war to those of wedlock.

Meanwhile Aswid died of an illness, and was consigned with his horse and dog to a cavern in the earth. And Asmund, because of his oath of friendship, had the courage to be buried with him, food being put in for him to eat.

Now just at this time Erik, who had crossed the uplands with his army, happened to draw near the barrow of Aswid; and the Swedes, thinking that treasures were in it, broke the hill open with mattocks, and saw disclosed a cave deeper than they had thought. To examine it, a man was wanted, who would lower himself on a hanging rope tied around him. One of the quickest of the youths was chosen by lot; and Asmund, when he saw him let down in a basket following a rope, straightway cast him out and climbed into the basket. Then he gave the signal to draw him up to those above who were standing by and controlling the rope. They drew in the basket in the hopes of great treasure; but when they saw the unknown figure of the man they had taken out, they were scared by his extraordinary look, and, thinking that the dead had come to life, flung down the rope and fled all ways. For Asmund looked ghastly and seemed to be covered as with the corruption of the charnel. He tried to recall the fugitives, and began to clamour that they were wrongfully afraid of a living man. And when Erik saw him, he marvelled most at the aspect of his bloody face: the blood flowing forth and spurting over it. For Aswid had come to life in the nights, and in his continual struggles had wrenched off his left ear; and there was to be seen the horrid sight of a raw and unhealed scar. And when the bystanders bade him tell how he had got such a wound, he began to speak thus:—

"Why stand ye aghast, who see me colourless? Surely every live man fades among the dead. Evil to the lonely man, and burdensome to the single, remains every dwelling in the world. Hapless are they whom chance hath bereft of human help. The listless night of the cavern, the darkness of the ancient den, have taken all joy from my eyes and soul. The ghastly ground, the crumbling barrow, and the heavy tide of filthy things have marred the grace of my youthful countenance, and sapped my wonted pith and force. Besides all this, I have fought with the dead, enduring the heavy burden and grievous peril of the wrestle; Aswid rose again and fell on me with rending nails, by hellish might renewing ghastly warfare after he was ashes.

"Why stand ye aghast, who see me colourless? Surely every live man fades among the dead.

"By some strange enterprise of the power of hell the spirit of Aswid was sent up from the nether world, and with cruel tooth eats the fleet-footed (horse), and has given his dog to his abominable jaws. Not sated with devouring the horse or hound, he soon turned his swift nails upon me, tearing my cheek and taking off my ear. Hence the hideous sight of my slashed countenance, the blood-spurts in the ugly wound. Yet the bringer of horrors did it not unscathed; for soon I cut off his head with my steel, and impaled his guilty carcase with a stake.

"Why stand ye aghast who see me colourless? Surely every live man fades among the dead."

Frode had by this taken his fleet over to Halogaland; and here, in order to learn the numbers of his host, which seemed to surpass all bounds and measure that could be counted, he ordered his soldiers to pile up a hill, one stone being cast upon the heap for each man. The enemy also pursued the same method of numbering their host, and the hills are still to be seen to convince the visitor. Here Frode joined battle with the Norwegians, and the day was bloody. At nightfall both sides determined to retreat. As day-break drew near, Erik, who had come across the land, came up and advised the king to renew the battle. In this war the Danes suf-

fered such slaughter that out of 3,000 ships only 170 are supposed to have survived. The Northmen, however, were exterminated in such a mighty massacre, that (so the story goes) there were not men left to till even a fifth of their villages.

Frode, now triumphant, wished to renew peace among all nations, that he might ensure each man's property from the inroads of thieves and now ensure peace to his realms after war. So he hung one bracelet on a crag which is called Frode's Rock, and another in the district of Wik, after he had addressed the assembled Norwegians; threatening that these necklaces should serve to test the honesty which he had decreed, and threatening that if they were filched punishment should fall on all the governors of the district. And thus, sorely imperilling the officers, there was the gold unguarded, hanging up full in the parting of the roads, and the booty, so easy to plunder, a temptation to all covetous spirits. (a) Frode also enacted that seafarers should freely use oars wherever they found them; while to those who wished to cross a river he granted free use of the horse which they found nearest to the ford. He decreed that they must dismount from this horse when its fore feet only touched land and its hind feet were still washed by the waters. For he thought that services such as these should rather be accounted kindness than wrongdoing. Moreover, he ordained that whosoever durst try and make further use of the horse after he had crossed the river should be condemned to death. (b) He also ordered that no man should hold his house or his coffer under lock and key, or should keep anything guarded by bolts, promising that all losses should be made good threefold. Also, he appointed that it was lawful to claim as much of another man's food for provision as would suffice for a single supper. If anyone exceeded this measure in his takings, he was to be held guilty of theft. Now, a thief (so he enacted) was to be hung up with a sword passed through his sinews, with a wolf fastened by his side, so that the wicked man might look like the savage beast, both being punished alike. He also had the same penalty extended to accomplices in thefts. Here he passed seven most happy years of peace, begetting a son Alf and a daughter Eyfura.

It chanced that in these days Arngnim, a champion of Sweden, who had challenged, attacked, and slain Skalk the Skanian because he had once robbed him of a vessel, came to Frode. Elated beyond measure with his deed, he ventured to sue for Frode's daughter; but, finding the king deaf to him, he asked Erik, who was ruling Sweden, to help him. Erik advised him to win Frode's goodwill by some illustrious service, and to fight against Egther, the King of Permland, and Thengil, the King of Finmark, since they alone seemed to repudiate the Danish rule, while all men else submitted. Without delay he led his army to that country. Now, the Finns are the uttermost peoples of the North, who have taken a portion of the world that is barely habitable to till and dwell in. They are very keen spearmen, and no nation has a readier skill in throwing the javelin. They fight with large, broad arrows; they are addicted to the study of spells; they are skilled hunters. Their habitation is not fixed, and their dwellings are migratory; they pitch and settle wherever they have caught game. Riding on curved boards (skees or snow-skates), they run over ridges thick with snow. These men Arngnim attacked, in order to win renown, and he crushed them. They fought with ill success; but, as they were scattering in flight, they cast three pebbles behind them, which they caused to appear to the eyes of the enemy like three mountains. Arngnim's eyes were dazzled and deluded, and he called back his men from the pursuit of the enemy, fancying that he was checked by a barrier of mighty rocks. Again, when they engaged and were beaten on the morrow, the Finns cast snow upon the ground and made it look like a mighty river. So the Swedes, whose eyes were utterly deluded, were deceived by their misjudgment, for it seemed the roaring of an extraordinary mass of waters. Thus, the conqueror dreading the unsubstantial phantom of the waters, the Finns managed to escape. They renewed the war again on the third day; but there was no effective means of escape left any longer, for when they saw that their lines were falling back, they surrendered to the conqueror. Arngnim imposed on them the following terms of tribute: that the number of the Finns should be counted, and that, after the lapse of (every) three years, every ten of them should pay a carriage-full of deer-skins by way of assessment. Then he



challenged and slew in single combat Egther, the captain of the men of Permland, imposing on the men of Permland the condition that each of them should pay one skin. Enriched with these spoils and trophies, he returned to Erik, who went with him into Denmark, and poured loud praises of the young warrior into the ear of Frode, declaring that he who had added the ends of the world to his realms deserved his daughter. Then Frode, considering his splendid deserts, thought it was not amiss to take for a son-in-law a man who had won wide-resounding fame by such a roll of noble deeds.

Arrngim had twelve sons by Eyfura, whose names I here subjoin: Brand, Biarbe, Brodd, Hiarrande; Tand, Tyrfling, two Haddings; Hiortuar, Hiartuar, Hrane, Anganty. These followed the business of sea-roving from their youth up; and they chanced to sail all in one ship to the island Samso, where they found lying off the coast two ships belonging to Hialmar and Arvarodd (Arrow-Odd) the rovers. These ships they attacked and cleared of rowers; but, not knowing whether they had cut down the captains, they fitted the bodies of the slain to their several thwarts, and found that those whom they sought were missing. At this they were sad, knowing that the victory they had won was not worth a straw, and that their safety would run much greater risk in the battle that was to come. In fact, Hialmar and Arvarodd, whose ships had been damaged by a storm, which had torn off their rudders, went into a wood to hew another; and, going round the trunk with their axes, pared down the shapeless timber until the huge stock assumed the form of a marine implement. This they shouldered, and were bearing it down to the beach, ignorant of the disaster of their friends, when the sons of Eyfura, reeking with the fresh blood of the slain, attacked them, so that they two had to fight many; the contest was not even equal, for it was a band of twelve against two. But the victory did not go according to the numbers. For all the sons of Eyfura were killed; Hialmar was slain by them, but Arvarodd gained the honours of victory, being the only survivor left by fate out of all that band of comrades. He, with an incredible effort, poised the still shapeless hulk of the rudder, and drove it so strongly against the bodies of his foes that, with a single thrust of it, he battered and crushed all twelve. And, so, though they were rid of the general storm of war, the band of rovers did not yet quit the ocean.

This it was that chiefly led Frode to attack the West, for his one desire was the spread of peace. So he summoned Erik, and mustered a fleet of all the kingdoms that bid him allegiance, and sailed to Britain with numberless ships. But the king of that island, perceiving that he was unequal in force (for the ships seemed to cover the sea), went to Frode, affecting to surrender, and not only began to flatter his greatness, but also promised to the Danes, the conquerors of nations, the submission of himself and of his country; proffering taxes, assessment, tribute, what they would. Finally, he gave them a hospitable invitation. Frode was pleased with the courtesy of the Briton, though his suspicions of treachery were kept by so ready and unconstrained a promise of everything, so speedily a surrender of the enemy before fighting; such offers being seldom made in good faith. They were also troubled with alarm about the banquet, fearing that as drunkenness came on their sober wits might be entangled in it, and attacked by hidden treachery. So few guests were bidden, moreover, that it seemed unsafe for them to accept the invitation; and it was further thought foolish to trust their lives to the good faith of an enemy whom they did not know.

When the king found their minds thus wavering he again approached Frode, and invited him to the banquet with 2,400 men; having before bidden him to come to the feast with 1,200 nobles. Frode was encouraged by the increase in the number of guests, and was able to go to the banquet with greater inward confidence; but he could not yet lay aside his suspicions, and privily caused men to scour the interior and let him know quickly of any treachery which they might spy. On this errand they went into the forest, and, coming upon the array of an armed encampment belonging to the forces of the Britons, they halted in doubt, but hastily retraced their steps when the truth was apparent. For the tents were dusky in colour, and muffled in a sort of pitchy coverings, that they might not catch the eye of anyone who came near. When Frode

learned this, he arranged a counter-ambuscade with a strong force of nobles, that he might not go heedlessly to the banquet, and be cheated of timely aid. They went into hiding, and he warned them that the note of the trumpet was the signal for them to bring assistance. Then with a select band, lightly armed, he went to the banquet. The hall was decked with regal splendour; it was covered all round with crimson hangings of marvellous rich handiwork. A curtain of purple dye adorned the propelled walls. The flooring was bestrewn with bright mantles, which a man would fear to trample on. Up above was to be seen the twinkle of many lanterns, the gleam of lamps lit with oil, and the censers poured forth fragrance whose sweet vapour was laden with the choicest perfumes. The whole way was blocked by the tables loaded with good things; and the places for reclining were decked with gold-embroidered couches; the seats were full of pillows. The majestic hall seemed to smile upon the guests, and nothing could be noticed in all that pomp either inharmonious to the eye or offensive to the smell. In the midst of the hall stood a great butt ready for refilling the goblets, and holding an enormous amount of liquor; enough could be drawn from it for the huge revel to drink its fill. Servants, dressed in purple, bore golden cups, and courteously did the office of serving the drink, pacing in ordered ranks. Nor did they fail to offer the draught in the horns of the wild ox.

The feast glittered with golden bowls, and was laden with shining goblets, many of them studded with flashing jewels. The place was filled with an immense luxury; the tables groaned with the dishes, and the bowls brimmed over with divers liquors. Nor did they use wine pure and simple, but, with juices sought far and wide, composed a nectar of many flavours. The dishes glistened with delicious foods, being filled mostly with the spoils of the chase; though the flesh of tame animals was not lacking either. The natives took care to drink more sparingly than the guests; for the latter felt safe, and were tempted to make an orgy; while the others, meditating treachery, had lost all temptations to be drunken. So the Danes, who, if I may say so with my country's leave, were seasoned to drain the bowl against each other, took quantities of wine. The Britons, when they saw that the Danes were very drunk, began gradually to slip away from the banquet, and, leaving their guests within the hall, made immense efforts, first to block the doors of the palace by applying bars and all kinds of obstacles, and then to set fire to the house. The Danes were penned inside the hall, and when the fire began to spread, battered vainly at the doors; but they could not get out, and soon attempted to make a sally by assaulting the wall. And the Angles, when they saw that it was tottering under the stout attack of the Danes, began to shove against it on their side, and to prop the staggering pile by the application of large blocks on the outside, to prevent the wall being shattered and releasing the prisoners. But at last it yielded to the stronger hand of the Danes, whose efforts increased with their peril; and those pent within could sally out with ease. Then Frode bade the trumpet strike in, to summon the band that had been posted in ambush; and these, roused by the note of the clanging bugle, caught the enemy in their own trap; for the King of the Britons, with countless hosts of his men, was utterly destroyed. Thus the band helped Frode doubly, being both the salvation of his men and the destruction of his enemies.

Meantime the renown of the Danish bravery spread far, and moved the Irish to strew iron caltrops on the ground, in order to make their land harder to invade, and forbid access to their shores. Now the Irish use armour which is light and easy to procure. They crop the hair close with razors, and shave all the hair off the back of the head, that they may not be seized by it when they run away. They also turn the points of their spears towards the assailant, and deliberately point their sword against the pursuer; and they generally fling their lances behind their back, being more skilled at conquering by flight than by fighting. Hence, when you fancy that the victory is yours, then is the moment of danger. But Frode was wary and not rash in his pursuit of the foe who fled so treacherously, and he routed Kerwil (Cearbal), the leader of the nation, in battle. Kerwil's brother survived, but lost heart for resistance, and surrendered his country to the king (Frode), who distributed among his soldiers the booty he had won, to show himself free from all covetousness and excessive love of wealth, and only am-

bitious to gain honour.

After the triumphs in Britain and the spoiling of the Irish they went back to Denmark; and for thirty years there was a pause from all warfare. At this time the Danish name became famous over the whole world almost for its extraordinary valour. Frode, therefore, desired to prolong and establish for ever the lustre of his empire, and made it his first object to inflict severe treatment upon thefts and brigandage, feeling these were domestic evils and intestine plagues, and that if the nations were rid of them they would come to enjoy a more tranquil life; so that no ill-will should mar and hinder the continual extension of peace. He also took care that the land should not be devoured by any plague at home when the enemy was at rest, and that intestine wickedness should not encroach when there was peace abroad. At last he ordered that in Jutland, the chief district of his realm, a golden bracelet, very heavy, should be set up on the highways (as he had done before in the district of Wik), wishing by this magnificent price to test the honesty which he had enacted. Now, though the minds of the dishonest were vexed with the provocation it furnished, and the souls of the evil tempted, yet the unquestioned dread of danger prevailed. For so potent was the majesty of Frode, that it guarded even gold that was thus exposed to pillage, as though it were fast with bolts and bars. The strange device brought great glory upon its inventor. After dealing destruction everywhere, and gaining famous victories far and wide, he resolved to bestow quiet on all men, that the cheer of peace should follow the horrors of war, and the end of slaughter might be the beginning of safety. He further thought that for the same reason all men's property should be secured to them by a protective decree, so that what had been saved from a foreign enemy might not find a plunderer at home.

About the same time, the Author of our general salvation, coming to the earth in order to save mortals, bore to put on the garb of mortality; at which time the fires of war were quenched, and all the lands were enjoying the calmest and most tranquil peace. It has been thought that the peace then shed abroad so widely, so even and uninterrupted over the whole world, attended not so much an earthly rule as that divine birth; and that it was a heavenly provision that this extraordinary gift of time should be a witness to the presence of Him who created all times.

Meantime a certain matron, skilled in sorcery, who trusted in her art more than she feared the severity of the king, tempted the covetousness of her son to make a secret effort for the prize; promising him impunity, since Frode was almost at death's door, his body failing, and the remnant of his doting spirit feeble. To his mother's counsels he objected the greatness of the peril; but she bade him take hope, declaring, that either a sea-cow should have a calf, or that the king's vengeance should be balked by some other chance. By this speech she banished her son's fears, and made him obey her advice. When the deed was done, Frode, stung by the affront, rushed with the utmost heat and fury to raze the house of the matron, sending men on to arrest her and bring her with her children. This the woman foreknew, and deluded her enemies by a trick, changing from the shape of a woman into that of a mare. When Frode came up she took the shape of a sea-cow, and seemed to be straying and grazing about the shore; and she also made her sons look like calves of smaller size. This portent amazed the king, and he ordered that they should be surrounded and cut off from returning to the waters. Then he left the carriage, which he used because of the feebleness of his aged body, and sat on the ground marvelling. But the mother, who had taken the shape of the larger beast, charged at the king with outstretched tusk, and pierced one of his sides. The wound killed him; and his end was unworthy of such majesty as his. His soldiers, thirsting to avenge his death, threw their spears and transfixing the monsters, and saw, when they were killed, that they were the corpses of human beings with the heads of wild beasts: a circumstance which exposed the trick more than anything.

So ended Frode, the most famous king in the whole world. The nobles, when he had been disembowelled, had his body kept embalmed for three years, for they feared the provinces would rise if the king's end were published. They wished his death to be concealed above all from foreigners, so that by the pretence that he was alive they might preserve the boundaries of the empire, which

had been extended for so long; and that, on the strength of the ancient authority of their general, they might exact the usual tribute from their subjects. So, the lifeless corpse was carried away by them in such a way that it seemed to be taken, not in a funeral bier, but in a royal carriage, as if it were a due and proper tribute from the soldiers to an infirm old man not in full possession of his forces. Such splendour did his friends bestow on him even in death. But when his limbs rotted, and were seized with extreme decay, and when the corruption could not be arrested, they buried his body with a royal funeral in a barrow near Waere, a bridge of Zealand; declaring that Frode had desired to die and be buried in what was thought the chief province of his kingdom.

## BOOK SIX.

After the death of Frode, the Danes wrongly supposed that Fridleif, who was being reared in Russia, had perished; and, thinking that the sovereignty halted for lack of an heir, and that it could no longer be kept on in the hands of the royal line, they considered that the sceptre would be best deserved by the man who should affix to the yet fresh grave of Frode a song of praise in his glorification, and commit the renown of the dead king to after ages by a splendid memorial. Then one HIARN, very skilled in writing Danish poetry, wishing to give the fame of the hero some notable record of words, and tempted by the enormous prize, composed, after his own fashion, a barbarous stave. Its purport, expressed in four lines, I have transcribed as follows:

"Frode, whom the Danes would have wished to live long, they bore long through their lands when he was dead. The great chief's body, with this turf heaped above it, bare earth covers under the lucid sky."

When the composer of this song had uttered it, the Danes rewarded him with the crown. Thus they gave a kingdom for an epitaph, and the weight of a whole empire was presented to a little string of letters. Slender expense for so vast a guerdon! This huge payment for a little poem exceeded the glory of Caesar's recompense; for it was enough for the divine Julius to pension with a township the writer and glorifier of those conquests which he had achieved over the whole world. But now the spendthrift kindness of the populace squandered a kingdom on a churl. Nay, not even Africanus, when he rewarded the records of his deed, rose to the munificence of the Danes. For there the wage of that laborious volume was in mere gold, while here a few callow verses won a sceptre for a peasant.

At the same time Erik, who held the governorship of Sweden, died of disease; and his son Halfdan, who governed in his father's stead, alarmed by the many attacks of twelve brothers of Norwegian birth, and powerless to punish their violence, fled, hoping for reinforcements, to ask aid of Fridleif, then sojourning in Russia. Approaching him with a suppliant face, he lamented that he was himself shattered and bruised by a foreign foe, and brought a dismal plaint of his wrongs. From him Fridleif heard the tidings of his father's death, and granting the aid he sought, went to Norway in armed array. At this time the aforesaid brothers, their allies forsaking them, built a very high rampart within an island surrounded by a swift stream, also extending their earthworks along the level. Trusting to this refuge, they harried the neighborhood with continual raids. For they built a bridge on which they used to get to the mainland when they left the island. This bridge was fastened to the gate of the stronghold; and they worked it by the guidance of ropes, in such a way that it turned as if on some revolving hinge, and at one time let them pass across the river; while at another, drawn back from above by unseen cords, it helped to defend the entrance.

These warriors were of valiant temper, young and stalwart, of splendid bodily presence, renowned for victories over giants, full of trophies of conquered nations, and wealthy with spoil. I record the names of some of them—for the rest have perished in antiquity—Gerbiorn, Gunbiorn, Arinbiorn, Stenbiorn, Esiorn, Thorbiorn, and Biorn. Biorn is said to have had a horse which was splendid and of exceeding speed, so that when all the rest were powerless to cross the river it alone stemmed the roaring eddy without weariness. This rapid comes down in so swift and sheer

a volume that animals often lose all power of swimming in it, and perish. For, trickling from the topmost crests of the hills, it comes down the steep sides, catches on the rocks, and is shattered, falling into the deep valleys with a manifold clamour of waters; but, being straightway rebuffed by the rocks that bar the way, it keeps the speed of its current ever at the same even pace. And so, along the whole length of the channel, the waves are one turbid mass, and the white foam brims over everywhere. But, after rolling out of the narrows between the rocks, it spreads abroad in a slacker and stiller flood, and turns into an island a rock that lies in its course. On either side of the rock juts out a sheer ridge, thick with divers trees, which screen the river from distant view. Biorn had also a dog of extraordinary fierceness, a terribly vicious brute, dangerous for people to live with, which had often singly destroyed twelve men. But, since the tale is hearsay rather than certainty, let good judges weigh its credit. This dog, as I have heard, was the favourite of the giant Ofot (Un-foot), and used to watch his herd amid the pastures.

Now the warriors, who were always pillaging the neighbourhood, used often to commit great slaughters. Plundering houses, cutting down cattle, sacking everything, making great hauls of booty, rifling houses, then burning them, massacring male and female promiscuously—these, and not honest dealings, were their occupations. Fridleif surprised them while on a reckless raid, and drove them all back for refuge to the stronghold; he also seized the immensely powerful horse, whose rider, in the haste of his panic, had left it on the hither side of the river in order to fly betimes; for he durst not take it with him over the bridge. Then Fridleif proclaimed that he would pay the weight of the dead body in gold to any man who slew one of those brothers. The hope of the prize stimulated some of the champions of the king; and yet they were fired not so much with covetousness as with valour; so, going secretly to Fridleif, they promised to attempt the task, vowing to sacrifice their lives if they did not bring home the severed heads of the robbers. Fridleif praised their valour and their vows, but bidding the onlookers wait, went in the night to the river, satisfied with a single companion. For, not to seem better provided with other men's valour than with his own, he determined to forestall their aid by his own courage. Thereupon he crushed and killed his companion with a shower of flints, and flung his bloodless corpse into the waves, having dressed it in his own clothes; which he stripped off, borrowing the cast-off garb of the other, so that when the corpse was seen it might look as if the king had perished. He further deliberately drew blood from the beast on which he had ridden, and bespattered it, so that when it came back into camp he might make them think he himself was dead. Then he set spur to his horse and drove it into the midst of the eddies, crossed the river and alighted, and tried to climb over the rampart that screened the stronghold by steps set up against the mound. When he got over the top and could grasp the battlements with his hand, he quietly put his foot inside, and, without the knowledge of the watch, went lightly on tiptoe to the house into which the bandits had gone to carouse. And when he had reached its hall, he sat down under the porch overhanging the door. Now the strength of their fastness made the warriors feel so safe that they were tempted to a debauch; for they thought that the swiftly rushing river made their garrison inaccessible, since it seemed impossible either to swim over or to cross in boats. For no part of the river allowed of fording.

Biorn, moved by the revel, said that in his sleep he had seen a beast come out of the waters, which spouted ghastly fire from its mouth, enveloping everything in a sheet of flame. Therefore the holes and corners of the island should, he said, be searched; nor ought they to trust so much to their position, as rashly to let overweening confidence bring them to utter ruin. No situation was so strong that the mere protection of nature was enough for it without human effort. Moreover they must take great care that the warning of his slumbers was not followed by a yet more gloomy and disastrous fulfilment. So they all sallied forth from the stronghold, and narrowly scanned the whole circuit of the island; and finding the horse they surmised that Fridleif had been drowned in the waters of the river. They received the horse within the gates with rejoicing, supposing that it had flung off its rider

and swum over. But Biorn, still scared with the memory of the visions of the night, advised them to keep watch, since it was not safe for them yet to put aside suspicion of danger. Then he went to his room to rest, with the memory of his vision deeply stored in his heart.

Meanwhile the horse, which Fridleif, in order to spread a belief in his death, had been loosed and besprinkled with blood (though only with that which lies between flesh and skin), burst all bedabbed into the camp of his soldiers. They went straight to the river, and finding the carcass of the slave, took it for the body of the king; the hissing eddies having cast it on the bank, dressed in brave attire. Nothing helped their mistake so much as the swelling of the battered body; inasmuch as the skin was torn and bruised with the flints, so that all the features were blotted out, bloodless and wan. This exasperated the champions who had just promised Fridleif to see that the robbers were extirpated: and they approached the perilous torrent, that they might not seem to tarnish the honour of their promise by a craven neglect of their vow. The rest imitated their boldness, and with equal ardour went to the river, ready to avenge their king or to endure the worst. When Fridleif saw them he hastened to lower the bridge to the mainland; and when he had got the champions he cut down the watch at the first attack. Thus he went on to attack the rest and put them to the sword, all save Biorn; whom he tended very carefully and cured of his wounds; whereupon, under pledge of solemn oath, he made him his colleague, thinking it better to use his services than to boast of his death. He also declared it would be shameful if such a flower of bravery were plucked in his first youth and perished by an untimely death.

Now the Danes had long ago had false tidings of Fridleif's death, and when they found that he was approaching, they sent men to fetch him, and ordered Hiarn to quit the sovereignty, because he was thought to be holding it only on sufferance and carelessly. But he could not bring himself to resign such an honour, and chose sooner to spend his life for glory than pass into the dim lot of common men. Therefore he resolved to fight for his present estate, that he might not have to resume his former one stripped of his royal honours. Thus the land was estranged and vexed with the hasty commotion of civil strife; some were of Hiarn's party, while others agreed to the claims of Fridleif, because of the vast services of Frode; and the voice of the commons was perplexed and divided, some of them respecting things as they were, others the memory of the past. But regard for the memory of Frode weighed most, and its sweetness gave Fridleif the balance of popularity.

Many wise men thought that a person of peasant rank should be removed from the sovereignty; since, contrary to the rights of birth, and only by the favour of fortune, he had reached an unhopd-for eminence; and in order that the unlawful occupant might not debar the rightful heir to the office, Fridleif told the envoys of the Danes to return, and request Hiarn either to resign the kingdom or to meet him in battle. Hiarn thought it more grievous than death to set lust of life before honour, and to seek safety at the cost of glory. So he met Fridleif in the field, was crushed, and fled into Jutland, where, rallying a band, he again attacked his conqueror. But his men were all consumed with the sword, and he fled unattended, as the island testifies which has taken its name from his (Hiarno). And so, feeling his lowly fortune, and seeing himself almost stripped of his forces by the double defeat, he turned his mind to craft, and went to Fridleif with his face disguised, meaning to become intimate, and find an occasion to slay him treacherously.

Hiarn was received by the king, hiding his purpose under the pretence of servitude. For, giving himself out as a salt-distiller, he performed base offices among the servants who did the filthiest work. He used also to take the last place at meal-time, and he refrained from the baths, lest his multitude of scars should betray him if he stripped. The king, in order to ease his own suspicions, made him wash; and when he knew his enemy by the scars, he said: "Tell me now, thou shameless bandit, how wouldst thou have dealt with me, if thou hadst found out plainly that I wished to murder thee?" Hiarn, stupefied, said: "Had I caught thee I would have first challenged thee, and then fought thee, to give thee a

better chance of wiping out thy reproach." Fridleif presently took him at his word, challenged him and slew him, and buried his body in a barrow that bears the dead man's name.

Soon after FRIDLEIF was admonished by his people to think about marrying, that he might prolong his line; but he maintained that the unmarried life was best, quoting his father Frode, on whom his wife's wantonness had brought great dishonour. At last, yielding to the persistent entreaties of all, he proceeded to send ambassadors to ask for the daughter of Amund, King of Norway. One of these, named Frok, was swallowed by the waves in mid-voyage, and showed a strange portent at his death. For when the closing flood of billows encompassed him, blood arose in the midst of the eddy, and the whole face of the sea was steeped with an alien redness, so that the ocean, which a moment before was foaming and white with tempest, was presently swollen with crimson waves, and was seen to wear a colour foreign to its nature.

Around implacably declined to consent to the wishes of the king, and treated the legates shamefully, declaring that he spurned the embassy because the tyranny of Frode had of old borne so heavily upon Norway. But Amund's daughter, Frogertha, not only looking to the birth of Fridleif, but also honouring the glory of his deeds, began to upbraid her father, because he scorned a son-in-law whose nobility was perfect, being both sufficient in valour and flawless in birth. She added that the portentous aspect of the sea, when the waves were suddenly turned into blood, simply and solely signified the defeat of Norway, and was a plain presage of the victory of Denmark. And when Fridleif sent a further embassy to ask for her, wishing to vanquish the refusal by persistency, Amund was indignant that a petition he had once denied should be obstinately pressed, and hurried the envoys to death, wishing to offer a brutal check to the zeal of this brazen wooer. Fridleif heard news of this outrage, and summoning Halfdan and Biorn, sailed round Norway. Amund, equipped with his native defences, put out his fleet against him. The firth into which both fleets had mustered is called Frokasund. Here Fridleif left the camp at night to reconnoitre; and, hearing an unusual kind of sound close to him as of brass being beaten, he stood still and looked up, and heard the following song of three swans, who were crying above him:

"While Hythin sweeps the sea and cleaves the ravening tide, his serf drinks out of gold and licks the cups of milk. Best is the estate of the slave on whom waits the heir, the king's son, for their lots are rashly interchanged." Next, after the birds had sung, a belt fell from on high, which showed writing to interpret the song. For while the son of Hythin, the King of Tellemark, was at his boyish play, a giant, assuming the usual appearance of men, had carried him off, and using him as an oarsman (having taken his skiff over to the neighbouring shore), was then sailing past Fridleif while he was occupied reconnoitering. But the king would not suffer him to use the service of the captive youth, and longed to rob the spoiler of his prey. The youth warned him that he must first use sharp reviling against the giant, promising that he would prove easy to attack, if only he were assailed with biting verse. Then Fridleif began thus:

"Since thou art a giant of three bodies, invincible, and almost reachest heaven with thy crest, why does this silly sword bind thy thigh? Why doth a broken spear gird thy huge side? Why, perchance, dost thou defend thy stalwart breast with a feeble sword, and forget the likeness of thy bodily stature, trusting in a short dagger, a petty weapon? Soon, soon will I balk thy bold onset, when with blunted blade thou attemptest war. Since thou art thyself a timid beast, a lump lacking proper pith, thou art swept headlong like a flying shadow, having with a fair and famous body got a heart that is unwarlike and unstable with fear, and a spirit quite unmatched to thy limbs. Hence thy frame totters, for thy goodly presence is faulty through the overthrow of thy soul, and thy nature in all her parts is at strife. Hence shall all tribute of praise quit thee, nor shalt thou be accounted famous among the brave, but shalt be reckoned among ranks obscure."

When he had said this he lopped off a hand and foot of the giant, made him fly, and set his prisoner free. Then he went straightway to the giant's headland, took the treasure out of his cave, and carried it away. Rejoicing in these trophies, and employing the kid-

napped youth to row him over the sea, he composed with cheery voice the following strain:

"In the slaying of the swift monster we wielded our blood-stained swords and our crimsoned blade, whilst thou, Amund, lord of the Norwegian ruin, wert in deep slumber; and since blind night covers thee, without any light of soul, thy valour has melted away and beguiled thee. But we crushed a giant who lost use of his limbs and wealth, and we pierced into the disorder of his dreary den. There we seized and plundered his piles of gold. And now with oars we sweep the wave-wandering main, and joyously return, rowing back to the shore our booty-laden ship; we fleet over the waves in a skiff that travels the sea; gaily let us furrow those open waters, lest the dawn come and betray us to the foe. Lightly therefore, and pulling our hardest, let us scour the sea, making for our camp and fleet ere Titan raise his rosy head out of the clear waters; that when fame noises the deed about, and Frogertha knows that the spoil has been won with a gallant struggle, her heart may be stirred to be more gentle to our prayer."

On the morrow there was a great muster of the forces, and Fridleif had a bloody battle with Amund, fought partly by sea and partly by land. For not only were the lines drawn up in the open country, but the warriors also made an attack with their fleet. The battle which followed cost much blood. So Biorn, when his ranks gave back, unloosed his hound and sent it against the enemy; wishing to win with the biting of a dog the victory which he could not achieve with the sword. The enemy were by this means shamefully routed, for a square of the warriors ran away when attacked with its teeth.

There is no saying whether their flight was more dismal or more disgraceful. Indeed, the army of the Northmen was a thing to blush for; for an enemy crushed it by borrowing the aid of a brute. Nor was it treacherous of Fridleif to recruit the failing valour of his men with the aid of a dog. In this war Amund fell; and his servant Ane, surnamed the Archer, challenged Fridleif to fight him; but Biorn, being a man of meaner estate, not suffering the king to engage with a common fellow, attacked him himself. And when Biorn had bent his bow and was fitting the arrow to the string, suddenly a dart sent by Ane pierced the top of the cord. Soon another arrow came after it and struck amid the joints of his fingers. A third followed, and fell on the arrow as it was laid to the string. For Ane, who was most dexterous at shooting arrows from a distance, had purposely only struck the weapon of his opponent, in order that, by showing it was in his power to do likewise to his person, he might recall the champion from his purpose. But Biorn abated none of his valour for this, and, scorning bodily danger, entered the fray with heart and face so steadfast, that he seemed neither to yield anything to the skill of Ane, nor lay aside aught of his wonted courage. Thus he would in nowise be made to swerve from his purpose, and dauntlessly ventured on the battle. Both of them left it wounded; and fought another also on Agdar Ness with an emulous thirst for glory.

By the death of Amund, Fridleif was freed from a most bitter foe, and obtained a deep and tranquil peace; whereupon he forced his savage temper to the service of delight; and, transferring his ardour to love, equipped a fleet in order to seek the marriage which had once been denied him. At last he set forth on his voyage; and his fleet being becalmed, he invaded some villages to look for food; where, being received hospitably by a certain Grubb, and at last winning his daughter in marriage, he begat a son named Olaf. After some time had passed he also won Frogertha; but, while going back to his own country, he had a bad voyage, and was driven on the shores of an unknown island. A certain man appeared to him in a vision, and instructed him to dig up a treasure that was buried in the ground, and also to attack the dragon that guarded it, covering himself in an ox-hide to escape the poison; teaching him also to meet the envenomed fangs with a hide stretched over his shield. Therefore, to test the vision, he attacked the snake as it rose out of the waves, and for a long time cast spears against its scaly side; in vain, for its hard and shelly body foiled the darts flung at it. But the snake, shaking its mass of coils, uprooted the trees which it brushed past by winding its tail about them. Moreover, by constantly dragging its body, it hollowed the ground down to the solid rock, and had made a sheer

bank on either hand, just as in some places we see hills parted by an intervening valley. So Fridleif, seeing that the upper part of the creature was proof against attack, assailed the lower side with his sword, and piercing the groin, drew blood from the quivering beast. When it was dead, he unearthed the money from the underground chamber and had it taken off in his ships.

When the year had come to an end, he took great pains to reconcile Biorn and Ane, who had often challenged and fought one another, and made them exchange their hatred for friendship; and even entrusted to them his three-year-old son, Olaf, to rear. But his mistress, Juritha, the mother of Olaf, he gave in marriage to Ane, whom he made one of his warriors; thinking that she would endure more calmly to be put away, if she wedded such a champion, and received his robust embrace instead of a king's.

The ancients were wont to consult the oracles of the Fates concerning the destinies of their children. In this way Fridleif desired to search into the fate of his son Olaf; and, after solemnly offering up his vows, he went to the house of the gods in entreaty; where, looking into the chapel, he saw three maidens, sitting on three seats. The first of them was of a benignant temper, and bestowed upon the boy abundant beauty and ample store of favour in the eyes of men. The second granted him the gift of surpassing generosity. But the third, a woman of more mischievous temper and malignant disposition, scorning the unanimous kindness of her sisters, and likewise wishing to mar their gifts, marked the future character of the boy with the slur of niggardliness. Thus the benefits of the others were spoilt by the poison of a lamentable doom; and hence, by virtue of the twofold nature of these gifts Olaf got his surname from the meanness which was mingled with his bounty. So it came about that this blemish which found its way into the gift marred the whole sweetness of its first benignity.

When Fridleif had returned from Norway, and was traveling through Sweden, he took on himself to act as ambassador, and sued successfully for Hythin's daughter, whom he had once rescued from a monster, to be the wife of Halfdan, he being still unwedded. Meantime his wife Frogertha bore a son FRODE, who afterwards got his surname from his noble munificence. And thus Frode, because of the memory of his grandsire's prosperity, which he recalled by his name, became from his very cradle and earliest childhood such a darling of all men, that he was not suffered even to step or stand on the ground, but was continually cherished in people's laps and kissed. Thus he was not assigned to one up-bringer only, but was in a manner everybody's fosterling. And, after his father's death, while he was in his twelfth year, Swerting and Hanef, the kings of Saxony, disowned his sway, and tried to rebel openly. He overcame them in battle, and imposed on the conquered peoples a poll-tax of a coin, which they were to pay as his slaves. For he showed himself so generous that he doubled the ancient pay of the soldiers: a fashion of bounty which then was novel. For he did not, as despots do, expose himself to the vulgar allurements of vice, but strove to covet ardently whatsoever he saw was nearest honour; to make his wealth public property; to surpass all other men in bounty, to forestall them all in offices of kindness; and, hardest of all, to conquer envy by virtue. By this means the youth soon won such favour with all men, that he not only equalled in renown the honours of his forefathers, but surpassed the most ancient records of kings.

At the same time one Starkad, the son of Storwerk, escaped alone, either by force or fortune, from a wreck in which his friends perished, and was received by Frode as his guest for his incredible excellence both of mind and body. And, after being for some little time his comrade, he was dressed in a better and more comely fashion every day, and was at last given a noble vessel, and bidden to ply the calling of a rover, with the charge of guarding the sea. For nature had gifted him with a body of superhuman excellence; and his greatness of spirit equalled it, so that folk thought him behind no man in valour. So far did his glory spread, that the renown of his name and deeds continues famous even yet. He shone out among our own countrymen by his glorious roll of exploits, and he had also won a most splendid record among all the provinces of the Swedes and Saxons. Tradition says that he was born originally in the country which borders Sweden on the east, where barbarous hordes of Esthonians and other nations

now dwell far and wide. But a fabulous yet common rumour has invented tales about his birth which are contrary to reason and flatly incredible. For some relate that he was sprung from giants, and betrayed his monstrous birth by an extraordinary number of hands, four of which, engendered by the superfluity of his nature, they declare that the god Thor tore off, shattering the framework of the sinews and wrenching from his whole body the monstrous bunches of fingers; so that he had but two left, and that his body, which had before swollen to the size of a giant's, and, by reason of its shapeless crowd of limbs looked gigantic, was thenceforth chastened to a better appearance, and kept within the bounds of human shortness.

For there were of old certain men versed in sorcery, Thor, namely, and Odin, and many others, who were cunning in contriving marvellous sleights; and they, winning the minds of the simple, began to claim the rank of gods. For, in particular, they ensnared Norway, Sweden and Denmark in the vainest credulity, and by prompting these lands to worship them, infected them with their imposture. The effects of their deceit spread so far, that all other men adored a sort of divine power in them, and, thinking them either gods or in league with gods, offered up solemn prayers to these inventors of sorceries, and gave to blasphemous error the honour due to religion. Hence it has come about that the holy days, in their regular course, are called among us by the names of these men; for the ancient Latins are known to have named these days severally, either after the titles of their own gods, or after the planets, seven in number. But it can be plainly inferred from the mere names of the holy days that the objects worshipped by our countrymen were not the same as those whom the most ancient of the Romans called Jove and Mercury, nor those to whom Greece and Latium paid idolatrous homage. For the days, called among our countrymen Thors-day or Odins-day, the ancients termed severally the holy day of Jove or of Mercury. If, therefore, according to the distinction implied in the interpretation I have quoted, we take it that Thor is Jove and Odin Mercury, it follows that Jove was the son of Mercury; that is, if the assertion of our countrymen holds, among whom it is told as a matter of common belief, that Thor was Odin's son. Therefore, when the Latins, believing to the contrary effect, declare that Mercury was sprung from Jove, then, if their declaration is to stand, we are driven to consider that Thor was not the same as Jove, and that Odin was also different from Mercury. Some say that the gods, whom our countrymen worshipped, shared only the title with those honoured by Greece or Latium, but that, being in a manner nearly equal to them in dignity, they borrowed from them the worship as well as the name. This must be sufficient discourse upon the deities of Danish antiquity. I have expounded this briefly for the general profit, that my readers may know clearly to what worship in its heathen superstition our country has bowed the knee. Now I will go back to my subject where I left it.

Ancient tradition says that Starkad, whom I mentioned above, offered the first-fruits of his deeds to the favour of the gods by slaying Wikar, the king of the Norwegians. The affair, according to the version of some people, happened as follows:—

Odin once wished to slay Wikar by a grievous death; but, loth to do the deed openly, he graced Starkad, who was already remarkable for his extraordinary size, not only with bravery, but also with skill in the composing of spells, that he might the more readily use his services to accomplish the destruction of the king. For that was how he hoped that Starkad would show himself grateful for the honour he paid him. For the same reason he also endowed him with three spans of mortal life, that he might be able to commit in them as many abominable deeds. So Odin resolved that Starkad's days should be prolonged by the following crime: Starkad presently went to Wikar and dwelt awhile in his company, hiding treachery under homage. At last he went with him sea-roving. And in a certain place they were troubled with prolonged and bitter storms; and when the winds checked their voyage so much that they had to lie still most of the year, they thought that the gods must be appeased with human blood. When the lots were cast into the urn it so fell that the king was required for death as a victim. Then Starkad made a noose of withies and bound the king in it; saying that for a brief instant he should pay the mere

semblance of a penalty. But the tightness of the knot acted according to its nature, and cut off his last breath as he hung. And while he was still quivering Starkad rent away with his steel the remnant of his life; thus disclosing his treachery when he ought to have brought aid. I do not think that I need examine the version which relates that the pliant withies, hardened with the sudden grip, acted like a noose of iron.

When Starkad had thus treacherously acted he took Wikar's ship and went to one Bemon, the most courageous of all the rovers of Denmark, in order to take up the life of a pirate. For Bemon's partner, named Frakk, weary of the toil of sea-roving, had lately withdrawn from partnership with him, after first making a money-bargain. Now Starkad and Bemon were so careful to keep temperate, that they are said never to have indulged in intoxicating drink, for fear that continence, the greatest bond of bravery, might be expelled by the power of wantonness. So when, after overthrowing provinces far and wide, they invaded Russia also in their lust for empire, the natives, trusting little in their walls or arms, began to bar the advance of the enemy with nails of uncommon sharpness, that they might check their inroad, though they could not curb their onset in battle; and that the ground might secretly wound the soles of the men whom their army shrank from confronting in the field. But not even such a barrier could serve to keep off the foe. The Danes were cunning enough to foil the pains of the Russians. For they straightway shod themselves with wooden clogs, and trod with unhurt steps upon the points that lay beneath their soles. Now this iron thing is divided into four spikes, which are so arranged that on whatsoever side chance may cast it, it stands steadily on three equal feet. Then they struck into the pathless glades, where the woods were thickets, and expelled Flokk, the chief of the Russians, from the mountain hiding-places into which he had crept. And here they got so much booty, that there was not one of them but went back to the fleet laden with gold and silver.

Now when Bemon was dead, Starkad was summoned because of his valour by the champions of Permland. And when he had done many noteworthy deeds among them, he went into the land of the Swedes, where he lived at leisure for seven years' space with the sons of Frey. At last he left them and betook himself to Hakon, the tyrant of Denmark, because when stationed at Upsala, at the time of the sacrifices, he was disgusted by the effeminate gestures and the clapping of the mimes on the stage, and by the unmanly clatter of the bells. Hence it is clear how far he kept his soul from lasciviousness, not even enduring to look upon it. Thus does virtue withstand wantonness.

Starkad took his fleet to the shore of Ireland with Hakon, in order that even the furthest kingdoms of the world might not be untouched by the Danish arms. The king of the island at this time was Huggleik, who, though he had a well-filled treasury, was yet so prone to avarice, that once, when he gave a pair of shoes which had been adorned by the hand of a careful craftsman, he took off the ties, and by thus removing the latches turned his present into a slight. This unhandsome act blemished his gift so much that he seemed to reap hatred for it instead of thanks. Thus he used never to be generous to any respectable man, but to spend all his bounty upon mimes and jugglers. For so base a fellow was bound to keep friendly company with the base, and such a slough of vices to wheedle his partners in sin with pandering endearments.

Still Huggleik had the friendship of Geigad and Swipdag, nobles of tried valour, who, by the lustre of their warlike deeds, shone out among their unmanly companions like jewels embedded in ordure; these alone were found to defend the riches of the king. When a battle began between Huggleik and Hakon, the hordes of mimes, whose light-mindedness unsteadied their bodies, broke their ranks and scurried off in panic; and this shameful flight was their sole requital for all their king's benefits. Then Geigad and Swipdag faced all those thousands of the enemy single-handed, and fought with such incredible courage, that they seemed to do the part not merely of two warriors, but of a whole army. Geigad, moreover, dealt Hakon, who pressed him hard, such a wound in the breast that he exposed the upper part of his liver. It was here that Starkad, while he was attacking Geigad with his sword, received a very sore wound on the head; wherefore he afterwards

related in a certain song that a ghastlier wound had never befallen him at any time; for, though the divisions of his gashed head were bound up by the surrounding outer skin, yet the livid unseen wound concealed a foul gangrene below.

Starkad conquered, killed Huggleik and routed the Irish; and had the actors beaten whom chance made prisoner; thinking it better to order a pack of buffoons to be ludicrously punished by the loss of their skins than to command a more deadly punishment and take their lives. Thus he visited with a disgraceful chastisement the baseborn throng of professional jugglers, and was content to punish them with the disgusting flouts of the lash. Then the Danes ordered that the wealth of the king should be brought out of the treasury in the city of Dublin and publicly pillaged. For so vast a treasure had been found that none took much pains to divide it strictly.

After this, Starkad was commissioned, together with Win, the chief of the Sclavs, to check the revolt of the East. They, having fought against the armies of the Kurlanders, the Sembs, the Sangals, and, finally, all the Easterlings, won splendid victories everywhere.

A champion of great repute, named Wisin, settled upon a rock in Russia named Ana-fial, and harried both neighbouring and distant provinces with all kinds of outrage. This man used to blunt the edge of every weapon by merely looking at it. He was made so bold in consequence, by having lost all fear of wounds, that he used to carry off the wives of distinguished men and drag them to outrage before the eyes of their husbands. Starkad was roused by the tale of this villainy, and went to Russia to destroy the criminal; thinking nothing too hard to overcome, he challenged Wisin, attacked him, made even his tricks useless to him, and slew him. For Starkad covered his blade with a very fine skin, that it might not met the eye of the sorcerer; and neither the power of his sleights nor his great strength were any help to Wisin, for he had to yield to Starkad. Then Starkad, trusting in his bodily strength, fought with and overcame a giant at Byzantium, reputed invincible, named Tanne, and drove him to fly an outlaw to unknown quarters of the earth. Therefore, finding that he was too mighty for any hard fate to overcome him, he went to the country of Poland, and conquered in a duel a champion whom our countrymen name Wasce; but the Teutons, arranging the letters differently, call him Wilzce.

Meanwhile the Saxons began to attempt a revolt, and to consider particularly how they could destroy Frode, who was unconquered in war, by some other way than an open conflict. Thinking that it would be best done by a duel, they sent men to provoke the king with a challenge, knowing that he was always ready to court any hazard, and that his high spirit would not yield to any admonition whatever. They fancied that this was the best time to attack him, because they knew that Starkad, whose valour most men dreaded, was away on business. But while Frode hesitated, and said that he would talk with his friends about the answer to be given, Starkad, who had just returned from his sea-roving, appeared, and blamed such a challenge, principally (he said) because it was fitting for kings to fight only with their equals, and because they should not take up arms against men of the people; but it was more fitting for himself, who was born in a lowlier station, to manage the battle.

The Saxons approached Hame, who was accounted their most famous champion, with many offers, and promised him that, if he would lend his services for the duel they would pay him his own weight in gold. The fighter was tempted by the money, and, with all the ovation of a military procession, they attended him to the ground appointed for the combat. Thereupon the Danes, decked in warlike array, led Starkad, who was to represent his king, out to the duelling-ground. Hame, in his youthful assurance, despised him as withered with age, and chose to grapple rather than fight with an outworn old man. Attacking Starkad, he would have flung him tottering to the earth, but that fortune, who would not suffer the old man to be conquered, prevented him from being hurt. For he is said to have been so crushed by the fist of Hame, as he dashed on him, that he touched the earth with his chin, supporting himself on his knees. But he made up nobly for his tottering; for, as soon as he could raise his knee and free his hand to draw

his sword, he clove Hame through the middle of the body. Many lands and sixty bondmen apiece were the reward of the victory.

After Hame was killed in this manner the sway of the Danes over the Saxons grew so insolent, that they were forced to pay every year a small tax for each of their limbs that was a cubit (ell) long, in token of their slavery. This Hanef could not bear, and he meditated war in his desire to remove the tribute. Steadfast love of his country filled his heart every day with greater compassion for the oppressed; and, longing to spend his life for the freedom of his countrymen, he openly showed a disposition to rebel. Frode took his forces over the Elbe, and killed him near the village of Hanofra (Hanover), so named after Hanef. But Swerting, though he was equally moved by the distress of his countrymen, said nothing about the ills of his land, and revolved a plan for freedom with a spirit yet more dogged than Hanef's. Men often doubt whether this zeal was liker to vice or to virtue; but I certainly censure it as criminal, because it was produced by a treacherous desire to revolt. It may have seemed most expedient to seek the freedom of the country, but it was not lawful to strive after this freedom by craft and treachery. Therefore, since the deed of Swerting was far from honourable, neither will it be called expedient; for it is nobler to attack openly him whom you mean to attack, and to exhibit hatred in the light of day, than to disguise a real wish to do harm under a spurious show of friendship. But the gains of crime are inglorious, its fruits are brief and fading. For even as that soul is slippery, which hides its insolent treachery by stealthy arts, so is it right that whatsoever is akin to guilt should be frail and fleeting. For guilt has been usually found to come home to its author; and rumour relates that such was the fate of Swerting. For he had resolved to surprise the king under the pretence of a banquet, and burn him to death; but the king forestalled and slew him, though slain by him in return. Hence the crime of one proved the destruction of both; and thus, though the trick succeeded against the foe, it did not bestow immunity on its author.

Frode was succeeded by his son Ingild, whose soul was perverted from honour. He forsook the examples of his forefathers, and utterly enthralled himself to the lures of the most wanton profligacy. Thus he had not a shadow of goodness and righteousness, but embraced vices instead of virtue; he cut the sinews of self-control, neglected the duties of his kingly station, and sank into a filthy slave of riot. Indeed, he fostered everything that was adverse or ill-fitted to an orderly life. He tainted the glories of his father and grandfather by practising the foulest lusts, and bedimmed the brightest honours of his ancestors by most shameful deeds. For he was so prone to gluttony, that he had no desire to avenge his father, or repel the aggressions of his foes; and so, could he but gratify his gullet, he thought that decency and self-control need be observed in nothing. By idleness and sloth he stained his glorious lineage, living a loose and sensual life; and his soul, so degenerate, so far perverted and astray from the steps of his fathers, he loved to plunge into most abominable gulfs of foulness. Fowl-fatteners, scullions, frying-pans, countless cook-houses, different cooks to roast or spice the banquet—the choosing of these stood to him for glory. As to arms, soldiering, and wars, he could endure neither to train himself to them, nor to let others practise them. Thus he cast away all the ambitions of a man and aspired to those of women; for his incontinent itching of palate stirred in him love of every kitchen-stench. Ever breathing of his debauch, and stripped of every rag of soberness, with his foul breath he belched the undigested filth in his belly. He was as infamous in wantonness as Frode was illustrious in war. So utterly had his spirit been enfeebled by the untimely seductions of gluttony, Starkad was so disgusted at the excess of Ingild, that he forsook his friendship, and sought the fellowship of Halfdan, the King of Swedes, preferring work to idleness. Thus he could not bear so much as to countenance excessive indulgence. Now the sons of Swerting, fearing that they would have to pay to Ingild the penalty of their father's crime, were fain to forestall his vengeance by a gift, and gave him their sister in marriage. Antiquity relates that she bore him sons, Frode, Fridleif, Ingild, and Olaf (whom some say was the son of Ingild's sister).

Ingild's sister Helga had been led by amorous wooing to return the flame of a certain low-born goldsmith, who was apt for

soft words, and furnished with divers of the little gifts which best charm a woman's wishes. For since the death of the king there had been none to honour the virtues of the father by attention to the child; she had lacked protection, and had no guardians. When Starkad had learnt this from the repeated tales of travellers, he could not bear to let the wantonness of the smith pass unpunished. For he was always heedful to bear kindness in mind, and as ready to punish arrogance. So he hastened to chastise such bold and enormous insolence, wishing to repay the orphan ward the benefits he had of old received from Frode. Then he travelled through Sweden, went into the house of the smith, and posted himself near the threshold muffling his face in a cap to avoid discovery. The smith, who had not learnt the lesson that "strong hands are sometimes found under a mean garment", reviled him, and bade him quickly leave the house, saying that he should have the last broken victuals among the crowd of paupers. But the old man, whose ingrained self-control lent him patience, was nevertheless fain to rest there, and gradually study the wantonness of his host. For his reason was stronger than his impetuosity, and curbed his increasing rage. Then the smith approached the girl with open shamelessness, and cast himself in her lap, offering the hair of his head to be combed out by her maidenly hands.

Also he thrust forward his loin cloth, and required her help in picking out the fleas; and exacted from this woman of lordly lineage that she should not blush to put her sweet fingers in a foul apron. Then, believing that he was free to have his pleasure, he ventured to put his longing palms within her gown and to set his unsteady hands close to her breast. But she, looking narrowly, was aware of the presence of the old man whom she once had known, and felt ashamed. She spurned the wanton and libidinous fingering, and repulsed the unchaste hands, telling the man also that he had need of arms, and urging him to cease his lewd sport.

Starkad, who had sat down by the door, with the hat muffling his head, had already become so deeply enraged at this sight, that he could not find patience to hold his hand any longer, but put away his covering and clapped his right hand to his sword to draw it. Then the smith, whose only skill was in lewdness, faltered with sudden alarm, and finding that it had come to fighting, gave up all hope of defending himself, and saw in flight the only remedy for his need. Thus it was as hard to break out of the door, of which the enemy held the approach, as it was grievous to await the smiter within the house. At last necessity forced him to put an end to his delay, and he judged that a hazard wherein there lay but the smallest chance of safety was more desirable than sure and manifest danger. Also, hard as it was to fly, the danger being so close, yet he desired flight because it seemed to bring him aid, and to be the nearer way to safety; and he cast aside delay, which seemed to be an evil bringing not the smallest help, but perhaps irretrievable ruin. But just as he gained the threshold, the old man watching at the door smote him through the hams, and there, half dead, he tottered and fell. For the smiter thought he ought carefully to avoid lending his illustrious hands to the death of a vile cinder-blower, and considered that ignominy would punish his shameless passion worse than death. Thus some men think that he who suffers misfortune is worse punished than he who is slain outright. Thus it was brought about, that the maiden, who had never had parents to tend her, came to behave like a woman of well-trained nature, and did the part, as it were, of a zealous guardian to herself. And when Starkad, looking round, saw that the household sorrowed over the late loss of their master, he heaped shame on the wounded man with more invective, and thus began to mock:

"Why is the house silent and aghast? What makes this new grief? Or where now rest that doting husband whom the steel has just punished for his shameful love? Keeps he still aught of his pride and lazy wantonness? Holds he to his quest, glows his lust as hot as before? Let him while away an hour with me in converse, and allay with friendly words my hatred of yesterday. Let your visage come forth with better cheer; let not lamentation resound in the house, or suffer the faces to become dulled with sorrow.

"Wishing to know who burned with love for the maiden, and was deeply enamoured of my beloved ward, I put on a cap, lest my familiar face might betray me. Then comes in that wanton smith,

with lewd steps, bending his thighs this way and that with studied gesture, and likewise making eyes as he ducked all ways. His covering was a mantle fringed with beaver, his sandals were inlaid with gems, his cloak was decked with gold. Gorgeous ribbons bound his plaited hair, and a many-coloured band drew tight his straying locks. Hence grew a sluggish and puffed-up temper; he fancied that wealth was birth, and money forefathers, and reckoned his fortune more by riches than by blood. Hence came pride unto him, and arrogance led to fine attire. For the wretch began to think that his dress made him equal to the high-born; he, the cinder-blower, who hunts the winds with hides, and puffs with constant draught, who rakes the ashes with his fingers, and often by drawing back the bellows takes in the air, and with a little fan makes a breath and kindles the smouldering fires! Then he goes to the lap of the girl, and leaning close, says, 'Maiden, comb my hair and catch the skipping fleas, and remove what stings my skin.' Then he sat and spread his arms that sweated under the gold, lolling on the smooth cushion and leaning back on his elbow, wishing to flaunt his adornment, just as a barking brute unfolds the gathered coils of its twisted tail. But she knew me, and began to check her lover and rebuff his wanton hands; and, declaring that it was I, she said, 'Refrain thy fingers, check thy promptings, take heed to appease the old man sitting close by the doors. The sport will turn to sorrow. I think Starkad is here, and his slow gaze scans thy doings.' The smith answered: 'Turn not pale at the peaceful raven and the ragged old man; never has that mighty one whom thou fearest stooped to such common and base attire. The strong man loves shining raiment, and looks for clothes to match his courage.' Then I uncovered and drew my sword, and as the smith fled I clove his privy parts; his hams were laid open, cut away from the bone; they showed his entrails. Presently I rise and crush the girl's mouth with my fist, and draw blood from her bruised nostril. Then her lips, used to evil laughter, were wet with tears mingled with blood, and foolish love paid for all the sins it committed with soft eyes. Over is the sport of the hapless woman who rushed on, blind with desire, like a maddened mare, and makes her lust the grave of her beauty. Thou deservest to be sold for a price to foreign peoples and to grind at the mill, unless blood pressed from thy breasts prove thee falsely accused, and thy nipple's lack of milk clear thee of the crime. Howbeit, I think thee free from this fault; yet bear not tokens of suspicion, nor lay thyself open to lying tongues, nor give thyself to the chattering populace to gird at. Rumour hurts many, and a lying slander often harms. A little word deceives the thoughts of common men. Respect thy grandsires, honour thy fathers, forget not thy parents, value thy forefathers; let thy flesh and blood keep its fame. What madness came on thee? And thou, shameless smith, what fate drove thee in thy lust to attempt a high-born race? Or who sped thee, maiden, worthy of the lordliest pillows, to loves obscure? Tell me, how durst thou taste with thy rosy lips a mouth reeking of ashes, or endure on thy breast hands filthy with charcoal, or bring close to thy side the arms that turn the live coals over, and put the palms hardened with the use of the tongs to thy pure cheeks, and embrace the head sprinkled with embers, taking it to thy bright arms?

"I remember how smiths differ from one another, for once they smote me. All share alike the name of their calling, but the hearts beneath are different in temper. I judge those best who wield warriors' swords and spears for the battle, whose temper shows their courage, who betoken their hearts by the sternness of their calling, whose work declares their prowess. There are also some to whom the hollow mould yields bronze, as they make the likeness of divers things in molten gold, who smelt the veins and recast the metal. But Nature has fashioned these of a softer temper, and has crushed with cowardice the hands which she has gifted with rare skill. Often such men, while the heat of the blast melts the bronze that is poured in the mould, craftily filch flakes of gold from the lumps, when the vessel thirsts after the metal they have stolen."

So speaking, Starkad got as much pleasure from his words as from his works, and went back to Halfdan, embracing his service with the closest friendship, and never ceasing from the exercise of war; so that he weaned his mind from delights, and vexed it with incessant application to arms.

Now Ingild had two sisters, Helga and Asa; Helga was of full age to marry, while Asa was younger and unripe for wedlock. Then Helge the Norwegian was moved with desire to ask for Helga for his wife, and embarked. Now he had equipped his vessel so luxuriously that he had lordly sails decked with gold, held up also on gilded masts, and tied with crimson ropes. When he arrived Ingild promised to grant him his wish if, to test his reputation publicly, he would first venture to meet in battle the champions pitted against him. Helge did not flinch at the terms; he answered that he would most gladly abide by the compact. And so the troth-plight of the future marriage was most ceremoniously solemnized.

A story is remembered that there had grown up at the same time, on the Isle of Zealand, the nine sons of a certain prince, all highly gifted with strength and valour, the eldest of whom was Anganty. This last was a rival suitor for the same maiden; and when he saw that the match which he had been denied was promised to Helge, he challenged him to a struggle, wishing to fight away his vexation. Helge agreed to the proposed combat. The hour of the fight was appointed for the wedding-day by the common wish of both. For any man who, being challenged, refused to fight, used to be covered with disgrace in the sight of all men. Thus Helge was tortured on the one side by the shame of refusing the battle, on the other by the dread of waging it. For he thought himself attacked unfairly and counter to the universal laws of combat, as he had apparently undertaken to fight nine men single-handed. While he was thus reflecting his betrothed told him that he would need help, and counselled him to refrain from the battle, wherein it seemed he would encounter only death and disgrace, especially as he had not stipulated for any definite limit to the number of those who were to be his opponents. He should therefore avoid the peril, and consult his safety by appealing to Starkad, who was sojourning among the Swedes; since it was his way to help the distressed, and often to interpose successfully to retrieve some dismal mischance.

Then Helge, who liked the counsel thus given very well, took a small escort and went into Sweden; and when he reached its most famous city, Upsala, he forbore to enter, but sent in a messenger who was to invite Starkad to the wedding of Frode's daughter, after first greeting him respectfully to try him. This courtesy stung Starkad like an insult. He looked sternly on the youth, and said, "That had he not had his beloved Frode named in his instructions, he should have paid dearly for his senseless mission. He must think that Starkad, like some buffoon or trencherman, was accustomed to rush off to the reek of a distant kitchen for the sake of a richer diet." Helge, when his servant had told him this, greeted the old man in the name of Frode's daughter, and asked him to share a battle which he had accepted upon being challenged, saying that he was not equal to it by himself, the terms of the agreement being such as to leave the number of his adversaries uncertain. Starkad, when he had heard the time and place of the combat, not only received the suppliant well, but also encouraged him with the offer of aid, and told him to go back to Denmark with his companions, telling him that he would find his way to him by a short and secret path. Helge departed, and if we may trust report, Starkad, by sheer speed of foot, travelled in one day's journeying over as great a space as those who went before him are said to have accomplished in twelve; so that both parties, by a chance meeting, reached their journey's end, the palace of Ingild, at the very same time. Here Starkad passed, just as the servants did, along the tables filled with guests; and the aforementioned nine, howling horribly with repulsive gestures, and running about as if they were on the stage, encouraged one another to the battle. Some say that they barked like furious dogs at the champion as he approached. Starkad rebuked them for making themselves look ridiculous with such an unnatural visage, and for clowning with wide grinning cheeks; for from this, he declared, soft and effeminate profligates derived their wanton incontinence. When Starkad was asked banteringly by the nine whether he had valour enough to fight, he answered that doubtless he was strong enough to meet, not merely one, but any number that might come against him. And when the nine heard this they understood that this was the man whom they had heard would come to the succour of Helge from afar. Starkad



also, to protect the bride-chamber with a more diligent guard, voluntarily took charge of the watch; and, drawing back the doors of the bedroom, barred them with a sword instead of a bolt, meaning to post himself so as to give undisturbed quiet to their bridal.

When Helge woke, and, shaking off the torpor of sleep, remembered his pledge, he thought of buckling on his armour. But, seeing that a little of the darkness of night yet remained, and wishing to wait for the hour of dawn, he began to ponder the perilous business at hand, when sleep stole on him and sweetly seized him, so that he took himself back to bed laden with slumber. Starkad, coming in on him at daybreak, saw him locked asleep in the arms of his wife, and would not suffer him to be vexed with a sudden shock, or summoned from his quiet slumbers; lest he should seem to usurp the duty of wakening him and breaking upon the sweetness of so new a union, all because of cowardice. He thought it, therefore, more handsome to meet the peril alone than to gain a comrade by disturbing the pleasure of another. So he quietly retraced his steps, and scorning his enemies, entered the field which in our tongue is called *Roliung*, and finding a seat under the slope of a certain hill, he exposed himself to wind and snow. Then, as though the gentle airs of spring weather were breathing upon him, he put off his cloak, and set to picking out the fleas. He also cast on the briars a purple mantle which Helga had lately given him, that no clothing might seem to lend him shelter against the raging shafts of hail. Then the champions came and climbed the hill on the opposite side; and, seeking a spot sheltered from the winds wherein to sit, they lit a fire and drove off the cold. At last, not seeing Starkad, they sent a man to the crest of the hill, to watch his coming more clearly, as from a watch-tower. This man climbed to the top of the lofty mountain, and saw, on its sloping side, an old man covered shoulder-high with the snow that showered down. He asked him if he was the man who was to fight according to the promise. Starkad declared that he was. Then the rest came up and asked him whether he had resolved to meet them all at once or one by one. But he said, "Whenever a surly pack of curs yelps at me, I commonly send them flying all at once, and not in turn." Thus he let them know that he would rather fight with them all together than one by one, thinking that his enemies should be spurned with words first and deeds afterwards.

The fight began furiously almost immediately, and he felled six of them without receiving any wound in return; and though the remaining three wounded him so hard in seventeen places that most of his bowels gushed out of his belly, he slew them notwithstanding, like their brethren. Disembowelled, with failing strength, he suffered from dreadful straits of thirst, and, crawling on his knees in his desire to find a draught, he longed for water from the streamlet that ran close by. But when he saw it was tainted with gore he was disgusted at the look of the water, and refrained from its infected draught. For Anganty had been struck down in the waves of the river, and had dyed its course so deep with his red blood that it seemed now to flow not with water, but with some ruddy liquid. So Starkad thought it nobler that his bodily strength should fail than that he should borrow strength from so foul a beverage. Therefore, his force being all but spent, he wriggled on his knees, up to a rock that happened to be lying near, and for some little while lay leaning against it. A hollow in its surface is still to be seen, just as if his weight as he lay had marked it with a distinct impression of his body. But I think this appearance is due to human handiwork, for it seems to pass all belief that the hard and uncleavable rock should so imitate the softness of wax, as, merely by the contact of a man leaning on it, to present the appearance of a man having sat there, and assume concavity for ever.

A certain man, who chanced to be passing by in a cart, saw Starkad wounded almost all over his body. Equally aghast and amazed, he turned and drove closer, asking what reward he should have if he were to tend and heal his wounds. But Starkad would rather be tortured by grievous wounds than use the service of a man of base estate, and first asked his birth and calling. The man said that his profession was that of a sergeant. Starkad, not content with despising him, also spurned him with revilings, because, neglecting all honourable business, he followed the calling of a hanger-on; and because he had tarnished his whole career with

ill repute, thinking the losses of the poor his own gains; suffering none to be innocent, ready to inflict wrongful accusation upon all men, most delighted at any lamentable turn in the fortunes of another; and toiling most at his own design, namely of treacherously spying out all men's doings, and seeking some traitorous occasion to censure the character of the innocent.

As this first man departed, another came up, promising aid and remedies. Like the last comer, he was bidden to declare his condition; and he said that he had a certain man's handmaid to wife, and was doing peasant service to her master in order to set her free. Starkad refused to accept his help, because he had married in a shameful way by taking a slave to his embrace. Had he had a shred of virtue he should at least have disdained to be intimate with the slave of another, but should have enjoyed some freeborn partner of his bed. What a mighty man, then, must we deem Starkad, who, when enveloped in the most deadly perils, showed himself as great in refusing aid as in receiving wounds!

When this man departed a woman chanced to approach and walk past the old man. She came up to him in order to wipe his wounds, but was first bidden to declare what was her birth and calling. She said that she was a handmaid used to grinding at the mill. Starkad then asked her if she had children; and when he was told that she had a female child, he told her to go home and give the breast to her squalling daughter; for he thought it most uncomely that he should borrow help from a woman of the lowest degree. Moreover, he knew that she could nourish her own flesh and blood with milk better than she could minister to the wounds of a stranger.

As the woman was departing, a young man came riding up in a cart. He saw the old man, and drew near to minister to his wounds. On being asked who he was, he said his father was a labourer, and added that he was used to the labours of a peasant. Starkad praised his origin, and pronounced that his calling was also most worthy of honour; for, he said, such men sought a livelihood by honourable traffic in their labour, inasmuch as they knew not of any gain, save what they had earned by the sweat of their brow. He also thought that a country life was justly to be preferred even to the most splendid riches; for the most wholesome fruits of it seemed to be born and reared in the shelter of a middle estate, halfway between magnificence and squalor. But he did not wish to pass the kindness of the youth unrequited, and rewarded the esteem he had shown him with the mantle he had cast among the thorns. So the peasant's son approached, replaced the parts of his belly that had been torn away, and bound up with a plait of withies the mass of intestines that had fallen out. Then he took the old man to his car, and with the most zealous respect carried him away to the palace.

Meantime Helga, in language betokening the greatest wariness, began to instruct her husband, saying that she knew that Starkad, as soon as he came back from conquering the champions, would punish him for his absence, thinking that he had inclined more to sloth and lust than to his promise to fight as appointed. Therefore he must withstand Starkad boldly, because he always spared the brave but loathed the coward. Helge respected equally her prophecy and her counsel, and braced his soul and body with a glow of valorous enterprise. Starkad, when he had been driven to the palace, heedless of the pain of his wounds, leaped swiftly out of the cart, and just like a man who was well from top to toe, burst into the bridal-chamber, shattering the doors with his fist. Then Helge leapt from his bed, and, as he had been taught by the counsel of his wife, plunged his blade full at Starkad's forehead. And since he seemed to be meditating a second blow, and to be about to make another thrust with his sword, Helga flew quickly from the couch, caught up a shield, and, by interposing it, saved the old man from impending destruction; for, notwithstanding, Helge with a stronger stroke of his blade smote the shield right through to the boss. Thus the praiseworthy wit of the woman aided her friend, and her hand saved him whom her counsel had injured; for she protected the old man by her deed, as well as her husband by her warning. Starkad was induced by this to let Helge go scot-free; saying that a man whose ready and assured courage so surely betokened manliness, ought to be spared; for he vowed that a man ill deserved death whose brave spirit was graced with such a dogged

will to resist.

Starkad went back to Sweden before his wounds had been treated with medicine, or covered with a single scar. Halfdan had been killed by his rivals; and Starkad, after quelling certain rebels, set up Siward as the heir to his father's sovereignty. With him he sojourned a long time; but when he heard—for the rumour spread—that Ingild, the son of Frode (who had been treacherously slain), was perversely minded, and instead of punishing his father's murderers, bestowed upon them kindness and friendship, he was vexed with stinging wrath at so dreadful a crime. And, resenting that a youth of such great parts should have renounced his descent from his glorious father, he hung on his shoulders a mighty mass of charcoal, as though it were some costly burden, and made his way to Denmark. When asked by those he met why he was taking along so unusual a load, he said that he would sharpen the dull wits of King Ingild to a point by bits of charcoal. So he accomplished a swift and headlong journey, as though at a single breath, by a short and speedy track; and at last, becoming the guest of Ingild, he went up, as his custom was, in to the seat appointed for the great men; for he had been used to occupy the highest post of distinction with the kings of the last generation.

When the queen came in, and saw him covered over with filth and clad in the mean, patched clothes of a peasant, the ugliness of her guest's dress made her judge him with little heed; and, measuring the man by the clothes, she reproached him with crassness of wit, because he had gone before greater men in taking his place at table, and had assumed a seat that was too good for his boorish attire. She bade him quit the place, that he might not touch the cushions with his dress, which was fouler than it should have been. For she put down to crassness and brazenness what Starkad only did from proper pride; she knew not that on a high seat of honour the mind sometimes shines brighter than the raiment. The spirited old man obeyed, though vexed at the rebuff, and with marvellous self-control choked down the insult which his bravery so ill deserved; uttering at this disgrace he had received neither word nor groan. But he could not long bear to hide the bitterness of his anger in silence. Rising, and retreating to the furthest end of the palace, he flung his body against the walls; and strong as they were, he so battered them with the shock, that the beams quaked mightily; and he nearly brought the house down in a crash. Thus, stung not only with his rebuff, but with the shame of having poverty cast in his teeth, he unsheathed his wrath against the insulting speech of the queen with inexorable sternness.

Ingild, on his return from hunting, scanned him closely, and, when he noticed that he neither looked cheerfully about, nor paid him the respect of rising, saw by the sternness written on his brow that it was Starkad. For when he noted his hands horny with fighting, his scars in front, the force and fire of his eye, he perceived that a man whose body was seamed with so many traces of wounds had no weakling soul. He therefore rebuked his wife, and charged her roundly to put away her haughty tempers, and to soothe and soften with kind words and gentle offices the man she had reviled; to comfort him with food and drink, and refresh him with kindly converse; saying, that this man had been appointed his tutor by his father long ago, and had been a most tender guardian of his childhood. Then, learning too late the temper of the old man, she turned her harshness into gentleness, and respectfully waited on him whom she had rebuffed and railed at with bitter revilings. The angry hostess changed her part, and became the most fawning of flatterers. She wished to check his anger with her attentiveness; and her fault was the less, inasmuch as she was so quick in ministering to him after she had been chidden. But she paid dearly for it, for she presently beheld stained with the blood of her brethren the place where she had flouted and rebuffed the brave old man from his seat.

Now, in the evening, Ingild took his meal with the sons of Swerting, and fell to a magnificent feast, loading the tables with the profusest dishes. With friendly invitation he kept the old man back from leaving the revel too early; as though the delights of elaborate dainties could have undermined that staunch and sturdy virtue! But when Starkad had set eyes on these things, he scorned so wanton a use of them; and, not to give way a whit to foreign fashions, he steeled his appetite against these tempting delicacies

with the self-restraint which was his greatest strength. He would not suffer his reputation as a soldier to be impaired by the allurements of an orgy. For his valour loved thrift, and was a stranger to all superfluity of food, and averse to feasting in excess. For his was a courage which never at any moment had time to make luxury of aught account, and always forewent pleasure to pay due heed to virtue. So, when he saw that the antique character of self-restraint, and all good old customs, were being corrupted by new-fangled luxury and sumptuousness, he wished to be provided with a morsel fitter for a peasant, and scorned the costly and lavish feast.

Spurning profuse indulgence in food, Starkad took some smoky and rather rancid fare, appeasing his hunger with a bitter relish because more simply; and being unwilling to enfeeble his true valour with the tainted sweetness of sophisticated foreign dainties, or break the rule of antique plainness by such strange idolatries of the belly. He was also very wroth that they should go, to the extravagance of having the same meat both roasted and boiled at the same meal; for he considered an eatable which was steeped in the vapours of the kitchen, and which the skill of the cook rubbed over with many kinds of flavours, in the light of a monstrosity.

Unlike Starkad Ingild flung the example of his ancestors to the winds, and gave himself freer licence of innovation in the fashions of the table than the custom of his fathers allowed. For when he had once abandoned himself to the manners of Teutonia, he did not blush to yield to its unmanly wantonness. No slight incentives to debauchery have flowed down our country's throat from that sink of a land. Hence came magnificent dishes, sumptuous kitchens, the base service of cooks, and all sorts of abominable sausages. Hence came our adoption, wandering from the ways of our fathers, of a more dissolute dress. Thus our country, which cherished self-restraint as its native quality, has gone begging to our neighbours for luxury; whose allurements so charmed Ingild, that he did not think it shameful to requite wrongs with kindness; nor did the grievous murder of his father make him heave one sigh of bitterness when it crossed his mind.

But the queen would not depart without effecting her purpose. Thinking that presents would be the best way to banish the old man's anger, she took off her own head a band of marvellous handiwork, and put it in his lap as he supped: desiring to buy his favour since she could not blunt his courage. But Starkad, whose bitter resentment was not yet abated, flung it back in the face of the giver, thinking that in such a gift there was more scorn than respect. And he was wise not to put this strange ornament of female dress upon the head that was all bescarred and used to the helmet; for he knew that the locks of a man ought not to wear a woman's head-band. Thus he avenged slight with slight, and repaid with retorted scorn the disdain he had received; thereby bearing himself well-nigh as nobly in avenging his disgrace as he had borne himself in enduring it.

To the soul of Starkad reverence for Frode was grappled with hooks of love. Drawn to him by deeds of bounty, countless kindnesses, he could not be wheedled into giving up his purpose of revenge by any sort of alluring complaisance. Even now, when Frode was no more, he was eager to pay the gratitude due to his benefits, and to requite the kindness of the dead, whose loving disposition and generous friendship he had experienced while he lived. For he bore graven so deeply in his heart the grievous picture of Frode's murder, that his honour for that most famous captain could never be plucked from the inmost chamber of his soul; and therefore he did not hesitate to rank his ancient friendship before the present kindness. Besides, when he recalled the previous affront, he could not thank the complaisance that followed; he could not put aside the disgraceful wound to his self-respect. For the memory of benefits or injuries ever sticks more firmly in the minds of brave men than in those of weaklings. For he had not the habits of those who follow their friends in prosperity and quit them in adversity, who pay more regard to fortune than to looks, and sit closer to their own gain than to charity toward others.

But the woman held to her purpose, seeing that even so she could not win the old man to convivial mirth. Continuing with yet more lavish courtesy her efforts to soothe him, and to heap more honours on the guest, she bade a piper strike up, and started music to melt his unbending rage. For she wanted to unnerve his

stubborn nature by means of cunning sounds. But the cajolery of pipe or string was just as powerless to enfeeble that dogged warrior. When he heard it, he felt that the respect paid him savoured more of pretence than of love. Hence the crestfallen performer seemed to be playing to a statue rather than a man, and learnt that it is vain for buffoons to assail with, their tricks a settled and weighty sternness, and that a mighty mass cannot be shaken with the idle puffing of the lips. For Starkad had set his face so firmly in his stubborn wrath, that he seemed not a whit easier to move than ever. For the inflexibility which he owed his vows was not softened either by the strain of the lute or the enticements of the palate; and he thought that more respect should be paid to his strenuous and manly purpose than to the tickling of the ears or the lures of the feast. Accordingly he flung the bone, which he had stripped in eating the meat, in the face of the harlequin, and drove the wind violently out of his puffed cheeks, so that they collapsed. By this he showed how his austerity loathed the clatter of the stage; for his ears were stopped with anger and open to no influence of delight. This reward, befitting an actor, punished an unseemly performance with a shameful wage. For Starkad excellently judged the man's deserts, and bestowed a shankbone for the piper to pipe on, requiting his soft service with a hard fee. None could say whether the actor piped or wept the louder; he showed by his bitter flood of tears how little place bravery has in the breasts of the dissolute. For the fellow was a mere minion of pleasure, and had never learnt to bear the assaults of calamity. This man's hurt was ominous of the carnage that was to follow at the feast. Right well did Starkad's spirit, heedful of sternness, hold with stubborn gravity to steadfast revenge; for he was as much disgusted at the lute as others were delighted, and repaid the unwelcome service by insultingly flinging a bone; thus avowing that he owed a greater debt to the glorious dust of his mighty friend than to his shameless and infamous ward.

But when Starkad saw that the slayers of Frode were in high favour with the king, his stern glances expressed the mighty wrath which he harboured, and his face betrayed what he felt. The visible fury of his gaze betokened the secret tempest in his heart. At last, when Ingild tried to appease him with royal fare, he spurned the dainty. Satisfied with cheap and common food, he utterly spurned outlandish delicacies; he was used to plain diet, and would not pamper his palate with any delightful flavour. When he was asked why he had refused the generous attention of the king with such a clouded brow, he said that he had come to Denmark to find the son of Frode, not a man who crammed his proud and gluttonous stomach with rich elaborate feasts. For the Teuton extravagance which the king favoured had led him, in his longing for the pleasures of abundance, to set to the fire again, for roasting, dishes which had been already boiled. Thereupon he could not forbear from attacking Ingild's character, but poured out the whole bitterness of his reproaches on his head. He condemned his unfilial spirit, because he gaped with repletion and vented his squeamishness in filthy hawkings; because, following the lures of the Saxons, he strayed and departed far from soberness; because he was so lacking in manhood as not to pursue even the faintest shadow of it. But, declared Starkad, he bore the heaviest load of infamy, because, even when he first began to see service, he forgot to avenge his father, to whose butchers, forsaking the law of nature, he was kind and attentive. Men whose deserts were most vile he welcomed with loving affection; and not only did he let those go scot-free, whom he should have punished most sharply, but he even judged them fit persons to live with and entertain at his table, whereas he should rather have put them to death. Hereupon Starkad is also said to have sung as follows:

"Let the unwarlike youth yield to the aged, let him honour all the years of him that is old. When a man is brave, let none reproach the number of his days.

"Though the hair of the ancient whiten with age, their valour stays still the same; nor shall the lapse of time have power to weaken their manly heart.

"I am elbowed away by the offensive guest, who taints with vice his outward show of goodness, whilst he is the slave of his belly and prefers his daily dainties to anything.

"When I was counted as a comrade of Frode, I ever sat in the

midst of warriors on a high seat in the hall, and I was the first of the princes to take my meal.

"Now, the lot of a nobler age is reversed; I am shut in a corner, I am like the fish that seeks shelter as it wanders to and fro hidden in the waters.

"I, who used surely in the former age to lie back on a couch handsomely spread, am now thrust among the hindmost and driven from the crowded hall.

"Perchance I had been driven on my back at the doors, had not the wall struck my side and turned me back, and had not the beam, in the way made it hard for me to fly when I was thrust forth.

"I am baited with the jeers of the court-folk; I am not received as a guest should be; I am girded at with harsh gibing, and stung with babbling taunts.

"I am a stranger, and would gladly know what news are spread abroad by busy rumour; what is the course of events; what the order of the land; what is doing in your country.

"Thou, Ingild, buried in sin, why dost thou tarry in the task of avenging thy father? Wilt thou think tranquilly of the slaughter of thy righteous sire?

"Why dost thou, sluggard, think only of feasting, and lean thy belly back in ease, more effeminate than harlots? Is the avenging of thy slaughtered father a little thing to thee?

"When last I left thee, Frode, I learned by my prophetic soul that thou, mightiest of kings, wouldst surely perish by the sword of enemies.

"And while I travelled long in the land, a warning groan rose in my soul, which augured that thereafter I was never to see thee more.

"Wo is me, that then I was far away, harrying the farthest peoples of the earth, when the traitorous guest aimed craftily at the throat of his king.

"Else I would either have shown myself the avenger of my lord, or have shared his fate and fallen where he fell, and would joyfully have followed the blessed king in one and the same death.

"I have not come to indulge in gluttonous feasting, the sin whereof I will strive to chastise; nor will I take mine ease, nor the delights of the fat belly.

"No famous king has ever set me before in the middle by the strangers. I have been wont to sit in the highest seats among friends.

"I have come from Sweden, travelling over wide lands, thinking that I should be rewarded, if only I had the joy to find the son of my beloved Frode.

"But I sought a brave man, and I have come to a glutton, a king who is the slave of his belly and of vice, whose liking has been turned back towards wantonness by filthy pleasure.

"Famous is the speech men think that Halfdan spoke: he warned us it would soon come to pass that an understanding father should beget a witless son.

"Though the heir be deemed degenerate, I will not suffer the wealth of mighty Frode to profit strangers or to be made public like plunder."

At these words the queen trembled, and she took from her head the ribbon with which she happened, in woman's fashion, to be adorning her hair, and proffered it to the enraged old man, as though she could avert his anger with a gift. Starkad in anger flung it back most ignominiously in the face of the giver, and began again in a loud voice:

"Take hence, I pray thee, thy woman's gift, and set back thy headgear on thy head; no brave man assumes the chaplets that befit Love only.

"For it is amiss that the hair of men that are ready for battle should be bound back with wreathed gold; such attire is right for the throngs of the soft and effeminate.

"But take this gift to thy husband, who loves luxury, whose finger itches, while he turns over the rump and handles the flesh of the bird roasted brown.

"The flighty and skittish wife of Ingild longs to observe the fashions of the Teutons; she prepares the orgy and makes ready the artificial dainties.

"For she tickles the palate with a new-fangled feast; she pursues the zest of an unknown flavour, raging to load all the tables with dishes yet more richly than before.

"She gives her lord wine to drink in bowls, pondering all things with zealous preparation; she bids the cooked meats be roasted, and intends them for a second fire.

"Wantonly she feeds her husband like a hog; a shameless whore, trusting....

"She roasts the boiled, and recooks the roasted meats, planning the meal with spendthrift extravagance, careless of right and wrong, practising sin, a foul woman.

"Wanton in arrogance, a soldier of Love, longing for dainties, she abjures the fair ways of self-control, and also provides devices for gluttony.

"With craving stomach she desires turnip strained in a smooth pan, cakes with thin juice, and shellfish in rows.

"I do not remember the Great Frode putting his hand to the sinews of birds, or tearing the rump of a cooked fowl with crooked thumb.

"What former king could have been so gluttonous as to stir the stinking filthy flesh, or rummage in the foul back of a bird with plucking fingers?

"The food of valiant men is raw; no need, methinks, of sumptuous tables for those whose stubborn souls are bent on warfare.

"It had been fitter for thee to have torn the stiff beard, biting hard with thy teeth, than greedily to have drained the bowl of milk with thy wide mouth.

"We fled from the offence of the sumptuous kitchen; we stayed our stomach with rancid fare; few in the old days loved cooked juices.

"A dish with no sauce of herbs gave us the flesh of rams and swine. We partook temperately, tainting nothing with bold excess.

"Thou who now lickest the milk-white fat, put on, prithe, the spirit of a man; remember Frode, and avenge thy father's death.

"The worthless and cowardly heart shall perish, and shall not parry the thrust of death by flight, though it bury itself in a valley, or crouch in darkling dens.

"Once we were eleven princes, devoted followers of King Hakon, and here Geigad sat above Helge in the order of the meal.

"Geigad used to appease the first pangs of hunger with a dry rump of ham; and plenty of hard crust quelled the craving of his stomach.

"No one asked for a sickly morsel; all took their food in common; the meal of mighty men cost but slight display.

"The commons shunned foreign victual, and the greatest lusted not for a feast; even the king remembered to live temperately at little cost.

"Scorning to look at the mead, he drank the fermented juice of Ceres; he shrank not from the use of undercooked meats, and hated the roast.

"The board used to stand with slight display, a modest salt-cellar showed the measure of its cost; lest the wise ways of antiquity should in any wise be changed by foreign usage.

"Of old, no man put flagons or mixing-bowls on the tables; the steward filled the cup from the butt, and there was no abundance of adorned vessels.

"No one who honoured past ages put the smooth wine-jars beside the tankards, and of old no bedizened lackey heaped the platter with dainties.

"Nor did the vainglorious host deck the meal with little salt-shell or smooth cup; but all has been now abolished in shameful wise by the new-fangled manners.

"Who would ever have borne to take money in ransom for the death of a lost parent, or to have asked a foe for a gift to atone for the murder of a father?

"What strong heir or well-starred son would have sat side by side with such as these, letting a shameful bargain utterly unnerve the warrior?

"Wherefore, when the honours of kings are sung, and bards relate the victories of captains, I hide my face for shame in my mantle, sick at heart.

"For nothing shines in thy trophies, worthy to be recorded by the pen; no heir of Frode is named in the roll of the honourable.

"Why dost thou vex me with insolent gaze, thou who honourest the foe guilty of thy father's blood, and art thought only to take thy vengeance with loaves and warm soup?

"When men speak well of the avengers of crimes, then long thou to lose thy quick power of hearing, that thy impious spirit may not be ashamed.

"For oft has the virtue of another vexed a heart that knows its guilt, and the malice in the breast is abashed by the fair report of the good.

"Though thou go to the East, or live sequestered in the countries of the West, or whether, driven thence, thou seek the midmost place of the earth;

"Whether thou revisit the cold quarter of the heaven where the pole is to be seen, and carries on the sphere with its swift spin, and looks down upon the neighbouring Bear;

"Shame shall accompany thee far, and shall smite thy countenance with heavy disgrace, when the united assembly of the great kings is taking pastime.

"Since everlasting dishonour awaits thee, thou canst not come amidst the ranks of the famous; and in every clime thou shalt pass thy days in infamy.

"The fates have given Frode an offspring born into the world when gods were adverse, whose desires have been enthralled by crime and ignoble lust.

"Even as in a ship all things foul gather to the filthy hollow of the bilge, even so hath a flood of vices poured into Ingild.

"Therefore, in terror of thy shame being published, thou shalt lie crushed in the corners of the land, sluggish on thy foul hearth, and never to be seen in the array of the famous.

"Then shalt thou shake thy beard at thine evil fate, kept down by the taunts of thy mistresses, when thy paramour galls thy ear with her querulous cries.

"Since chill fear retards thy soul, and thou darest to become the avenger of thy sire, thou art utterly degenerate, and thy ways are like a slave's.

"It would have needed scant preparation to destroy thee; even as if a man should catch and cut the throat of a kid, or slit the weazand of a soft sheep and butcher it.

"Behold, a son of the tyrant Swerting shall take the inheritance of Denmark after thee; he whose slothful sister thou keepest in infamous union.

"Whilst thou delightest to honour thy bride, laden with gems and shining in gold apparel, we burn with all indignation that is linked with shame, lamenting thy infamies.

"When thou art stirred by furious lust, our mind is troubled, and recalls the fashion of ancient times, and bids us grieve sorely.

"For we rate otherwise than thou the crime of the foes whom now thou holdest in honour; wherefore the face of this age is a burden to me, remembering the ancient ways.

"I would crave no greater blessing, O Frode, if I might see those guilty of thy murder duly punished for such a crime."

Now he prevailed so well by this stirring counsel, that his reproach served like a flint wherewith to strike a blazing flame of valour in the soul that had been chill and slack. For the king had at first heard the song inattentively; but, stirred by the earnest admonition of his guardian, he conceived in his heart a tardy fire of revenge; and, forgetting the reveller, he changed into the foeman. At last he leapt up from where he lay, and poured the whole flood of his anger on those at table with him; insomuch that he unsheathed his sword upon the sons of Swerting with bloody ruthlessness, and aimed with drawn blade at the throats of those whose gullets he had pampered with the pleasures of the table. These men he forthwith slew; and by so doing he drowned the holy rites of the table in blood. He sundered the feeble bond of their league, and exchanged a shameful revel for enormous cruelty; the host became the foe, and that vilest slave of excess the bloodthirsty agent of revenge. For the vigorous pleading of his counsellor bred a breath of courage in his soft and unmanly youth; it drew out his valour from its lurking-place, and renewed it, and so fashioned it that the authors of a most grievous murder were punished even as they deserved. For the young man's valour had been not quenched, but only in exile, and the aid of an old man had drawn it out into the light; and it accomplished a deed which was all the greater for its

tardiness; for it was somewhat nobler to steep the cups in blood than in wine. What a spirit, then, must we think that old man had, who by his eloquent adjuration expelled from that king's mind its infinite sin, and who, bursting the bonds of iniquity, implanted a most effectual seed of virtue. Starkad aided the king with equal achievements; and not only showed the most complete courage in his own person, but summoned back that which had been rooted out of the heart of another. When the deed was done, he thus began:

"King Ingild, farewell; thy heart, full of valour, hath now shown a deed of daring. The spirit that reigns in thy body is revealed by its fair beginning; nor did there lack deep counsel in thy heart, though thou wert silent till this hour; for thou dost redress by thy bravery what delay had lost, and redeemest the sloth of thy spirit by mighty valour. Come now, let us rout the rest, and let none escape the peril which all alike deserve. Let the crime come home to the culprit; let the sin return and crush its contriver.

"Let the servants take up in a car the bodies of the slain, and let the attendant quickly bear out the carcasses. Justly shall they lack the last rites; they are unworthy to be covered with a mound; let no funeral procession or pyre suffer them the holy honour of a barrow; let them be scattered to rot in the fields, to be consumed by the beaks of birds; let them taint the country all about with their deadly corruption.

"Do thou too, king, if thou hast any wit, flee thy savage bride, lest the she-wolf bring forth a litter like herself, and a beast spring from them that shall hurt its own father.

"Tell me, Rote, continual derider of cowards, thinkest thou that we have avenged Frode enough, when we have spent seven deaths on the vengeance of one? Lo, those are borne out dead who paid homage not to thy sway in deed, but only in show, and though obsequious they planned treachery. But I always cherished this hope, that noble fathers have noble offspring, who will follow in their character the lot which they received by their birth. Therefore, Ingild, better now than in time past dost thou deserve to be called lord of Leire and of Denmark.

"When, O King Hakon, I was a beardless youth, and followed thy leading and command in warfare, I hated luxury and wanton souls, and practiced only wars. Training body and mind together, I banished every unholy thing from my soul, and shunned the pleasures of the belly, loving deeds of prowess. For those that followed the calling of arms had rough clothing and common gear and short slumbers and scanty rest. Toil drove ease far away, and the time ran by at scanty cost. Not as with some men now, the light of whose reason is obscured by insatiate greed with its blind maw. Some one of these clad in a covering of curiously wrought raiment effeminately guides the fleet-footed (steed), and unknots his dishevelled locks, and lets his hair fly abroad loosely.

"He loves to plead often in the court, and to covet a base pitance, and with this pursuit he comforts his sluggish life, doing with venal tongue the business entrusted to him.

"He outrages the laws by force, he makes armed assault upon men's rights, he tramples on the innocent, he feeds on the wealth of others, he practices debauchery and gluttony, he vexes good fellowship with biting jeers, and goes after harlots as a hoe after the grass.

"The coward falls when battles are lulled in peace. Though he who fears death lie in the heart of the valley, no mantlet shall shelter him. His final fate carries off every living man; doom is not to be averted by skulking. But I, who have shaken the whole world with my slaughters, shall I enjoy a peaceful death? Shall I be taken up to the stars in a quiet end? Shall I die in my bed without a wound?"

## BOOK SEVEN.

We are told by historians of old, that Ingild had four sons, of whom three perished in war, while OLAF alone reigned after his father; but some say that Olaf was the son of Ingild's sister, though this opinion is doubtful. Posterity has but an uncertain knowledge of his deeds, which are dim with the dust of antiquity; nothing but the last counsel of his wisdom has been rescued by tradition. For when he was in the last grip of death he took thought for his sons

FRODE and HARALD, and bade them have royal sway, one over the land and the other over the sea, and receive these several powers, not in prolonged possession, but in yearly rotation. Thus their share in the rule was made equal; but Frode, who was the first to have control of the affairs of the sea, earned disgrace from his continual defeats in roving. His calamity was due to his sailors being newly married, and preferring nuptial joys at home to the toils of foreign warfare. After a time Harald, the younger son, received the rule of the sea, and chose soldiers who were unmarried, fearing to be baffled like his brother. Fortune favoured his choice; for he was as glorious a rover as his brother was inglorious; and this earned him his brother's hatred. Moreover, their queens, Signe and Ulfhild, one of whom was the daughter of Siward, King of Sweden, the other of Karl, the governor of Gothland, were continually wrangling as to which was the nobler, and broke up the mutual fellowship of their husbands. Hence Harald and Frode, when their common household was thus shattered, divided up the goods they held in common, and gave more heed to the wrangling altercations of the women than to the duties of brotherly affection.

Moreover, Frode, judging that his brother's glory was a disgrace to himself and brought him into contempt, ordered one of his household to put him to death secretly; for he saw that the man of whom he had the advantage in years was surpassing him in courage. When the deed was done, he had the agent of his treachery privily slain, lest the accomplice should betray the crime. Then, in order to gain the credit of innocence and escape the brand of crime, he ordered a full inquiry to be made into the mischance that had cut off his brother so suddenly. But he could not manage, by all his arts, to escape silent condemnation in the thoughts of the common people. He afterwards asked Karl, "Who had killed Harald?" and Karl replied that it was deceitful in him to ask a question about something which he knew quite well. These words earned him his death; for Frode thought that he had reproached him covertly with fratricide.

After this, the lives of Harald and Halfdan, the sons of Harald by Signe the daughter of Karl, were attempted by their uncle. But the guardians devised a cunning method of saving their wards. For they cut off the claws of wolves and tied them to the soles of their feet; and then made them run along many times so as to harrow up the mud near their dwelling, as well as the ground (then covered with, snow), and give the appearance of an attack by wild beasts. Then they killed the children of some bond-women, tore their bodies into little pieces, and scattered their mangled limbs all about. So when the youths were looked for in vain, the scattered limbs were found, the tracks of the beasts were pointed out, and the ground was seen besmeared with blood. It was believed that the boys had been devoured by ravening wolves; and hardly anyone was suffered to doubt so plain a proof that they were mangled. The belief in this spectacle served to protect the wards. They were presently shut up by their guardians in a hollow oak, so that no trace of their being alive should get abroad, and were fed for a long time under pretence that they were dogs; and were even called by hounds' names, to prevent any belief getting abroad that they were hiding.

Frode alone refused to believe in their death; and he went and inquired of a woman skilled in divination where they were hid. So potent were her spells, that she seemed able, at any distance, to perceive anything, however intricately locked away, and to summon it out to light. She declared that one Ragnar had secretly undertaken to rear them, and had called them by the names of dogs to cover the matter. When the young men found themselves dragged from their hiding by the awful force of her spells, and brought before the eyes of the enchantress, loth to be betrayed by this terrible and imperious compulsion, they flung into her lap a shower of gold which they had received from their guardians. When she had taken the gift, she suddenly feigned death, and fell like one lifeless. Her servants asked the reason why she fell so suddenly; and she declared that the refuge of the sons of Harald was inscrutable; for their wondrous might qualified even the most awful effects of her spells. Thus she was content with a slight benefit, and could not bear to await a greater reward at the king's hands. After this Ragnar, finding that the belief concerning himself and his wards was becoming rife in common talk, took them, both

away into Funen. Here he was taken by Frode, and confessed that he had put the young men in safe keeping; and he prayed the king to spare the wards whom he had made fatherless, and not to think it a piece of good fortune to be guilty of two unnatural murders. By this speech he changed the king's cruelty into shame; and he promised that if they attempted any plots in their own land, he would give information to the king. Thus he gained safety for his wards, and lived many years in freedom from terror.

When the boys grew up, they went to Zealand, and were bidden by their friends to avenge their father. They vowed that they and their uncle should not both live out the year. When Ragnar found this out, he went by night to the palace, prompted by the recollection of his covenant, and announced that he was come privily to tell the king something he had promised. But the king was asleep, and he would not suffer them to wake him up, because Frode had been used to punish any disturbance of his rest with the sword. So mighty a matter was it thought of old to break the slumbers of a king by untimely intrusion. Frode heard this from the sentries in the morning; and when he perceived that Ragnar had come to tell him of the treachery, he gathered together his soldiers, and resolved to forestall deceit by ruthless measures. Harald's sons had no help for it but to feign madness. For when they found themselves suddenly attacked, they began to behave like maniacs, as if they were distraught. And when Frode thought that they were possessed, he gave up his purpose, thinking it shameful to attack with the sword those who seemed to be turning the sword against themselves. But he was burned to death by them on the following night, and was punished as befitted a fratricide. For they attacked the palace, and first crushing the queen with a mass of stones and then, having set fire to the house, they forced Frode to crawl into a narrow cave that had been cut out long before, and into the dark recesses of tunnels. Here he lurked in hiding and perished, stifled by the reek and smoke.

After Frode was killed, HALFDAN reigned over his country about three years, and then, handing over his sovereignty to his brother Harald as deputy, went roving, and attacked and ravaged Oland and the neighbouring isles, which are severed from contact with Sweden by a winding sound. Here in the winter he beached and entrenched his ships, and spent three years on the expedition. After this he attacked Sweden, and destroyed its king in the field. Afterwards he prepared to meet the king's grandson Erik, the son of his own uncle Frode, in battle; and when he heard that Erik's champion, Hakon, was skillful in blunting swords with his spells, he fashioned, to use for clubbing, a huge mace studded with iron knobs, as if he would prevail by the strength of wood over the power of sorcery. Then—for he was conspicuous beyond all others for his bravery—amid the hottest charges of the enemy, he covered his head with his helmet, and, without a shield, poised his club, and with the help of both hands whirled it against the bulwark of shields before him. No obstacle was so stout but it was crushed to pieces by the blow of the mass that smote it. Thus he overthrew the champion, who ran against him in the battle, with a violent stroke of his weapon. But he was conquered notwithstanding, and fled away into Helsingland, where he went to one Witolf (who had served of old with Harald), to seek tendance for his wounds. This man had spent most of his life in camp; but at last, after the grievous end of his general, he had retreated into this lonely district, where he lived the life of a peasant, and rested from the pursuits of war. Often struck himself by the missiles of the enemy, he had gained no slight skill in leechcraft by constantly tending his own wounds. But if anyone came with flatteries to seek his aid, instead of curing him he was accustomed to give him something that would secretly injure him, thinking it somewhat nobler to threaten than to wheedle for benefits. When the soldiers of Erik menaced his house, in their desire to take Halfdan, he so robbed them of the power of sight that they could neither perceive the house nor trace it with certainty, though it was close to them. So utterly had their eyesight been dulled by a decisive mist.

When Halfdan had by this man's help regained his full strength, he summoned Thore, a champion of notable capacity, and proclaimed war against Erik. But when the forces were led out on the other side, and he saw that Erik was superior in numbers, he hid a part of his army, and instructed it to lie in ambush among the

bushes by the wayside, in order to destroy the enemy by an ambuscade as he marched through the narrow part of the path. Erik foresaw this, having reconnoitred his means of advancing, and thought he must withdraw for fear, if he advanced along the track he had intended, of being hard-pressed by the tricks of the enemy among the steep windings of the hills. They therefore joined battle, force against force, in a deep valley, inclosed all round by lofty mountain ridges. Here Halfdan, when he saw the line of his men wavering, climbed with Thore up a crag covered with stones and, uprooting boulders, rolled them down upon the enemy below; and the weight of these as they fell crushed the line that was drawn up in the lower position. Thus he regained with stones the victory which he had lost with arms. For this deed of prowess he received the name of Biargramm ("rock strong"), a word which seems to have been compounded from the name of his fierceness and of the mountains. He soon gained so much esteem for this among the Swedes that he was thought to be the son of the great Thor, and the people bestowed divine honours upon him, and judged him worthy of public libation.

But the souls of the conquered find it hard to rest, and the insolvency of the beaten ever struggles towards the forbidden thing. So it came to pass that Erik, in his desire to repair the losses incurred in flight, attacked the districts subject to Halfdan. Even Denmark he did not exempt from this harsh treatment; for he thought it a most worthy deed to assail the country of the man who had caused him to be driven from his own. And so, being more anxious to inflict injury than to repel it, he set Sweden free from the arms of the enemy. When Halfdan heard that his brother Harald had been beaten by Erik in three battles, and slain in the fourth, he was afraid of losing his empire; he had to quit the land of the Swedes and go back to his own country. Thus Erik regained the kingdom of Sweden all the more quickly, that he quitted it so lightly. Had fortune wished to favour him in keeping his kingdom as much as she had in regaining it, she would in nowise have given him into the hand of Halfdan. This capture was made in the following way: When Halfdan had gone back into Sweden, he hid his fleet craftily, and went to meet Erik with two vessels. Erik attacked him with ten; and Halfdan, sailing through sundry winding channels, stole back to his concealed forces. Erik pursued him too far, and the Danish fleet came out on the sea. Thus Erik was surrounded; but he rejected the life, which was offered him under condition of thralldom. He could not bear to think more of the light of day than liberty, and chose to die rather than serve; lest he should seem to love life so well as to turn from a slave into a freeman; and that he might not court with new-born obeisance the man whom fortune had just before made only his equal. So little knows virtue how to buy life with dishonour. Wherefore he was put in chains, and banished to a place haunted by wild beasts; an end unworthy of that lofty spirit.

Halfdan had thus become sovereign of both kingdoms, and graced his fame with a triple degree of honour. For he was skillful and eloquent in composing poems in the fashion of his country; and he was no less notable as a valorous champion than as a powerful king. But when he heard that two active rovers, Toke and Anund, were threatening the surrounding districts, he attacked and routed them in a sea-fight. For the ancients thought that nothing was more desirable than glory which was gained, not by brilliancy of wealth, but by address in arms. Accordingly, the most famous men of old were so minded as to love seditions, to renew quarrels, to loathe ease, to prefer fighting to peace, to be rated by their valour and not by their wealth, to find their greatest delight in battles, and their least in banquetings.

But Halfdan was not long to seek for a rival. A certain Siwald, of most illustrious birth, related with lamentation in the assembly of the Swedes the death of Frode and his queen; and inspired in almost all of them such a hatred of Halfdan, that the vote of the majority granted him permission to revolt. Nor was he content with the mere goodwill of their voices, but so won the heart of the commons by his crafty canvassing that he induced almost all of them to set with their hands the royal emblem on his head. Siwald had seven sons, who were such clever sorcerers that often, inspired with the force of sudden frenzy, they would roar savagely, bite their shields, swallow hot coals, and go through any fire that

could be piled up; and their frantic passion could only be checked by the rigour of chains, or propitiated by slaughter of men. With such a frenzy did their own sanguinary temper, or else the fury of demons, inspire them.

When Halfdan had heard of these things while busy roving, he said it was right that his soldiers, who had hitherto spent their rage upon foreigners, should now smite with the steel the flesh of their own countrymen, and that they who had been used to labour to extend their realm should now avenge its wrongful seizure. On Halfdan approaching, Siwald sent him ambassadors and requested him, if he was as great in act as in renown, to meet himself and his sons in single combat, and save the general peril by his own. When the other answered, that a combat could not lawfully be fought by more than two men, Siwald said, that it was no wonder that a childless bachelor should refuse the proffered conflict, since his nature was void of heat, and had struck a disgraceful frost into his soul and body. Children, he added, were not different from the man who begot them, since they drew from him their common principle of birth. Thus he and his sons were to be accounted as one person, for nature seemed in a manner to have bestowed on them a single body. Halfdan, stung with this shameful affront, accepted the challenge; meaning to wipe out with noble deeds of valour such an insulting taunt upon his celibacy. And while he chanced to be walking through a shady woodland, he plucked up by the roots all oak that stuck in his path, and, by simply stripping it of its branches, made it look like a stout club. Having this trusty weapon, he composed a short song as follows:

"Behold! The rough burden which I bear with straining crest, shall unto crests bring wounds and destruction. Never shall any weapon of leafy wood crush the Goths with direr augury. It shall shatter the towering strength of the knotty neck, and shall bruise the hollow temples with the mass of timber. The club which shall quell the wild madness of the land shall be no less fatal to the Swedes. Breaking bones, and brandished about the mangled limbs of warriors, the stock I have wrenched off shall crush the backs of the wicked, crush the hearths of our kindred, shed the blood of our countrymen, and be a destructive pest upon our land."

When he had said this, he attacked Siwald and his seven sons, and destroyed them, their force and bravery being useless against the enormous mass of his club.

At this time one Hardbeen, who came from Helsingland, gloried in kidnapping and ravishing princesses, and used to kill any man who hindered him in his lusts. He preferred high matches to those that were lowly; and the more illustrious the victims he could violate, the more noble he thought himself. No man escaped unpunished who durst measure himself with Hardbeen in valour. He was so huge, that his stature reached the measure of nine ells. He had twelve champions dwelling with him, whose business it was to rise up and to restrain his fury with the aid of bonds, whenever the rage came on him that foreboded of battle. These men asked Halfdan to attack Hardbeen and his champions man by man; and he not only promised to fight, but assured himself the victory with most confident words. When Hardbeen heard this, a demoniacal frenzy suddenly took him; he furiously bit and devoured the edges of his shield; he kept gulping down fiery coals; he snatched live embers in his mouth and let them pass down into his entrails; he rushed through the perils of crackling fires; and at last, when he had raved through every sort of madness, he turned his sword with raging hand against the hearts of six of his champions. It is doubtful whether this madness came from thirst for battle or natural ferocity. Then with the remaining band of his champions he attacked Halfdan, who crushed him with a hammer of wondrous size, so that he lost both victory and life; paying the penalty both to Halfdan, whom he had challenged, and to the kings whose offspring he had violently ravished.

Fortune never seemed satisfied with the trying of Halfdan's strength, and used to offer him unexpected occasions for fighting. It so happened that Egther, a Finlander, was harrying the Swedes on a roving raid. Halfdan, having found that he had three ships, attacked him with the same number. Night closed the battle, so that he could not conquer him; but he challenged Egther next day, fought with and overthrew him. He next heard that Grim, a champion of immense strength, was suing, under threats of a duel, for

Thorhild, the daughter of the chief Hather, and that her father had proclaimed that he who put the champion out of the way should have her. Halfdan, though he had reached old age a bachelor, was stirred by the promise of the chief as much as by the insolence of the champion, and went to Norway. When he entered it, he blotted out every mark by which he could be recognized, disguising his face with splashes of dirt; and when he came to the spot of the battle, drew his sword first. And when he knew that it had been blunted by the glance of the enemy, he cast it on the ground, drew another from the sheath, with which he attacked Grim, cutting through the meshes on the edge of his cuirass, as well as the lower part of his shield. Grim wondered at the deed, and said, "I cannot remember an old man who fought more keenly;" and, instantly drawing his sword, he pierced through and shattered the target that was opposed to his blade. But as his right arm tarried on the stroke, Halfdan, without wavering, met and smote it swiftly with his sword. The other, notwithstanding, clasped his sword with his left hand, and cut through the thigh of the striker, revenging the mangling of his own body with a slight wound. Halfdan, now conqueror, allowed the conquered man to ransom the remnant of his life with a sum of money; he would not be thought shamefully to rob a maimed man, who could not fight, of the pitiful remainder of his days. By this deed he showed himself almost as great in saving as in conquering his enemy. As a prize for this victory he won Thorhild in marriage, and had by her a son Asmund, from whom the kings of Norway treasure the honour of being descended; retracing the regular succession of their line down from Halfdan.

After this, Ebbe, a rover of common birth, was so confident of his valour, that he was moved to aspire to a splendid marriage. He was a suitor for Sigrid, the daughter of Yngwin, King of the Goths, and moreover demanded half the Gothic kingdom for her dowry. Halfdan was consulted whether the match should be entertained, and advised that a feigned consent should be given, promising that he would baulk the marriage. He also gave instructions that a seat should be allotted to himself among the places of the guests at table. Yngwin approved the advice; and Halfdan, utterly defacing the dignity of his royal presence with an unsightly and alien disguise, and coming by night on the wedding feast, alarmed those who met him; for they marvelled at the coming of a man of such superhuman stature.

When Halfdan entered the palace, he looked round on all and asked, who was he that had taken the place next to the king? Upon Ebbe replying that the future son-in-law of the king was next to his side, Halfdan asked him, in the most passionate language, what madness, or what demons, had brought him to such wantonness, as to make bold to unite his contemptible and filthy race with a splendid and illustrious line, or to dare to lay his peasant finger upon the royal family: and, not content even with such a claim, to aspire, as it seemed, to a share even in the kingdom of another. Then he bade Ebbe fight him, saying that he must get the victory before he got his wish. The other answered that the night was the time to fight with monsters, but the day the time with men; but Halfdan, to prevent him shirking the battle by pleading the hour, declared that the moon was shining with the brightness of daylight. Thus he forced Ebbe to fight, and felled him, turning the banquet into a spectacle, and the wedding into a funeral.

Some years passed, and Halfdan went back to his own country, and being childless he bequeathed the royal wealth by will to Yngwin, and appointed him king. YNGWIN was afterwards overthrown in war by a rival named Ragnald, and he left a son SIWALD.

Siwald's daughter, Sigrid, was of such excellent modesty, that though a great concourse of suitors wooed her for her beauty, it seemed as if she could not be brought to look at one of them. Confident in this power of self-restraint, she asked her father for a husband who by the sweetness of his blandishments should be able to get a look back from her. For in old time among us the self-restraint of the maidens was a great subduer of wanton looks, lest the soundness of the soul should be infected by the licence of the eyes; and women desired to avouch the purity of their hearts by the modesty of their faces. Then one Ottar, the son of Ebb, kindled with confidence in the greatness either of his own achievements, or of his courtesy and eloquent address, stubbornly and ardently

desired to woo the maiden. And though he strove with all the force of his wit to soften her gaze, no device whatever could move her downcast eyes; and, marvelling at her persistence in her indomitable rigour, he departed.

A giant desired the same thing, but, finding himself equally foiled, he suborned a woman; and she, pretending friendship for the girl, served her for a while as her handmaid, and at last enticed her far from her father's house, by cunningly going out of the way; then the giant rushed upon her and bore her off into the closest fastnesses of a ledge on the mountain. Others think that he disguised himself as a woman, treacherously continued his devices so as to draw the girl away from her own house, and in the end carried her off. When Ottar heard of this, he ransacked the recesses of the mountain in search of the maiden, found her, slew the giant, and bore her off. But the assiduous giant had bound back the locks of the maiden, tightly twisting her hair in such a way that the matted mass of tresses was held in a kind of curled bundle; nor was it easy for anyone to unravel their plaited tangle, without using the steel. Again, he tried with divers allurements to provoke the maiden to look at him; and when he had long laid vain siege to her listless eyes, he abandoned his quest, since his purpose turned out so little to his liking. But he could not bring himself to violate the girl, loth to defile with ignoble intercourse one of illustrious birth. She then wandered long, and sped through divers desert and circuitous paths, and happened to come to the hut of a certain huge woman of the woods, who set her to the task of pasturing her goats. Again Ottar granted her his aid to set her free, and again he tried to move her, addressing her in this fashion: "Wouldst thou rather hearken to my counsels, and embrace me even as I desire, than be here and tend the flock of rank goats?"

"Spurn the hand of thy wicked mistress, and flee hastily from thy cruel taskmistress, that thou mayst go back with me to the ships of thy friends and live in freedom.

"Quit the care of the sheep entrusted to thee; scorn to drive the steps of the goats; share my bed, and fitly reward my prayers.

"O thou whom I have sought with such pains, turn again thy listless beams; for a little while—it is an easy gesture—lift thy modest face.

"I will take thee hence, and set thee by the house of thy father, and unite thee joyfully with thy loving mother, if but once thou wilt show me thine eyes stirred with soft desires.

"Thou, whom I have borne so oft from the prisons of the giants, pay thou some due favour to my toil of old; pity my hard endeavours, and be stern no more.

"For why art thou become so distraught and brainsick, that thou wilt choose to tend the flock of another, and be counted among the servants of monsters, sooner than encourage our marriage-troth with fitting and equal consent?"

But she, that she might not suffer the constancy of her chaste mind to falter by looking at the world without, restrained her gaze, keeping her lids immovably rigid. How modest, then, must we think, were the women of that age, when, under the strongest provocations of their lovers, they could not be brought to make the slightest motion of their eyes! So when Ottar found that even by the merits of his double service he could not stir the maiden's gaze towards him, he went back to the fleet, wearied out with shame and chagrin. Sigrid, in her old fashion, ran far away over the rocks, and chanced to stray in her wanderings to the abode of Ebb; where, ashamed of her nakedness and distress, she pretended to be a daughter of paupers. The mother of Ottar saw that this woman, though bestained and faded, and covered with a meagre cloak, was the scion of some noble stock; and took her, and with honourable courtesy kept her by her side in a distinguished seat. For the beauty of the maiden was a sign that betrayed her birth, and her telltale features echoed her lineage. Ottar saw her, and asked why she hid her face in her robe. Also, in order to test her mind more surely, he feigned that a woman was about to become his wife, and, as he went up into the bride-bed, gave Sigrid the torch to hold. The lights had almost burnt down, and she was hard put to it by the flame coming closer; but she showed such an example of endurance that she was seen to hold her hand motionless, and might have been thought to feel no annoyance from the heat. For the fire within mastered the fire without, and the glow

of her longing soul deadened the burn of her scorched skin. At last Ottar bade her look to her hand. Then, modestly lifting her eyes, she turned her calm gaze upon him; and straightway, the pretended marriage being put away, went up unto the bride-bed to be his wife. Siwald afterwards seized Ottar, and thought that he ought to be hanged for defiling his daughter.

But Sigrid at once explained how she had happened to be carried away, and not only brought Ottar back into the king's favour, but also induced her father himself to marry Ottar's sister. After this a battle was fought between Siwald and Ragnald in Zealand, warriors of picked valour being chosen on both sides. For three days they slaughtered one another; but so great was the bravery of both sides, that it was doubtful how the victory would go. Then Ottar, whether seized with weariness at the prolonged battle, or with desire of glory, broke, despising death, through the thickest of the foe, cut down Ragnald among the bravest of his soldiers, and won the Danes a sudden victory. This battle was notable for the cowardice of the greatest nobles. For the whole mass fell into such a panic, that forty of the bravest of the Swedes are said to have turned and fled. The chief of these, Starkad, had been used to tremble at no fortune, however cruel, and no danger, however great. But some strange terror stole upon him, and he chose to follow the flight of his friends rather than to despise it. I should think that he was filled with this alarm by the power of heaven, that he might not think himself courageous beyond the measure of human valour. Thus the prosperity of mankind is wont ever to be incomplete. Then all these warriors embraced the service of King Hakon, the mightiest of the rovers, like remnants of the war drifting to him.

After this Siwald was succeeded by his son SIGAR, who had sons Siwald, Alf, and Alger, and a daughter Signe. All excelled the rest in spirit and beauty, and devoted himself to the business of a rover. Such a grace was shed on his hair, which had a wonderful dazzling glow, that his locks seemed to shine silvery. At the same time Siward, the king of the Goths, is said to have had two sons, Wemund and Osten, and a daughter Alfhild, who showed almost from her cradle such faithfulness to modesty that she continually kept her face muffled in her robe, lest she should cause her beauty to provoke the passion of another. Her father banished her into very close keeping, and gave her a viper and a snake to rear, wishing to defend her chastity by the protection of these reptiles when they came to grow up. For it would have been hard to pry into her chamber when it was barred by so dangerous a bolt. He also enacted that if any man tried to enter it, and failed, he must straightway yield his head to be taken off and impaled on a stake. The terror which was thus attached to wantonness chastened the heated spirits of the young men.

Alf, the son of Sigar, thinking that peril of the attempt only made it nobler, declared himself a wooer, and went to subdue the beasts that kept watch beside the room of the maiden; inasmuch as, according to the decree, the embraces of the maiden were the prize of their subduer. Alf covered his body with a blood-stained hide in order to make them more frantic against him. Girt with this, as soon as he had entered the doors of the enclosure, he took a piece of red-hot steel in the tongs, and plunged it into the yawning throat of the viper, which he laid dead. Then he flung his spear full into the gaping mouth of the snake as it wound and writhed forward, and destroyed it. And when he demanded the gage which was attached to victory by the terms of the covenant, Siward answered that he would accept that man only for his daughter's husband of whom she made a free and decided choice. None but the girl's mother was stiff against the wooer's suit; and she privately spoke to her daughter in order to search her mind. The daughter warmly praised her suitor for his valour; whereon the mother upbraided her sharply, that her chastity should be unstrung, and she be captivated by charming looks; and because, forgetting to judge his virtue, she cast the gaze of a wanton mind upon the flattering lures of beauty. Thus Alfhild was led to despise the young Dane; whereupon she exchanged woman's for man's attire, and, no longer the most modest of maidens, began the life of a warlike rover.

Enrolling in her service many maidens who were of the same mind, she happened to come to a spot where a band of rovers



were lamenting the death of their captain, who had been lost in war; they made her their rover captain for her beauty, and she did deeds beyond the valour of woman. Alf made many toilsome voyages in pursuit of her, and in winter happened to come on a fleet of the Blacmen. The waters were at this time frozen hard, and the ships were caught in such a mass of ice that they could not get on by the most violent rowing. But the continued frost promised the prisoners a safer way of advance; and Alf ordered his men to try the frozen surface of the sea in their brogues, after they had taken off their slippery shoes, so that they could run over the level ice more steadily. The Blacmen supposed that they were taking to flight with all the nimbleness of their heels, and began to fight them, but their steps tottered exceedingly and they gave back, the slippery surface under their soles making their footing uncertain. But the Danes crossed the frozen sea with safer steps, and foiled the feeble advance of the enemy, whom they conquered, and then turned and sailed to Finland. Here they chanced to enter a rather narrow gulf, and, on sending a few men to reconnoitre, they learnt that the harbour was being held by a few ships. For Alfild had gone before them with her fleet into the same narrows. And when she saw the strange ships afar off, she rowed in swift haste forward to encounter them, thinking it better to attack the foe than to await them. Alf's men were against attacking so many ships with so few; but he replied that it would be shameful if anyone should report to Alfild that his desire to advance could be checked by a few ships in the path; for he said that their record of honours ought not to be tarnished by such a trifle.

The Danes wondered whence their enemies got such grace of bodily beauty and such supple limbs. So, when they began the sea-fight, the young man Alf leapt on Alfild's prow, and advanced towards the stern, slaughtering all that withstood him. His comrade Borgar struck off Alfild's helmet, and, seeing the smoothness of her chin, saw that he must fight with kisses and not with arms; that the cruel spears must be put away, and the enemy handled with gentler dealings. So Alf rejoiced that the woman whom he had sought over land and sea in the face of so many dangers was now beyond all expectation in his power; whereupon he took hold of her eagerly, and made her change her man's apparel for a woman's; and afterwards begot on her a daughter, Gurid. Also Borgar wedded the attendant of Alfild, Groa, and had by her a son, Harald, to whom the following age gave the surname Hylde-land.

And that no one may wonder that this sex laboured at warfare, I will make a brief digression, in order to give a short account of the estate and character of such women. There were once women among the Danes who dressed themselves to look like men, and devoted almost every instant of their lives to the pursuit of war, that they might not suffer their valour to be unstrung or dulled by the infection of luxury. For they abhorred all dainty living, and used to harden their minds and bodies with toil and endurance. They put away all the softness and lightmindedness of women, and inured their womanish spirit to masculine ruthlessness. They sought, moreover, so zealously to be skilled in warfare, that they might have been thought to have unsexed themselves. Those especially, who had either force of character or tall and comely persons, used to enter on this kind of life. These women, therefore (just as if they had forgotten their natural estate, and preferred sternness to soft words), offered war rather than kisses, and would rather taste blood than busses, and went about the business of arms more than that of amours. They devoted those hands to the lance which they should rather have applied to the loom. They assailed men with their spears whom they could have melted with their looks, they thought of death and not of dalliance. Now I will cease to wander, and will go back to my theme.

In the early spring, Alf and Alger, who had gone back to sea-roving, were exploring the sea in various directions, when they lighted with a hundred ships upon Helwin, Hagbard, and Hamund, sons of the kinglet Hamund. These they attacked and only the twilight stayed their blood-wearied hands; and in the night the soldiers were ordered to keep truce. On the morrow this was ratified for good by a mutual oath; for such loss had been suffered on both sides in the battle of the day before that they had no force left to fight again. Thus, exhausted by qual-

ity of valour, they were driven perforce to make peace. About the same time Hildigisl, a Teuton Of noble birth, relying on his looks and his rank, sued for Signe, the daughter of Sigar. But she scorned him, chiefly for his insignificance, inasmuch as he was not brave, but wished to adorn his fortunes with the courage of other people. But this woman was inclined to love Hakon, chiefly for the high renown of his great deeds. For she thought more of the brave than the feeble; she admired notable deeds more than looks, knowing that every allurements of beauty is mere dross when reckoned against simple valour, and cannot weigh equal with it in the balance. For there are maids that are more charmed by the fame than by the face of their lovers; who go not by the looks, but by the mind, and whom naught but regard for a man's spirit can kindle to pledge their own troth. Now Hagbard, going to Denmark with the sons of Sigar, gained speech of their sister without their knowledge, and in the end induced her to pledge her word to him that she would secretly become his mistress. Afterwards, when the waiting-women happened to be comparing the honourable deeds of the nobles, she preferred Hakon to Hildigisl, declaring that the latter had nothing to praise but his looks, while in the case of the other a wrinkled visage was outweighed by a choice spirit. Not content with this plain kind of praise, she is said to have sung as follows:

"This man lacks fairness, but shines with foremost courage, measuring his features by his force.

"For the lofty soul redeems the shortcoming of harsh looks, and conquers the body's blemish.

"His look flashes with spirit, his face, notable in its very harshness, delights in fierceness.

"He who strictly judges character praises not the mind for the fair hue, but rather the complexion for the mind.

"This man is not prized for beauty, but for brave daring and war-won honour.

"While the other is commended by his comely head and radiant countenance and crest of lustrous locks.

"Vile is the empty grace of beauty, self-confounded the deceptive pride of comeliness.

"Valour and looks are swayed by different inclinations: one lasts on, the other perishes.

"Empty red and white brings in vice, and is frittered away little by little by the lightly gliding years;

"But courage plants firmer the hearts devoted to it, and does not slip and straightway fall.

"The voice of the multitude is beguiled by outward good, and forsakes the rule of right;

"But I praise virtue at a higher rate, and scorn the grace of comeliness."

This utterance fell on the ears of the bystanders in such a way, that they thought she praised Hagbard under the name of Hakon. And Hildigisl, vexed that she preferred Hagbard to himself, bribed a certain blind man, Bolwis, to bring the sons of Sigar and the sons of Hamund to turn their friendship into hatred. For King Sigar had been used to transact almost all affairs by the advice of two old men, one of whom was Bolwis. The temper of these two men was so different, that one used to reconcile folk who were at feud, while the other loved to sunder in hatred those who were bound by friendship, and by estranging folk to fan pestilent quarrels.

So Bolwis began by reviling the sons of Hamund to the sons of Sigar, in lying slanders, declaring that they never used to preserve the bonds of fellowship loyally, and that they must be restrained by war rather than by league. Thus the alliance of the young men was broken through; and while Hagbard was far away, the sons of Sigar, Alf and Alger, made an attack, and Helwin and Hamund were destroyed by the harbour which is called Hamund's Bay. Hagbard then came up with fresh forces to avenge his brothers, and destroyed them in battle. Hildigisl slunk off with a spear through both buttocks, which was the occasion for a jeer at the Teutons, since the ugliness of the blow did not fail to brand it with disgrace.

Afterwards Hagbard dressed himself in woman's attire, and, as though he had not wronged Sigar's daughter by slaying her brothers, went back to her alone, trusting in the promise he had from her, and feeling more safe in her loyalty than alarmed by

reason of his own misdeed. Thus does lust despise peril. And, not to lack a pretext for his journey, he gave himself out as a fighting-maid of Hakon, saying that he took an embassy from him to Sigar. And when he was taken to bed at night among the handmaids, and the woman who washed his feet were wiping them, they asked him why he had such hairy legs, and why his hands were not at all soft to touch, he answered:

"What wonder that the soft hollow of my foot should harden, and that long hairs should stay on my shaggy leg, when the sand has so often smitten my soles beneath, and the briars have caught me in mid-step?"

"Now I scour the forest with leaping, now the waters with running. Now the sea, now the earth, now the wave is my path.

"Nor could my breast, shut in bonds of steel, and wont to be beaten with lance and missile, ever have been soft to the touch, as with you who are covered by the mantle or the smooth gown.

"Not the distaff or the wool-frails, but spears dripping from the slaughter, have served for our handling."

Signe did not hesitate to back up his words with like dissembling, and replied that it was natural that hands which dealt more in wounds than wools, and in battle than in tasks of the house should show the hardness that befitted their service; and that, unenfeebled with the pliable softness of women, they should not feel smooth to the touch of others. For they were hardened partly by the toils of war, partly by the habit of seafaring. For, said she, the warlike handmaid of Hakon did not deal in woman's business, but had been wont to bring her right hand blood-stained with hurling spears and flinging missiles. It was no wonder, therefore, if her soles were hardened by the immense journeys she had gone; and that, when the shores she had scoured so often had bruised them with their rough and broken shingle, they should toughen in a horny stiffness, and should not feel soft to the touch like theirs, whose steps never strayed, but who were forever cooped within the confines of the palace. Hagbard received her as his bedfellow, under plea that he was to have the couch of honour; and, amid their converse of mutual delight, he addressed her slowly in such words as these:

"If thy father takes me and gives me to bitter death, wilt thou ever, when I am dead, forget so strong a troth, and again seek the marriage-plight?"

"For if the chance should fall that way, I can hope for no room for pardon; nor will the father who is to avenge his sons spare or have pity.

"For I stripped thy brothers of their power on the sea and slew them; and now, unknown to thy father, as though I had done naught before counter to his will, I hold thee in the couch we share.

"Say, then, my one love, what manner of wish wilt thou show when thou lackest the accustomed embrace?"

Signe answered:

"Trust me, dear; I wish to die with thee, if fate brings thy turn to perish first, and not to prolong my span of life at all, when once dismal death has cast thee to the tomb.

"For if thou chance to close thy eyes for ever, a victim to the maddened attack of the men-at-arms;—by whatsoever doom thy breath be cut off, by sword or disease, by sea or soil, I forswear every wanton and corrupt flame, and vow myself to a death like thine; that they who were bound by one marriage-union may be embraced in one and the same punishment. Nor will I quit this man, though I am to feel the pains of death; I have resolved he is worthy of my love who gathered the first kisses of my mouth, and had the first fruits of my delicate youth. I think that no vow will be surer than this, if speech of woman have any loyalty at all."

This speech so quickened the spirit of Hagbard, that he found more pleasure in her promise than peril in his own going away (to his death). The serving-women betrayed him; and when Sigar's men-at-arms attacked him, he defended himself long and stubbornly, and slew many of them in the doorway. But at last he was taken, and brought before the assembly, and found the voices of the people divided over him. For very many said that he should be punished for so great an offence; but Bilwis, the brother of Bolwis, and others, conceived a better judgment, and advised that it would be better to use his stout service than to deal with him too

ruthlessly. Then Bolwis came forward and declared that it was evil advice which urged the king to pardon when he ought to take vengeance, and to soften with unworthy compassion his righteous impulse to anger. For how could Sigar, in the case of this man, feel any desire to spare or pity him, when he had not only robbed him of the double comfort of his sons, but had also bestowed him with the insult of deflowering his daughter? The greater part of the assembly voted for this opinion; Hagbard was condemned, and a gallows-tree planted to receive him. Hence it came about that he who at first had hardly one sinister voice against him was punished with general harshness. Soon after the queen handed him a cup, and, bidding him assuage his thirst, vexed him with threats after this manner:

"Now, insolent Hagbard, whom the whole assembly has pronounced worthy of death, now to quench thy thirst thou shalt give thy lips liquor to drink in a cup of horn.

"Wherefore cast away fear, and, at this last hour of thy life, taste with bold lips the deadly goblet;

"That, having drunk it, thou mayst presently land by the dwellings of those below, passing into the sequestered palace of stern Dis, giving thy body to the gibbet and thy spirit to Orcus."

Then the young man took the cup offered him, and is said to have made answer as follows:

"With this hand, wherewith I cut off thy twin sons, I will take my last taste, yea the draught of the last drink.

"Now not unavenged shall I go to the Elysian regions, not chastising to the stern ghosts. For these men have first been shut in the dens of Tartarus by a slaughter wrought by my endeavours. This right hand was wet with blood that was yours, this hand robbed thy children of the years of their youth, children whom thy womb brought to light; but the deadly sword spared it not then. Infamous woman, raving in spirit, hapless, childless mother, no years shall restore to thee the lost, no time and no day whatsoever shall save thy child from the starkness of death, or redeem him!"

Thus he avenged the queen's threats of death by taunting her with the youths whom he had slain; and, flinging back the cup at her, drenched her face with the sprinkled wine.

Meantime Signe asked her weeping women whether they could endure to bear her company in the things which she purposed. They promised that they would carry out and perform themselves whatsoever their mistress should come to wish, and their promise was loyally kept. Then, drowned in tears, she said that she wished to follow in death the only partner of her bed that she had ever had; and ordered that, as soon as the signal had been given from a place of watch, torches should be put to the room, then that halters should be made out of their robes; and to these they should proffer their throats to be strangled, thrusting away the support to the feet. They agreed, and that they might blench the less at death, she gave them a draught of wine. After this Hagbard was led to the hill, which afterwards took its name from him, to be hanged. Then, to test the loyalty of his true love, he told the executioners to hang up his mantle, saying that it would be a pleasure to him if he could see the likeness of his approaching death rehearsed in some way. The request was granted; and the watcher on the outlook, thinking that the thing was being done to Hagbard, reported what she saw to the maidens who were shut within the palace. They quickly fired the house, and thrusting away the wooden support under their feet, gave their necks to the noose to be written. So Hagbard, when he saw the palace wrapped in fire, and the familiar chamber blazing, said that he felt more joy from the loyalty of his mistress than sorrow at his approaching death. He also charged the bystanders to do him to death, witnessing how little he made of his doom by a song like this:

"Swiftly, O warriors! Let me be caught and lifted into the air. Sweet, O my bride! Is it for me to die when thou hast gone.

"I perceive the crackling and the house ruddy with flames; and the love, long-promised, declares our troth.

"Behold, thy covenant is fulfilled with no doubtful vows, since thou sharest my life and my destruction.

"We shall have one end, one bond after our troth, and somewhere our first love will live on.

"Happy am I, that have deserved to have joy of such a consort, and not to go basely alone to the gods of Tartarus!

"Then let the knot gripe the midst of the throat; nought but pleasure the last doom shall bring,

"Since there remains a sure hope of the renewal of love, and a death which will soon have joys of its own.

"Either country is sweet; in both worlds shall be held in honour the repose of our souls together, our equal truth in love,

"For, see now, I welcome the doom before me; since not even among the shades does very love suffer the embrace of its partner to perish." And as he spoke the executioners strangled him. And, that none may think that all traces of antiquity have utterly disappeared, a proof of the aforesaid event is afforded by local marks yet existing; for the killing of Hagbard gave his name to the stead; and not far from the town of Sigar there is a place to be seen, where a mound a little above the level, with the appearance of a swelling in the ground, looks like an ancient homestead. Moreover, a man told Absalon that he had seen a beam found in the spot, which a countryman struck with his ploughshare as he burrowed into the clods.

Hakon, the son of Hamund, heard of this; but when he was seen to be on the point of turning his arms from the Irish against the Danes in order to avenge his brother, Hakon the Zealander, the son of Wigar, and Starkad deserted him. They had been his allies from the death of Ragnald up to that hour: one, because he was moved by regard for friendship, the other by regard for his birth; so that different reasons made both desire the same thing.

Now patriotism diverted Hakon (of Zealand) from attacking his country; for it was apparent that he was going to fight his own people, while all the rest warred with foreigners. But Starkad forbore to become the foe of the aged Sigar, whose hospitality he had enjoyed, lest he should be thought to wrong one who deserved well of him. For some men pay such respect to hospitality that, if they can remember ever to have experienced kindly offices from folk, they cannot be thought to inflict any annoyance on them. But Hakon thought the death of his brother a worse loss than the defection of his champions; and, gathering his fleet into the haven called Herwig in Danish, and in Latin Hosts' Bight, he drew up his men, and posted his line of foot-soldiers in the spot where the town built by Esbern now defends with its fortifications those who dwell hard by, and repels the approach of barbarous savages. Then he divided his forces in three, and sent on two-thirds of his ships, appointing a few men to row to the river Susa. This force was to advance on a dangerous voyage along its winding reaches, and to help those on foot if necessary. He marched in person by land with the remainder, advancing chiefly over wooded country to escape notice. Part of this path, which was once closed up with thick woods, is now land ready for the plough, and fringed with a scanty scrub. And, in order that when they got out into the plain they might not lack the shelter of trees, he told them to cut and carry branches. Also, that nothing might burden their rapid march, he bade them cast away some of their clothes, as well as their scabbards; and carry their swords naked. In memory of this event he left the mountain and the ford a perpetual name. Thus by his night march he eluded two pickets of sentries; but when he came upon the third, a scout, observing the marvellous event, went to the sleeping-room of Sigar, saying that he brought news of a portentous thing; for he saw leaves and shrubs like men walking. Then the king asked him how far off was the advancing forest; and when he heard that it was near, he added that this prodigy boded his own death. Hence the marsh where the shrubs were cut down was styled in common parlance Deadly Marsh. Therefore, fearing the narrow passages, he left the town, and went to a level spot which was more open, there to meet the enemy in battle. Sigar fought unsuccessfully, and was crushed and slain at the spot that is called in common speech Walbrunna, but in Latin the Spring of Corpses or Carnage. Then Hakon used his conquest to cruel purpose, and followed up his good fortune so wickedly, that he lusted for an indiscriminate massacre, and thought no forbearance should be shown to rank or sex. Nor did he yield to any regard for compassion or shame, but stained his sword in the blood of women, and attacked mothers and children in one general and ruthless slaughter.

SIWALD, the son of Sigar, had thus far stayed under his father's roof. But when he heard of this, he mustered an army in order to have his vengeance. So Hakon, alarmed at the gathering of such numbers, went back with a third of his army to his fleet at Herwig, and planned to depart by sea. But his colleague, Hakon, surnamed the Proud, thought that he ought himself to feel more confidence at the late victory than fear at the absence of Hakon; and, preferring death to flight, tried to defend the remainder of the army. So he drew back his camp for a little, and for a long time waited near the town of Axelsted, for the arrival of the fleet, blaming his friends for their tardy coming. For the fleet that had been sent into the river had not yet come to anchor in the appointed harbour. Now the killing of Sigar and the love of Siwald were stirring the temper of the people one and all, so that both sexes devoted themselves to war, and you would have thought that the battle did not lack the aid of women.

On the morrow Hakon and Siwald met in an encounter and fought two whole days. The combat was most frightful; both generals fell; and victory graced the remnants of the Danes. But, in the night after the battle, the fleet, having penetrated the Susa, reached the appointed haven. It was once possible to row along this river; but its bed is now choked with solid substances, and is so narrowed by its straits that few vessels can get in, being prevented by its sluggishness and contractedness. At daybreak, when the sailors saw the corpses of their friends, they heaped up, in order to bury the general, a barrow of notable size, which is famous to this day, and is commonly named Hakon's Howe.

But Borgar, with Skanian chivalry suddenly came up and slaughtered a multitude of them. When the enemy were destroyed, he manned their ships, which now lacked their rowers, and hastily, with breathless speed, pursued the son of Hamund. He encountered him, and ill-fortune befell Hakon, who fled in hasty panic with three ships to the country of the Scots, where, after two years had gone by, he died.

All these perilous wars and fortunes had so exhausted the royal line among the Danes, that it was found to be reduced to GURID alone, the daughter of Alf, and granddaughter of Sigar. And when the Danes saw themselves deprived of their usual high-born sovereigns, they committed the kingdom to men of the people, and appointed rulers out of the commons, assigning to Ostmar the regency of Skaane, and that of Zealand to Hunding; on Hane they conferred the lordship of Funen; while in the hands of Rorik and Hather they put the supreme power of Jutland, the authority being divided. Therefore, that it may not be unknown from what father sprang the succeeding line of kings, some matters come to my mind which must be glanced at for a while in a needful digression.

They say that Gunnar, the bravest of the Swedes, was once at feud with Norway for the most weighty reasons, and that he was granted liberty to attack it, but that he turned this liberty into licence by the greatest perils, and fell, in the first of the raids he planned, upon the district of Jather, which he put partly to the sword and partly to the flames. Forbearing to plunder, he rejoiced only in passing through the paths that were covered with corpses, and the blood-stained ways. Other men used to abstain from bloodshed, and love pillage more than slaughter; but he preferred bloodthirstiness to booty, and liked best to wreak his deadly pleasure by slaughtering men. His cruelty drove the islanders to forestall the impending danger by a public submission. Moreover, Ragnald, the King of the Northmen, now in extreme age, when he heard how the tyrant busied himself, had a cave made and shut up in it his daughter Drotia, giving her due attendance, and providing her maintenance for a long time. Also he committed to the cave some swords which had been adorned with the choicest smith-craft, besides the royal household gear; so that he might not leave the enemy to capture and use the sword, which he saw that he could not wield himself. And, to prevent the cave being noticed by its height, he levelled the hump down to the firmer ground. Then he set out to war; but being unable with his aged limbs to go down into battle, he leaned on the shoulders of his escort and walked forth propped by the steps of others. So he perished in the battle, where he fought with more ardour than success, and left his country a sore matter for shame.

For Gunnar, in order to punish the cowardice of the conquered race by terms of extraordinary baseness, had a dog set over them as a governor. What can we suppose to have been his object in this action, unless it were to make a haughty nation feel that their arrogance was being more signally punished when they bowed their stubborn heads before a yapping hound? To let no insult be lacking, he appointed governors to look after public and private affairs in its name; and he appointed separate ranks of nobles to keep continual and steadfast watch over it. He also enacted that if any one of the courtiers thought it contemptible to do allegiance to their chief, and omitted offering most respectful homage to its various goings and comings as it ran hither and thither, he should be punished with loss of his limbs. Also Gunnar imposed on the nation a double tribute, one to be paid out of the autumn harvest, the other in the spring. Thus he burst the bubble conceit of the Norwegians, to make them feel clearly how their pride was gone, when they saw it forced to do homage to a dog.

When he heard that the king's daughter was shut up in some distant hiding-place, Gunnar strained his wits in every nerve to track her out. Hence, while he was himself conducting the search with others, his doubtful ear caught the distant sound of a subterranean hum. Then he went on slowly, and recognized a human voice with greater certainty. He ordered the ground underfoot to be dug down to the solid rock; and when the cave was suddenly laid open, he saw the winding tunnels. The servants were slain as they tried to guard the now uncovered entrance to the cave, and the girl was dragged out of the hole, together with the booty therein concealed. With great foresight, she had consigned at any rate her father's swords to the protection of a more secret place. Gunnar forced her to submit to his will, and she bore a son Hildiger. This man was such a rival to his father in cruelty, that he was ever thirsting to kill, and was bent on nothing but the destruction of men, panting with a boundless lust for bloodshed. Outlawed by his father on account of his unbearable ruthlessness, and soon after presented by Alver with a government, he spent his whole life in arms, visiting his neighbours with wars and slaughters; nor did he, in his estate of banishment, relax his accustomed savagery a whir, but would not change his spirit with his habitation.

Meanwhile Borgar, finding that Gunnar had married Drotá, the daughter of Ragnald, by violence, took from him both life and wife, and wedded Drotá himself. She was not an unwilling bride; she thought it right for her to embrace the avenger of her parent. For the daughter mourned her father, and could never bring herself to submit with any pleasure to his murderer. This woman and Borgar had a son Halfdan, who through all his early youth was believed to be stupid, but whose later years proved illustrious for the most glorious deeds, and famous for the highest qualities that can grace life. Once, when a stripling, he mocked in boyish fashion at a champion of noble repute, who smote him with a buffet; whereupon Halfdan attacked him with the staff he was carrying and killed him. This deed was an omen of his future honours; he had hitherto been held in scorn, but henceforth throughout his life he had the highest honour and glory. The affair, indeed, was a prophecy of the greatness of his deeds in war.

At this period, Rothe, a Ruthenian rover, almost destroyed our country with his rapine and cruelty. His harshness was so notable that, while other men spared their prisoners utter nakedness, he did not think it uncomely to strip of their coverings even the privy parts of their bodies; wherefore we are wont to this day to call all severe and monstrous acts of rapine Rothe-Ran (Rothe's Robbery). He used also sometimes to inflict the following kind of torture: Fastening the men's right feet firmly to the earth, he tied the left feet to boughs for the purpose that when these should spring back the body would be rent asunder. Hane, Prince of Funen, wishing to win honour and glory, tried to attack this man with his sea-forces, but took to flight with one attendant. It was in reproach of him that the proverb arose: "The cock (Hane) fights better on its own dunghill." Then Borgar, who could not bear to see his countrymen perishing any longer, encountered Rothe. Together they fought and together they perished. It is said that in this battle Halfdan was sorely stricken, and was for some time feeble with the wounds he had received. One of these was inflicted conspicu-

ously on his mouth, and its scar was so manifest that it remained as an open blotch when all the other wounds were healed; for the crushed portion of the lip was so ulcerated by the swelling, that the flesh would not grow out again and mend the noisome gash. This circumstance fixed on him a most insulting nickname,... although wounds in the front of the body commonly bring praise and not ignominy. So spiteful a colour does the belief of the vulgar sometimes put upon men's virtues.

Meanwhile Gurid, the daughter of Alf, seeing that the royal line was reduced to herself alone, and having no equal in birth whom she could marry, proclaimed a vow imposing chastity on herself, thinking it better to have no husband than to take one from the commons. Moreover, to escape outrage, she guarded her room with a chosen band of champions. Once Halfdan happened to come to see her. The champions, whose brother he had himself slain in his boyhood, were away. He told her that she ought to loose her virgin zone, and exchange her austere chastity for deeds of love; that she ought not to give in so much to her inclination for modesty as to be too proud to make a match, and so by her service repair the fallen monarchy. So he bade her look on himself, who was of eminently illustrious birth, in the light of a husband, since it appeared that she would only admit pleasure for the reason he had named. Gurid answered that she could not bring her mind to ally the remnants of the royal line to a man of meaner rank. Not content with reproaching his obscure birth, she also taunted his unsightly countenance. Halfdan rejoined that she brought against him two faults: one that his blood was not illustrious enough; another, that he was blemished with a cracked lip whose scar had never healed. Therefore he would not come back to ask for her before he had wiped away both marks of shame by winning glory in war.

Halfdan entreated her to suffer no man to be privy to her bed until she heard certain tidings either of his return or his death. The champions, whom he had bereaved of their brother long ago, were angry that he had spoken to Gurid, and tried to ride after him as he went away. When he saw it, he told his comrades to go into ambush, and said he would encounter the champions alone. His followers lingered, and thought it shameful to obey his orders, but he drove them off with threats, saying that Gurid should not find that fear had made him refuse to fight. Presently he cut down an oak-tree and fashioned it into a club, fought the twelve single-handed, and killed them. After their destruction, not content with the honours of so splendid an action, and meaning to do one yet greater, he got from his mother the swords of his grandfather, one of which was called Lyusing,... and the other Hwytling, after the sheen of its well-whetted point. But when he heard that war was raging between Alver, the King of Sweden, and the Ruthenians (Russians), he instantly went to Russia, offered help to the natives, and was received by all with the utmost honour. Alver was not far off, there being only a little ground to cross to cover the distance between the two. Alver's soldier Hildiger, the son of Gunnar, challenged the champions of the Ruthenians to fight him; but when he saw that Halfdan was put up against him, though knowing well that he was Halfdan's brother, he let natural feeling prevail over courage, and said that he, who was famous for the destruction of seventy champions, would not fight with an untried man. Therefore he told him to measure himself in enterprises of lesser moment, and thenceforth to follow pursuits fitted to his strength. He made this announcement not from distrust in his own courage, but in order to preserve his uprightness; for he was not only very valiant, but also skilled at blunting the sword with spells. For when he remembered that Halfdan's father had slain his own, he was moved by two feelings—the desire to avenge his father, and his love for his brother. He therefore thought it better to retire from the challenge than to be guilty of a very great crime. Halfdan demanded another champion in his place, slew him when he appeared, and was soon awarded the palm of valour even by the voice of the enemy, being accounted by public acclamation the bravest of all. On the next day he asked for two men to fight with, and slew them both. On the third day he subdued three; on the fourth he overcame four who met him; and on the fifth he asked for five.

When Halfdan conquered these, and when the eighth day had

been reached with an equal increase in the combatants and in the victory, he laid low eleven who attacked him at once. Hildiger, seeing that his own record of honours was equalled by the greatness of Halfdan's deeds could not bear to decline to meet him any longer. And when he felt that Halfdan had dealt him a deadly wound with a sword wrapped in rags, he threw away his arms, and, lying on the earth, addressed his brother as follows:

"It is pleasing to pass an hour away in mutual talk; and, while the sword rests, to sit a little on the ground and while away the time by speaking in turn, and keep ourselves in good heart. Time is left for our purpose; our two destinies have a different lot; one is surely doomed to die by a fatal weird, while triumph and glory and all the good of living await the other in better years. Thus our omens differ, and our portions are distinguished. Thou art a son of the Danish land, I of the country of Sweden. Once, Drotathy mother had her breast swell for thee; she bore me, and by her I am thy foster-brother. Lo now, there perishes a righteous offspring, who had the heart to fight with savage spears; brothers born of a shining race charge and bring death on one another; while they long for the height of power, they lose their days, and, having now received a fatal mischief in their desire for a sceptre, they will go to Styx in a common death. Fast by my head stands my Swedish shield, which is adorned with (as) a fresh mirror of diverse chasing, and ringed with layers of marvellous fretwork. There a picture of really hues shows slain nobles and conquered champions, and the wars also and the notable deed of my right hand. In the midst is to be seen, painted in bright relief, the figure of my son, whom this hand bereft of his span of life. He was our only heir, the only thought of his father's mind, and given to his mother with comfort from above. An evil lot, which heaps years of ill-fortune on the joyous, chokes mirth in mourning, and troubles our destiny. For it is lamentable and wretched to drag out a downcast life, to draw breath through dismal days and to chafe at foreboding. But whatsoever things are bound by the prophetic order of the fates, whatsoever are shadowed in the secrets of the divine plan, whatsoever are foreseen and fixed in the course of the destinies, no change of what is transient shall cancel these things."

When he had thus spoken, Halfdan condemned Hildiger for sloth in avowing so late their bond of brotherhood; he declared he had kept silence that he might not be thought a coward for refusing to fight, or a villain if he fought; and while intent on these words of excuse, he died. But report had given out among the Danes that Hildiger had overthrown Halfdan. After this, Siwar, a Saxon of very high birth, began to be a suitor for Gurid, the only survivor of the royal blood among the Danes. Secretly she preferred Halfdan to him, and imposed on her wooer the condition that he should not ask her in marriage till he had united into one body the kingdom of the Danes, which was now torn limb from limb, and restored by arms what had been wrongfully taken from her. Siwar made a vain attempt to do this; but as he bribed all the guardians, she was at last granted to him in betrothal. Halfdan heard of this in Russia through traders, and voyaged so hard that he arrived before the time of the wedding-rites. On their first day, before he went to the palace, he gave orders that his men should not stir from the watches appointed them till their ears caught the clash of the steel in the distance. Unknown to the guests, he came and stood before the maiden, and, that he might not reveal his meaning to too many by bare and common speech, he composed a dark and ambiguous song as follows:

"As I left my father's sceptre, I had no fear of the wiles of woman's device nor of female subtlety.

"When I overthrew, one and two, three and four, and soon five, and next six, then seven, and also eight, yea eleven single-handed, triumphant in battle.

"But neither did I then think that I was to be shamed with the taint of disgrace, with thy frailness to thy word and thy beguiling pledges."

Gurid answered: "My soul wavered in suspense, with slender power over events, and shifted about with restless fickleness. The report of thee was so fleeting, so doubtful, borne on uncertain stories, and parched by doubting heart. I feared that the years of thy youth had perished by the sword. Could I withstand singly my elders and governors, when they forbade me to refuse that thing,

and pressed me to become a wife? My love and my flame are both yet unchanged, they shall be mate and match to thine; nor has my troth been disturbed, but shall have faithful approach to thee.

"For my promise has not yet beguiled thee at all, though I, being alone, could not reject the counsel of such manifold persuasion, nor oppose their stern bidding in the matter of my consent to the marriage bond."

Before the maiden had finished her answer, Halfdan had already run his sword through the bridegroom. Not content with having killed one man, he massacred most of the guests. Staggering tipsily backwards, the Saxons ran at him, but his servants came up and slaughtered them. After this HALFDAN took Gurid to wife. But finding in her the fault of barrenness, and desiring much to have offspring, he went to Upsala in order to procure fruitfulness for her; and being told in answer, that he must make atonement to the shades of his brother if he would raise up children, he obeyed the oracle, and was comforted by gaining his desire. For he had a son by Gurid, to whom he gave the name of Harald. Under his title Halfdan tried to restore the kingdom of the Danes to its ancient estate, as it was torn asunder by the injuries of the chiefs; but, while fighting in Zealand, he attacked Wesete, a very famous champion, in battle, and was slain. Gurid was at the battle in man's attire, from love for her son. She saw the event; the young man fought hotly, but his companions fled; and she took him on her shoulders to a neighbouring wood. Weariness, more than anything else, kept the enemy from pursuing him; but one of them shot him as he hung, with an arrow, through the hinder parts, and Harald thought that his mother's care brought him more shame than help.

HARALD, being of great beauty and unusual size, and surpassing those of his age in strength and stature, received such favour from Odin (whose oracle was thought to have been the cause of his birth), that steel could not injure his perfect soundness. The result was, that shafts which wounded others were disabled from doing him any harm. Nor was the boon unrequited; for he is reported to have promised to Odin all the souls which his sword cast out of their bodies. He also had his father's deeds recorded for a memorial by craftsmen on a rock in Bleking, whereof I have made mention.

After this, hearing that Wesete was to hold his wedding in Skaane, he went to the feast disguised as a beggar; and when all were sunk in wine and sleep, he battered the bride-chamber with a beam. But Wesete, without inflicting a wound, so beat his mouth with a cudgel, that he took out two teeth; but two grinders unexpectedly broke out afterwards and repaired their loss: an event which earned him the name of Hyldetand, which some declare he obtained on account of a prominent row of teeth. Here he slew Wesete, and got the sovereignty of Skaane. Next he attacked and killed Hather in Jutland; and his fall is marked by the lasting name of the town. After this he overthrew Hunding and Rorik, seized Leire, and reunited the dismembered realm of Denmark into its original shape. Then he found that Asmund, the King of the Wikars, had been deprived of his throne by his elder sister; and, angered by such presumption on the part of a woman, went to Norway with a single ship, while the war was still undecided, to help him. The battle began; and, clothed in a purple cloak, with a coif brodered with gold, and with his hair bound up, he went against the enemy trusting not in arms, but in his silent certainty of his luck, insomuch that he seemed dressed more for a feast than a fray. But his spirit did not match his attire. For, though unarmed and only adorned with his emblems of royalty, he outstripped the rest who bore arms, and exposed himself, lightly-armed as he was, to the hottest perils of the battle. For the shafts aimed against him lost all power to hurt, as if their points had been blunted. When the other side saw him fighting unarmed, they made an attack, and were forced for very shame into assailing him more hotly. But Harald, whole in body, either put them to the sword, or made them take to flight; and thus he overthrew the sister of Asmund, and restored him his kingdom. When Asmund offered him the prizes of victory, he said that the reward of glory was enough by itself; and demeaned himself as greatly in refusing the gifts as he had in earning them. By this he made all men admire his self-restraint as much as his valour; and declared that the victory should give him

a harvest not of gold but glory.

Meantime Alver, the King of the Swedes, died leaving sons Olaf, Ing, and Ingild. One of these, Ing, dissatisfied with the honours his father bequeathed him, declared war with the Danes in order to extend his empire. And when Harald wished to inquire of oracles how this war would end, an old man of great height, but lacking one eye, and clad also in a hairy mantle, appeared before him, and declared that he was called Odin, and was versed in the practice of warfare; and he gave him the most useful instruction how to divide up his army in the field. Now he told him, whenever he was going to make war with his land-forces, to divide his whole army into three squadrons, each of which he was to pack into twenty ranks; the centre squadron, however, he was to extend further than the rest by the number of twenty men. This squadron he was also to arrange in the form of the point of a cone or pyramid, and to make the wings on either side slant off obliquely from it. He was to compose the successive ranks of each squadron in the following way: the front should begin with two men, and the number in each succeeding rank should only increase by one; he was, in fact, to post a rank of three in the second line, four in the third, and so on behind. And thus, when the men mustered, all the succeeding ranks were to be manned at the same rate of proportion, until the end of (the edge that made) the junction of men came down to the wings; each wing was to be drawn up in ten lines from that point. Likewise after these squadrons he was to put the young men, equipped with lances, and behind these to set the company of aged men, who would support their comrades with what one might call a veteran valour if they faltered; next, a skilful reckoner should attach wings of slingers to stand behind the ranks of their fellows and attack the enemy from a distance with missiles. After these he was to enroll men of any age or rank indiscriminately, without heed of their estate. Moreover, he was to draw up the rear like the vanguard, in three separated divisions, and arranged in ranks similarly proportioned. The back of this, joining on to the body in front would protect it by facing in the opposite direction. But if a sea-battle happened to occur, he should withdraw a portion of his fleet, which when he began the intended engagement, was to cruise round that of the enemy, wheeling to and fro continually. Equipped with this system of warfare, he forestalled matters in Sweden, and killed Ing and Olaf as they were making ready to fight. Their brother Ingild sent messengers to beg a truce, on pretence of his ill-health. Harald granted his request, that his own valour, which had learnt to spare distress, might not triumph over a man in the hour of lowliness and dejection. When Ingild afterwards provoked Harald by wrongfully ravishing his sister, Harald vexed him with long and indecisive war, but then took him into his friendship, thinking it better to have him for ally than for enemy.

After this he heard that Olaf, King of the Thronds, had to fight with the maidens Stikla and Rusila for the kingdom. Much angered at this arrogance on the part of women, he went to Olaf unobserved, put on dress which concealed the length of his teeth, and attacked the maidens. He overthrew them both, leaving to two harbours a name akin to theirs. It was then that he gave a notable exhibition of valour; for defended only by a shirt under his shoulders, he fronted the spears with unarmed breast.

When Olaf offered Harald the prize of victory, he rejected the gift, thus leaving it a question whether he had shown a greater example of bravery or self-control. Then he attacked a champion of the Frisian nation, named Ubbe, who was ravaging the borders of Jutland and destroying numbers of the common people; and when Harald could not subdue him to his arms, he charged his soldiers to grip him with their hands, throw him on the ground, and to bind him while thus overpowered. Thus he only overcame the man and mastered him by a shameful kind of attack, though a little before he thought he would inflict a heavy defeat on him. But Harald gave him his sister in marriage, and thus gained him for his soldier.

Harald made tributaries of the nations that lay along the Rhine, levying troops from the bravest of that race. With these forces he conquered Slavonia in war, and caused its generals, Duk and Dal, because of their bravery, to be captured, and not killed. These men he took to serve with him, and, after overcoming Aquitania, soon went to Britain, where he overthrew the King of the Humbrians,

and enrolled the smartest of the warriors he had conquered, the chief of whom was esteemed to be Orm, surnamed the Briton. The fame of these deeds brought champions from divers parts of the world, whom he formed into a band of mercenaries. Strengthened by their numbers, he kept down insurrections in all kingdoms by the terror of his name, so that he took out of their rulers all courage to fight with one another. Moreover, no man durst assume any sovereignty on the sea without his consent; for of old the state of the Danes had the joint lordship of land and sea.

Meantime Ingild died in Sweden, leaving only a very little son, Ring, whom he had by the sister of Harald. Harald gave the boy guardians, and put him over his father's kingdom. Thus, when he had overcome princes and provinces, he passed fifty years in peace. To save the minds of his soldiers from being melted into sloth by this inaction, he decreed that they should assiduously learn from the champions the way of parrying and dealing blows. Some of these were skilled in a remarkable manner of fighting, and used to smite the eyebrow on the enemy's forehead with an infallible stroke; but if any man, on receiving the blow, blinked for fear, twitching his eyebrow, he was at once expelled the court and dismissed the service.

At this time Ole, the son of Siward and of Harald's sister, came to Denmark from the land of Norway in the desire to see his uncle. Since it is known that he had the first place among the followers of Harald, and that after the Swedish war he came to the throne of Denmark, it bears somewhat on the subject to relate the traditions of his deeds. Ole, then, when he had passed his tenth to his fifteenth year with his father, showed incredible proofs of his brilliant gifts both of mind and body. Moreover, he was so savage of countenance that his eyes were like the arms of other men against the enemy, and he terrified the bravest with his stern and flashing glance. He heard the tidings that Gunn, ruler of Tellemark, with his son Grim, was haunting as a robber the forest of Etha-scog, which was thick with underbrush and full of gloomy glens. The offence moved his anger; then he asked his father for a horse, a dog, and such armour as could be got, and cursed his youth, which was suffering the right season for valour to slip sluggishly away. He got what he asked, and explored the aforesaid wood very narrowly. He saw the footsteps of a man printed deep on the snow; for the rime was blemished by the steps, and betrayed the robber's progress. Thus guided, he went over a hill, and came on a very great river. This effaced the human tracks he had seen before, and he determined that he must cross. But the mere mass of water, whose waves ran down in a headlong torrent, seemed to forbid all crossing; for it was full of hidden reefs, and the whole length of its channel was turbid with a kind of whirl of foam. Yet all fear of danger was banished from Ole's mind by his impatience to make haste. So valour conquered fear, and rashness scorned peril; thinking nothing hard to do if it were only to his mind, he crossed the hissing eddies on horseback. When he had passed these, he came upon defiles surrounded on all sides with swamps, the interior of which was barred from easy approach by the pinnacle of a bank in front. He took his horse over this, and saw an enclosure with a number of stalls. Out of this he turned many horses, and was minded to put in his own, when a certain Tok, a servant of Gunn, angry that a stranger should wax so insolent, attacked him fiercely; but Ole foiled his assailant by simply opposing his shield. Thinking it a shame to slay the fellow with the sword, he seized him, shattered him limb by limb, and flung him across into the house whence he had issued in his haste. This insult quickly aroused Gunn and Grim: they ran out by different side-doors, and charged Ole both at once, despising his age and strength. He wounded them fatally; and, when their bodily powers were quite spent, Grim, who could scarce muster a final gasp, and whose force was almost utterly gone, with his last pants composed this song:

"Though we be weak in frame, and the loss of blood has drained our strength; since the life-breath, now drawn out by my wound, scarce quivers softly in my pierced breast:

"I counsel that we should make the battle of our last hour glorious with dauntless deeds, that none may say that a combat has anywhere been bravelier waged or harder fought;

"And that our wild strife while we bore arms may, when our

weary flesh has found rest in the tomb, win us the wage of immortal fame.

"Let our first stroke crush the shoulder-blades of the foe, let our steel cut off both his hands; so that, when Stygian Pluto has taken us, a like doom may fall on Ole also, and a common death tremble over three, and one urn cover the ashes of three."

Here Grim ended. But his father, rivalling his indomitable spirit, and wishing to give some exhortation in answer to his son's valiant speech, thus began:

"What though our veins be wholly bloodless, and in our frail body the life be brief, yet our last fight be so strong and strenuous that it suffer not the praise of us to be brief also.

"Therefore aim the javelin first at the shoulders and arms of the foe, so that the work of his hands may be weakened; and thus when we are gone three shall receive a common sepulchre, and one urn alike for three shall cover our united dust."

When he had said this, both of them, resting on their knees (for the approach of death had drained their strength), made a desperate effort to fight Ole hand to hand, in order that, before they perished, they might slay their enemy also; counting death as nothing if only they might envelope their slayer in a common fall. Ole slew one of them with his sword, the other with his hound. But even he gained no bloodless victory; for though he had been hitherto unscathed, now at last he received a wound in front. His dog diligently licked him over, and he regained his bodily strength: and soon, to publish sure news of his victory, he hung the bodies of the robbers upon gibbets in wide view. Moreover, he took the stronghold, and put in secret keeping all the booty he found there, in reserve for future use.

At this time the arrogant wantonness of the brothers Skate and Hiale waxed so high that they would take virgins of notable beauty from their parents and ravish them. Hence it came about that they formed the purpose of seizing Esa, the daughter of Olaf, prince of the Werms; and bade her father, if he would not have her serve the passion of a stranger, fight either in person, or by some deputy, in defence of his child. When Ole had news of this, he rejoiced in the chance of a battle, and borrowing the attire of a peasant, went to the dwelling of Olaf. He received one of the lowest places at table; and when he saw the household of the king in sorrow, he called the king's son closer to him, and asked why they all wore so lamentable a face. The other answered, that unless someone quickly interposed to protect them, his sister's chastity would soon be outraged by some ferocious champions. Ole next asked him what reward would be received by the man who devoted his life for the maiden. Olaf, on his son asking him about this matter, said that his daughter should go to the man who fought for her: and these words, more than anything, made Ole long to encounter the danger.

Now the maiden was wont to go from one guest to another in order to scan their faces narrowly, holding out a light that she might have a surer view of the dress and character of those who were entertained. It is also believed that she divined their lineage from the lines and features of the face, and could discern any man's birth by sheer shrewdness of vision. When she stood and fixed the scrutiny of her gaze upon Olaf, she was stricken with the strange awfulness of his eyes, and fell almost lifeless. But when her strength came slowly back, and her breath went and came more freely, she again tried to look at the young man, but suddenly slipped and fell forward, as though distraught. A third time also she strove to lift her closed and downcast gaze, but suddenly tottered and fell, unable not only to move her eyes, but even to control her feet; so much can strength be palsied by amazement. When Olaf saw it, he asked her why she had fallen so often. She averred that she was stricken by the savage gaze of the guest; that he was born of kings; and she declared that if he could baulk the will of the ravishers, he was well worthy of her arms. Then all of them asked Ole, who was keeping his face muffled in a hat, to fling off his covering, and let them see something by which to learn his features. Then, bidding them all lay aside their grief, and keep their heart far from sorrow, he uncovered his brow; and he drew the eyes of all upon him in marvel at his great beauty. For his locks were golden and the hair of his head was radiant; but he

kept the lids close over his pupils, that they might not terrify the beholders.

All were heartened with the hope of better things; the guests seemed to dance and the courtiers to leap for joy; the deepest melancholy seemed to be scattered by an outburst of cheerfulness. Thus hope relieved their fears; the banquet wore a new face, and nothing was the same, or like what it had been before. So the kindly promise of a single guest dispelled the universal terror. Meanwhile Hiale and Skate came up with ten servants, meaning to carry off the maiden then and there, and disturbed all the place with their noisy shouts. They called on the king to give battle, unless he produced his daughter instantly. Ole at once met their frenzy with the promise to fight, adding the condition that no one should stealthily attack an opponent in the rear, but should only combat in the battle face to face. Then, with his sword called Logthi, he felled them all, single-handed—an achievement beyond his years. The ground for the battle was found on an isle in the middle of a swamp, not far from which is a stead that serves to memorise this slaughter, bearing the names of the brothers Hiale and Skate together.

So the girl was given him as prize of the combat, and bore him a son Omund. Then he gained his father-in-law's leave to revisit his father. But when he heard that his country was being attacked by Thore, with the help of Toste Sacrificer, and Leotar, surnamed.... he went to fight them, content with a single servant, who was dressed as a woman. When he was near the house of Thore, he concealed his own and his attendant's swords in hollowed staves. And when he entered the palace, he disguised his true countenance, and feigned to be a man broken with age. He said that with Siward he had been king of the beggars, but that he was now in exile, having been stubbornly driven forth by the hatred of the king's son Ole. Presently many of the courtiers greeted him with the name of king, and began to kneel and offer him their hands in mockery. He told them to bear out in deeds what they had done in jest; and, plucking out the swords which he and his man kept shut in their staves, attacked the king. So some aided Ole, taking it more as jest than earnest, and would not be false to the loyalty which they mockingly yielded him; but most of them, breaking their idle vow, took the side of Thore. Thus arose an internecine and undecided fray. At last Thore was overwhelmed and slain by the arms of his own folk, as much as by these of his guests; and Leotar, wounded to the death, and judging that his conqueror, Ole, was as keen in mind as he was valorous in deeds, gave him the name of the Vigorous, and prophesied that he should perish by the same kind of trick as he had used with Thore; for, without question he should fall by the treachery of his own house. And, as he spoke, he suddenly passed away. Thus we can see that the last speech of the dying man expressed by its shrewd divination the end that should come upon his conqueror.

After these deeds Ole did not go back to his father till he had restored peace to his house. His father gave him the command of the sea, and he destroyed seventy sea-kings in a naval battle. The most distinguished among these were Birwil and Hwirwil, Thorwil, Nef and Onef, Redward, Rand and Erand. By the honour and glory of this exploit he excited many champions, whose whole heart's desire was for bravery, to join in alliance with him. He also enrolled into a bodyguard the wild young warriors who were kindled with a passion for glory. Among these he received Starkad with the greatest honour, and cherished him with more friendship than profit. Thus fortified, he checked, by the greatness of his name, the wantonness of the neighbouring kings, in that he took from them all their forces and all liking and heart for mutual warfare.

After this he went to Harald, who made him commander of the sea; and at last he was transferred to the service of Ring. At this time one Brun was the sole partner and confidant of all Harald's councils. To this man both Harald and Ring, whenever they needed a secret messenger, used to entrust their commissions. This degree of intimacy he obtained because he had been reared and fostered with them. But Brun, amid the toils of his constant journeys to and fro, was drowned in a certain river; and Odin, disguised under his name and looks, shook the close union of the kings by his treacherous embassy; and he sowed strife so guile-

fully that he engendered in men, who were bound by friendship and blood, a bitter mutual hate, which seemed unappeasable except by war. Their dissensions first grew up silently; at last both sides betrayed their leanings, and their secret malice burst into the light of day. So they declared their feuds, and seven years passed in collecting the materials of war. Some say that Harald secretly sought occasions to destroy himself, not being moved by malice or jealousy for the crown, but by a deliberate and voluntary effort. His old age and his cruelty made him a burden to his subjects; he preferred the sword to the pangs of disease, and liked better to lay down his life in the battle-field than in his bed, that he might have an end in harmony with the deeds of his past life. Thus, to make his death more illustrious, and go to the nether world in a larger company, he longed to summon many men to share his end; and he therefore of his own will prepared for war, in order to make food for future slaughter. For these reasons, being seized with as great a thirst to die himself as to kill others, and wishing the massacre on both sides to be equal, he furnished both sides with equal resources; but let Ring have a somewhat stronger force, preferring he should conquer and survive him.

## BOOK EIGHT.

STARKAD was the first to set in order in Danish speech the history of the Swedish war, a conflict whereof he was himself a mighty pillar; the said history being rather an oral than a written tradition. He set forth and arranged the course of this war in the mother tongue according to the fashion of our country; but I purpose to put it into Latin, and will first recount the most illustrious princes on either side. For I have felt no desire to include the multitude, which are even past exact numbering. And my pen shall relate first those on the side of Harald, and presently those who served under Ring.

Now the most famous of the captains that mustered to Harald are acknowledged to have been Sweyn and Sambar (Sam?), Ambar and Elli; Rati of Funen, Salgard and Roe (Hrothgar), whom his long beard distinguished by a nickname. Besides these, Skalk the Scanian, and Alf the son of Agg; to whom are joined Olwir the Broad, and Gnepie the Old. Besides these there was Gardh, founder of the town Stang. To these are added the kinsfolk or bound followers of Harald: Blend (Blaeng?), the dweller in furthest Thule, and Brand, whose surname was Crumb (Bitling?). Allied with these were Thorguy, with Thorwig, Tatar (Teit), and Hialte. These men voyaged to Leire with bodies armed for war; but they were also mighty in excellence of wit, and their trained courage matched their great stature; for they had skill in discharging arrows both from bow and catapult, and at fighting their foe as they commonly did, man to man; and also at readily stringing together verse in the speech of their country: so zealously had they trained mind and body alike. Now out of Leire came Hortar (Hjort) and Borrrhy (Borgar or Borgny), and also Belgi and Beigad, to whom were added Bari and Toli. Now out of the town of Sle, under the captains Hetha (Heid) and Wisna, with Hakon Cut-cheek came Tummi the Sailmaker. On these captains, who had the bodies of women, nature bestowed the souls of men. Webiorg was also inspired with the same spirit, and was attended by Bo (Bui) Bramason and Brat the Jute, thirsting for war. In the same throng came Orm of England, Ubbe the Frisian, Ari the One-eyed, and Alf Gotar. Next in the count came Dal the Fat and Duk the Slav; Wisna, a woman, filled with sternness, and a skilled warrior, was guarded by a band of Slavs: her chief followers were Barri and Gnizli. But the rest of the same company had their bodies covered by little shields, and used very long swords and targets of skiey hue, which, in time of war, they either cast behind their backs or gave over to the baggage-bearers; while they cast away all protection to their breasts, and exposed their bodies to every peril, offering battle with drawn swords. The most illustrious of these were Tolkar and Ymi. After these, Toki of the province of Wohin was conspicuous together with Otrit surnamed the Young. Hetha, guarded by a retinue of very active men, brought an armed company to the war, the chiefs of whom were Grim and Grenzli; next to whom are named Geir the Livonian, Hame also and Hunger, Humbli and Biari, bravest of the princes. These men often fought duels suc-

cessfully, and won famous victories far and wide.

The maidens I have named, in fighting as well as courteous array, led their land-forces to the battle-field. Thus the Danish army mustered company by company. There were seven kings, equal in spirit but differing in allegiance, some defending Harald, and some Ring. Moreover, the following went to the side of Harald: Homi and Hosathul (Eysothul?), Him..., Hastin and Hythin (Hedin) the Slight, also Dahar (Dag), named Grenski, and Harald Olafsson also. From the province of Aland came Har and Herlewar (Herleif), with Hothbrodd, surnamed the Furious; these fought in the Danish camp. But from Imisland arrived Humnehy and Harald. They were joined by Haki and by Sigmund and Serker the sons of Bemon, all coming from the North. All these were retainers of the king, who befriended them most generously; for they were held in the highest distinction by him, receiving swords adorned with gold, and the choicest spoils of war. There came also.... the sons of Gandal the old, who were in the intimate favour of Harald by reason of ancient allegiance. Thus the sea was studded with the Danish fleet, and seemed to interpose a bridge, uniting Zealand to Skaane. To those that wished to pass between those provinces, the sea offered a short road on foot over the dense mass of ships. But Harald would not have the Swedes unprepared in their arrangements for war, and sent men to Ring to carry his public declaration of hostilities, and notify the rupture of the mediating peace. The same men were directed to prescribe the place of combat. These then whom I have named were the fighters for Harald.

Now, on the side of Ring were numbered Ulf, Aggi (Aki?), Windar (Eywind?), Egil the One-eyed; Gotar, Hildi, Gutl Alfsson; Styr the Stout, and (Tolo-) Stein, who lived by the Wienic Mere. To these were joined Gerd the Glad and Gromer (Glum?) from Wermland. After these are reckoned the dwellers north on the Elbe, Saxo the Splitter, Sali the Goth; Thord the Stumbler, Thondar Big-nose; Grundi, Oddi, Grindir, Tovi; Koll, Biarki, Hogni the Clever, Rokar the Swart. Now these scorned fellowship with the common soldiers, and had formed themselves into a separate rank apart from the rest of the company. Besides these are numbered Hrani Hildisson and Lyuth Guthi (Hljot Godi), Svein the Topshorn, (Soknarsoti?), Rethyr (Hreidar?) Hawk, and Rolf the Uxorious (Woman-lover). Massed with these were Ring Adilsson and Harald who came from Thotn district. Joined to these were Walstein of Wick, Thorolf the Thick, Thengel the Tall, Hun, Solve, Birwil the Pale, Borgar and Skumbar (Skum). But from, Tellemark came the bravest of all, who had most courage but least arrogance—Thorleif the Stubborn, Thorkill the Gute (Gothlander), Grettir the Wicked and the Lover of Invasions. Next to these came Hadd the Hard and Rolder (Hroald) Toe-joint.

From Norway we have the names of Thrand of Throndhjem, Thoke (Thore) of More, Hrafn the White, Haf (war), Biarni, Blihar (Blig?) surnamed Snub-nosed; Biorn from the district of Sogni; Findar (Finn) born in the Firth; Bersi born in the town F( )alu; Siward Boarhead, Erik the Story-teller, Holmstein the White, Hrut Rawi (or Vafi, the Doubter), Erling surnamed Snake. Now from the province of Jather came Odd the Englishman, Alf the Farwanderer, Enar the Paunched, and Ywar surnamed Thriug. Now from Thule (Iceland) came Mar the Red, born and bred in the district called Midfirth; Grombar the Aged, Gram Brundeluk (Bryndalk?) Grim from the town of Skier (um) born in Skagafjord. Next came Berg the Seer, accompanied by Bragi and Rafnkel.

Now the bravest of the Swedes were these: Arwakki, Keklu-Karl (Kelke-Karl), Krok the Peasant, (from Akr), Gudfast and Gummi from Gislamark. These were kindred of the god Frey, and most faithful witnesses to the gods. Ingi (Yngwe) also, and Oly, Alver, Folki, all sons of Elrik (Alrek), embraced the service of Ring; they were men ready of hand, quick in counsel, and very close friends of Ring. They likewise held the god Frey to be the founder of their race. Amongst these from the town of Sigtun also came Sigmund, a champion advocate, versed in making contracts of sale and purchase; besides him Frosti surnamed Bowl: allied with him was Alf the Lofty (Proud?) from the district of Upsala; this man was a swift spear-thrower, and used to go in the front of the battle.

Ole had a body-guard in which were seven kings, very ready of hand and of counsel; namely, Holti, Hendil, Holmar, Lewy



(Leif), and Hame; with these was enrolled Regnald the Russian, the grandson of Radbard; and Siwald also furrowed the sea with eleven light ships. Lesy (Laesi), the conqueror of the Pannonians (Huns), fitted with a sail his swift galley ringed with gold. Thririkar (Erik Helsing) sailed in a ship whose prows were twisted like a dragon. Also Thrygir (Tryggve) and Torwil sailed and brought twelve ships jointly. In the entire fleet of Ring there were 2,500 ships.

The fleet of Gotland was waiting for the Swedish fleet in the harbour named Garnum. So Ring led the land-force, while Ole was instructed to command the fleet. Now the Goths were appointed a time and a place between Wik and Werund for the conflict with the Swedes. Then was the sea to be seen furrowed up with prows, and the canvas unfurled upon the masts cut off the view over the ocean. The Danes had so far been distressed with bad weather; but the Swedish fleet had a fair voyage, and had reached the scene of battle earlier. Here Ring disembarked his forces from his fleet, and then massed and prepared to draw up in line both these and the army he had himself conducted overland. When these forces were at first loosely drawn up over the open country, it was found that one wing reached all the way to Werund. The multitude was confused in its places and ranks; but the king rode round it, and posted in the van all the smartest and most excellently-armed men, led by Ole, Regnald, and Wivil; then he massed the rest of the army on the two wings in a kind of curve. Ung, with the sons of Alrek, and Trig, he ordered to protect the right wing, while the left was put under the command of Laesi. Moreover, the wings and the masses were composed mainly of a close squadron of Kurlanders and of Estonians. Last stood the line of slingers.

Meantime the Danish fleet, favoured by kindly winds, sailed, without stopping, for twelve days, and came to the town (stead) of Kalmar. The wind-blown sails covering the waters were a marvel; and the canvas stretched upon the yards blotted out the sight of the heavens. For the fleet was augmented by the Slavs and the Livonians and 7,000 Saxons. But the Skanians, knowing the country, were appointed as guides and scouts to those who were going over the dry land. So when the Danish army came upon the Swedes, who stood awaiting them, Ring told his men to stand quietly until Harald had drawn up his line of battle; bidding them not to sound the signal before they saw the king settled in his chariot beside the standards; for he said he should hope that an army would soon come to grief which trusted in the leading of a blind man. Harald, moreover, he said, had been seized in extreme age with the desire of foreign empire, and was as witless as he was sightless; wealth could not satisfy a man who, if he looked to his years, ought to be well-nigh contented with a grave. The Swedes therefore were bound to fight for their freedom, their country, and their children, while the enemy had undertaken the war in rashness and arrogance. Moreover, on the other side, there were very few Danes, but a mass of Saxons and other unmanly peoples stood arrayed. Swedes and Norwegians should therefore consider, how far the multitudes of the North had always surpassed the Germans and the Slavs. They should therefore despise an army which seemed to be composed more of a mass of fickle offscourings than of a firm and stout soldiery.

By this harangue of King Ring he kindled high the hearts of the soldiers. Now Brun, being instructed to form the line on Harald's behalf, made the front in a wedge, posting Hetha on the right flank, putting Hakon in command of the left, and making Wisna standard-bearer. Harald stood up in his chariot and complained, in as loud a voice as he could, that Ring was requiting his benefits with wrongs; that the man who had got his kingdom by Harald's own gift was now attacking him; so that Ring neither pitied an old man nor spared an uncle, but set his own ambitions before any regard for Harald's kinship or kindness. So he bade the Danes remember how they had always won glory by foreign conquest, and how they were more wont to command their neighbours than to obey them. He adjured them not to let such glory as theirs to be shaken by the insolence of a conquered nation, nor to suffer the empire, which he had won in the flower of his youth, to be taken from him in his outworn age.

Then the trumpets sounded, and both sides engaged in battle with all their strength. The sky seemed to fall suddenly on the

earth, fields and woods to sink into the ground; all things were confounded, and old Chaos came again; heaven and earth mingling in one tempestuous turmoil, and the world rushing to universal ruin. For, when the spear-throwing began, the intolerable clash of arms filled the air with an incredible thunder. The steam of the wounds suddenly hung a mist over the sky, the daylight was hidden under the hail of spears. The help of the slingers was of great use in the battle. But when the missiles had all been flung from hand or engines, they fought with swords or iron-shod maces; and it was now at close quarters that most blood was spilt. Then the sweat streamed down their weary bodies, and the clash of the swords could be heard afar.

Starkad, who was the first to set forth the history of this war in the telling, fought foremost in the fray, and relates that he overthrew the nobles of Harald, Hun and Elli, Hort and Burgha, and cut off the right hand of Wisna. He also relates that one Roa, with two others, Gnepie and Gardar, fell wounded by him in the field. To these he adds the father of Skalk, whose name is not given. He also declares that he cast Hakon, the bravest of the Danes, to the earth, but received from him such a wound in return that he had to leave the war with his lung protruding from his chest, his neck cleft to the centre, and his hand deprived of one finger; so that he long had a gaping wound, which seemed as if it would never either scar over or be curable. The same man witnesses that the maiden Weghbiorg (Webiorg) fought against the enemy and felled Soth the champion. While she was threatening to slay more champions, she was pierced through by an arrow from the bow-string of Thorkill, a native of Tellemark. For the skilled archers of the Gotlanders strung their bows so hard that the shafts pierced through even the shields; nothing proved more murderous; for the arrow-points made their way through hauberk and helmet as if they were men's defenceless bodies.

Meanwhile Ubbe the Frisian, who was the readiest of Harald's soldiers, and of notable bodily stature, slew twenty-five picked champions, besides eleven whom he had wounded in the field. All these were of Swedish or Gothic blood. Then he attacked the vanguard and burst into the thickest of the enemy, driving the Swedes struggling in a panic every way with spear and sword. It had all but come to a flight, when Hagder (Hadd), Rolder (Hroald), and Grettir attacked the champion, emulating his valour, and resolving at their own risk to retrieve the general ruin. But, fearing to assault him at close quarters, they accomplished their end with arrows from afar; and thus Ubbe was riddled by a shower of arrows, no one daring to fight him hand to hand. A hundred and forty-four arrows had pierced the breast of the warrior before his bodily strength failed and he bent his knee to the earth. Then at last the Danes suffered a great defeat, owing to the Thronds and the dwellers in the province of Dala. For the battle began afresh by reason of the vast mass of the archers, and nothing damaged our men more.

But when Harald, being now blind with age, heard the lamentable murmur of his men, he perceived that fortune had smiled on his enemies. So, as he was riding in a chariot armed with scythes, he told Brun, who was treacherously acting as charioteer, to find out in what manner Ring had his line drawn up. Brun's face relaxed into something of a smile, and he answered that he was fighting with a line in the form of a wedge. When the king heard this he began to be alarmed, and to ask in great astonishment from whom Ring could have learnt this method of disposing his line, especially as Odin was the discoverer and impartor of this teaching, and none but himself had ever learnt from him this new pattern of warfare. At this Brun was silent, and it came into the king's mind that here was Odin, and that the god whom he had once known so well was now disguised in a changeful shape, in order either to give help or withhold it. Presently he began to beseech him earnestly to grant the final victory to the Danes, since he had helped them so graciously before, and to fill up his last kindness to the measure of the first; promising to dedicate to him as a gift the spirits of all who fell. But Brun, utterly unmoved by his entreaties, suddenly jerked the king out of the chariot, battered him to the earth, plucked the club from him as he fell, whirled it upon his head, and slew him with his own weapon. Countless corpses lay round the king's chariot, and the horrid heap overtopped the

wheels; the pile of carcasses rose as high as the pole. For about 12,000 of the nobles of Ring fell upon the field. But on the side of Harald about 30,000 nobles fell, not to name the slaughter of the commons.

When Ring heard that Harald was dead, he gave the signal to his men to break up their line and cease fighting. Then under cover of truce he made treaty with the enemy, telling them that it was vain to prolong the fray without their captain. Next he told the Swedes to look everywhere among the confused piles of carcasses for the body of Harald, that the corpse of the king might not wrongfully lack its due rights. So the populace set eagerly to the task of turning over the bodies of the slain, and over this work half the day was spent. At last the body was found with the club, and he thought that propitiation should be made to the shade of Harald. So he harnessed the horse on which he rode to the chariot of the king, decked it honourably with a golden saddle, and hallowed it in his honour. Then he proclaimed his vows, and added his prayer that Harald would ride on this and outstrip those who shared his death in their journey to Tartarus; and that he would pray Pluto, the lord of Orcus, to grant a calm abode there for friend and foe. Then he raised a pyre, and bade the Danes fling on the gilded chariot of their king as fuel to the fire. And while the flames were burning the body cast upon them, he went round the mourning nobles and earnestly charged them that they should freely give arms, gold, and every precious thing to feed the pyre in honour of so great a king, who had deserved so nobly of them all. He also ordered that the ashes of his body, when it was quite burnt, should be transferred to an urn, taken to Leire, and there, together with the horse and armour, receive a royal funeral. By paying these due rites of honour to his uncle's shade, he won the favour of the Danes, and turned the hate of his enemies into goodwill. Then the Danes besought him to appoint Hetha over the remainder of the realm; but, that the fallen strength of the enemy might not suddenly rally, he severed Skaane from the mass of Denmark, and put it separately under the governorship of Ole, ordering that only Zealand and the other lands of the realm should be subject to Hetha. Thus the changes of fortune brought the empire of Denmark under the Swedish rule. So ended the Bravic war.

But the Zealanders, who had had Harald for their captain, and still had the picture of their former fortune hovering before their minds, thought it shameful to obey the rule of a woman, and appealed to OLE not to suffer men that had been used to serve under a famous king to be kept under a woman's yoke. They also promised to revolt to him if he would take up arms to remove their ignominious lot. Ole, tempted as much by the memory of his ancestral glory as by the homage of the soldiers, was not slow to answer their entreaties. So he summoned Hetha, and forced her by threats rather than by arms to quit every region under her control except Jutland; and even Jutland he made a tributary state, so as not to allow a woman the free control of a kingdom. He also begot a son whom he named Omund. But he was given to cruelty, and showed himself such an unrighteous king, that all who had found it a shameful thing to be ruled by a queen now repented of their former scorn.

Twelve generals, whether moved by the disasters of their country, or hating Ole for some other reason, began to plot against his life. Among these were Hlenni, Atyl, Thott, and Withne, the last of whom was a Dane by birth, though he held a government among the Sclavs. Moreover, not trusting in their strength and their cunning to accomplish their deed, they bribed Starkad to join them. He was prevailed to do the deed with the sword; he undertook the bloody work, and resolved to attack the king while at the bath. In he went while the king was washing, but was straightway stricken by the keenness of his gaze and by the restless and quivering glare of his eyes. His limbs were palsied with sudden dread; he paused, stepped back, and stayed his hand and his purpose. Thus he who had shattered the arms of so many captains and champions could not bear the gaze of a single unarmed man. But Ole, who well knew about his own countenance, covered his face, and asked him to come closer and tell him what his message was; for old fellowship and long-tried friendship made him the last to suspect treachery. But Starkad drew his sword, leapt forward, thrust the king through, and struck him in the throat as he tried to rise. One

hundred and twenty marks of gold were kept for his reward. Soon afterwards he was smitten with remorse and shame, and lamented his crime so bitterly, that he could not refrain from tears if it happened to be named. Thus his soul, when he came to his senses, blushed for his abominable sin. Moreover, to atone for the crime he had committed, he slew some of those who had inspired him to it, thus avenging the act to which he had lent his hand.

Now the Danes made OMUND, the son of Ole, king, thinking that more heed should be paid to his father's birth than to his deserts. Omund, when he had grown up, fell in nowise behind the exploits of his father; for he made it his aim to equal or surpass the deeds of Ole.

At this time a considerable tribe of the Northmen (Norwegians) was governed by Ring, and his daughter Esa's great fame commended her to Omund, who was looking out for a wife.

But his hopes of wooing her were lessened by the peculiar inclination of Ring, who desired no son-in-law but one of tried valour; for he found as much honour in arms as others think lies in wealth. Omund therefore, wishing to become famous in that fashion, and to win the praise of valour, endeavoured to gain his desire by force, and sailed to Norway with a fleet, to make an attempt on the throne of Ring under plea of hereditary right. Odd, the chief of Jather, who declared that Ring had assuredly seized his inheritance, and lamented that he harried him with continual wrongs, received Omund kindly. Ring, in the meantime, was on a roving raid in Ireland, so that Omund attacked a province without a defender. Sparing the goods of the common people, he gave the private property of Ring over to be plundered, and slew his kinsfolk; Odd also having joined his forces to Omund. Now, among all his divers and manifold deeds, he could never bring himself to attack an inferior force, remembering that he was the son of a most valiant father, and that he was bound to fight armed with courage, and not with numbers.

Meanwhile Ring had returned from roving; and when Omund heard he was back, he set to and built a vast ship, whence, as from a fortress, he could rain his missiles on the enemy. To manage this ship he enlisted Homod and Thole the rowers, the soils of Atyl the Skanian, one of whom was instructed to act as steersman, while the other was to command at the prow. Ring lacked neither skill nor dexterity to encounter them. For he showed only a small part of his forces, and caused the enemy to be attacked on the rear. Omund, when told of his strategy by Odd, sent men to overpower those posted in ambush, telling Atyl the Skanian to encounter Ring. The order was executed with more rashness than success; and Atyl, with his power defeated and shattered, fled beaten to Skaane. Then Omund recruited his forces with the help of Odd, and drew up his fleet to fight on the open sea.

Atyl at this time had true visions of the Norwegian war in his dreams, and started on his voyage in order to make up for his flight as quickly as possible, and delighted Omund by joining him on the eve of battle. Trusting in his help, Omund began to fight with equal confidence and success. For, by fighting himself, he retrieved the victory which he had lost when his servants were engaged. Ring, wounded to the death, gazed at him with faint eyes, and, beckoning to him with his hand, as well as he could—for his voice failed him—he besought him to be his son-in-law, saying that he would gladly meet his end if he left his daughter to such a husband. Before he could receive an answer he died. Omund wept for his death, and gave Homod, whose trusty help he had received in the war, in marriage to one of the daughters of Ring, taking the other himself.

At the same time the amazon Rusla, whose prowess in warfare exceeded the spirit of a woman, had many fights in Norway with her brother, Thrond, for the sovereignty. She could not endure that Omund rule over the Norwegians, and she had declared war against all the subjects of the Danes. Omund, when he heard of this, commissioned his most active men to suppress the rising. Rusla conquered them, and, waxing haughty on her triumph, was seized with overweening hopes, and bent her mind upon actually acquiring the sovereignty of Denmark. She began her attack on the region of Halland, but was met by Homod and Thode, whom the king had sent over. Beaten, she retreated to her fleet, of which only thirty ships managed to escape, the rest being taken by

the enemy. Thrand encountered his sister as she was eluding the Danes, but was conquered by her and stripped of his entire army; he fled over the Dovrefjeld without a single companion. Thus she, who had first yielded before the Danes, soon overcame her brother, and turned her flight into a victory. When Omund heard of this, he went back to Norway with a great fleet, first sending Homod and Thole by a short and secret way to rouse the people of Tellemark against the rule of Rusla. The end was that she was driven out of her kingdom by the commons, fled to the isles for safety, and turned her back, without a blow, upon the Danes as they came up. The king pursued her hotly, caught up her fleet on the sea, and utterly destroyed it, the enemy suffered mightily, and he won a bloodless victory and splendid spoils. But Rusla escaped with a very few ships, and rowed ploughing the waves furiously; but, while she was avoiding the Danes, she met her brother and was killed. So much more effectual for harm are dangers unsurmised; and chance sometimes makes the less alarming evil worse than that which threatens. The king gave Thrand a governorship for slaying his sister, put the rest under tribute, and returned home.

At this time Thorias and Ber (Biorn), the most active of the soldiers of Rusla, were roving in Ireland; but when they heard of the death of their mistress, whom they had long ago sworn to avenge, they hotly attacked Omund, and challenged him to a duel, which it used to be accounted shameful for a king to refuse; for the fame of princes of old was reckoned more by arms than by riches. So Homod and Thole came forward, offering to meet in battle the men who had challenged the king. Omund praised them warmly, but at first declined for very shame to allow their help. At last, hard besought by his people, he brought himself to try his fortune by the hand of another. We are told that Ber fell in this combat, while Thorias left the battle severely wounded. The king, having first cured him of his wounds, took him into his service, and made him prince (earl) over Norway. Then he sent ambassadors to exact the usual tribute from the Scclavs; these were killed, and he was even attacked in Jutland by a Scclavish force; but he overcame seven kings in a single combat, and ratified by conquest his accustomed right to tribute.

Meantime, Starkad, who was now worn out with extreme age, and who seemed to be past military service and the calling of a champion, was loth to lose his ancient glory through the fault of eld, and thought it would be a noble thing if he could make a voluntary end, and hasten his death by his own free will. Having so often fought nobly, he thought it would be mean to die a bloodless death; and, wishing to enhance the glory of his past life by the lustre of his end, he preferred to be slain by some man of gallant birth rather than await the tardy shaft of nature. So shameful was it thought that men devoted to war should die by disease. His body was weak, and his eyes could not see clearly, so that he hated to linger any more in life. In order to buy himself an executioner, he wore hanging on his neck the gold which he had earned for the murder of Ole; thinking there was no fitter way of atoning for the treason he had done than to make the price of Ole's death that of his own also, and to spend on the loss of his own life what he had earned by the slaying of another. This, he thought, would be the noblest use he could make of that shameful price. So he girded him with two swords, and guided his powerless steps leaning on two staves.

One of the common people, seeing him, thinking two swords superfluous for the use of an old man, mockingly asked him to make him a present of one of them. Starkad, holding out hopes of consent, bade him come nearer, drew the sword from his side, and ran him through. This was seen by a certain Hather, whose father Hlenne Starkad had once killed in repentance for his own impious crime. Hatfier was hunting game with his dogs, but now gave over the chase, and bade two of his companions spur their horses hard and charge at the old man to frighten him. They galloped forward, and tried to make off, but were stopped by the staves of Starkad, and paid for it with their lives. Hather, terrified by the sight, galloped up closer, and saw who the old man was, but without being recognized by him in turn; and asked him if he would like to exchange his sword for a carriage. Starkad replied that he used in old days to chastise jeerers, and that the insolent had never

insulted him unpunished. But his sightless eyes could not recognize the features of the youth; so he composed a song, wherein he should declare the greatness of his anger, as follows:

"As the unreturning waters sweep down the channel; so, as the years run by, the life of man flows on never to come back; fast gallops the cycle of doom, child of old age who shall make an end of all. Old age smites alike the eyes and the steps of men, robs the warrior of his speech and soul, tarnishes his fame by slow degrees, and wipes out his deeds of honour. It seizes his failing limbs, chokes his panting utterance, and numbs his nimble wit. When a cough is taken, when the skin itches with the scab, and the teeth are numb and hollow, and the stomach turns squeamish,—then old age banishes the grace of youth, covers the complexion with decay, and sows many a wrinkle in the dusky skin. Old age crushes noble arts, brings down the memorials of men of old, and scorches ancient glories up; shatters wealth, hungrily gnaws away the worth and good of virtue, turns athwart and disorders all things.

"I myself have felt the hurtful power of injurious age, I, dim-sighted, and hoarse in my tones and in my chest; and all helpful things have turned to my hurt. Now my body is less nimble, and I prop it up, leaning my faint limbs on the support of staves. Sightless I guide my steps with two sticks, and follow the short path which the rod shows me, trusting more in the leading of a stock than in my eyes. None takes any charge of me, and no man in the ranks brings comfort to the veteran, unless, perchance, Hather is here, and succours his shattered friend. Whomsoever Hather once thinks worthy of his duteous love, that man he attends continually with even zeal, constant to his purpose, and fearing to break his early ties. He also often pays fit rewards to those that have deserved well in war, and fosters their courage; he bestows dignities on the brave, and honours his famous friends with gifts. Free with his wealth, he is fain to increase with bounty the brightness of his name, and to surpass many of the mighty. Nor is he less in war: his strength is equal to his goodness; he is swift in the fray, slow to waver, ready to give battle; and he cannot turn his back when the foe bears him hard. But for me, if I remember right, fate appointed at my birth that wars I should follow and in war I should die, that I should mix in broils, watch in arms, and pass a life of bloodshed. I was a man of camps, and rested not; hating peace, I grew old under thy standard, O War-god, in utmost peril; conquering fear, I thought it comely to fight, shameful to loiter, and noble to kill and kill again, to be for ever slaughtering! Oft have I seen the stern kings meet in war, seen shield and helmet bruised, and the fields redden with blood, and the cuirass broken by the spear-point, and the corselets all around giving at the thrust of the steel, and the wild beasts batten on the unburied soldier. Here, as it chanced, one that attempted a mighty thing, a strong-handed warrior, fighting against the press of the foe, smote through the mail that covered my head, pierced my helmet, and plunged his blade into my crest. This sword also hath often been driven by my right hand in war, and, once unsheathed, hath cleft the skin and bitten into the skull."

Hather, in answer, sang as follows:

"Whence comest thou, who art used to write the poems of thy land, leaning thy wavering steps on a frail staff? Or whither dost thou speed, who art the readiest bard of the Danish muse? All the glory of thy great strength is faded and lost; the hue is banished from thy face, the joy is gone out of thy soul; the voice has left thy throat, and is hoarse and dull; thy body has lost its former stature; the decay of death begins, and has wasted thy features and thy force. As a ship wearies, buffeted by continual billows, even so old age, gendered by a long course of years, brings forth bitter death; and the life falls when its strength is done, and suffers the loss of its ancient lot. Famous old man, who has told thee that thou mayst not duly follow the sports of youth, or fling balls, or bite and eat the nut? I think it were better for thee now to sell thy sword, and buy a carriage wherein to ride often, or a horse easy on the bit, or at the same cost to purchase a light cart. It will be more fitting for beasts of burden to carry weak old men, when their steps fail them; the wheel, driving round and round, serves for him whose foot totters feebly. But if perchance thou art loth to sell the useless steel, thy sword, if it be not for sale, shall be taken

from thee and shall slay thee."

Starkad answered: "Wretch, thy glib lips scatter idle words, unfit for the ears of the good. Why seek the gifts to reward that guidance, which thou shouldst have offered for naught? Surely I will walk afoot, and will not basely give up my sword and buy the help of a stranger; nature has given me the right of passage, and hath bidden me trust in my own feet. Why mock and jeer with insolent speech at him whom thou shouldst have offered to guide upon his way? Why give to dishonour my deeds of old, which deserve the memorial of fame? Why requite my service with reproach? Why pursue with jeers the old man mighty in battle, and put to shame my unsurpassed honours and illustrious deeds, belittling my glories and girding at my prowess? For what valour of thine dost thou demand my sword, which thy strength does not deserve? It befits not the right hand or the unwarlike side of a herdsman, who is wont to make his peasant-music on the pipe, to see to the flock, to keep the herds in the fields. Surely among the henchmen, close to the greasy pot, thou dippest thy crust in the bubbles of the foaming pan, drenching a meagre slice in the rich, oily fat, and stealthily, with thirsty finger, licking the warm juice; more skilled to spread thy accustomed cloak on the ashes, to sleep on the hearth, and slumber all day long, and go busily about the work of the reeking kitchen, than to make the brave blood flow with thy shafts in war. Men think thee a hater of the light and a lover of a filthy hole, a wretched slave of thy belly, like a whelp who licks the coarse grain, husk and all.

"By heaven, thou didst not try to rob me of my sword when thrice at great peril I fought (for?) the son of Ole. For truly, in that array, my hand either broke the sword or shattered the obstacle, so heavy was the blow of the smiter. What of the day when I first taught them, to run with wood-shod feet over the shore of the Kurlanders, and the path bestrewn with countless points? For when I was going to the fields studded with calthrops, I guarded their wounded feet with clogs below them. After this I slew Hame, who fought me mightily; and soon, with the captain Rin the son of Flebak, I crushed the Kurlanders, yea, or all the tribes Esthonia breeds, and thy peoples, O Sengala! Then I attacked the men of Tellemark, and took thence my head bloody with bruises, shattered with mallets, and smitten with the welded weapons. Here first I learnt how strong was the iron wrought on the anvil, or what valour the common people had. Also it was my doing that the Teutons were punished, when, in avenging my lord, I laid low over their cups thy sons, O Swerting, who were guilty of the wicked slaughter of Frode.

"Not less was the deed when, for the sake of a beloved maiden, I slew nine brethren in one fray;—witness the spot, which was consumed by the bowels that left me, and brings not forth the grain anew on its scorched sod. And soon, when Ker the captain made ready a war by sea, with a noble army we beat his serried ships. Then I put Waske to death, and punished the insolent smith by slashing his hinder parts; and with the sword I slew Wisin, who from the snowy rocks blunted the spears. Then I slew the four sons of Ler, and the champions of Permland; and then having taken the chief of the Irish race, I rifled the wealth of Dublin; and our courage shall ever remain manifest by the trophies of Bravalla. Why do I linger? Countless are the deeds of my bravery, and when I review the works of my hands I fail to number them to the full. The whole is greater than I can tell. My work is too great for fame, and speech serves not for my doings."

So sang Starkad. At last, when he found by their talk that Hather was the son of Hlenne, and saw that the youth was of illustrious birth, he offered him his throat to smite, bidding him not to shrink from punishing the slayer of his father. He promised him that if he did so he should possess the gold which he had himself received from Hlenne. And to enrage his heart more vehemently against him, he is said to have harangued him as follows:

"Moreover, Hather, I robbed thee of thy father Hlenne; requite me this, I pray, and strike down the old man who longs to die; aim at my throat with the avenging steel. For my soul chooses the service of a noble smiter, and shrinks to ask its doom at a coward's hand. Righteously may a man choose to forstall the ordinance of doom. What cannot be escaped it will be lawful also to anticipate. The fresh tree must be fostered, the old one hewn down. He is na-

ture's instrument who destroys what is near its doom and strikes down what cannot stand. Death is best when it is sought: and when the end is loved, life is wearisome. Let not the troubles of age prolong a miserable lot."

So saying, he took money from his pouch and gave it him. But Hather, desiring as much to enjoy the gold as to accomplish vengeance for his father, promised that he would comply with his prayer, and would not refuse the reward. Starkad eagerly handed him the sword, and at once stooped his neck beneath it, counselling him not to do the smiter's work timidly, or use the sword like a woman; and telling him that if, when he had killed him, he could spring between the head and the trunk before the corpse fell, he would be rendered proof against arms. It is not known whether he said this in order to instruct his executioner or to punish him, for perhaps, as he leapt, the bulk of the huge body would have crushed him. So Hather smote sharply with the sword and hacked off the head of the old man. When the severed head struck the ground, it is said to have bitten the earth; thus the fury of the dying lips declared the fierceness of the soul. But the smiter, thinking that the promise hid some treachery, warily refrained from leaping. Had he done so rashly, perhaps he would have been crushed by the corpse as it fell, and have paid with his own life for the old man's murder. But he would not allow so great a champion to lie unsepulchred, and had his body buried in the field that is commonly called Rolung.

Now Omund, as I have heard, died most tranquilly, while peace was unbroken, leaving two sons and two daughters. The eldest of these, SIWARD, came to the throne by right of birth, while his brother Budle was still of tender years. At this time Gotar, King of the Swedes, conceived boundless love for one of the daughters of Omund, because of the report of her extraordinary beauty, and entrusted one Ebb, the son of Sibb, with the commission of asking for the maiden. Ebb did his work skilfully, and brought back the good news that the girl had consented. Nothing was now lacking to Gotar's wishes but the wedding; but, as he feared to hold this among strangers, he demanded that his betrothed should be sent to him in charge of Ebb, whom he had before used as envoy.

Ebb was crossing Halland with a very small escort, and went for a night's lodging to a country farm, where the dwellings of two brothers faced one another on the two sides of a river. Now these men used to receive folk hospitably and then murder them, but were skilful to hide their brigandage under a show of generosity. For they had hung on certain hidden chains, in a lofty part of the house, an oblong beam like a press, and furnished it with a steel point; they used to lower this in the night by letting down the fastenings, and cut off the heads of those that lay below. Many had they beheaded in this way with the hanging mass. So when Ebb and his men had been feasted abundantly, the servants laid them out a bed near the hearth, so that by the swing of the treacherous beam they might mow off their heads, which faced the fire. When they departed, Ebb, suspecting the contrivance slung overhead, told his men to feign slumber and shift their bodies, saying that it would be very wholesome for them to change their place.

Now among these were some who despised the orders which the others obeyed, and lay unmoved, each in the spot where he had chanced to lie down. Then towards the mirk of night the heavy hanging machine was set in motion by the doers of the treachery. Loosened from the knots of its fastening, it fell violently on the ground, and slew those beneath it. Thereupon those who had the charge of committing the crime brought in a light, that they might learn clearly what had happened, and saw that Ebb, on whose especial account they had undertaken the affair, had wisely been equal to the danger. He straightway set on them and punished them with death; and also, after losing his men in the mutual slaughter, he happened to find a vessel, crossed a river full of blocks of ice, and announced to Gotar the result, not so much of his mission as of his mishap.

Gotar judged that this affair had been inspired by Siward, and prepared to avenge his wrongs by arms. Siward, defeated by him in Halland, retreated into Jutland, the enemy having taken his sister. Here he conquered the common people of the Sclavs, who ventured to fight without a leader; and he won as much honour from this victory as he had got disgrace by his flight. But a lit-

tle afterwards, the men whom he had subdued when they were ungenerous, found a general and defeated Siward in Funen. Several times he fought them in Jutland, but with ill-success. The result was that he lost both Skaane and Jutland, and only retained the middle of his realm without the head, like the fragments of some body that had been consumed away. His son Jarmerik (Eormunrec), with his child-sisters, fell into the hands of the enemy; one of these was sold to the Germans, the other to the Norwegians; for in old time marriages were matters of purchase. Thus the kingdom of the Danes, which had been enlarged with such valour, made famous by such ancestral honours, and enriched by so many conquests, fell, all by the sloth of one man, from the most illustrious fortune and prosperity into such disgrace that it paid the tribute which it used to exact. But Siward, too often defeated and guilty of shameful flights, could not endure, after that glorious past, to hold the troubled helm of state any longer in this shameful condition of his land; and, fearing that living longer might strip him of his last shred of glory, he hastened to win an honourable death in battle. For his soul could not forget his calamity, it was fain to cast off its sickness, and was racked with weariness of life. So much did he abhor the light of life in his longing to wipe out his shame. So he mustered his army for battle, and openly declared war with one Simon, who was governor of Skaane under Gotar. This war he pursued with stubborn rashness; he slew Simon, and ended his own life amid a great slaughter of his foes. Yet his country could not be freed from the burden of the tribute.

Jarmerik, meantime, with his foster-brother of the same age as himself, Gunn, was living in prison, in charge of Ismar, the King of the Scavs. At last he was taken out and put to agriculture, doing the work of a peasant. So actively did he manage this matter that he was transferred and made master of the royal slaves. As he likewise did this business most uprightly, he was enrolled in the band of the king's retainers. Here he bore himself most pleasantly as courtiers use, and was soon taken into the number of the king's friends and obtained the first place in his intimacy; thus, on the strength of a series of great services, he passed from the lowest estate to the most distinguished height of honour. Also, loth to live a slack and enfeebled youth, he trained himself to the pursuits of war, enriching his natural gifts by diligence. All men loved Jarmerik, and only the queen mistrusted the young man's temper. A sudden report told them that the king's brother had died. Ismar, wishing to give his body a splendid funeral, prepared a banquet of royal bounty to increase the splendour of the obsequies.

But Jarmerik, who used at other times to look after the household affairs together with the queen, began to cast about for means of escape; for a chance seemed to be offered by the absence of the king. For he saw that even in the lap of riches he would be the wretched thrall of a king, and that he would draw, as it were, his very breath on sufferance and at the gift of another. Moreover, though he held the highest offices with the king, he thought that freedom was better than delights, and burned with a mighty desire to visit his country and learn his lineage. But, knowing that the queen had provided sufficient guards to see that no prisoner escaped, he saw that he must approach by craft where he could not arrive by force. So he plaited one of those baskets of rushes and withies, shaped like a man, with which countrymen used to scare the birds from the corn, and put a live dog in it; then he took off his own clothes, and dressed it in them, to give a more plausible likeness to a human being. Then he broke into the private treasury of the king, took out the money, and hid himself in places of which he alone knew.

Meantime Gunn, whom he had told to conceal the absence of his friend, took the basket into the palace and stirred up the dog to bark; and when the queen asked what this was, he answered that Jarmerik was out of his mind and howling. She, beholding the effigy, was deceived by the likeness, and ordered that the madman should be cast out of the house. Then Gunn took the effigy out and put it to bed, as though it were his distraught friend. But towards night he plied the watch bountifully with wine and festal mirth, cut off their heads as they slept, and set them at their groins, in order to make their slaying more shameful. The queen, roused by the din, and wishing to learn the reason of it, hastily rushed to the doors. But while she unwarily put forth her head, the sword

of Gunn suddenly pierced her through. Feeling a mortal wound, she sank, turned her eyes on her murderer, and said, "Had it been granted me to live unscathed, no screen or treachery should have let thee leave this land unpunished." A flood of such threats against her slayer poured from her dying lips.

Then Jarmerik, with Gunn, the partner of his noble deed, secretly set fire to the tent wherein the king was celebrating with a banquet the obsequies of his brother; all the company were overcome with liquor. The fire filled the tent and spread all about; and some of them, shaking off the torpor of drink, took horse and pursued those who had endangered them. But the young men fled at first on the beasts they had taken; and at last, when these were exhausted with their long gallop, took to flight on foot. They were all but caught, when a river saved them. For they crossed a bridge, of which, in order to delay the pursuer, they first cut the timbers down to the middle, thus making it not only unequal to a burden, but ready to come down; then they retreated into a dense morass.

The Scavs pressed on them hard and, not foreseeing the danger, unwarily put the weight of their horses on the bridge; the flooring sank, and they were shaken off and flung into the river. But, as they swam up to the bank, they were met by Gunn and Jarmerik, and either drowned or slain. Thus the young men showed great cunning, and did a deed beyond their years, being more like sagacious old men than runaway slaves, and successfully achieving their shrewd design. When they reached the strand they seized a vessel chance threw in their way, and made for the deep. The barbarians who pursued them, tried, when they saw them sailing off, to bring them back by shouting promises after them that they should be kings if they returned; "for, by the public statute of the ancients, the succession was appointed to the slayers of the kings." As they retreated, their ears were long deafened by the Scavs obstinately shouting their treacherous promises.

At this time BUDLE, the brother of Siward, was Regent over the Danes, who forced him to make over the kingdom to JARMERIK when he came; so that Budle fell from a king into a common man. At the same time Gotar charged Sibb with debauching his sister, and slew him. Sibb's kindred, much angered by his death, came wailing to Jarmerik, and promised to attack Gotar with him, in order to avenge their kinsman. They kept their promise well, for Jarmerik, having overthrown Gotar by their help, gained Sweden. Thus, holding the sovereignty of both nations, he was encouraged by his increased power to attack the Scavs, forty of whom he took and hung with a wolf tied to each of them. This kind of punishment was assigned of old to those who slew their own kindred; but he chose to inflict it upon enemies, that all might see plainly, just from their fellowship with ruthless beasts, how grasping they had shown themselves towards the Danes.

When Jarmerik had conquered the country, he posted garrisons in all the fitting places, and departing thence, he made a slaughter of the Sembs and the Kurlanders, and many nations of the East. The Scavs, thinking that this employment of the king gave them a chance of revolting, killed the governors whom he had appointed, and ravaged Denmark. Jarmerik, on his way back from roving, chanced to intercept their fleet, and destroyed it, a deed which added honour to his roll of conquests. He also put their nobles to death in a way that one would weep to see; namely, by first passing thongs through their legs, and then tying them to the hoofs of savage bulls; then hounds set on them and dragged them into miry swamps. This deed took the edge off the valour of the Scavs, and they obeyed the authority of the king in fear and trembling.

Jarmerik, enriched with great spoils, wished to provide a safe storehouse for his booty, and built on a lofty hill a treasure-house of marvellous handiwork. Gathering sods, he raised a mound, laying a mass of rocks for the foundation, and girt the lower part with a rampart, the centre with rooms, and the top with battlements. All round he posted a line of sentries without a break. Four huge gates gave free access on the four sides; and into this lordly mansion he heaped all his splendid riches. Having thus settled his affairs at home, he again turned his ambition abroad. He began to voyage, and speedily fought a naval battle with four brothers whom he met on the high seas, Hellespontines by race, and veteran rovers. After this battle had lasted three days, he ceased fight-

ing, having bargained for their sister and half the tribute which they had imposed on those they had conquered.

After this, Bikk, the son of the King of the Livonians, escaped from the captivity in which he lay under these said brothers, and went to Jarmerik. But he did not forget his wrongs, Jarmerik having long before deprived him of his own brothers. He was received kindly by the king, in all whose secret counsels he soon came to have a notable voice; and, as soon as he found the king pliable to his advice in all things, he led him, when his counsel was asked, into the most abominable acts, and drove him to commit crimes and infamies. Thus he sought some device to injure the king by a feint of loyalty, and tried above all to steel him against his nearest of blood; attempting to accomplish the revenge of his brother by guile, since he could not by force. So it came to pass that the king embraced filthy vices instead of virtues, and made himself generally hated by the cruel deeds which he committed at the instance of his treacherous adviser. Even the Sclavs began to rise against him; and, as a means of quelling them, he captured their leaders, passed a rope through their shanks, and delivered them to be torn asunder by horses pulling different ways. So perished their chief men, punished for their stubbornness of spirit by having their bodies rent apart. This kept the Sclavs duly obedient in unbroken and steady subjugation.

Meantime, the sons of Jarmerik's sister, who had all been born and bred in Germany, took up arms, on the strength of their grand-sire's title, against their uncle, contending that they had as good a right to the throne as he. The king demolished their strongholds in Germany with engines, blockaded or took several towns, and returned home with a bloodless victory. The Hellespontines came to meet him, proffering their sister for the promised marriage. After this had been celebrated, at Bikk's prompting he again went to Germany, took his nephews in war, and incontinently hanged them. He also got together the chief men under the pretence of a banquet and had them put to death in the same fashion.

Meantime, the king appointed Broder, his son by another marriage, to have charge over his stepmother, a duty which he fulfilled with full vigilance and integrity. But Bikk accused this man to his father of incest; and, to conceal the falsehood of the charge, suborned witnesses against him. When the plea of the accusation had been fully declared, Broder could not bring any support for his defence, and his father bade his friends pass sentence upon the convicted man, thinking it less impious to commit the punishment proper for his son to the judgment of others. All thought that he deserved outlawry except Bikk, who did not shrink from giving a more terrible vote against his life, and declaring that the perpetrator of an infamous seduction ought to be punished with hanging. But lest any should think that this punishment was due to the cruelty of his father, Bikk judged that, when he had been put in the noose, the servants should hold him up on a beam put beneath him, so that, when weariness made them take their hands from the burden, they might be as good as guilty of the young man's death, and by their own fault exonerate the king from an unnatural murder. He also pretended that, unless the accused were punished, he would plot against his father's life. The adulteress Swanhild, he said, ought to suffer a shameful end, trampled under the hoofs of beasts.

The king yielded to Bikk; and, when his son was to be hanged, he made the bystanders hold him up by means of a plank, that he might not be choked. Thus his throat was only a little squeezed, the knot was harmless, and it was but a punishment in show. But the king had the queen tied very tight on the ground, and delivered her to be crushed under the hoofs of horses. The story goes that she was so beautiful, that even the beasts shrank from mangling limbs so lovely with their filthy feet. The king, divining that this proclaimed the innocence of his wife, began to repent of his error, and hastened to release the slandered lady. But meantime Bikk rushed up, declaring that when she was on her back she held off the beasts by awful charms, and could only be crushed if she lay on her face; for he knew that her beauty saved her. When the body of the queen was placed in this manner, the herd of beasts was driven upon it, and trod it down deep with their multitude of feet. Such was the end of Swanhild.

Meantime, the favourite dog of Broder came creeping to the

king making a sort of moan, and seemed to bewail its master's punishment; and his hawk, when it was brought in, began to pluck out its breast-feathers with its beak. The king took its nakedness as an omen of his bereavement, to frustrate which he quickly sent men to take his son down from the noose: for he divined by the featherless bird that he would be childless unless he took good heed. Thus Broder was freed from death, and Bikk, fearing he would pay the penalty of an informer, went and told the men of the Hellespont that Swanhild had been abominably slain by her husband. When they set sail to avenge their sister, he came back to Jarmerik, and told him that the Hellespontines were preparing war.

The king thought that it would be safer to fight with walls than in the field, and retreated into the stronghold which he had built. To stand the siege, he filled its inner parts with stores, and its battlements with men-at-arms. Targets and shields flashing with gold were hung round and adorned the topmost circle of the building.

It happened that the Hellespontines, before sharing their booty, accused a great band of their men of embezzling, and put them to death. Having now destroyed so large a part of their forces by internecine slaughter, they thought that their strength was not equal to storming the palace, and consulted a sorceress named Gudrun. She brought it to pass that the defenders of the king's side were suddenly blinded and turned their arms against one another. When the Hellespontines saw this, they brought up a shield-mantlet, and seized the approaches of the gates. Then they tore up the posts, burst into the building, and hewed down the blinded ranks of the enemy. In this uproar Odin appeared, and, making for the thick of the ranks of the fighters, restored by his divine power to the Danes that vision which they had lost by sleights; for he ever cherished them with fatherly love. He instructed them to shower stones to batter the Hellespontines, who used spells to harden their bodies against weapons. Thus both companies slew one another and perished. Jarmerik lost both feet and both hands, and his trunk was rolled among the dead. BRODER, little fit for it, followed him as king.

The next king was SIWALD. His son SNIO took vigorously to roving in his father's old age, and not only preserved the fortunes of his country, but even restored them, lessened as they were, to their former estate. Likewise, when he came to the sovereignty, he crushed the insolence of the champions Eskil and Alkil, and by this conquest reunited to his country Skaane, which had been severed from the general jurisdiction of Denmark. At last he conceived a passion for the daughter of the King of the Goths; it was returned, and he sent secret messengers to seek a chance of meeting her. These men were intercepted by the father of the damsel and hanged: thus paying dearly for their rash mission. Snio, wishing to avenge their death, invaded Gothland. Its king met him with his forces, and the aforesaid champions challenged him to send strong men to fight. Snio laid down as condition of the duel, that each of the two kings should either lose his own empire or gain that of the other, according to the fortune of the champions, and that the kingdom of the conquered should be staked as the prize of the victory. The result was that the King of the Goths was beaten by reason of the ill-success of his defenders, and had to quit his kingdom for the Danes. Snio, learning that this king's daughter had been taken away at the instance of her father to wed the King of the Swedes, sent a man clad in ragged attire, who used to ask alms on the public roads, to try her mind. And while he lay, as beggars do, by the threshold, he chanced to see the queen, and whined in a weak voice, "Snio loves thee." She feigned not to have heard the sound that stole on her ears, and neither looked nor stepped back, but went on to the palace, then returned straightway, and said in a low whisper, which scarcely reached his ears, "I love him who loves me"; and having said this she walked away.

The beggar rejoiced that she had returned a word of love, and, as he sat on the next day at the gate, when the queen came up, he said, briefly as ever, "Wishes should have a tryst." Again she shrewdly caught his cunning speech, and passed on, dissembling wholly. A little later she passed by her questioner, and said that she would shortly go to Bocheror; for this was the spot to which she meant to flee. And when the beggar heard this, he insisted, with his wonted shrewd questions, upon being told a fitting time

for the tryst. The woman was as cunning as he, and as little clear of speech, and named as quickly as she could the beginning of the winter.

Her train, who had caught a flying word of this love-message, took her great cleverness for the raving of utter folly. And when Snio had been told all this by the beggar, he contrived to carry the queen off in a vessel; for she got away under pretence of bathing, and took her husband's treasures. After this there were constant wars between Snio and the King of Sweden, whereof the issue was doubtful and the victory changeful; the one king seeking to regain his lawful, the other to keep his unlawful love.

At this time the yield of crops was ruined by most inclement weather, and a mighty dearth of corn befell. Victuals began to be scarce, and the commons were distressed with famine, so that the king, anxiously pondering how to relieve the hardness of the times, and seeing that the thirsty spent somewhat more than the hungry, introduced thrift among the people. He abolished drinking-bouts, and decreed that no drink should be prepared from gram, thinking that the bitter famine should be got rid of by prohibiting needless drinking, and that plentiful food could be levied as a loan on thirst.

Then a certain wanton slave of his belly, lamenting the prohibition against drink, adopted a deep kind of knavery, and found a new way to indulge his desires. He broke the public law of temperance by his own excess, contriving to get at what he loved by a device both cunning and absurd. For he sipped the forbidden liquor drop by drop, and so satisfied his longing to be tipsy. When he was summoned for this by the king, he declared that there was no stricter observer of sobriety than he, inasmuch as he mortified his longing to quaff deep by this device for moderate drinking. He persisted in the fault with which he was taxed, saying that he only sucked. At last he was also menaced with threats, and forbidden not only to drink, but even to sip; yet he could not check his habits. For in order to enjoy the unlawful thing in a lawful way, and not to have his throat subject to the command of another, he sopped morsels of bread in liquor, and fed on the pieces thus soaked with drink; tasting slowly, so as to prolong the desired debauch, and attaining, though in no unlawful manner, the forbidden measure of satiety.

Thus his stubborn and frantic intemperance risked his life, all for luxury; and, undeterred even by the threats of the king, he fortified his rash appetite to despise every peril. A second time he was summoned by the king on the charge of disobeying his regulation. Yet he did not even theft cease to defend his act, but maintained that he had in no wise contravened the royal decree, and that the temperance prescribed by the ordinance had been in no way violated by that which allured him; especially as the thrift ordered in the law of plain living was so described, that it was apparently forbidden to drink liquor, but not to eat it. Then the king called heaven to witness, and swore by the general good, that if he ventured on any such thing hereafter he would punish him with death. But the man thought that death was not so bad as temperance, and that it was easier to quit life than luxury; and he again boiled the grain in water, and then fermented the liquor; whereupon, despairing of any further plea to excuse his appetite, he openly indulged in drink, and turned to his cups again unabashed. Giving up cunning for effrontery, he chose rather to await the punishment of the king than to turn sober. Therefore, when the king asked him why he had so often made free to use the forbidden thing, he said:

"O king, this craving is begotten, not so much of my thirst, as of my goodwill towards thee! For I remembered that the funeral rites of a king must be paid with a drinking-bout. Therefore, led by good judgment more than the desire to swill, I have, by mixing the forbidden liquid, taken care that the feast whereat thy obsequies are performed should not, by reason of the scarcity of corn, lack the due and customary drinking. Now I do not doubt that thou wilt perish of famine before the rest, and be the first to need a tomb; for thou hast passed this strange law of thrift in fear that thou wilt be thyself the first to lack food. Thou art thinking for thyself, and not for others, when thou bringest thyself to start such strange miserly ways."

This witty quibbling turned the anger of the king into shame; and when he saw that his ordinance for the general good came home in mockery to himself, he thought no more of the public profit, but revoked the edict, relaxing his purpose sooner than anger his subjects.

Whether it was that the soil had too little rain, or that it was too hard baked, the crops, as I have said, were slack, and the fields gave but little produce; so that the land lacked victual, and was worn with a weary famine. The stock of food began to fail, and no help was left to stave off hunger. Then, at the proposal of Agg and of Ebb, it was provided by a decree of the people that the old men and the tiny children should be slain; that all who were too young to bear arms should be taken out of the land, and only the strong should be vouchsafed their own country; that none but able-bodied soldiers and husbandmen should continue to abide under their own roofs and in the houses of their fathers. When Agg and Ebb brought news of this to their mother Gambaruk, she saw that the authors of this infamous decree had found safety in crime. Condemning the decision of the assembly, she said that it was wrong to relieve distress by murder of kindred, and declared that a plan both more honourable and more desirable for the good of their souls and bodies would be, to preserve respect towards their parents and children, and choose by lot men who should quit the country. And if the lot fell on old men and weak, then the stronger should offer to go into exile in their place, and should of their own free will undertake to bear the burden of it for the feeble. But those men who had the heart to save their lives by crime and impiety, and to prosecute their parents and their children by so abominable a decree, did not deserve life; for they would be doing a work of cruelty and not of love. Finally, all those whose own lives were dearer to them than the love of their parents or their children, deserved but ill of their country. These words were reported to the assembly, and assented to by the vote of the majority. So the fortunes of all were staked upon the lot and those upon whom it fell were doomed to be banished. Thus those who had been loth to obey necessity of their own accord had now to accept the award of chance. So they sailed first to Bleking, and then, sailing past Moring, they came to anchor at Gothland; where, according to Paulus, they are said to have been prompted by the goddess Frigg to take the name of the Longobardi (Lombards), whose nation they afterwards founded. In the end they landed at Rugen, and, abandoning their ships, began to march overland. They crossed and wasted a great portion of the world; and at last, finding an abode in Italy, changed the ancient name of the nation for their own.

Meanwhile, the land of the Danes, where the tillers laboured less and less, and all traces of the furrows were covered with overgrowth, began to look like a forest. Almost stripped of its pleasant native turf, it bristled with the dense unshapely woods that grew up. Traces of this are yet seen in the aspect of its fields. What were once acres fertile in grain are now seen to be dotted with trunks of trees; and where of old the tillers turned the earth up deep and scattered the huge clods there has now sprung up a forest covering the fields, which still bear the tracks of ancient tillage. Had not these lands remained untilled and desolate with long overgrowth, the tenacious roots of trees could never have shared the soil of one and the same land with the furrows made by the plough. Moreover, the mounds which men laboriously built up of old on the level ground for the burial of the dead are now covered by a mass of woodland. Many piles of stones are also to be seen interspersed among the forest glades. These were once scattered over the whole country, but the peasants carefully gathered the boulders and piled them into a heap that they might not prevent furrows being cut in all directions; for they would sooner sacrifice a little of the land than find the whole of it stubborn. From this work, done by the toil of the peasants for the easier working of the fields, it is judged that the population in ancient times was greater than the present one, which is satisfied with small fields, and keeps its agriculture within narrower limits than those of the ancient tillage. Thus the present generation is amazed to behold that it has exchanged a soil which could once produce grain for one only fit to grow acorns, and the plough-handle and the corn-stalks for a landscape studded with trees. Let this account of Snio, which I have put together as truly as I could, suffice.

Snio was succeeded by BIORN; and after him HARALD became sovereign. Harald's son GORM won no mean place of honour among the ancient generals of the Danes by his record of doughty deeds. For he ventured into fresh fields, preferring to practise his inherited valour, not in war, but in searching the secrets of nature; and, just as other kings are stirred by warlike ardour, so his heart thirsted to look into marvels; either what he could experience himself, or what were merely matters of report. And being desirous to go and see all things foreign and extraordinary, he thought that he must above all test a report which he had heard from the men of Thule concerning the abode of a certain Geirrod. For they boasted past belief of the mighty piles of treasure in that country, but said that the way was beset with peril, and hardly passable by mortal man. For those who had tried it declared that it was needful to sail over the ocean that goes round the lands, to leave the sun and stars behind, to journey down into chaos, and at last to pass into a land where no light was and where darkness reigned eternally.

But the warrior trampled down in his soul all fear of the dangers that beset him. Not that he desired booty, but glory; for he hoped for a great increase of renown if he ventured on a wholly unattempted quest. Three hundred men announced that they had the same desire as the king; and he resolved that Thorkill, who had brought the news, should be chosen to guide them on the journey, as he knew the ground and was versed in the approaches to that country. Thorkill did not refuse the task, and advised that, to meet the extraordinary fury of the sea they had to cross, strongly-made vessels should be built, fitted with many knotted cords and close-set nails, filled with great store of provision, and covered above with ox-hides to protect the inner spaces of the ships from the spray of the waves breaking in. Then they sailed off in only three galleys, each containing a hundred chosen men.

Now when they had come to Halogaland (Helgeland), they lost their favouring breezes, and were driven and tossed divers ways over the seas in perilous voyage. At last, in extreme want of food, and lacking even bread, they staved off hunger with a little pottage. Some days passed, and they heard the thunder of a storm brawling in the distance, as if it were deluging the rocks. By this perceiving that land was near, they bade a youth of great nimbleness climb to the masthead and look out; and he reported that a precipitous island was in sight. All were overjoyed, and gazed with thirsty eyes at the country at which he pointed, eagerly awaiting the refuge of the promised shore. At last they managed to reach it, and made their way out over the heights that blocked their way, along very steep paths, into the higher ground. Then Thorkill told them to take no more of the herds that were running about in numbers on the coast, than would serve once to appease their hunger. If they disobeyed, the guardian gods of the spot would not let them depart. But the seamen, more anxious to go on filling their bellies than to obey orders, postponed counsels of safety to the temptations of gluttony, and loaded the now emptied holds of their ships with the carcasses of slaughtered cattle. These beasts were very easy to capture, because they gathered in amazement at the unwonted sight of men, their fears being made bold. On the following night monsters dashed down upon the shore, filled the forest with clamour, and beleaguered and beset the ships. One of them, huger than the rest, strode over the waters, armed with a mighty club. Coming close up to them, he bellowed out that they should never sail away till they had atoned for the crime they had committed in slaughtering the flock, and had made good the losses of the herd of the gods by giving up one man for each of their ships. Thorkill yielded to these threats; and, in order to preserve the safety of all by imperilling a few, singled out three men by lot and gave them up.

This done, a favouring wind took them, and they sailed to further Permland. It is a region of eternal cold, covered with very deep snows, and not sensible to the force even of the summer heats; full of pathless forests, not fertile in grain and haunted by beasts uncommon elsewhere. Its many rivers pour onwards in a hissing, foaming flood, because of the reefs imbedded in their channels.

Here Thorkill drew up his ships ashore, and bade them pitch their tents on the beach, declaring that they had come to a spot

whence the passage to Geirrod would be short. Moreover, he forbade them to exchange any speech with those that came up to them, declaring that nothing enabled the monsters to injure strangers so much as uncivil words on their part: it would be therefore safer for his companions to keep silence; none but he, who had seen all the manners and customs of this nation before, could speak safely. As twilight approached, a man of extraordinary bigness greeted the sailors by their names, and came among them. All were aghast, but Thorkill told them to greet his arrival cheerfully, telling them that this was Gudmund, the brother of Geirrod, and the most faithful guardian in perils of all men who landed in that spot. When the man asked why all the rest thus kept silence, he answered that they were very unskilled in his language, and were ashamed to use a speech they did not know. Then Gudmund invited them to be his guests, and took them up in carriages. As they went forward, they saw a river which could be crossed by a bridge of gold. They wished to go over it, but Gudmund restrained them, telling them that by this channel nature had divided the world of men from the world of monsters, and that no mortal track might go further. Then they reached the dwelling of their guide; and here Thorkill took his companions apart and warned them to behave like men of good counsel amidst the divers temptations chance might throw in their way; to abstain from the food of the stranger, and nourish their bodies only on their own; and to seek a seat apart from the natives, and have no contact with any of them as they lay at meat. For if they partook of that food they would lose recollection of all things, and must live for ever in filthy intercourse amongst ghastly hordes of monsters. Likewise he told them that they must keep their hands off the servants and the cups of the people.

Round the table stood twelve noble sons of Gudmund, and as many daughters of notable beauty. When Gudmund saw that the king barely tasted what his servants brought, he reproached him with repulsing his kindness, and complained that it was a slight on the host. But Thorkill was not at a loss for a fitting excuse. He reminded him that men who took unaccustomed food often suffered from it seriously, and that the king was not ungrateful for the service rendered by another, but was merely taking care of his health, when he refreshed himself as he was wont, and furnished his supper with his own viands. An act, therefore, that was only done in the healthy desire to escape some bane, ought in no wise to be put down to scorn. Now when Gudmund saw that the temperance of his guest had baffled his treacherous preparations, he determined to sap their chastity, if he could not weaken their abstinence, and eagerly strained every nerve of his wit to enfeeble their self-control. For he offered the king his daughter in marriage, and promised the rest that they should have whatever women of his household they desired. Most of them inclined to his offer: but Thorkill by his healthy admonitions prevented them, as he had done before, from falling into temptation.

With wonderful management Thorkill divided his heed between the suspicious host and the delighted guests. Four of the Danes, to whom lust was more than their salvation, accepted the offer; the infection maddened them, distraught their wits, and blotted out their recollection: for they are said never to have been in their right mind after this. If these men had kept themselves within the rightful bounds of temperance, they would have equalled the glories of Hercules, surpassed with their spirit the bravery of giants, and been ennobled for ever by their wondrous services to their country.

Gudmund, stubborn to his purpose, and still spreading his nets, extolled the delights of his garden, and tried to lure the king thither to gather fruits, desiring to break down his constant wariness by the lust of the eye and the baits of the palate. The king, as before, was strengthened against these treacheries by Thorkill, and rejected this feint of kindly service; he excused himself from accepting it on the plea that he must hasten on his journey. Gudmund perceived that Thorkill was shrewder than he at every point; so, despairing to accomplish his treachery, he carried them all across the further side of the river, and let them finish their journey.

They went on; and saw, not far off, a gloomy, neglected town, looking more like a cloud exhaling vapour. Stakes interspersed



among the battlements showed the severed heads of warriors and dogs of great ferocity were seen watching before the doors to guard the entrance. Thorkill threw them a horn smeared with fat to lick, and so, at slight cost, appeased their most furious rage. High up the gates lay open to enter, and they climbed to their level with ladders, entering with difficulty. Inside the town was crowded with murky and misshapen phantoms, and it was hard to say whether their shrieking figures were more ghastly to the eye or to the ear; everything was foul, and the reeking mire afflicted the nostrils of the visitors with its unbearable stench. Then they found the rocky dwelling which Geirrod was rumoured to inhabit for his palace. They resolved to visit its narrow and horrible ledge, but stayed their steps and halted in panic at the very entrance. Then Thorkill, seeing that they were of two minds, dispelled their hesitation to enter by manful encouragement, counselling them, to restrain themselves, and not to touch any piece of gear in the house they were about to enter, albeit it seemed delightful to have or pleasant to behold; to keep their hearts as far from all covetousness as from fear; neither to desire what was pleasant to take, nor dread what was awful to look upon, though they should find themselves amidst abundance of both these things. If they did, their greedy hands would suddenly be bound fast, unable to tear themselves away from the thing they touched, and knotted up with it as by inextricable bonds. Moreover, they should enter in order, four by four.

Broder and Buchi (Buk?) were the first to show courage to attempt to enter the vile palace; Thorkill with the king followed them, and the rest advanced behind these in ordered ranks.

Inside, the house was seen to be ruinous throughout, and filled with a violent and abominable reek. And it also teemed with everything that could disgust the eye or the mind: the door-posts were begrimed with the soot of ages, the wall was plastered with filth, the roof was made up of spear-heads, the flooring was covered with snakes and bespattered with all manner of uncleanness. Such an unwonted sight struck terror into the strangers, and, over all, the acrid and incessant stench assailed their afflicted nostrils. Also bloodless phantasmal monsters huddled on the iron seats, and the places for sitting were railed off by leaden trellises; and hideous doorkeepers stood at watch on the thresholds. Some of these, armed with clubs lashed together, yelled, while others played a gruesome game, tossing a goat's hide from one to the other with mutual motion of goatish backs.

Here Thorkill again warned the men, and forbade them to stretch forth their covetous hands rashly to the forbidden things. Going on through the breach in the crag, they beheld an old man with his body pierced through, sitting not far off, on a lofty seat facing the side of the rock that had been rent away. Moreover, three women, whose bodies were covered with tumours, and who seemed to have lost the strength of their back-bones, filled adjoining seats. Thorkill's companions were very curious; and he, who well knew the reason of the matter, told them that long ago the god Thor had been provoked by the insolence of the giants to drive red-hot irons through the vitals of Geirrod, who strove with him, and that the iron had slid further, torn up the mountain, and battered through its side; while the women had been stricken by the might of his thunderbolts, and had been punished (so he declared) for their attempt on the same deity, by having their bodies broken.

As the men were about to depart thence, there were disclosed to them seven butts hooped round with belts of gold; and from these hung circlets of silver entwined with them in manifold links. Near these was found the tusk of a strange beast, tipped at both ends with gold. Close by was a vast stag-horn, laboriously decked with choice and flashing gems, and this also did not lack chasing. Hard by was to be seen a very heavy bracelet. One man was kindled with an inordinate desire for this bracelet, and laid covetous hands upon the gold, not knowing that the glorious metal covered deadly mischief, and that a fatal bane lay hid under the shining spoil. A second also, unable to restrain his covetousness, reached out his quivering hands to the horn. A third, matching the confidence of the others, and having no control over his fingers, ventured to shoulder the tusk. The spoil seemed alike lovely to look upon and desirable to enjoy, for all that met the eye was fair and tempting

to behold. But the bracelet suddenly took the form of a snake, and attacked him who was carrying it with its poisoned tooth; the horn lengthened out into a serpent, and took the life of the man who bore it; the tusk wrought itself into a sword, and plunged into the vitals of its bearer.

The rest dreaded the fate of perishing with their friends, and thought that the guiltless would be destroyed like the guilty; they durst not hope that even innocence would be safe. Then the side-door of another room showed them a narrow alcove: and a privy chamber with a yet richer treasure was revealed, wherein arms were laid out too great for those of human stature. Among these were seen a royal mantle, a handsome hat, and a belt marvellously wrought. Thorkill, struck with amazement at these things, gave rein to his covetousness, and cast off all his purposed self-restraint. He who so oft had trained others could not so much as conquer his own cravings. For he laid his hand upon the mantle, and his rash example tempted the rest to join in his enterprise of plunder. Thereupon the recess shook from its lowest foundations, and began suddenly to reel and totter. Straightway the women raised a shriek that the wicked robbers were being endured too long. Then they, who were before supposed to be half-dead or lifeless phantoms, seemed to obey the cries of the women, and, leaping suddenly up from their seats, attacked the strangers with furious onset. The other creatures bellowed hoarsely.

But Broder and Buchi fell to their old and familiar arts, and attacked the witches, who ran at them, with a shower of spears from every side; and with the missiles from their bows and slings they crushed the array of monsters. There could be no stronger or more successful way to repulse them; but only twenty men out of all the king's company were rescued by the intervention of this archery; the rest were torn in pieces by the monsters. The survivors returned to the river, and were ferried over by Gudmund, who entertained them at his house. Long and often as he besought them, he could not keep them back; so at last he gave them presents and let them go.

Buchi relaxed his watch upon himself; his self-control became unstrung, and he forsook the virtue in which he hitherto rejoiced. For he conceived an incurable love for one of the daughters of Gudmund, and embraced her; but he obtained a bride to his undoing, for soon his brain suddenly began to whirl, and he lost his recollection. Thus the hero who had subdued all the monsters and overcome all the perils was mastered by passion for one girl; his soul strayed far from temperance, and he lay under a wretched sensual yoke. For the sake of respect, he started to accompany the departing king; but as he was about to ford the river in his carriage, his wheels sank deep, he was caught up in the violent eddies and destroyed.

The king bewailed his friend's disaster and departed hastening on his voyage. This was at first prosperous, but afterwards he was tossed by bad weather; his men perished of hunger, and but few survived, so that he began to feel awe in his heart, and fell to making vows to heaven, thinking the gods alone could help him in his extreme need. At last the others besought sundry powers among the gods, and thought they ought to sacrifice to the majesty of divers deities; but the king, offering both vows and peace-offerings to Utgarda-Loki, obtained that fair season of weather for which he prayed.

Coming home, and feeling that he had passed through all these seas and toils, he thought it was time for his spirit, wearied with calamities, to withdraw from his labours. So he took a queen from Sweden, and exchanged his old pursuits for meditative leisure. His life was prolonged in the utmost peace and quietness; but when he had almost come to the end of his days, certain men persuaded him by likely arguments that souls were immortal; so that he was constantly turning over in his mind the questions, to what abode he was to fare when the breath left his limbs, or what reward was earned by zealous adoration of the gods.

While he was thus inclined, certain men who wished ill to Thorkill came and told Gorm that it was needful to consult the gods, and that assurance about so great a matter must be sought of the oracles of heaven, since it was too deep for human wit and hard for mortals to discover.

Therefore, they said, Utgarda-Loki must be appeased, and no man would accomplish this more fitly than Thorkill. Others, again, laid information against him as guilty of treachery and an enemy of the king's life. Thorkill, seeing himself doomed to extreme peril, demanded that his accusers should share his journey. Then they who had aspersed an innocent man saw that the peril they had designed against the life of another had recoiled upon themselves, and tried to take back their plan. But vainly did they pester the ears of the king; he forced them to sail under the command of Thorkill, and even upbraided them with cowardice. Thus, when a mischief is designed against another, it is commonly sure to strike home to its author. And when these men saw that they were constrained, and could not possibly avoid the peril, they covered their ship with ox-hides, and filled it with abundant store of provision.

In this ship they sailed away, and came to a sunless land, which knew not the stars, was void of daylight, and seemed to overshadow them with eternal night. Long they sailed under this strange sky; at last their timber fell short, and they lacked fuel; and, having no place to boil their meat in, they staved off their hunger with raw viands. But most of those who ate contracted extreme disease, being glutted with undigested food. For the unusual diet first made a faintness steal gradually upon their stomachs; then the infection spread further, and the malady reached the vital parts. Thus there was danger in either extreme, which made it hurtful not to eat, and perilous to indulge; for it was found both unsafe to feed and bad for them to abstain. Then, when they were beginning to be in utter despair, a gleam of unexpected help relieved them, even as the string breaks most easily when it is stretched tightest. For suddenly the weary men saw the twinkle of a fire at no great distance, and conceived a hope of prolonging their lives. Thorkill thought this fire a heaven-sent relief, and resolved to go and take some of it.

To be surer of getting back to his friends, Thorkill fastened a jewel upon the mast-head, to mark it by the gleam. When he got to the shore, his eyes fell on a cavern in a close defile, to which a narrow way led. Telling his companions to await him outside, he went in, and saw two men, swart and very huge, with horny noses, feeding their fire with any chance-given fuel. Moreover, the entrance was hideous, the door-posts were decayed, the walls grimy with mould, the roof filthy, and the floor swarming with snakes; all of which disgusted the eye as much as the mind. Then one of the giants greeted him, and said that he had begun a most difficult venture in his burning desire to visit a strange god, and his attempt to explore with curious search an untrodden region beyond the world. Yet he promised to tell Thorkill the paths of the journey he proposed to make, if he would deliver three true judgments in the form of as many sayings. Then said Thorkill: "In good truth, I do not remember ever to have seen a household with more uncomely noses; nor have I ever come to a spot where I had less mind to live." Also he said: "That, I think, is my best foot which can get out of this foremost."

The giant was pleased with the shrewdness of Thorkill, and praised his sayings, telling him that he must first travel to a grassless land which was veiled in deep darkness; but he must first voyage for four days, rowing incessantly, before he could reach his goal. There he could visit Utgarda-Loki, who had chosen hideous and grisly caves for his filthy dwelling. Thorkill was much agast at being bidden to go on a voyage so long and hazardous; but his doubtful hopes prevailed over his present fears, and he asked for some live fuel. Then said the giant: "If thou needest fire, thou must deliver three more judgments in like sayings." Then said Thorkill: "Good counsel is to be obeyed, though a mean fellow gave it." Likewise: "I have gone so far in rashness, that if I can get back I shall owe my safety to none but my own legs." And again: "Were I free to retreat this moment, I would take good care never to come back."

Thereupon Thorkill took the fire along to his companions; and finding a kindly wind, landed on the fourth day at the appointed harbour. With his crew he entered a land where an aspect of unbroken night checked the vicissitude of light and darkness. He could hardly see before him, but beheld a rock of enormous size. Wishing to explore it, he told his companions, who were standing posted at the door, to strike a fire from flints as a timely safeguard

against demons, and kindle it in the entrance. Then he made others bear a light before him, and stooped his body through the narrow jaws of the cavern, where he beheld a number of iron seats among a swarm of gliding serpents. Next there met his eye a sluggish mass of water gently flowing over a sandy bottom. He crossed this, and approached a cavern which sloped somewhat more steeply. Again, after this, a foul and gloomy room was disclosed to the visitors, wherein they saw Utgarda-Loki, laden hand and foot with enormous chains. Each of his reeking hairs was as large and stiff as a spear of cornel. Thorkill (his companions lending a hand), in order that his deeds might gain more credit, plucked one of these from the chin of Utgarda-Loki, who suffered it. Straightway such a noisome smell reached the bystanders, that they could not breathe without stopping their noses with their mantles. They could scarcely make their way out, and were bespattered by the snakes which darted at them on every side.

Only five of Thorkill's company embarked with their captain: the poison killed the rest. The demons hung furiously over them, and cast their poisonous slaver from every side upon the men below them. But the sailors sheltered themselves with their hides, and cast back the venom that fell upon them. One man by chance at this point wished to peep out; the poison touched his head, which was taken off his neck as if it had been severed with a sword. Another put his eyes out of their shelter, and when he brought them back under it they were blinded. Another thrust forth his hand while unfolding his covering, and, when he withdrew his arm, it was withered by the virulence of the same slaver. They besought their deities to be kinder to them; vainly, until Thorkill prayed to the god of the universe, and poured forth unto him libations as well as prayers; and thus, presently finding the sky even as before and the elements clear, he made a fair voyage.

And now they seemed to behold another world, and the way towards the life of man. At last Thorkill landed in Germany, which had then been admitted to Christianity; and among its people he began to learn how to worship God. His band of men were almost destroyed, because of the dreadful air they had breathed, and he returned to his country accompanied by two men only, who had escaped the worst. But the corrupt matter which smeared his face so disguised his person and original features that not even his friends knew him. But when he wiped off the filth, he made himself recognizable by those who saw him, and inspired the king with the greatest eagerness to hear about his quest. But the detraction of his rivals was not yet silenced; and some pretended that the king would die suddenly if he learnt Thorkill's tidings. The king was the more disposed to credit this saying, because he was already credulous by reason of a dream which falsely prophesied the same thing. Men were therefore hired by the king's command to slay Thorkill in the night. But somehow he got wind of it, left his bed unknown to all, and put a heavy log in his place. By this he baffled the treacherous device of the king, for the hirelings smote only the stock.

On the morrow Thorkill went up to the king as he sat at meat, and said: "I forgive thy cruelty and pardon thy error, in that thou hast decreed punishment, and not thanks, to him who brings good tidings of his errand. For thy sake I have devoted my life to all these afflictions, and battered it in all these perils; I hoped that thou wouldst requite my services with much gratitude; and behold! I have found thee, and thee alone, punish my valour sharpest. But I forbear all vengeance, and am satisfied with the shame within thy heart—if, after all, any shame visits the thankless—as expiation for this wrongdoing towards me. I have a right to surmise that thou art worse than all demons in fury, and all beasts in cruelty, if, after escaping the snares of all these monsters, I have failed to be safe from thine."

The king desired to learn everything from Thorkill's own lips; and, thinking it hard to escape destiny, bade him relate what had happened in due order. He listened eagerly to his recital of everything, till at last, when his own god was named, he could not endure him to be unfavourably judged. For he could not bear to hear Utgarda-Loki reproached with filthiness, and so resented his shameful misfortunes, that his very life could not brook such words, and he yielded it up in the midst of Thorkill's narrative. Thus, whilst he was so zealous in the worship of a false god, he

came to find where the true prison of sorrows really was. Moreover, the reek of the hair, which Thorkill plucked from the locks of the giant to testify to the greatness of his own deeds, was exhaled upon the bystanders, so that many perished of it.

After the death of Gorm, GOTRIK his son came to the throne. He was notable not only for prowess but for generosity, and none can say whether his courage or his compassion was the greater. He so chastened his harshness with mercy, that he seemed to counterweigh the one with the other. At this time Gaut, the King of Norway, was visited by Ber (Biorn?) and Ref, men of Thule. Gaut treated Ref with attention and friendship, and presented him with a heavy bracelet.

One of the courtiers, when he saw this, praised the greatness of the gift over-zealously, and declared that no one was equal to King Gaut in kindness. But Ref, though he owed thanks for the benefit, could not approve the inflated words of this extravagant praiser, and said that Gotrik was more generous than Gaut. Wishing to crush the empty boast of the flatterer, he chose rather to bear witness to the generosity of the absent than tickle with lies the vanity of his benefactor who was present. For another thing, he thought it somewhat more desirable to be charged with ingratitude than to support with his assent such idle and boastful praise, and also to move the king by the solemn truth than to beguile him with lying flatteries. But Ulf persisted not only in stubbornly repeating his praises of the king, but in bringing them to the proof; and proposed their gainsayer a wager.

With his consent Ref went to Denmark, and found Gotrik seated in state, and dealing out the pay to his soldiers. When the king asked him who he was, he said that his name was "Fox-cub" The answer filled some with mirth and some with marvel, and Gotrik said, "Yea, and it is fitting that a fox should catch his prey in his mouth." And thereupon he drew a bracelet from his arm, called the man to him, and put it between his lips. Straightway Ref put it upon his arm, which he displayed to them all adorned with gold, but the other arm he kept hidden as lacking ornament; for which shrewdness he received a gift equal to the first from that hand of matchless generosity. At this he was overjoyed, not so much because the reward was great, as because he had won his contention. And when the king learnt from him about the wager he had laid, he rejoiced that he had been lavish to him more by accident than of set purpose, and declared that he got more pleasure from the giving than the receiver from the gift. So Ref returned to Norway and slew his opponent, who refused to pay the wager. Then he took the daughter of Gaut captive, and brought her to Gotrik for his own.

Gotrik, who is also called Godefride, carried his arms against foreigners, and increased his strength and glory by his successful generalship. Among his memorable deeds were the terms of tribute he imposed upon the Saxons; namely, that whenever a change of kings occurred among the Danes, their princes should devote a hundred snow-white horses to the new king on his accession. But if the Saxons should receive a new chief upon a change in the succession, this chief was likewise to pay the aforesaid tribute obediently, and bow at the outset of his power to the sovereign majesty of Denmark; thereby acknowledging the supremacy of our nation, and solemnly confessing his own subjection. Nor was it enough for Gotrik to subjugate Germany: he appointed Ref on a mission to try the strength of Sweden. The Swedes feared to slay him with open violence, but ventured to act like bandits, and killed him, as he slept, with the blow of a stone. For, hanging a millstone above him, they cut its fastenings, and let it drop upon his neck as he lay beneath. To expiate this crime it was decreed that each of the ringleaders should pay twelve golden talents, while each of the common people should pay Gotrik one ounce. Men called this "the Fox-cub's tribute". (Refsgild).

Meanwhile it befell that Karl, King of the Franks, crushed Germany in war, and forced it not only to embrace the worship of Christianity, but also to obey his authority. When Gotrik heard of this, he attacked the nations bordering on the Elbe, and attempted to regain under his sway as of old the realm of Saxony, which eagerly accepted the yoke of Karl, and preferred the Roman to the Danish arms. Karl had at this time withdrawn his victorious camp beyond the Rhine, and therefore forbore to engage the stranger

enemy, being prevented by the intervening river. But when he was intending to cross once more to subdue the power of Gotrik, he was summoned by Leo the Pope of the Romans to defend the city.

Obedying this command, Karl intrusted his son Pepin with the conduct of the war against Gotrik; so that while he himself was working against a distant foe, Pepin might manage the conflict he had undertaken with his neighbour. For Karl was distracted by two anxieties, and had to furnish sufficient out of a scanty band to meet both of them. Meanwhile Gotrik won a glorious victory over the Saxons. Then gathering new strength, and mustering a larger body of forces, he resolved to avenge the wrong he had suffered in losing his sovereignty, not only upon the Saxons, but upon the whole people of Germany. He began by subduing Friesland with his fleet.

This province lies very low, and whenever the fury of the ocean bursts the dykes that bar its waves, it is wont to receive the whole mass of the deluge over its open plains. On this country Gotrik imposed a kind of tribute, which was not so much harsh as strange. I will briefly relate its terms and the manner of it. First, a building was arranged, two hundred and forty feet in length, and divided into twelve spaces; each of these stretching over an interval of twenty feet, and thus making together, when the whole room was exhausted, the aforesaid total. Now at the upper end of this building sat the king's treasurer, and in a line with him at its further end was displayed a round shield. When the Frisians came to pay tribute, they used to cast their coins one by one into the hollow of this shield; but only those coins which struck the ear of the distant toll-gatherer with a distinct clang were chosen by him, as he counted, to be reckoned among the royal tribute. The result was that the collector only reckoned that money towards the treasury of which his distant ear caught the sound as it fell. But that of which the sound was duller, and which fell out of his earshot, was received indeed into the treasury, but did not count as any increase to the sum paid. Now many coins that were cast in struck with no audible loudness whatever on the collector's ear, so that men who came to pay their appointed toll sometimes squandered much of their money in useless tribute. Karl is said to have freed them afterwards from the burden of this tax. After Gotrik had crossed Friesland, and Karl had now come back from Rome, Gotrik determined to swoop down upon the further districts of Germany, but was treacherously attacked by one of his own servants, and perished at home by the sword of a traitor. When Karl heard this, he leapt up overjoyed, declaring that nothing more delightful had ever fallen to his lot than this happy chance.

## BOOK NINE.

After Gotrik's death reigned his son OLAF; who, desirous to avenge his father, did not hesitate to involve his country in civil wars, putting patriotism after private inclination. When he perished, his body was put in a barrow, famous for the name of Olaf, which was built up close by Leire.

He was succeeded by HEMMING, of whom I have found no deed worthy of record, save that he made a sworn peace with Kaiser Ludwig; and yet, perhaps, envious antiquity hides many notable deeds of his time, albeit they were then famous.

After these men there came to the throne, backed by the Skandinavians and Zealanders, SIWARD, surnamed RING. He was the son, born long ago, of the chief of Norway who bore the same name, by Gotrik's daughter. Now Ring, cousin of Siward, and also a grandson of Gotrik, was master of Jutland. Thus the power of the single kingdom was divided; and, as though its two parts were contemptible for their smallness, foreigners began not only to despise but to attack it. These Siward assailed with greater hatred than he did his rival for the throne; and, preferring wars abroad to wars at home, he stubbornly defended his country against dangers for five years; for he chose to put up with a trouble at home that he might the more easily cure one which came from abroad. Wherefore Ring (desiring his) command, seized the opportunity, tried to transfer the whole sovereignty to himself, and did not hesitate to injure in his own land the man who was watching over it without; for he attacked the provinces in the possession of Siward, which

was an ungrateful requital for the defence of their common country. Therefore, some of the Zealanders who were more zealous for Siward, in order to show him firmer loyalty in his absence, proclaimed his son Ragnar as king, when he was scarcely dragged out of his cradle. Not but what they knew he was too young to govern; yet they hoped that such a gage would serve to rouse their sluggish allies against Ring. But, when Ring heard that Siward had meantime returned from his expedition, he attacked the Zealanders with a large force, and proclaimed that they should perish by the sword if they did not surrender; but the Zealanders, who were bidden to choose between shame and peril, were so few that they distrusted their strength, and requested a truce to consider the matter. It was granted; but, since it did not seem open to them to seek the favour of Siward, nor honourable to embrace that of Ring, they wavered long in perplexity between fear and shame. In this plight even the old were at a loss for counsel; but Ragnar, who chanced to be present at the assembly, said: "The short bow shoots its shaft suddenly. Though it may seem the hardihood of a boy that I venture to forestall the speech of the elders, yet I pray you to pardon my errors, and be indulgent to my unripe words. Yet the counsellor of wisdom is not to be spurned, though he seem contemptible; for the teaching of profitable things should be drunk in with an open mind. Now it is shameful that we should be branded as deserters and runaways, but it is just as foolhardy to venture above our strength; and thus there is proved to be equal blame either way. We must, then, pretend to go over to the enemy, but, when a chance comes in our way, we must desert him betimes. It will thus be better to forestall the wrath of our foe by reigned obedience than, by refusing it, to give him a weapon wherewith to attack us yet more harshly; for if we decline the sway of the stronger, are we not simply turning his arms against our own throat? Intricate devices are often the best nurse of craft. You need cunning to trap a fox." By this sound counsel he dispelled the wavering of his countrymen, and strengthened the camp of the enemy to its own hurt.

The assembly, marvelling at the eloquence as much as at the wit of one so young, gladly embraced a proposal of such genius, which they thought excellent beyond his years. Nor were the old men ashamed to obey the bidding of a boy when they lacked counsel themselves; for, though it came from one of tender years, it was full, notwithstanding, of weighty and sound instruction. But they feared to expose their adviser to immediate peril, and sent him over to Norway to be brought up. Soon afterwards, Siward joined battle with Ring and attacked him. He slew Ring, but himself received an incurable wound, of which he died a few days afterwards.

He was succeeded on the throne by RAGNAR. At this time Fro (Frey?), the King of Sweden, after slaying Siward, the King of the Norwegians, put the wives of Siward's kinsfolk in bonds in a brothel, and delivered them to public outrage. When Ragnar heard of this, he went to Norway to avenge his grandfather. As he came, many of the matrons, who had either suffered insult to their persons or feared imminent peril to their chastity, hastened eagerly to his camp in male attire, declaring that they would prefer death to outrage. Nor did Ragnar, who was to punish this reproach upon the women, scorn to use against the author of the infamy the help of those whose shame he had come to avenge. Among them was Ladgerda, a skilled amazon, who, though a maiden, had the courage of a man, and fought in front among the bravest with her hair loose over her shoulders. All-marvelled at her matchless deeds, for her locks flying down her back betrayed that she was a woman.

Ragnar, when he had justly cut down the murderer of his grandfather, asked many questions of his fellow soldiers concerning the maiden whom he had seen so forward in the fray, and declared that he had gained the victory by the might of one woman. Learning that she was of noble birth among the barbarians, he steadfastly wooed her by means of messengers. She spurned his mission in her heart, but feigned compliance. Giving false answers, she made her panting wooer confident that he would gain his desires; but ordered that a bear and a dog should be set at the porch of her dwelling, thinking to guard her own room against all the ardour of a lover by means of the beasts that blocked the way. Rag-

nar, comforted by the good news, embarked, crossed the sea, and, telling his men to stop in Gaulardale, as the valley is called, went to the dwelling of the maiden alone. Here the beasts met him, and he thrust one through with a spear, and caught the other by the throat, wrung its neck, and choked it. Thus he had the maiden as the prize of the peril he had overcome. By this marriage he had two daughters, whose names have not come down to us, and a son Fridleif. Then he lived three years at peace.

The Jutlanders, a presumptuous race, thinking that because of his recent marriage he would never return, took the Skanians into alliance, and tried to attack the Zealanders, who preserved the most zealous and affectionate loyalty towards Ragnar. He, when he heard of it, equipped thirty ships, and, the winds favouring his voyage, crushed the Skanians, who ventured to fight, near the stead of Whiteby, and when the winter was over he fought successfully with the Jutlanders who dwelt near the Liim-fjord in that region. A third and a fourth time he conquered the Skanians and the Hallanders triumphantly.

Afterwards, changing his love, and desiring Thora, the daughter of the King Herodd, to wife, Ragnar divorced himself from Ladgerda; for he thought ill of her trustworthiness, remembering that she had long ago set the most savage beasts to destroy him. Meantime Herodd, the King of the Swedes, happening to go and hunt in the woods, brought home some snakes, found by his escort, for his daughter to rear. She speedily obeyed the instructions of her father, and endured to rear a race of adders with her maiden hands. Moreover, she took care that they should daily have a whole ox-carcase to gorge upon, not knowing that she was privately feeding and keeping up a public nuisance. The vipers grew up, and scorched the country-side with their pestilential breath. Whereupon the king, repenting of his sluggishness, proclaimed that whosoever removed the pest should have his daughter.

Many warriors were thereto attracted by courage as much as by desire; but all idly and perilously wasted their pains. Ragnar, learning from men who travelled to and fro how the matter stood, asked his nurse for a woollen mantle, and for some thigh-pieces that were very hairy, with which he could repel the snake-bites. He thought that he ought to use a dress stuffed with hair to protect himself, and also took one that was not unwieldy, that he might move nimbly. And when he had landed in Sweden, he deliberately plunged his body in water, while there was a frost falling, and, wetting his dress, to make it the less penetrable, he let the cold freeze it. Thus attired, he took leave of his companions, exhorted them to remain loyal to Fridleif, and went on to the palace alone. When he saw it, he tied his sword to his side, and lashed a spear to his right hand with a thong. As he went on, an enormous snake glided up and met him. Another, equally huge, crawled up, following in the trail of the first. They strove now to buffet the young man with the coils of their tails, and now to spit and belch their venom stubbornly upon him. Meantime the courtiers, betaking themselves to safer hiding, watched the struggle from afar like affrighted little girls. The king was stricken with equal fear, and fled, with a few followers, to a narrow shelter. But Ragnar, trusting in the hardness of his frozen dress, foiled the poisonous assaults not only with his arms, but with his attire, and, single-handed, in unweariable combat, stood up against the two gaping creatures, who stubbornly poured forth their venom upon him. For their teeth he repelled with his shield, their poison with his dress. At last he cast his spear, and drove it against the bodies of the brutes, who were attacking him hard. He pierced both their hearts, and his battle ended in victory.

After Ragnar had thus triumphed the king scanned his dress closely, and saw that he was rough and hairy; but, above all, he laughed at the shaggy lower portion of his garb, and chiefly the uncouth aspect of his breeches; so that he gave him in jest the nickname of Lodbrog. Also he invited him to feast with his friends, to refresh him after his labours. Ragnar said that he would first go back to the witnesses whom he had left behind. He set out and brought them back, splendidly attired for the coming feast. At last, when the banquet was over, he received the prize that was appointed for the victory. By her he begot two nobly-gifted sons, Radbard and Dunwat. These also had brothers—Siward, Biorn, Agnar, and Iwar.

Meanwhile, the Jutes and Skanians were kindled with an unquenchable fire of sedition; they disallowed the title of Ragnar, and gave a certain Harald the sovereign power. Ragnar sent envoys to Norway, and besought friendly assistance against these men; and Ladgerda, whose early love still flowed deep and steadfast, hastily sailed off with her husband and her son. She brought herself to offer a hundred and twenty ships to the man who had once put her away. And he, thinking himself destitute of all resources, took to borrowing help from folk of every age, crowded the strong and the feeble all together, and was not ashamed to insert some old men and boys among the wedges of the strong. So he first tried to crush the power of the Skanians in the field which in Latin is called *Laneus* (Woolly); here he had a hard fight with the rebels. Here, too, Iwar, who was in his seventh year, fought splendidly, and showed the strength of a man in the body of a boy. But Siward, while attacking the enemy face to face, fell forward upon the ground wounded. When his men saw this, it made them look round most anxiously for means of flight; and this brought low not only Siward, but almost the whole army on the side of Ragnar. But Ragnar by his manly deeds and exhortations comforted their amazed and sunken spirits, and, just when they were ready to be conquered, spurred them on to try and conquer.

Ladgerda, who had a matchless spirit though a delicate frame, covered by her splendid bravery the inclination of the soldiers to waver. For she made a sally about, and flew round to the rear of the enemy, taking them unawares, and thus turned the panic of her friends into the camp of the enemy. At last the lines of HARALD became slack, and HARALD himself was routed with a great slaughter of his men. LADGERDA, when she had gone home after the battle, murdered her husband.... in the night with a spear-head, which she had hid in her gown. Then she usurped the whole of his name and sovereignty; for this most presumptuous dame thought it pleasanter to rule without her husband than to share the throne with him.

Meantime, Siward was taken to a town in the neighbourhood, and gave himself to be tended by the doctors, who were reduced to the depths of despair. But while the huge wound baffled all the remedies they applied, a certain man of amazing size was seen to approach the litter of the sick man, and promised that Siward should straightway rejoice and be whole, if he would consecrate unto him the souls of all whom he should overcome in battle. Nor did he conceal his name, but said that he was called Rostar. Now Siward, when he saw that a great benefit could be got at the cost of a little promise, eagerly acceded to this request. Then the old man suddenly, by the help of his hand, touched and banished the livid spot, and suddenly scarred the wound over. At last he poured dust on his eyes and departed. Spots suddenly arose, and the dust, to the amaze of the beholders, seemed to become wonderfully like little snakes.

I should think that he who did this miracle wished to declare, by the manifest token of his eyes, that the young man was to be cruel in future, in order that the more visible part of his body might not lack some omen of his life that was to follow. When the old woman, who had the care of his draughts, saw him showing in his face signs of little snakes; she was seized with an extraordinary horror of the young man, and suddenly fell and swooned away. Hence it happened that Siward got the widespread name of Snake-Eye.

Meantime Thora, the bride of Ragnar, perished of a violent malady, which caused infinite trouble and distress to the husband, who dearly loved his wife. This distress, he thought, would be best dispelled by business, and he resolved to find solace in exercise and qualify his grief by toil. To banish his affliction and gain some comfort, he bent his thoughts to warfare, and decreed that every father of a family should devote to his service whichever of his children he thought most contemptible, or any slave of his who was lazy at his work or of doubtful fidelity. And albeit that this decree seemed little fitted for his purpose, he showed that the feeblest of the Danish race were better than the strongest men of other nations; and it did the young men great good, each of those chosen being eager to wipe off the reproach of indolence. Also he enacted that every piece of litigation should be referred to the judgment of twelve chosen elders, all ordinary methods of action

being removed, the accuser being forbidden to charge, and the accused to defend. This law removed all chance of incurring litigation lightly. Thinking that there was thus sufficient provision made against false accusations by unscrupulous men, he lifted up his arms against Britain, and attacked and slew in battle its king, Hame, the father of Ella, who was a most noble youth. Then he killed the earls of Scotland and of Pictland, and of the isles that they call the Southern or Meridional (*Sudr-eyar*), and made his sons Siward and Radbard masters of the provinces, which were now without governors. He also deprived Norway of its chief by force, and commanded it to obey Fridleif, whom he also set over the Orkneys, from which he took their own earl.

Meantime, some of the Danes who were most stubborn in their hatred against Ragnar were obstinately bent on rebellion. They rallied to the side of Harald, once an exile, and tried to raise the fallen fortunes of the tyrant. By this hardihood they raised up against the king the most virulent blasts of civil war, and entangled him in domestic perils when he was free from foreign troubles. Ragnar, setting out to check them with a fleet of the Danes who lived in the isles, crushed the army of the rebels, drove Harald, the leader of the conquered army, a fugitive to Germany, and forced him to resign unashfully an honour which he had gained without scruple. Nor was he content simply to kill his prisoners: he preferred to torture them to death, so that those who could not be induced to forsake their disloyalty might not be so much as suffered to give up the ghost save under the most grievous punishment. Moreover, the estates of those who had deserted with Harald he distributed among those who were serving as his soldiers, thinking that the fathers would be worse punished by seeing the honour of their inheritance made over to the children whom they had rejected, while those whom they had loved better lost their patrimony. But even this did not sate his vengeance, and he further determined to attack Saxony, thinking it the refuge of his foes and the retreat of Harald. So, begging his sons to help him, he came on Karl, who happened then to be tarrying on those borders of his empire. Intercepting his sentries, he eluded the watch that was posted on guard. But while he thought that all the rest would therefore be easy and more open to his attacks, suddenly a woman who was a soothsayer, a kind of divine oracle or interpreter of the will of heaven, warned the king with a saving prophecy, and by her fortunate presage forestalled the mischief that impended, saying that the fleet of Siward had moored at the mouth of the river Seine. The emperor, heeding the warning, and understanding that the enemy was at hand, managed to engage with and stop the barbarians, who were thus pointed out to him. A battle was fought with Ragnar; but Karl did not succeed as happily in the field as he had got warning of the danger. And so that tireless conqueror of almost all Europe, who in his calm and complete career of victory had travelled over so great a portion of the world, now beheld his army, which had vanquished all these states and nations, turning its face from the field, and shattered by a handful from a single province.

Ragnar, after loading the Saxons with tribute, had sure tidings from Sweden of the death of Herodd, and also heard that his own sons, owing to the slander of Sorle, the king chosen in his stead, had been robbed of their inheritance. He besought the aid of the brothers Biorn, Fridleif, and Ragbard (for Ragnald, Hwitserk, and Erik, his sons by Swanloga, had not yet reached the age of bearing arms), and went to Sweden. Sorle met him with his army, and offered him the choice between a public conflict and a duel; and when Ragnar chose personal combat, he sent against him Starkad, a champion of approved daring, with his band of seven sons, to challenge and fight with him. Ragnar took his three sons to share the battle with him, engaged in the sight of both armies, and came out of the combat triumphant.

Biorn, having inflicted great slaughter on the foe without hurt to himself, gained from the strength of his sides, which were like iron, a perpetual name (*Ironsides*). This victory emboldened Ragnar to hope that he could overcome any peril, and he attacked and slew Sorle with the entire forces he was leading. He presented Biorn with the lordship of Sweden for his conspicuous bravery and service. Then for a little interval he rested from wars, and chanced to fall deeply in love with a certain woman. In order to

find some means of approaching and winning her the more readily, he courted her father (Esbern) by showing him the most obliging and attentive kindness. He often invited him to banquets, and received him with lavish courtesy. When he came, he paid him the respect of rising, and when he sat, he honoured him with a set next to himself. He also often comforted him with gifts, and at times with the most kindly speech. The man saw that no merits of his own could be the cause of all this distinction, and casting over the matter every way in his mind, he perceived that the generosity of his monarch was caused by his love for his daughter, and that he coloured this lustful purpose with the name of kindness. But, that he might balk the cleverness of the lover, however well calculated, he had the girl watched all the more carefully that he saw her beset by secret aims and obstinate methods. But Ragnar, who was comforted by the surest tidings of her consent, went to the farmhouse in which she was kept, and fancying that love must find out a way, repaired alone to a certain peasant in a neighbouring lodging. In the morning he exchanged dress with the women, and went in female attire, and stood by his mistress as she was unwinding wool. Cunningly, to avoid betrayal, he set his hands to the work of a maiden, though they were little skilled in the art. In the night he embraced the maiden and gained his desire. When her time drew near, and the girl growing big, betrayed her outraged chastity, the father, not knowing to whom his daughter had given herself to be defiled, persisted in asking the girl herself who was the unknown seducer. She steadfastly affirmed that she had had no one to share her bed except her handmaid, and he made the affair over to the king to search into. He would not allow an innocent servant to be branded with an extraordinary charge, and was not ashamed to prove another's innocence by avowing his own guilt. By this generosity he partially removed the woman's reproach, and prevented an absurd report from being sown in the ears of the wicked. Also he added, that the son to be born of her was of his own line, and that he wished him to be named Ubbe. When this son had grown up somewhat, his wit, despite his tender years, equalled the discernment of manhood. For he took to loving his mother, since she had had converse with a noble bed, but cast off all respect for his father, because he had stooped to a union too lowly.

After this Ragnar prepared an expedition against the Hellepontines, and summoned an assembly of the Danes, promising that he would give the people most wholesome laws. He had enacted before that each father of a household should offer for service that one among his sons whom he esteemed least; but now he enacted that each should arm the son who was stoutest of hand or of most approved loyalty. Thereon, taking all the sons he had by Thora, in addition to Ubbe, he attacked, crushed in sundry campaigns, and subdued the Hellespont with its king Dia. At last he involved the same king in disaster after disaster, and slew him. Dia's sons, Dia and Daxo, who had before married the daughters of the Russian king, begged forces from their father-in-law, and rushed with most ardent courage to the work of avenging their father. But Ragnar, when he saw their boundless army, distrusted his own forces; and he put brazen horses on wheels that could be drawn easily, took them round on carriages that would turn, and ordered that they should be driven with the utmost force against the thickest ranks of the enemy. This device served so well to break the line of the foe, that the Danes' hope of conquest seemed to lie more in the engine than in the soldiers: for its insupportable weight overwhelmed whatever it struck. Thus one of the leaders was killed, while one made off in flight, and the whole army of the area of the Hellespont retreated. The Scythians, also, who were closely related by blood to Daxo on the mother's side, are said to have been crushed in the same disaster. Their province was made over to Hwitserk, and the king of the Russians, trusting little in his own strength, hastened to fly out of the reach of the terrible arms of Ragnar.

Now Ragnar had spent almost five years in sea-roving, and had quickly compelled all other nations to submit; but he found the Perms in open defiance of his sovereignty. He had just conquered them, but their loyalty was weak. When they heard that he had come they cast spells upon the sky, stirred up the clouds, and drove them into most furious storms. This for some time pre-

vented the Danes from voyaging, and caused their supply of food to fail. Then, again, the storm suddenly abated, and now they were scorched by the most fervent and burning heat; nor was this plague any easier to bear than the great and violent cold had been. Thus the mischievous excess in both directions affected their bodies alternately, and injured them by an immoderate increase first of cold and then of heat. Moreover, dysentery killed most of them. So the mass of the Danes, being pent in by the dangerous state of the weather, perished of the bodily plague that arose on every side. And when Ragnar saw that he was hindered, not so much by a natural as by a factitious tempest, he lided on his voyage as best he could, and got to the country of the Kurlanders and Sembs, who paid zealous honour to his might and majesty, as if he were the most revered of conquerors. This service enraged the king all the more against the arrogance of the men of Permland, and he attempted to avenge his slighted dignity by a sudden attack. Their king, whose name is not known, was struck with panic at such a sudden invasion of the enemy, and at the same time had no heart to join battle with them; and fled to Matul, the prince of Finmark. He, trusting in the great skill of his archers, harassed with impunity the army of Ragnar, which was wintering in Permland. For the Finns, who are wont to glide on slippery timbers (snowskates), scud along at whatever pace they will, and are considered to be able to approach or depart very quickly; for as soon as they have damaged the enemy they fly away as speedily as they approach, nor is the retreat they make quicker than their charge. Thus their vehicles and their bodies are so nimble that they acquire the utmost expertness both in advance and flight.

Ragnar was filled with amazement at the poorness of his fortunes when he saw that he, who had conquered Rome at its pinnacle of power, was dragged by an unarmed and uncouth race into the utmost peril. He, therefore, who had signally crushed the most glorious flower of the Roman soldiery, and the forces of a most great and serene captain, now yielded to a base mob with the poorest and slenderest equipment; and he whose lustre in war the might of the strongest race on earth had failed to tarnish, was now too weak to withstand the tiny band of a miserable tribe. Hence, with that force which had helped him bravely to defeat the most famous pomp in all the world and the weightiest weapon of military power, and to subdue in the field all that thunderous foot, horse, and encampment; with this he had now, stealthily and like a thief, to endure the attacks of a wretched and obscure populace; nor must he blush to stain by a treachery in the night that noble glory of his which had been won in the light of day, for he took to a secret ambushade instead of open bravery. This affair was as profitable in its issue as it was unhandsome in the doing.

Ragnar was equally as well pleased at the flight of the Finns as he had been at that of Karl, and owned that he had found more strength in that defenceless people than in the best equipped soldiery; for he found the heaviest weapons of the Romans easier to bear than the light darts of this ragged tribe. Here, after killing the king of the Perms and routing the king of the Finns, Ragnar set an eternal memorial of his victory on the rocks, which bore the characters of his deeds on their face, and looked down upon them.

Meanwhile Ubbe was led by his grandfather, Esbern, to conceive an unholy desire for the throne; and, casting away all thought of the reverence due to his father, he claimed the emblem of royalty for his own head.

When Ragnar heard of his arrogance from Kelther and Thorkill, the earls of Sweden, he made a hasty voyage towards Gothland. Esbern, finding that these men were attached with a singular loyalty to the side of Ragnar, tried to bribe them to desert the king. But they did not swerve from their purpose, and replied that their will depended on that of Biorn, declaring that not a single Swede would dare to do what went against his pleasure. Esbern speedily made an attempt on Biorn himself, addressing him most courteously through his envoys. Biorn said that he would never lean more to treachery than to good faith, and judged that it would be a most abominable thing to prefer the favour of an infamous brother to the love of a most righteous father. The envoys themselves he punished with hanging, because they counselled him to so grievous a crime. The Swedes, moreover, slew the rest of

the train of the envoys in the same way, as a punishment for their mischievous advice. So Esbern, thinking that his secret and stealthy manoeuvres did not succeed fast enough, mustered his forces openly, and went publicly forth to war. But Iwar, the governor of Jutland, seeing no righteousness on either side of the impious conflict, avoided all unholy war by voluntary exile.

Ragnar attacked and slew Esbern in the bay that is called in Latin Viridis; he cut off the dead man's head and bade it be set upon the ship's prow, a dreadful sight for the seditious. But Ubbe took to flight, and again attacked his father, having revived the war in Zealand. Ubbe's ranks broke, and he was assailed single-handed from all sides; but he felled so many of the enemy's line that he was surrounded with a pile of the corpses of the foe as with a strong bulwark, and easily checked his assailants from approaching. At last he was overwhelmed by the thickening masses of the enemy, captured, and taken off to be laden with public fetters. By immense violence he disentangled his chains and cut them away. But when he tried to sunder and rend the bonds that were (then) put upon him, he could not in any wise escape his bars. But when Iwar heard that the rising in his country had been quelled by the punishment of the rebel, he went to Denmark. Ragnar received him with the greatest honour, because, while the unnatural war had raged its fiercest, he had behaved with the most entire filial respect.

Meanwhile Daxo long and vainly tried to overcome Hwitserk, who ruled over Sweden; but at last he enrapped him under pretence of making a peace, and attacked him. Hwitserk received him hospitably, but Daxo had prepared an army with weapons, who were to feign to be trading, ride into the city in carriages, and break with a night-attack into the house of their host. Hwitserk smote this band of robbers with such a slaughter that he was surrounded with a heap of his enemies' bodies, and could only be taken by letting down ladders from above. Twelve of his companions, who were captured at the same time by the enemy, were given leave to go back to their country; but they gave up their lives for their king, and chose to share the dangers of another rather than be quit of their own.

Daxo, moved with compassion at the beauty of Hwitserk, had not the heart to pluck the budding blossom of that noble nature, and offered him not only his life, but his daughter in marriage, with a dowry of half his kingdom; choosing rather to spare his comeliness than to punish his bravery. But the other, in the greatness of his soul, valued as nothing the life which he was given on sufferance, and spurned his safety as though it were some trivial benefit. Of his own will he embraced the sentence of doom, saying, that Ragnar would exact a milder vengeance for his son if he found that he had made his own choice in selecting the manner of his death. The enemy wondered at his rashness, and promised that he should die by the manner of death which he should choose for this punishment. This leave the young man accepted as a great kindness, and begged that he might be bound and burned with his friends. Daxo speedily complied with his prayers that craved for death, and by way of kindness granted him the end that he had chosen. When Ragnar heard of this, he began to grieve stubbornly even unto death, and not only put on the garb of mourning, but, in the exceeding sorrow of his soul, took to his bed and showed his grief by groaning. But his wife, who had more than a man's courage, chid his weakness, and put heart into him with her manifold admonitions. Drawing his mind off from his woe, she bade him be zealous in the pursuit of war; declaring that it was better for so brave a father to avenge the bloodstained ashes of his son with weapons than with tears. She also told him not to whimper like a woman, and get as much disgrace by his tears as he had once earned glory by his valour. Upon these words Ragnar began to fear lest he should destroy his ancient name for courage by his womanish sorrow; so, shaking off his melancholy garb and putting away his signs of mourning, he revived his sleeping valour with hopes of speedy vengeance. Thus do the weak sometimes nerve the spirits of the strong. So he put his kingdom in charge of Iwar, and embraced with a father's love Ubbe, who was now restored to his ancient favour. Then he transported his fleet over to Russia, took Daxo, bound him in chains, and sent him away to be kept in Utgard.

Ragnar showed on this occasion the most merciful moderation towards the slayer of his dearest son, since he sufficiently satisfied the vengeance which he desired, by the exile of the culprit rather than his death. This compassion shamed the Russians out of any further rage against such a king, who could not be driven even by the most grievous wrongs to inflict death upon his prisoners. Ragnar soon took Daxo back into favour, and restored him to his country, upon his promising that he would every year pay him his tribute barefoot, like a suppliant, with twelve elders, also unshod. For he thought it better to punish a prisoner and a suppliant gently, than to draw the axe of bloodshed; better to punish that proud neck with constant slavery than to sever it once and for all. Then he went on and appointed his son Erik, surnamed Wind-hat, over Sweden. Here, while Fridleif and Siward were serving under him, he found that the Norwegians and the Scots had wrongfully conferred the title of king on two other men. So he first overthrew the usurper to the power of Norway, and let Biorn have the country for his own benefit.

Then he summoned Biorn and Erik, ravaged the Orkneys, landed at last on the territory of the Scots, and in a three-days' battle wearied out their king Murial, and slew him. But Ragnar's sons, Dunwat and Radbard, after fighting nobly, were slain by the enemy. So that the victory their father won was stained with their blood. He returned to Denmark, and found that his wife Swanloga had in the meantime died of disease. Straightway he sought medicine for his grief in loneliness, and patiently confined the grief of his sick soul within the walls of his house. But this bitter sorrow was driven out of him by the sudden arrival of Iwar, who had been expelled from the kingdom. For the Gauls had made him fly, and had wrongfully bestowed royal power on a certain Ella, the son of Hame. Ragnar took Iwar to guide him, since he was acquainted with the country, gave orders for a fleet, and approached the harbour called York. Here he disembarked his forces, and after a battle which lasted three days, he made Ella, who had trusted in the valour of the Gauls, desirous to fly. The affair cost much blood to the English and very little to the Danes. Here Ragnar completed a year of conquest, and then, summoning his sons to help him, he went to Ireland, slew its king Melbrik, besieged Dublin, which was filled with wealth of the barbarians, attacked it, and received its surrender. There he lay in camp for a year; and then, sailing through the midland sea, he made his way to the Hellespont. He won signal victories as he crossed all the intervening countries, and no ill-fortune anywhere checked his steady and prosperous advance.

Harald, meanwhile, with the adherence of certain Danes who were cold-hearted servants in the army of Ragnar, disturbed his country with renewed sedition, and came forward claiming the title of king. He was met by the arms of Ragnar returning from the Hellespont; but being unsuccessful, and seeing that his resources of defence at home were exhausted, he went to ask help of Ludwig, who was then stationed at Mainz. But Ludwig, filled with the greatest zeal for promoting his religion, imposed a condition on the Barbarian, promising him help if he would agree to follow the worship of Christ. For he said there could be no agreement of hearts between those who embraced discordant creeds. Anyone, therefore, who asked for help, must first have a fellowship in religion. No men could be partners in great works who were separated by a different form of worship. This decision procured not only salvation for Ludwig's guest, but the praise of piety for Ludwig himself, who, as soon as Harald had gone to the holy font, accordingly strengthened him with Saxon auxiliaries. Trusting in these, Harald built a temple in the land of Sleswik with much care and cost, to be hallowed to God. Thus he borrowed a pattern of the most holy way from the worship of Rome. He unhallowed, pulled down the shrines that had been profaned by the error of misbelievers, outlawed the sacrificers, abolished the (heathen) priesthood, and was the first to introduce the religion of Christianity to his uncouth country. Rejecting the worship of demons, he was zealous for that of God. Lastly, he observed with the most scrupulous care whatever concerned the protection of religion. But he began with more piety than success. For Ragnar came up, outraged the holy rites he had brought in, outlawed the true faith, restored the false one to its old position, and bestowed on the ceremonies the

same honour as before. As for Harald, he deserted and cast in his lot with sacrilege. For though he was a notable ensample by his introduction of religion, yet he was the first who was seen to neglect it, and this illustrious promoter of holiness proved a most infamous forsaker of the same.

Meanwhile, Ella betook himself to the Irish, and put to the sword or punished all those who were closely and loyally attached to Ragnar. Then Ragnar attacked him with his fleet, but, by the just visitation of the Omnipotent, was openly punished for disparaging religion. For when he had been taken and cast into prison, his guilty limbs were given to serpents to devour, and adders found ghastly substance in the fibres of his entrails. His liver was eaten away, and a snake, like a deadly executioner, beset his very heart. Then in a courageous voice he recounted all his deeds in order, and at the end of his recital added the following sentence: "If the porkers knew the punishment of the boar-pig, surely they would break into the sty and hasten to loose him from his affliction." At this saying, Ella conjectured that some of his sons were yet alive, and bade that the executioners should stop and the vipers be removed. The servants ran up to accomplish his bidding; but Ragnar was dead, and forestalled the order of the king. Surely we must say that this man had a double lot for his share? By one, he had a fleet unscathed, an empire well-inclined, and immense power as a rover; while the other inflicted on him the ruin of his fame, the slaughter of his soldiers, and a most bitter end. The executioner beheld him beset with poisonous beasts, and asps gorging on that heart which he had borne steadfast in the face of every peril. Thus a most glorious conqueror declined to the piteous lot of a prisoner; a lesson that no man should put too much trust in fortune.

Iwar heard of this disaster as he happened to be looking on at the games. Nevertheless, he kept an unmoved countenance, and in nowise broke down. Not only did he dissemble his grief and conceal the news of his father's death, but he did not even allow a clamour to arise, and forbade the panic-stricken people to leave the scene of the sports. Thus, loth to interrupt the spectacle by the ceasing of the games, he neither clouded his countenance nor turned his eyes from public merriment to dwell upon his private sorrow; for he would not fall suddenly into the deepest melancholy from the height of festal joy, or seem to behave more like an afflicted son than a blithe captain.

But when Siward heard the same tidings, he loved his father more than he cared for his own pain, and in his distraction plunged deeply into his foot the spear he chanced to be holding, dead to all bodily troubles in his stony sadness. For he wished to hurt some part of his body severely, that he might the more patiently bear the wound in his soul. By this act he showed at once his bravery and his grief, and bore his lot like a son who was more afflicted and steadfast. But Biorn received the tidings of his father's death while he was playing at dice, and squeezed so violently the piece that he was grasping that he wrung the blood from his fingers and shed it on the table; whereon he said that assuredly the cast of fate was more fickle than that of the very die which he was throwing. When Ella heard this, he judged that his father's death had been borne with the toughest and most stubborn spirit by that son of the three who had paid no filial respect to his decease; and therefore he dreaded the bravery of Iwar most.

Iwar went towards England, and when he saw that his fleet was not strong enough to join battle with the enemy, he chose to be cunning rather than bold, and tried a shrewd trick on Ella, begging as a pledge of peace between them a strip of land as great as he could cover with a horse's hide. He gained his request, for the king supposed that it would cost little, and thought himself happy that so strong a foe begged for a little boon instead of a great one; supposing that a tiny skin would cover but a very little land. But Iwar cut the hide out and lengthened it into very slender thongs, thus enclosing a piece of ground large enough to build a city on. Then Ella came to repent of his lavishness, and tardily set to reckoning the size of the hide, measuring the little skin more narrowly now that it was cut up than when it was whole. For that which he had thought would encompass a little strip of ground, he saw lying wide over a great estate. Iwar brought into the city, when he founded it, supplies that would serve amply for a siege, wishing the defences to be as good against scarcity as against an

enemy.

Meantime, Siward and Biorn came up with a fleet of 400 ships, and with open challenge declared war against the king. This they did at the appointed time; and when they had captured him, they ordered the figure of an eagle to be cut in his back, rejoicing to crush their most ruthless foe by marking him with the cruellest of birds. Not satisfied with imprinting a wound on him, they salted the mangled flesh. Thus Ella was done to death, and Biorn and Siward went back to their own kingdoms.

Iwar governed England for two years. Meanwhile the Danes were stubborn in revolt, and made war, and delivered the sovereignty publicly to a certain SIWARD and to ERIK, both of the royal line. The sons of Ragnar, together with a fleet of 1,700 ships, attacked them at Sleswik, and destroyed them in a conflict which lasted six months. Barrows remain to tell the tale. The sound on which the war was conducted has gained equal glory by the death of Siward. And now the royal stock was almost extinguished, saving only the sons of Ragnar. Then, when Biorn and Erik had gone home, Iwar and Siward settled in Denmark, that they might curb the rebels with a stronger rein, setting Agnar to govern England. Agnar was stung because the English rejected him, and, with the help of Siward, chose, rather than foster the insolence of the province that despised him, to dispeople it and leave its fields, which were matted in decay, with none to till them. He covered the richest land of the island with the most hideous desolation, thinking it better to be lord of a wilderness than of a headstrong country. After this he wished to avenge Erik, who had been slain in Sweden by the malice of a certain Osten. But while he was narrowly bent on avenging another, he squandered his own blood on the foe; and while he was eagerly trying to punish the slaughter of his brother, sacrificed his own life to brotherly love.

Thus SIWARD, by the sovereign vote of the whole Danish assembly, received the empire of his father. But after the defeats he had inflicted everywhere he was satisfied with the honour he received at home, and liked better to be famous with the gown than with the sword. He ceased to be a man of camps, and changed from the fiercest of despots into the most punctual guardian of peace. He found as much honour in ease and leisure as he had used to think lay in many victories. Fortune so favoured his change of pursuits, that no foe ever attacked him, nor he any foe. He died, and ERIK, who was a very young child, inherited his nature, rather than his realm or his tranquillity. For Erik, the brother of Harald, despising his exceedingly tender years, invaded the country with rebels, and seized the crown; nor was he ashamed to assail the lawful infant sovereign, and to assume an unrightful power. In thus bringing himself to despoil a feeble child of the kingdom he showed himself the more unworthy of it. Thus he stripped the other of his throne, but himself of all his virtues, and cast all manliness out of his heart, when he made war upon a cradle: for where covetousness and ambition flamed, love of kindred could find no place. But this brutality was requited by the wrath of a divine vengeance. For the war between this man and Gudorm, the son of Harald, ended suddenly with such slaughter that they were both slain, with numberless others; and the royal stock of the Danes, now worn out by the most terrible massacres, was reduced to the only son of the above Siward.

This man (Erik) won the fortune of a throne by losing his kindred; it was luckier for him to have his relations dead than alive. He forsook the example of all the rest, and hastened to tread in the steps of his grandfather; for he suddenly came out as a most zealous practitioner of roving. And would that he had not shown himself rashly to inherit the spirit of Ragnar, by his abolition of Christian worship! For he continually tortured all the most religious men, or stripped them of their property and banished them. But it were idle for me to blame the man's beginnings when I am to praise his end. For that life is more laudable of which the foul beginning is checked by a glorious close, than that which begins commendably but declines into faults and infamies. For Erik, upon the healthy admonitions of Ansgarius, laid aside the errors of his impious heart, and atoned for whatsoever he had done amiss in the insolence thereof; showing himself as strong in the observance of religion as he had been in slighting it. Thus he not only took a draught of more wholesome teaching with obedient mind,



but wiped off early stains by his purity at the end. He had a son KANUTE by the daughter of Gudorm, who was also the granddaughter of Harald; and him he left to survive his death.

While this child remained in infancy a guardian was required for the pupil and for the realm. But inasmuch it seemed to most people either invidious or difficult to give the aid that this office needed, it was resolved that a man should be chosen by lot. For the wisest of the Danes, fearing much to make a choice by their own will in so lofty a matter, allowed more voice to external chance than to their own opinions, and entrusted the issue of the selection rather to luck than to sound counsel. The issue was that a certain Enni-gnup (Steep-brow), a man of the highest and most entire virtue, was forced to put his shoulder to this heavy burden; and when he entered on the administration which chalice had decreed, he oversaw, not only the early rearing of the king, but the affairs of the whole people. For which reason some who are little versed in our history give this man a central place in its annals. But when Kanute had passed through the period of boyhood, and had in time grown to be a man, he left those who had done him the service of bringing him up, and turned from an almost hopeless youth to the practice of unhopèd-for virtue; being deplorable for this reason only, that he passed from life to death without the tokens of the Christian faith.

But soon the sovereignty passed to his son FRODE. This man's fortune, increased by arms and warfare, rose to such a height of prosperity that he brought back to the ancient yoke the provinces which had once revolted from the Danes, and bound them in their old obedience. He also came forward to be baptised with holy water in England, which had for some while past been versed in Christianity. But he desired that his personal salvation should overflow and become general, and begged that Denmark should be instructed in divinity by Agapete, who was then Pope of Rome. But he was cut off before his prayers attained this wish. His death befell before the arrival of the messengers from Rome: and indeed his intention was better than his fortune, and he won as great a reward in heaven for his intended piety as others are vouchsafed for their achievement.

His son GORM, who had the surname of "The Englishman," because he was born in England, gained the sovereignty in the island on his father's death; but his fortune, though it came soon, did not last long. He left England for Denmark to put it in order; but a long misfortune was the fruit of this short absence. For the English, who thought that their whole chance of freedom lay in his being away, planned an open revolt from the Danes, and in hot haste took heart to rebel. But the greater the hatred and contempt of England, the greater the loyal attachment of Denmark to the king. Thus while he stretched out his two hands to both provinces in his desire for sway, he gained one, but lost the lordship of the other irretrievably; for he never made any bold effort to regain it. So hard is it to keep a hold on very large empires.

After this man his son HARALD came to be king of Denmark; he is half-forgotten by posterity, and lacks all record for famous deeds, because he rather preserved than extended the possessions of the realm.

After this the throne was obtained by GORM, a man whose soul was ever hostile to religion, and who tried to efface all regard for Christ's worshippers, as though they were the most abominable of men. All those who shared this rule of life he harassed with divers kinds of injuries and incessantly pursued with whatever slanders he could. Also, in order to restore the old worship to the shrines, he razed to its lowest foundations, as though it were some unholy abode of impiety, a temple which religious men had founded in a stead in Sleswik; and those whom he did not visit with tortures he punished by the demolition of the holy chapel. Though this man was thought notable for his stature, his mind did not answer to his body; for he kept himself so well sated with power that he rejoiced more in saving than increasing his dignity, and thought it better to guard his own than to attack what belonged to others: caring more to look to what he had than to swell his havings.

This man was counselled by the elders to celebrate the rites of marriage, and he wooed Thyra, the daughter of Ethelred, the king of the English, for his wife. She surpassed other women in seriousness and shrewdness, and laid the condition on her suitor

that she would not marry him till she had received Denmark as a dowry. This compact was made between them, and she was betrothed to Gorm. But on the first night that she went up on to the marriage-bed, she prayed her husband most earnestly that she should be allowed to go for three days free from intercourse with man. For she resolved to have no pleasure of love till she had learned by some omen in a vision that her marriage would be fruitful. Thus, under pretence of self-control, she deferred her experience of marriage, and veiled under a show of modesty her wish to learn about her issue. She put off lustful intercourse, inquiring, under the feint of chastity, into the fortune she would have in continuing her line. Some conjecture that she refused the pleasures of the nuptial couch in order to win her mate over to Christianity by her abstinence. But the youth, though he was most ardently bent on her love, yet chose to regard the continence of another more than his own desires, and thought it nobler to control the impulses of the night than to rebuff the prayers of his weeping mistress; for he thought that her beseechings, really coming from calculation, had to do with modesty. Thus it befell that he who should have done a husband's part made himself the guardian of her chastity so that the reproach of an infamous mind should not be his at the very beginning of his marriage; as though he had yielded more to the might of passion than to his own self-respect. Moreover that he might not seem to forestall by his lustful embraces the love which the maiden would not grant, he not only forbore to let their sides that were next one another touch, but even severed them by his drawn sword, and turned the bed into a divided shelter for his bride and himself. But he soon tasted in the joyous form of a dream the pleasure which he postponed from free loving kindness. For, when his spirit was steeped in slumber, he thought that two birds glided down from the privy parts of his wife, one larger than the other; that they poised their bodies aloft and soared swiftly to heaven, and, when a little time had elapsed, came back and sat on either of his hands. A second, and again a third time, when they had been refreshed by a short rest, they ventured forth to the air with outspread wings. At last the lesser of them came back without his fellow, and with wings smeared with blood. He was amazed with this imagination, and, being in a deep sleep, uttered a cry to betoken his astonishment, filling the whole house with an uproarious shout. When his servants questioned him, he related his vision; and Thyra, thinking that she would be blest with offspring, forbore her purpose to put off her marriage, eagerly relaxing the chastity for which she had so hotly prayed. Exchanging celibacy for love, she granted her husband full joy of herself, requiting his virtuous self-restraint with the fulness of permitted intercourse, and telling him that she would not have married him at all, had she not inferred from these images in the dream which he had related, the certainty of her being fruitful.

By a device as cunning as it was strange, Thyra's pretended modesty passed into an acknowledgment of her future offspring. Nor did fate disappoint her hopes. Soon she was the fortunate mother of Kanute and Harald. When these princes had attained man's estate, they put forth a fleet and quelled the reckless insolence of the Slavs. Neither did they leave England free from an attack of the same kind. Ethelred was delighted with their spirit, and rejoiced at the violence his nephews offered him; accepting an abominable wrong as though it were the richest of benefits. For he saw far more merit in their bravery than in piety. Thus he thought it nobler to be attacked by foes than courted by cowards, and felt that he saw in their valiant promise a sample of their future manhood.

For he could not doubt that they would some day attack foreign realms, since they so boldly claimed those of their mother. He so much preferred their wrongdoing to their service, that he passed over his daughter, and bequeathed England in his will to these two, not scrupling to set the name of grandfather before that of father. Nor was he unwise; for he knew that it be seemed men to enjoy the sovereignty rather than women, and considered that he ought to separate the lot of his unwelcome daughter from that of her valiant sons. Hence Thyra saw her sons inheriting the goods of her father, not grudging to be disinherited herself. For she thought that the preference above herself was honourable to her, rather than insulting.

Kanute and Harald enriched themselves with great gains from sea-roving, and most confidently aspired to lay hands on Ireland. Dublin, which was considered the capital of the country, was besieged. Its king went into a wood adjoining the city with a few very skilled archers, and with treacherous art surrounded Kanute (who was present with a great throng of soldiers witnessing the show of the games by night), and aimed a deadly arrow at him from afar. It struck the body of the king in front, and pierced him with a mortal wound. But Kanute feared that the enemy would greet his peril with an outburst of delight. He therefore wished his disaster to be kept dark; and summoning voice with his last breath, he ordered the games to be gone through without disturbance. By this device he made the Danes masters of Ireland ere he made his own death known to the Irish.

Who would not bewail the end of such a man, whose self-mastery served to give the victory to his soldiers, by reason of the wisdom that outlasted his life? For the safety of the Danes was most seriously endangered, and was nearly involved in the most deadly peril; yet because they obeyed the dying orders of their general they presently triumphed over those they feared.

Germ had now reached the extremity of his days, having been blind for many years, and had prolonged his old age to the utmost bounds of the human lot, being more anxious for the life and prosperity of his sons than for the few days he had to breathe. But so great was his love for his elder son that he swore that he would slay with his own hand whosoever first brought him news of his death. As it chanced, Thyra heard sure tidings that this son had perished. But when no man durst openly hint this to Germ, she fell back on her cunning to defend her, and revealed by her deeds the mischance which she durst not speak plainly out. For she took the royal robes off her husband and dressed him in filthy garments, bringing him other signs of grief also, to explain the cause of her mourning; for the ancients were wont to use such things in the performance of obsequies, bearing witness by their garb to the bitterness of their sorrow. Then said Germ: "Dost thou declare to me the death of Kanute?" And Thyra said: "That is proclaimed by thy presage, not by mine." By this answer she made out her lord a dead man and herself a widow, and had to lament her husband as soon as her son. Thus, while she announced the fate of her son to her husband, she united them in death, and followed the obsequies of both with equal mourning; shedding the tears of a wife upon the one and of a mother upon the other; though at that moment she ought to have been cheered with comfort rather than crushed with disasters.